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Mario Lanza says:
"they can't make me behave"

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's glamor of 1952

Trust Camay to take your skin
"Out of the Shadows"
and into the light of New Loveliness!



This lovely bride—Mrs. Gary Fleming, writes: "Camay's like magic! Soon after I changed to regular care and Camay I had a clearer skin."

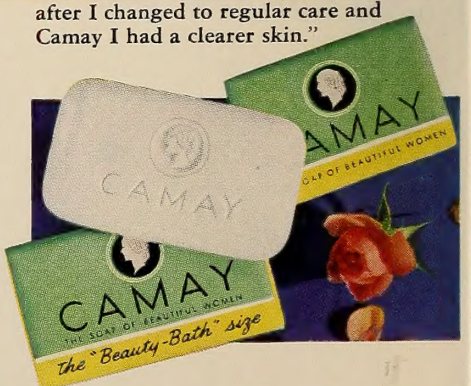
Follow this Camay bride's way! You'll have a fresher, brighter skin with your First Cake of Camay!

GIRLS who'd court compliments and attention—girls who can count on romance and a bridal veil—never let dullness cloud the beauty of their complexions and keep their dreams from coming true!

So why let *your* beauty be masked in shadows? With Camay, you can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness.

Show the world a lovelier complexion! Change to regular care—use Camay alone. A fresher, smoother look appears with your very *first cake*!

There's no finer beauty soap than Camay! It's so gentle! And what a rich, creamy lather Camay gives! Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.



Camay
the soap of beautiful women



Bring all your skin new beauty!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms, legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's fragrance. For more lather—more luxury—use big, economical Beauty-Bath Size.

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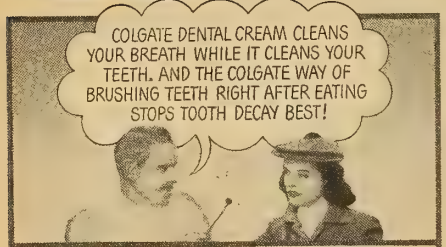
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silkens your hair . . . as it cleanses!

All I Do is Sit And View!





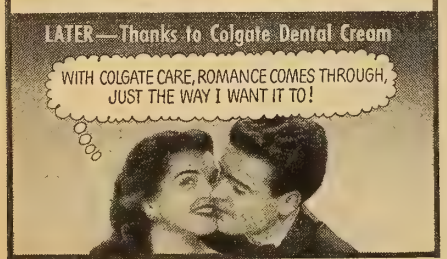


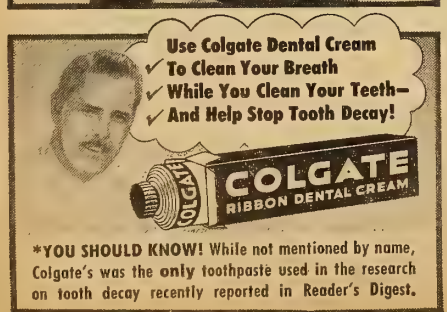
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!





***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

JANUARY, 1952 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

poll winners

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This beautiful 8" x 10" full-color photograph of green-eyed auburn-haired Ava Gardner! Suitable for framing. Send only 10¢ to cover postage and handling cost to Box 564, GPO, 8th Ave. & 33rd St. N.Y.C.

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COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

with NIGEL PATRICK · SHEILA SIM · HAROLD WARRENDER · MARIO CABRÉ

Written and Directed by ALBERT LEWIN · Produced by ALBERT LEWIN and JOSEPH KAUFMAN An M-G-M Picture

(For Dorkay Productions, Inc.)



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• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, wonderful to the last fingertipful. Get new Mum today.



New **MUM**

CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Mrs. Bing Crosby is pregnant for the fifth time?
—T. Y., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Lately, Bing and Dixie have been frequently appearing in public together. This may be why the rumor (which is untrue) started.*

Q. Who are the richest actresses in Hollywood? —C. E., Denver, Col.

A. *Those actresses reputed to be most wealthy are Greta Garbo, Corinne Griffith, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers.*

Q. Why don't we ever read anything about Betty Hutton's father? Why do stories about her only mention her mother? —V. S., Detroit, Mich.

A. *Betty's father was a bigamist who abandoned his wife and two daughters, later was alleged to have been a suicide.*

Q. Would you be honest about how many times Alan Ladd's wife, Sue, has been married?—T. R., New York, N. Y.

A. *Three times.*

Q. I understand that Ida Lupino is 41, and Howard Duff is only 35. Is that on the level? —C. D., Phila., Pa.

A. *Ida is two years older than Howard.*

Q. Is it true that Mary Jane Barnes, a long-time friend of Paul Douglas, killed herself when Douglas married Jan Sterling? —S. C., New York, N. Y.

A. *Miss Barnes' death was declared accidental.*

Q. Why won't Loretta Young permit her daughter, Judy, to be photographed for the magazines and newspapers?
—G. W., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Miss Young likes to keep her private life to herself.*

Q. Is it true that Van Johnson's popularity declined with his marriage to Keenan Wynn's ex-wife?
—C. C., Boston, Mass.

A. *A star's popularity usually corresponds to the number and quality of his latest films.*

Q. How come a large studio like Paramount has so few stars? Other than Hope, Crosby, and Hutton, that studio has very little.—P. H., Providence, R. I.

A. *Paramount has many stars under contract—at least 25. In addition, the studio recently signed 12 newcomers as members of their Golden Circle.*

Q. Can you tell me if Pier Angeli, the girl who played in *Teresa,* is a twin? If so where is her sister—in Italy?
—S. B., New York, N. Y.

A. *Her twin is under contract to Paramount.*

Q. When Elizabeth Taylor married Nicky Hilton, Betsy Blair married Gene Kelly, and Janet Leigh married Tony Curtis, did the brides adopt their husbands' religion?
—C. V., Chicago, Ill.

A. *In all cases, they did not.*

Q. I understand that Alan Ladd left Paramount for Warners because he wants to star in a picture with Doris Day. What will be their first film?
—T. E., Ft. Worth, Tex.

A. *Alan Ladd left Paramount only because he felt he wasn't getting the right roles. He will, however, make one film a year for Paramount. He said nothing about wanting to star in a picture with Doris Day.*

Q. Since he stopped going with Irene Wrightsman, who is Kirk Douglas dating? —B. G., Boston, Mass.

A. *Douglas is in love with his new leading lady, a part Indian girl, Betty Threatt. She and Kirk have the leads in* The Big Sky. *They met and fell in love this past summer on location in Wyoming.*

Q. Are Diana Lynn and John Lindsay happily married?—M. R. Chicago, Ill.

A. *This one is destined for the divorce courts. Same old reason, actress-wife won't give up her career and settle down.*

Applaud a New Star



MAGICAL,
MARVELOUS, MUSICAL
MITZI GAYNOR
...THE GOLDEN GIRL HERSELF...
IN 20th CENTURY-FOX'S
HAPPY-HEARTED SHOW ABOUT
THE GIRL WHO SET AN
ERA AGLOW!

"GOLDEN GIRL"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

MITZI GAYNOR ☆ DALE ROBERTSON ☆ DENNIS DAY ☆ JAMES BARTON with Una Merkel Raymond Walburn

Produced by GEORGE JESSEL ☆ Directed by LLOYD BACON ☆ Screen Play by WALTER BULLOCK, CHARLES O'NEAL and GLADYS LEHMAN From a Story by ALBERT and ARTHUR LEWIS and EDWARD THOMPSON

IDA LUPINO AND HOWARD DUFF ARE WED . . . LANA'S READY FOR FREEDOM . . . COOP MAKES IT PLAIN PAT NEAL'S FOR HIM.



Ida Lupino and Howard Duff were married October 21, in her home at Glenbrook, Nevada. Judge Clark Guild performed the ceremony.



Maid of honor was Diane Meredith, one of Ida's screen writers. Most of the wedding guests were local townspeople, not celebrities.



The happy couple telephoned Louella before taking a two-day honeymoon in San Francisco. Howard had to return to finish *Steel Town*.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

STANDING before a fireplace banked with great boughs of pine and flowers and sprays of autumn leaves brought by the neighbors from their gardens, Ida Lupino and Howard Duff were married on October 21, at Glenbrook, Nevada. The ceremony took place in the house where Ida lived during her six weeks residence there. (Rita Hayworth occupied this same house.)

To say a marriage in that town, where so many people take up residence for divorce purposes, was old-fashioned may sound somewhat incongruous. But that's just what Ida and Howard's wedding was—a real old-fashioned affair made possible by the people who live in that part of Nevada.

Rightly enough, those same people who had become Ida's good friends during the six weeks she lived among them, were the chief wedding guests—rather than a contingent of celebrities imported from Hollywood, as might have been expected.

The ceremony was performed by Judge Clark J. Guild. The reception was held in the Dutch kitchen in Ida's cottage, and all day long the neighbors were busy decorating her home, and carrying silver and all the food and cakes they had prepared for the festive occasion.

"I really love this country," Ida told me the day before her wedding, "and I want to come back and visit it and all the people who have been so good to me while I have been here."

I can understand her feeling, for it is beautiful country with its towering pine trees and blue-green lake as clear as crystal.

Ida wore a lavender taffeta afternoon dress and no hat. She carried a white prayer book. Her maid of honor Diane Meredith, the writer who lived with her during all the weeks she spent in Nevada, wore rose.

Howard, who has been very grateful to his agent, Michael Miskekoff, who helped him climb to fame, chose him for his best man. Clark Gable, Ida's neighbor, came over for the reception, but didn't attend the ceremony.

The bridegroom had to work up until time to take the plane to Reno. From there he then had to motor 45 miles to Minden Valley to claim his bride. And a radiant bride she was, believe me.

Ida and Howard have been deeply in love for a long time, something over 18 months, she told me. "In fact, the way I feel now," she said, "there never was anyone but Howard."

This is his first marriage, but Ida previously was married to Louis Hayward, and then Collier Young. Collier sent her a wonderful message wishing her happiness. They still work together as co-producers at RKO, even though they are divorced.

The bride and groom left immediately for a two-day honeymoon in San Francisco, and then Howard had to return to finish his picture, *Steel Town*, and Ida had to go back to her studio to complete a script she is preparing.

WHEN the blow-off came between Lana Turner and Bob Topping, she was adamant about one thing. She would not give Topping a divorce. There would be a sepa-



Deeply in love for over 18 months, Howard and Ida were radiant at the reception. Thrice-married Ida says, "I feel there was never anyone but Howard."

rate maintenance because, as she said, she had worked increasingly to keep her marriage from falling apart and she didn't want to marry again.

I suspect what Lana actually meant was that she didn't want Bob marrying any of these girls he was reported as seeing. Then came Cy Howard into her life. He is a successful composer of radio plays, such as "My Friend Irma" and "Life With Luigi," and, well . . . Lana has fallen hard and is now asking for a divorce.

P.S. Cy fell hard, too, and has forgotten all about Paulette Goddard, his girlfriend of yesterday.

Is Clark Gable, who was so fascinated by the rich widow, Dolly O'Brien, before he married Lady Sylvia Stanley, apt to resume his romance with her now that he is heart free again?

Personally, I doubt it. I think they'll always remain warm friends because they had a lot of good times together in the past, and probably will again. But romance, no. Dolly is a socialite, and her kind of life is not the life for Mr. Gable.

The very attractive Mrs. O'Brien knew this when Clark wanted to marry her and she said, "No" . . . probably the only woman in the world who would have turned down marriage with The King. She said then that their lives were too far apart ever to make a success of marriage, and nothing has happened to change either of them since then.

Dolly was very happy with her first husband, Jay O'Brien, and was desolated at his death. She tried to find happiness again when she married Count Dorelis, but it didn't work out at all.

Gary Cooper and Pat Neal, it's plain to see, no longer are trying to conceal their romance of long standing. He escorted her to one of the biggest parties of the year, the glamorous dinner dance Mike and Gloria Romanoff gave in honor of Mrs. Dolly O'Brien, and during the evening they certainly did nothing to disguise their enchanted interest in each other.

Moreover, it was their second public appearance together within the week. Just two nights before, Gary took Pat to the birthday party he gave for his mother at the Bel Air Hotel, and seated her in the honor spot next to his mother. If there is any more public way of announcing your affections, I don't know what it could be.

There was quite an awkward moment at the Romanoff party, incidentally, when Rocky Cooper, Gary's estranged wife, walked in with Cesar Romero. Mike and Gloria handled it tactfully, however, by seating the two couples at tables as far apart as possible.

The party was very gay, with the ballroom beautifully decorated in red and white, and the guest list looked like Who's Who in Hollywood's Social Set. Kay Spreckles came with her bodyguard, which she explained by saying her estranged husband, Adolph, the sugar millionaire, had been "threatening" her. Mrs. Gable also came alone, her first appearance



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Dial's AT-7 (hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

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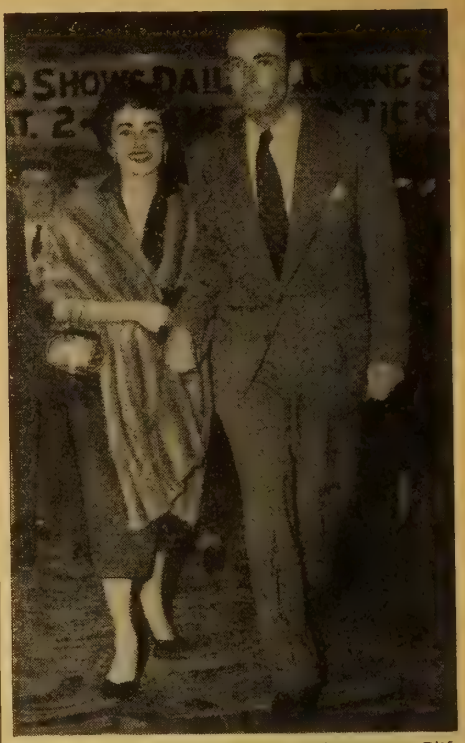
Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Is it romance? Liz Taylor and Monty Clift caused a stir in New York's Palace Theater lobby when they attended Judy Garland's show.

at a big party in Hollywood since she and The King separated.

Doris Duke again was with her former husband, Porfirio Rubirosa, which set everyone to wondering if maybe she won't remarry him one of these days. It's funny, but those two seem to be much better friends now than when they were man and wife. Another "ex" couple were Jean and Charlie Feldman, who danced almost every dance together. Maybe they'll patch things up, too.

The gowns of the gals were fabulously beautiful . . . and fabulously expensive, I'll bet. Dolly O'Brien's was a dream of filmy white, but Evie Johnson's really stole the spotlight. It was a Fontana model of flesh colored lace, embroidered from top to toe with tiny pearls, with a cascade of roses and ribbons down one side. Van must have yelled more than "Ouch!" when he got the bill for it.

Miss Romina Francesca Power, whose happy father, Mr. Tyrone Power, has been on Cloud A ever since she dropped from Heaven straight into his heart, is the spittin' image of her good looking Dad.

Grandma Patia Power says Romina looks exactly as Ty did as a baby. She has his features and his dark hair, but the shapely ears and dainty hands and feet of her beautiful mother, Linda Christian Power.

All babies are sweet and good, of course, but Linda insists this so-welcome infant really has the disposition of an angel; she sleeps all the time and only awakens to take her bottle, a formula consisting of condensed milk and water.

Romina Francesca's first home was the Bel Air hotel, because she arrived a few weeks before her parents expected her. Within a few days, however, she moved into the Barker estate in Bel Air, which Ty bought as soon

DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS



in HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION

SAILOR BEWARE

Co-starring CORINNE CALVET and MARION MARSHALL with ROBERT STRAUSS

Directed by HAL WALKER • Screenplay by JAMES ALLARDICE and MARTIN RACKIN • Additional dialogue by JOHN GRANT
Adaptation by ELWOOD ULLMAN

From a play by KENYON NICHOLSON and CHARLES ROBINSON • New Songs by MACK DAVIS and JERRY LIVINGSTON
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

as the baby's arrival was certain. He and Linda had two previous disappointments and they wanted to be sure before they actually bought a big house.

The spacious and sunny nursery, a boudoir fit for a little princess, is done in green and white, with white, green and yellow drapes. The furniture—crib, chairs, weighing table and all else, is white. The walls are gayly decorated with various animal figures, which lend a little color.

Ty and Linda chose the name Romina Francesca because they were married in Rome in the Church of St. Francesca. This way, they say, they have a living monument to that wonderful day and place. And what a cute monument she'll grow up to be!

You wonder sometimes why Mitzi Gaynor doesn't run down. She is so excited she is on high all the time. Life to her is just one great big beautiful bubble.

The day she started the *I Don't Care Girl*, her studio tried to make it like a first night and succeeded, I must say. Richard Coyle, whom Mitzi says she is going to marry September 4, 1952, sent her a great basket of white orchids.

He is the young attorney, who, with his mother, is living at Mitzi's house with her mother. Just one happy little family. I wonder if Mitzi really will get married come September? It's so far away she's safe in saying it, anyway. She will be 21 then, and that's why she is putting the date so far ahead, she says.

I guess it always takes a man to make us girls perk up and look our prettiest, and that goes even for the aloof Greta Garbo.

The tongues in Paris were wagging plenty when she first arrived there looking like the proverbial "rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair." Her clothes were rumpled and messy, and her uncombed hair hung every which way about her face.

It was a different story a few nights later, however, when she came to a dinner party at Maxim's on the arm of novelist John Gunther. As you know, he's writing the story of Eleanor Duse's romance with d'Annunzio, which Garbo is planning to make at MGM next year.

This time Miss G. was her old mysterious self, and all eyes were on her as she made her entrance in a pencil slim black dinner gown, cut fairly low in the neck. With it she wore a strand of diamonds, and her coiffure was sleek and shining.

I never have been able to understand why Garbo, who is such a natural beauty, deliberately seems to try to make herself as unattractive as possible off screen. Maybe it's protective coloration in reverse.

In the case of Peggy Dow, persistence won for Walter Helmerich III, rich Tulsa millionaire. He has been begging her to marry him for two years.

Helmerich is young, handsome and has lots of money, but that's not what made Peggy say yes. She finally decided she loved her career, but not more than her Tulsa boyfriend.

By the time you read this they will have married in Athens, Tennessee, Peggy's hometown. The Governor, the Mayor, and other state dignitaries have accepted wedding invitations.

Peggy's gown, made right in Athens, was white with the conventional veil. Her bridesmaids also wore white gowns.

Well, here it is, girls, the intimate lowdown on very tall, very slim, and very handsome Carleton Carpenter, the chap most of you fans asked me about this month.

Incidentally, after watching Carleton and cute Debbie Reynolds at this year's Photographers' Ball, I can understand why he "fractures" so many of you. He and Debbie came dressed as tramps, and their "Abba-Dabba-Dabba" duet was a show-stopper, even though he was coming down with a cold and had a temperature of over 100.

First of all, "Carp" lives in bachelor diggings in Westwood which are furnished in New England farmhouse style. He is a "bouncer" by nature, hopping from chair to chair in a room, and from subject to subject in a conversation.

Debbie Reynolds, Joan Evans, Ann Francis and Diane Douglas are his favorite Hollywood dates. And, by the way, he's a pretty set young man in his ideas on women. Too many girls, he says, are more interested in getting married than in *BEING* married, which is a mistake. He doesn't believe careers and marriage mix, which means a career will be "out" for his wife. He does like a girl to have a mind of her own, though, and not be afraid to express it.

"Carp" has one phobia: he hates to make dates in advance. But with his charm and good looks, most any girl would say yes to a last minute invite. Or don't you agree?

Old Man Stork certainly has been a busy bird out 20th Century-Fox way, but there's a different angle to the interest in his next visit—to Micheline Prelle in December.

So far, he's left two girls (to the Ty Powers and the John Hodiaks) and two boys (to the Richard Basehearts and the Louis Jourdans), and Micheline's baby will break the tie in the Stork Derby.

Hollywood is talking about Elizabeth Taylor's reluctance to give up Nicky Hilton to Countess Betsy Von Furstenberg. They're also discussing Betsy's strange new dignity about this situation.

And they're talking about the number of ex-wives who choose their divorced or estranged husbands as escorts. Well, that way the girls know what they're getting, and there is a scarcity of men!

They're laying down bets on who Betty Hutton will pick as her next engagement victim; and why a girl as nice as Betty does such screwy things.

Our town is happy over the new-found happiness of Dixie and Bing Crosby. They act as they did when they first met 20 years ago, and a wonderful new understanding has developed between them, which makes Hollywood happy, too.

And they're still talking about the costume Joan Crawford wore to the Photographer's Ball. It was a Chinese coolie coat, which came just above her knees. Well, with legs like hers, who would want to hide them?

Many of your letters this month wondered about Rita Hayworth and the Moslem religion, and hoped she would return to her old faith now that Aly Khan no longer has a place in her life. Quite a few of you, too, asked about Ava Gardner's and Frank Sinatra's marriage. But, by the time this is in print, I expect they either will be married, or will have said goodbye to love.

Tony Dexter continues to lead in a walk as the femme rave; and don't think you can knock Mario Lanza and get away with it. His fans are more loyal than ever.

Keep your letters coming . . . the more the merrier! We always like to know what interests you most, and what you want to read about.



Judy Garland's triumphant opening night at the Palace drew many celebrities. Marlene Dietrich rushed backstage to congratulate her.

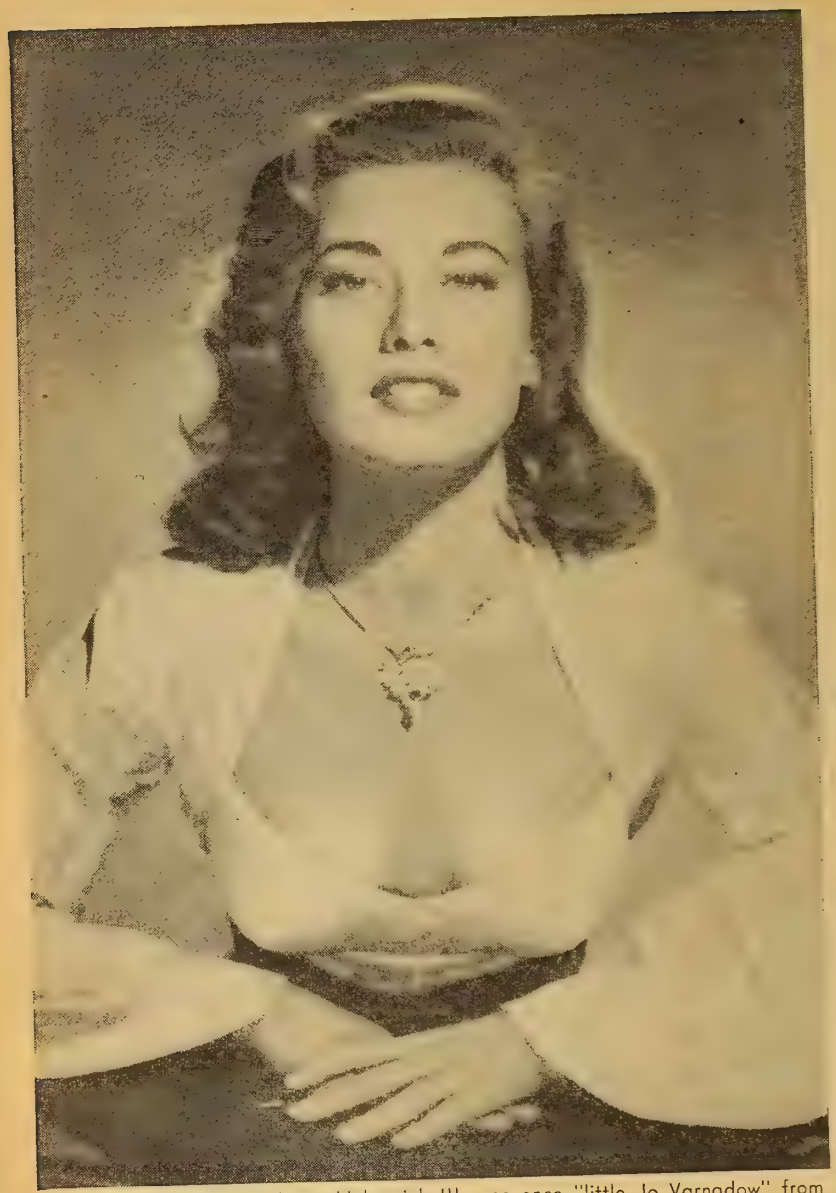


One of the most appealing couples at the annual Press Photographers' Ball was hobo Gene Nelson and his grand lady—Miriam.



Hollywood wore its best at the premiere of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Glittering among the stars were Ann Miller and Dan Dailey.

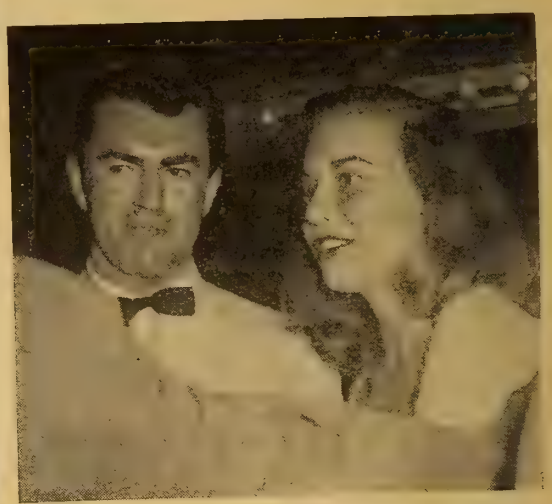

It's Here!!
WARNER BROS.' STAR SPANGLED MOTION PICTURE MARVEL!
DORIS DAY
GORDON MacRAE
VIRGINIA MAYO
GENE NELSON
RUTH ROMAN
The joy-propelled story of how Hollywood rides the skies to bring happiness to our G.I.'s!
"Stars in the Air"
and all these Guest Stars!
JAMES CAGNEY
GARY COOPER
VIRGINIA GIBSON
PHIL HARRIS
FRANK LOVEJOY
LUCILLE NORMAN
LOUELLA PARSONS
RANDOLPH SCOTT
JANE WYMAN
PATRICE WYMORE
18 stars are in it...
AND MORE WONDERS THAN YOU CAN COUNT!
How the stars sing 'em! and the boys cheer 'em!
'YOU'RE GONNA LOSE YOUR GAL'
'S' WONDERFUL'
'YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME'
'WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?'
'LIZA'
'GOD'S GREEN ACRES'
'I MAY BE WRONG'
'IT'S MAGIC'
'I'M A TEXAS RANGER'
with JANICE RULE ☆ DICK WESSON ☆ RON HAGERTHY
DIRECTED BY ROY DEL RUTH
SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN KLORER AND KARL KAMB
Musical Direction Ray Heindorf
Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz
PRODUCED BY ROBERT ARTHUR



Peggy Dow, now Mrs. Walter Helmerich III, was once "little Jo Varnadow" from Athens, Tennessee. She came to Hollywood via Gulf Park Junior College, where she originally met Walter. Their courtship got underway in New York, two years ago.

She dared to hurt his pride; she dared to send him away to prove himself. Peggy Dow risked heartbreak for future happiness — and won.

BY LOUISE McILVAIN



They had flying visits together. Walter was working in the oil-fields of Oklahoma; Peggy was making movies. But love blossomed into marriage on November 24.

so sure of love

■ ". . . and then, of course, you respect me," the handsome young suitor said to beautiful Peggy Dow.

"But I don't respect you," she interrupted. The gentleness of her voice didn't lessen the shock of her harsh words.

When he recovered, he demanded, "And exactly what are your requirements for respecting someone?"

"Showing he has what it takes to do something on his own," Peggy retorted to the would-be writer whose few story sales certainly hadn't financed his lavish courtship of her. A very successful and generous father had done that.

Walter Helmerich III stormed out of Peggy's presence that day.

Days passed into weeks, and weeks into months. There were no more telephone calls to Peggy from New York where he maintained a very nice apartment. Nor from Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he spent part of the time with his parents on their lavish 10-acre estate. No more pages-long telegrams. No letters. Gone were the daily gardenias with poetic notes attached.

No matter what the calendar said, the heart insisted that those two months of silence were decades.

The memories of Walt were romantic, dreamy ones for (*Continued on page 74*)

EVEN BEFORE THEY COULD GET MARRIED...All Their Troubles Were Little Ones!

Their weekend for two
...is a riot for eight!
...Just her kids
...his kids
two dogs...
and a wildly
bewildered hotel
clerk ahead!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

VAN HEFLIN
PATRICIA NEAL
GIGI PERREAU

Week End with Father



The Week End that shook the World...with Laughter!

with **VIRGINIA FIELD • RICHARD DENNING**

Screenplay by JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Produced by TED RICHMOND

Universal International



GABLE'S DIVORCE PROBLEM

Millions of dollars are involved. Famous names will be tossed around. The "King" is up against the most expensive fight of his life.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ In Hollywood, the unwritten law says that no actor must file for a divorce.

Should an actor and his wife strongly disagree—and this is putting it mildly in the case of Clark and Sylvia Gable—then it is the little woman who must sue the actor and not vice versa.

The reason for this is that the actor must remain gallant in the eyes of the public. No matter how strong his case, he mustn't plead it. After all, how gentlemanly would it look for a man to accuse his wife of mental cruelty?

Clark Gable was willing to go along with the game. It was his understanding that his bride of 17 months and six days would file for a divorce in May. And Lady Sylvia did.

On the eve of a leisurely trip aboard George Vanderbilt's yacht to Hawaii, Lady Sylvia announced that she had filed a divorce complaint in the California Superior Court. At the time, she said she wanted absolutely nothing from her tall, handsome graying husband, and was in fact, acting only on his request.

It was Clark, she intimated, who wanted their marriage dissolved. Not she. A few weeks previously (*Continued on page 84*)



"You'll see Nero *and* the burning of Rome in 'Quo Vadis'. And if you know how steam heat parches *your* skin, you can imagine how dry mine felt after making that scene. I had to be photographed *inches* away from live, crackling flames.



Soaking in water for this escape scene dried my skin again . . .



And later, 'my hands were tied', literally, with a harsh rope . . .



So I soothed my hands, arms and face with Jergens Lotion . . .



It kept them lovely and smooth-as-silk for romantic close-ups.



At home, too, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret"...



Being liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin . . .

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or hand cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend — no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on a hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as with a lotion or hand cream that leaves a heavy, oily film.

You can prove it yourself with the simple test described above...



You'll see why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1!

MOVIE REVIEWS

picture of the month

by Christopher Kane



TOO YOUNG TO KISS

June Allyson is a concert pianist, but she can't get manager Van Johnson to listen to her, he's so rich and busy. Discovering that he's due to judge a child musicians' contest, she knocks her knees, shortens her skirts, covers her teeth with an old dental brace, and forces her way into the tots' competition. Naturally, she wins. Johnson, who realizes you find an infant prodigy once in a lifetime, practically adopts her, despite the fact that she seems to be an extraordinarily vicious child. She drinks and smokes and kisses men passionately whenever she gets the chance. You can probably figure out the ending; the music is enjoyable, the performance lots of fun.

Cast: June Allyson, Van Johnson, Gig Young, Paula Gorday.—MGM.



DETECTIVE STORY

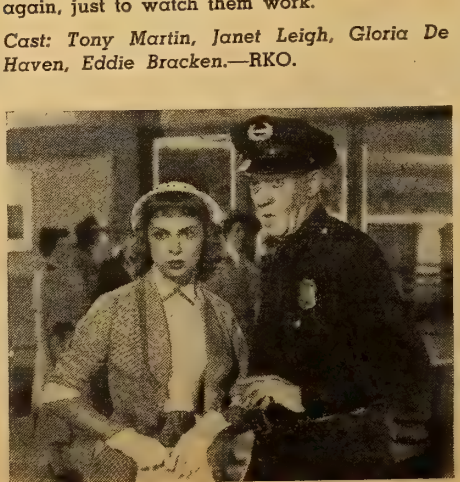
Sidney Kingsley's hit play, revised just enough to suit the movie censors, is turned into a powerful picture by Paramount. Kirk Douglas plays the psychopathic police officer who has no compassion for any human weakness. Eleanor Parker plays his wife with an illegitimate baby in her past. And their little tragedy unfolds against the bleak, unlovely background of a precinct squad room. Oddly enough, from my point of view at least, the minor characters were all better actors than the major ones. Lee Grant, whose "shoplifter" portrayal made her famous on Broadway, repeats the performance here. While I personally feel she's still playing for the stage —she's magnificent; so, also, are two crooks played by Joseph Wiseman and Michael Strong. *Detective Story* is a moving experience, and terrific entertainment.

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, William Bendix.—Paramount.

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY

I guess the old-time musicals are over. Used to be that beautiful girls would come to New York hoping to work for Rodgers and Hammerstein. Now they all want to get on television. Consider the story of small-town Janet Leigh. She arrives in New York, meets indigent singer Tony Martin, whose agent is also agent for three out-of-work actresses (Gloria De Haven, Ann Miller, Barbara Lawrence). This agent, namely, Eddie Bracken, is a disreputable snake. After much lying, starving, and shenanigans, they all get on the Bob Crosby TV show, and the final number has Janet reclining on a large bed, while Tony sings to her. Maybe it ain't good taste, but it sure is Hollywood. Best touch in the picture: the casting of old vaudeville team Smith and Dale as delicatessen proprietors. They are truly hilarious, and I would sit through the entire 106 minutes again, just to watch them work.

Cast: Tony Martin, Janet Leigh, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken.—RKO.





I WANT YOU

Samuel Goldwyn continues his investigation of what he considers to be average American families (*Best Years Of Our Lives, Our Very Own*), this time in the year 1950. Peace isn't really peace in 1950, what with men dying in Korea, but the Greer family (Robert Keith and Mildred Dunnock, parents; Dana Andrews, older son; and Farley Granger, kid brother) feel relatively removed from the problem. Dana was in the army four years, Farley's got a trick knee that will defer him. The times can't be ignored, so Dana decides he has to go back into the army, even though his wife (Dorothy McGuire) cries, "Is two years the limit that people can expect to be happy these days?" As for Farley, he's drafted, irons out a romantic problem of his own, with Peggy Dow. Picture's slow getting started, but has some immensely moving scenes—notably one (*Continued on page 90*)


An eyeful...an earful...
an armful of the BIG TOWN!
HOWARD HUGHES presents
TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Grab your gal! Grab your guy! Grab yourself
two tickets to the Broadway hit that's got everything!
Torchy songs... sizzling dances...high-voltage loving...
and a laugh for every light on the Great White Way!
starring
TONY MARTIN
JANET LEIGH
GLORIA DeHAVEN
EDDIE BRACKEN
ANN MILLER
with BARBARA LAWRENCE · BOB CROSBY featuring THE CHARLIVELS
screen play by SID SILVERS & HAL KANTER
directed by JAMES V. KERN
RKO RADIO PICTURES



ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

THE EASY "SHAMPOO-WAY" IN QUICK "SHAMPOO-TIME"!

PREFERRED BY PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS ROUX COLORS GRAY OR FADED HAIR—FASTER, EASIER THAN EVER...TAKES JUST MINUTES!

Lovelier haircolor for *your* audience! Rich, *lasting* color to hold admiring eyes. It's *yours* —so easily, so swiftly, yet still *costs less!*

Enjoy the comfort of lovely new color "shampooed" into every visible strand in *just minutes.*

Years of tested experience have gone into this exquisite hair cosmetic. It's sure, it's natural-looking, it's lovelier. And its name—ROUX—is your guarantee of tested dependability.



SEE HOW EASY IT IS FOR YOU TO HAVE LOVELIER HAIRCOLOR IN "SHAMPOO-TIME"



1 Coloring mixture is poured from bottle on to hair. Fingers work it through.

2 Then after a few minutes, the same with the ends.

3 It's shampooed—that's all!

SEE WHY ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO IS THE *PROFESSIONAL* COLOR CHOICE!

- It's brushless—no fear of flat, painted look.
- It's resistant to sun, salt water and perspiration acids.
- It's lasting—won't wash out, fade or develop off-shade casts.
- It lightens or darkens haircolor several shades without prebleaching.

12 HEAVENLY COLORS

No. 1 Black
No. 2 Dark Brown
No. 3 Brown
No. 4 Light Warm Brown
No. 5 Light Ash Brown
No. 6 Dark Auburn
No. 7 Light Auburn
No. 8 Golden Brown
No. 9 Ash Blonde
No. 10 Reddish Blonde
No. 11 Golden Blonde
No. 12 Light Blonde

Use according to directions.



PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS USE MORE ROUX THAN ALL OTHER COLORINGS COMBINED

***Visit your beauty salon—ask your hairdresser about* ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO**

Roux Distributing Co., Inc.





THE WINNERS! John Wayne is king of the popularity poll. June Allyson is queen for the second time.

modern screen's top ten for 1951

Here are the stars you chose as favorites in 1951.

1. JUNE ALLYSON
   JOHN WAYNE
2. JANE POWELL
   ALAN LADD
3. BETTY GRABLE
   CLARK GABLE
4. LANA TURNER
   FARLEY GRANGER
5. ELIZABETH TAYLOR
   RONALD REAGAN
6. BARBARA STANWYCK
   TONY CURTIS
7. JANET LEIGH
   JEFF CHANDLER
8. DORIS DAY
   WILLIAM HOLDEN
9. ESTHER WILLIAMS
   BING CROSBY
10. JUDY GARLAND
    GLENN FORD

■ At the end of every year, all Hollywood sits back and takes stock of its successes and failures—the great films and the duds; the stars who've won new glory and the stars who've begun to fall. And one night in March of every year, Hollywood's Supreme Court—the Academy Awards—selects the outstanding films and performances. But for the all-important popularity ratings, Hollywood is not the judge. That role belongs to you—the four-and-a-half million readers of MODERN SCREEN. Your choice of the top 10, as recorded on MODERN SCREEN's Popularity Poll, has become increasingly important to Hollywood ever since the first results were announced 10 years ago. It is with the warmest congratulations, therefore, that we present here the list of winners for 1951. Congratulations to them—and to you who've made them great.

It was just 10 years ago that a new actor appeared in a movie called *This Gun For Hire*. MODERN SCREEN readers clamored to hear more about him. That was Hollywood's first indication of Alan Ladd's fabulous magnetism. You know what happened. Ladd jumped to the heights, and he stayed there . . . A few years later, another young player captured the hearts of MODERN SCREEN's readers. His name was Van Johnson, and pretty soon it was in the spotlight . . . In 1950, an unknown actor, who'd had only a few brief roles, somehow attracted your attention, (*Continued on page* 75)



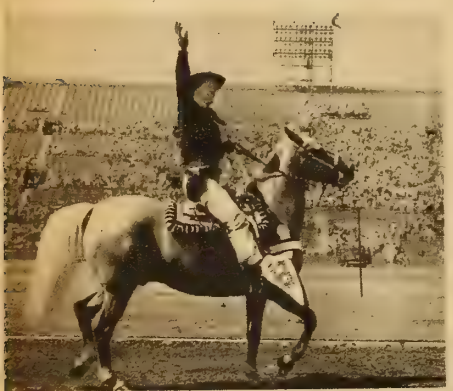
John married Esperanza in 1946; she was a movie star in Mexico.



Duke calls his wife "Chata." He has four children by a former marriage.



His acting made him top box-office star, but John produces hits, too.



He'll never outgrow Westerns. Fans like these kids won't ever let him.



Tops at the box office, tops on MODERN SCREEN'S Popularity Poll. That's John Wayne, a big quiet hunk of dynamite.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

top man

■ One summer afternoon, back in 1927, a hulking young USC football player called Duke Morrison plied a broom repetitiously on a Hollywood set, and found the going very monotonous indeed.

All day, while an exacting director named John Ford tried vainly for a tricky emotional scene, he had tossed brown paper leaves across the camera, then stepped in and swept them up to toss them all over again. Duke was earning money to get back to college and play varsity tackle, and what furrowed his rugged brow was not the art of the screen drama, but the fast Notre Dame fullback he'd have to stop next season. That camera crew tempers were short as firecracker fuses and John Ford anxiously chewing his handkerchief to confetti didn't register on Duke a bit.

So when he heard, "Action!" again he chucked in his leaves and never noticed the rapt "This one's it!" expression on the director's face. Automatically, Duke ambled forward and started sweeping. Only when the air turned blue with outraged curses did he notice that the camera was still whirring. When he swivelled his startled mug into the lens he knew he had committed a sin in Hollywood as mortal as murdering your own grandmother. He had ruined a perfect "take."

That chagrined stare on the set of *Four Sons* was the first performance John Wayne, as he's known today, ever played in Hollywood. Needless to state, it never saw the light of a theater screen, nor did he get a nickel for the realistic job. But he did win an award.

After indignant huskies had grabbed him, "pantsed" him, and goosestepped him around the set, they decorated him with an iron cross twisted from ten-penny nails and bent him over double. From a running start, John Ford aimed a kick at his *sittsfleisch* and scored a goal. Duke didn't get fired, but it wasn't exactly an auspicious start in the picture business. (*Continued on page 70*)

77



THESE STARS WILL SHARE THE LIMELIGHT OF 1952! THAT'S HEDDA'S PREDICTION—THE LADY BACKS IT UP WITH FACTS YOU CAN NOT IGNORE.



Ava Gardner will be Miss Glamor of 1952. In *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman,* she has more sex appeal than anyone since Garbo.



Cameron Mitchell, Broadway hit in *Death of a Salesman,* made 20th sit up and take notice.



Dean Miller panned Hollywood to a stranger, on a train. Stranger was Dore Schary, who signed him.

MY PREDICTIONS FOR 1952

by Hedda Hopper

Will their careers bring them more fame? Will their private lives bring them happiness? One of Hollywood's foremost crystal gazers peers into the futur for a good look at tomorrow.



Leslie Caron's first picture, *An American in Paris,* is mopping up at the B.O.



Lanza will be one of the hottest actors of '52. Wait till you hear him sing "Because You're Mine."



Singin' in the Rain is the picture that'll put Debbie Reynolds' name high on theater marquees.



Mitzi Gaynor will hit the jackpot when *The I Don't Care Girl* (Eva Tanguay story) is released.



After Debra Paget made *Bird of Paradise,* her studio was swamped with fan mail.



Rock Hudson was neglected until Universal execs saw what he could do in *Bend of the River.*



Sexy Marilyn Monroe is still a long way from being a Duse, but that won't keep her from stardom.



After *The Merry Widow* is released, fans will be sighing over Argentina's handsome Fernando Lamas.



The public discovered easy-going Dale Robertson at the preview of a minor film.



Anne Francis came to Hollywood via TV and got the title role in her first movie, *Lydia Bailey.*



Teresa won Pier Angeli acclaim. Handled well, she'll climb to the top. Appears next with Stewart Granger.



John Harrison rated raves for *Saturday's Hero,* rated role in newest Judy Holliday film.

■ There I was minding my own business for a change (I said it first) when the phone rang.

"Hello, Hedda," said the editor of MODERN SCREEN, "polish up your crystal ball. It's time for your annual predictions. How's about telling our readers who'll be up and who'll be down, who'll be loved and who'll be left at the altar in Hollywood in 1952?"

"Who—me?" I said. "Or don't you remember? I'm the gal who predicted that in 1951, and I quote, 'Elizabeth Taylor and Nick Hilton will make a happy go of their marriage.' And, 'Janet Leigh won't love Tony Curtis half as much as her brilliant new picture breaks. So she'll keep saying No.' And, 'Clark Gable and his lady fair will grow cozier and cozier out on the farm. And—lots more . . ."

"Hedda, Hedda," interrupted the editor, "you also predicted, and I quote, 'Shirley Temple will change her name to Mrs. Charles Black and give up her Hollywood career.' And, 'The Dan Daileys will sign their bill of divorcement and Dan will play the field.' And, 'Farley Granger will live alone and like it, and so will his old sweetie, Shelley Winters.' I'd say your predictions were 88 per cent right, Hedda. So—get out your crystal ball, and even if it is slightly cracked, get busy with those 1952 predictions."

Well, here I go again. Another year. 1952—with its comedies and tragedies, it's romances, rifts and, unfortunately, its unsavory headlines. (*Continued on page* 66)



Someday he'll come along—that man you love. But until he does it's a problem being a girl. I know! Here's what I've learned about handling men.



what to do 'til the minister comes

by Piper Laurie





■ Between the time you grow out of childhood and the day you get married—what do you do? Sit and pine? Mix around and force the issue? Swim in a sea of romantic hoping? Plunge into the forgetfulness of work, art or whatever, and let love come when it may? Play safe? Play with fire? Oh, it's a problem to be a girl . . .

Should you be frightened about yourself when someone you know gets married? Should you be frightened and say, "Look at them! It's so wonderful. And here I am, 19 (or 18, or 21 or 25,) and not married yet!" Or is this too dangerous a feeling? Will it make you over-eager and unable to use good judgment so that you had best talk yourself out of any such enthusiasm quickly? Or should you be frightened because another girl has married and it becomes known that things aren't going well with her, and now the whole proposition of marriage seems risky? Should you be bold and seek out or should you be bashful and be sought out? What to do during that anxious in-between?

There are words I heard somewhere that say, in effect, that these years of young womanhood are the most trying of all. I think this is so. I think a girl often feels she isn't actually living, but just suspended in life. Of course she sometimes has the power to alter the situation. But how . . . and should she? With me the trouble is that I don't know whether to use my heart or my head as guide . . . or the exact proportion of each. (I think the right mixture is the important thing.) I often realize that I had better use my head, but on the other hand, it's my heart that I want to take care of.

I think I started to worry about all this before it was time to worry. Was that just me, or is it common with girls? I can remember my first big project was to get concrete proof of my femininity. This was when I was 11 and I just had to know what my girl-power was. I talked my family into letting a boy we knew take me to a movie matinee. He was to have dinner with us afterwards but when we got back into the lobby of our apartment house I wasn't in a hurry to go upstairs. We talked and I don't remember how it happened, or even if I maneuvered it, but suddenly he was trying to kiss me. Of course, I refused. What I was after right then was information, not experience. And I had it. He wanted to . . . and that's all I wanted to know. But he asked why I wouldn't and my answer was that we were too young. He acted as if he thought this was quite reasonable.

"Then when can we?" he wanted to know.

I can still remember how intriguing I found this question. I took it seriously. In the next few seconds of silence I was (*Continued on page 86*)





Our



It started 10 years ago when we were married . . . and every Christmas since has been a double holiday, a double blessing.

Christmas Love Story

■ Just a few days before Christmas, at three o'clock in the afternoon on the 22nd, to be exact, Miriam and I will be celebrating our tenth wedding anniversary. And this year it's going to be a big day. This year, jolly old St. Nick will have to crawl into the back seat while the Nelsons take over.

After all, it is not every day that you have been married for 10 years.

Every year up to now, it has seemed that somehow, without our even realizing it, our anniversary has always blended into the celebration of Christmas itself. During the war, when the very spirit of Christmas was a terrible reminder that you were separated from the ones you loved, the day was marked by a special kind of loneliness. Later, when we were settled, it was the occasion of some of our finest moments of friendship and good fellowship.

But there hasn't been a Christmas (*Continued on page* 80)


through
with
love?



Smiling pretty for the people at Ciro's, Lana is with Cy Howard whom she started to date shortly after her separation from Bob Topping.



Photo by George Sidney

Lana's learned the facts of love the hard way. She's been used and abused. But she'll never get men out of her hair— or her heart.

BY STEVE CRONIN

No more tears for Turner—at least that's what Lana says.

"My marriage to Bob is over," she admits, "and I'm reconciled to that. There's no sense in re-hashing things. A girl must forget and look to the future."

Does she mean a future without love? It doesn't seem likely, for looming very large in Lana's life today is Cy Howard, a tall, dark haired radio producer who is recognized in Hollywood as a "character."

"Characters" have a way of capturing Lana's fancy, probably because average men bore her too easily. She likes her male escorts to be sharp, witty, and colorful. Cy Howard qualifies. He knows all the answers.

Cy was born 35 years ago in Milwaukee. His big claim to fame is that he was the creator of two outstanding radio shows, "My Friend Irma" and "Life with Luigi." He has also written the *Irma* motion pictures and *That's My Boy,* which starred Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin.

Cy Howard has been described in the press as, "uncouth, brash, vain," and not particularly well-bred. But he is tall, dark, handsome and talented. That's the type Lana has specialized in. Greg Bautzer, Artie Shaw, Steve Crane, Ty Power, Bob Topping all fill the bill.

Just how serious she is about Cy, Lana isn't saying. "He's very nice, and he's a lot of laughs," is the limit of her description. There's little doubt, though, that Howard is helping her to forget the past.

A few months ago, as you'll recall, Lana was in pretty bad shape mentally. She was trying (*Continued on page* 85)

it's a great life

Haver looks fragile, but, oh boy! She'll trim you at tennis, beat you at golf, run you ragged in her zest for life!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ When she was 14 years old, June Haver lived in the small city of Rock Island, Illinois, far away from the make-believe of Hollywood. One Sunday morning, June and her sister, Evelyn, stood in the teeming rain before their house and tried to think of something to do to amuse themselves.

"I know," said June, "let's go to church."

"Which one?" asked Evelyn.

"Let's go to the Catholic church," said June.

"But that's across the trestle," said Evelyn. "It's kind of dangerous."

"Sure it is," said June, "but it will be fun—and we really ought to go to some church, you know."

Evelyn agreed, so the girls set out and walked until they came to a railroad bridge high above a span of river and canyon. Then, one behind the other, they began to cross, stepping over the ties and laughing as they did so. It *was* fun, but if a train had appeared the girls would most certainly have been injured—for there was no place to go but down from their narrow cat walk.

When they reached the other side, they found the church which was dry and warm, and they entered a rear pew for the mass. Although neither of them were Catholics, they knelt and prayed in silence, and when the services were over they made their way home the same way they had come—and called it a splendid morning.

This incident is typical of June Haver—and demonstrates a character and personality that is hers today as it was then. She is a devout girl, but a scamp; a religious girl who seldom stops laughing and enjoying the excitement of life. (*Continued on page* 76)



June's a crack decorator. Often does friends' houses; sends the fee to a pet charity.



Outdoor sports are her meat. She excels at parlor games, too, and is quite a practical joker.



Golf is her favorite pastime, and she's good at it. She plays when she's free—rain or shine.



A frequent visitor to veterans' hospitals, she's adored by soldiers like John Noyes.



Full of the devil?
Not Mario. He's lusty,
he's loud, he's full
of laughs. And if that's bad
you'll have to take it—
or leave Lanza alone!

BY CARL SCHROEDER



Mario beams as his wife follows Kathryn Grayson's example in kissing Norman Taurog, Lanza's director at MGM. Betty is very helpful in creating good public relations for Mario.



He's almost cut out impromptu concerts; but he'll sing any time for the kids. When admiring young musicians like these drop in on the set, Mario is always ready to oblige.

"they can't make me behave"

■ There was great anger in the heart and mind of Mario Lanza. He also had a sprained ankle and a severe pain in the neck.

He stood at the desk of Dore Schary, big chief of MGM, and tried to quell the righteous fury that welled up inside him.

Mr. Lanza was being told, politely, but firmly, that a different sort of general behavior was expected of him in the future. Mario listened. He leaned on his cane and wished he could sit down. He shifted uncomfortably.

Suddenly, Mr. Schary stopped talking. He waited for Mario's reply, but there was none forthcoming. Instead, the seconds ticked on in miserable silence. Inside, Mario Lanza turned deep purple.

Then the explosion came. Mario raised his cane and broke it violently over Mr. Schary's desk. Ink spilled. Cigarettes bounced high out of a leather desk tray. Dore Schary shoved back his



chair, and watched in amazement as Mario Lanza limped away through the outer office, shouting down violent threats and ill wishes for all of the movie industry within the sound of his voice.

"Temperamental? They say I am temperamental? How ridiculous!"

Mario Lanza was telling me about his strange encounter with the big boss. He sat at a long desk in his home on Whittier Drive in Beverly Hills, grinning with high good humor. He wore one of his extra loud sport shirts, with extra short sleeves. Most of his strongly muscled arms were in view, and obviously they did not have an extra ounce of fat upon them.

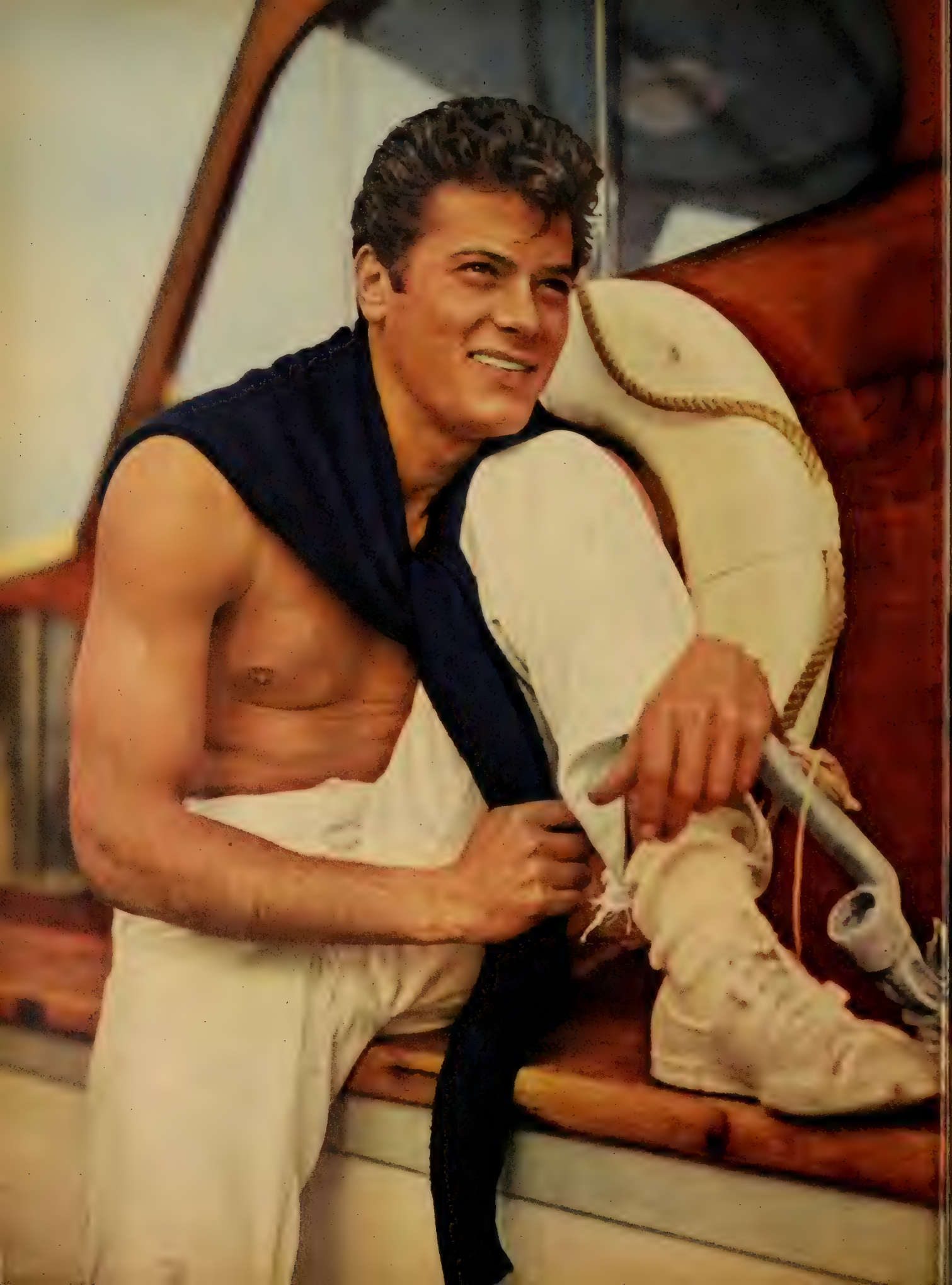
"You are not going to get me wrong," he said. "You—I can see it in your eyes—are going to tell the truth about Mario Lanza, so there will be no more trouble with all these lies!"

"No more trouble?" My voice sounded a bit incredulous.

"Well, with me, I guess there will always be some excitement. But there will be no more misunderstanding. I am a young man. I have a violent love for living in my veins. I am not going to behave like some people want me to behave. I don't think they will ever change. And I won't change, either. So, if that is misbehaving—I will misbehave.

"But, to get back to Mr. Schary. This is a wonderful man. I have lived in Hollywood long enough to know that some reporters might tell the story about how I broke the cane over his desk, and then not tell the truth about what happened afterwards. And the net result of all this would be that Dore would think I am a louse, and I would be."

Yes, Mario Lanza would look like what he says—a louse—if the truth weren't told. The lack of (*Continued on page 82*)



Pessimists keep yelling, "It won't last." Tony and Janet don't believe them, but just the same...

THEY'RE SCARED STIFF!

By Jim Burton



No honeymoon yet! Picture work keeps interfering. Since their marriage Tony and Janet have been separated more than they've been together.

■ No matter what they tell you about Hollywood marriages, there's nothing like them anywhere. Every Hollywood marriage is jam-packed with danger right from the start. Gossip, jealousy, and business interference are constant threats to marital success, and too often these threats grow up into divorce suits.

No Hollywood newlyweds are more aware of this than Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis who, since their marriage, have spent more time away from each other than together.

Last summer, when they were married in Connecticut against studio advice, Janet had to fly back to California alone. Tony had to continue his personal appearance tour with Piper Laurie for *The Prince Who Was A Thief.*

"That was the start of our separation," Janet says, "and even though we're living together now, we hardly get to see each other. Every time we plan a honeymoon, Tony's studio says, 'Wait until you finish one more picture,' or mine says the same thing. We thought we'd go on a honeymoon in June just after we were married, but I had to go into a picture with Peter Lawford. When that one was over, Universal had a script ready for Tony.

"Since our marriage, neither of us has been free at the same time. We're supposed to go to Hawaii on a honeymoon this winter, but we're not counting on it. The only thing we can really count on are those darn rumors."

These rumors, and you've probably heard some of them, insist that (a) Janet is pregnant (b) Janet and Tony aren't getting along too well (c) Janet and Tony are both having studio trouble.

"The situation can change any time," Tony says, "but as of yesterday, Janet wasn't pregnant. How that story got started as far back as September, I don't (*Continued on page* 58)

"Pinch me," Debbie Reynolds cries, "I'm dreaming!" Now her sister-in-law tells why the fame, the fans, the fancy clothes have Debbie in a tizzy.

it's not a dream, debbie!

BY JOYCE REYNOLDS



Bless her little pointed head, you can't tell whether Debbie's trouble is love or hunger. Carleton Carpenter toted her to the Press Photographers' Ball.



Debbie can turn on glamor, too. For a gala premiere date with Robert Wagner, she dresses to the teeth in one of her fabulous collection of gowns.

■ Everybody who ever knew Debbie when she was Mary Frances Reynolds has been thrown for a loop. And that includes me. (I'm her sister-in-law). When I first knew her, in school a few years ago, she was considered just about the squarest square that ever hit John Burroughs High, mainly because she didn't date boys. In the minds of the crowd I ran around with, that simple fact added up to a parallelogram having four equal sides and four right angles.

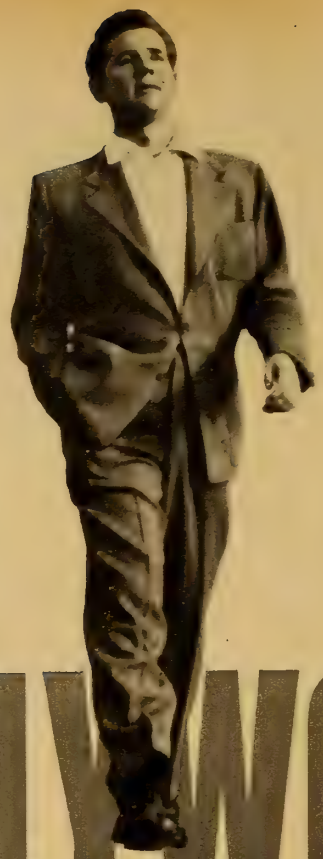
Anybody who was anybody at J. B. High just automatically gathered of nights at Bob's Drive-In out in the valley, where we destroyed as many hamburgers as we could hold. And where was Debbie on these moonlit nights? Off somewhere with the Girl Scouts, or at home blowing into her French horn, or practicing how to twirl a baton. Heaven knows there were enough boys in the crowd who'd have been delighted to buy her a milkshake, but Debbie just wasn't interested.

She went out with boys, sure—to football games or school proms, something or anything to do with school activities—but parties were taboo. Don't ask me why. I guess that Debbie was so surrounded by a whirlpool of activity that (*Continued on page* 87)











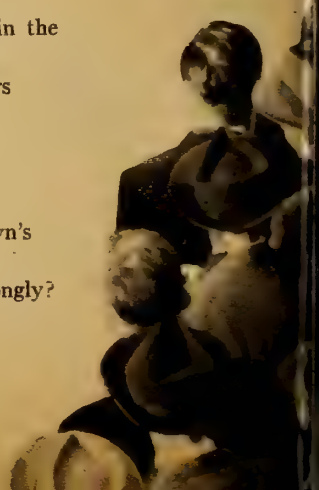
HOLLYWOOD'S

■ Recently, several members of a national organization convening in Los Angeles were visiting the Clark Gable set at MGM. Mindful of the assistant director's cry of "Quiet, please!" they stood in silence, but their expressions, especially the women's, revealed their excitement as they watched the acting of one of the most fabulous men in show history. When the scene ended, Clark was excused for a short rest. As he started off for his dressing room every eye was on him. Walking steadily, his face set straight ahead, he came abreast of the group. They felt that surely he would turn his head and smile. But there was no pause in his stride. Without so much as a glance to acknowledge the admiration falling all about him, he kept right on and went by. In the cold hush of disbelief that followed, those who were left behind gazed at each other at a loss for words. They thought they had been deliberately snubbed. But they were wrong.

Clark had simply been ducking the one bugaboo almost all the stars come to dread—facing up in real life to their public. The strain of acting in the spotlight is not half as bad for them as living in it. Gable doesn't like it; Jennifer Jones and Rita Hayworth have been frightened by it; and performers like Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford and Howard Duff are never unaffected.

Go back to Greta Garbo. It wasn't her picture roles as a goddess that made her choose to be a recluse; it was having people expect her to act like one in her private life. Essentially the story is the same all the way up to the newest starlet, like Marilyn Monroe, for instance. Marilyn's beauty can fill the screen but not the painful pauses in her social conversations.

What is the nature of this bugaboo? Why does it affect the stars so strongly? The answer, bluntly, is that there are few stars (*Continued on page* 81)







Millions adore them,
but Hollywood's Great
tremble in public.
Facing the fans can
turn a star's life
into a bed of neuroses.

BY SUSAN TRENT

WORST BUGABOO



the pig is in the parlor



■ Seated at the baby grand piano, Deborah Kerr was playing a soft accompaniment to her thoughts. She let the music trail off as she turned toward her husband.

"Tony," she said abruptly, "do you think it's true that a house reflects the owner's personality?"

"I suppose so," Tony answered, ready to agree with whatever his pregnant wife happened to say.

"Then," said Deborah conclusively, "I must have an awfully muddled personality."

photos by Bob Beerman and Bert Parry

t fine at Deborah's, where elegance and whimsey mix like sugar and spice.

by Marva Peterson

Anthony C. Bartley III put down the TV script he'd been reading. He got up from his armchair and walked across the sun room to his wife who was studying their home with troubled eyes. He cupped her chin gently in one hand and turned her face towards his. "You're the most beautiful, muddled personality I know, and I love you." He underlined his opinion with a kiss.

Deborah placed her hands back on the keyboard to steady herself. "But about the house," she persisted. "Tell me the truth."

"I like it muddled, as you call it," Tony continued loyally. "It wouldn't seem like our home if it weren't for these fat old whale-oil lamps and that slightly battered marquetry table. Even the weird African heads seem like part of the family. And how would it look without that silly pig in the parlor? But if it makes you happy, you can turn the wine cellar into a skating rink, and plant cactus on the roof. Only one thing. No changes in my room, please."

Scotland's lovely gift to Metro giggled in spite of herself. "I didn't have anything quite so radical in mind. It's only my room whose personality I want to change."

"Go ahead, darling."

The changes Deborah Kerr outlined that evening were quite ambitious. They involved knocking out the south wall of her upstairs bedroom and replacing it with large picture windows. For a long time, she confided to Tony, she'd wanted to be able to lie in bed and (*Continued on page 72*)



The sunroom's arches echo the arches in the stucco exterior (*left*). Round-the-world furnishings include wooden heads from the Congo, whale-oil lamps from a London antique shop, and Italian plaques.



"The dining room was furnished tongue-in-cheek," Deborah grins. The table, supported by Prince of Wales feathers, was bought at auction. Gaudy blackamoor statues stand in indirectly lighted niches.



Deborah's bedroom was a complete re-make job. A wall was knocked out for the sea-scape picture window. This led to new draperies, re-upholstering, plastering and paper—all in all, a new "personality".



Tony Bartley's bedroom-study is crammed with RAF souvenirs like the portraits of his squadron. The focal point is a big TV set viewable from desk or daybed where he can check on [illegible] productions.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



heartbreak ahead?

Her friends say Luft's not the type for Garland. But they can't stop Judy from throwing her heart away on the man she loves.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

■ When Judy Garland returned to Hollywood after a five-month European tour during which she'd earned some $200,000, reporters at the train asked her how she felt.

For a minute, Judy wouldn't answer.

Her glance swept across the train station, and came to rest on her little daughter, five-year-old Liza Minnelli. Liza ran into her mother's arms. There was a joyful, kissing reunion, and only after that was over would Judy answer the eager press.

"I'm feeling great. I don't worry about my figure any more."

In England, Judy had been amazed by all the comment concerning her weight. Practically every newspaper describing her appearance at the Palladium, included such items as "a surprisingly heavyweight Judy Garland made her vaudeville debut last night," or, "Judy Garland, fatter and rounder than ever, arrived in London yes-

terday," or, "Never before has talented Judy weighed this much."

Talking about it later, Judy good naturedly said, "For a while they had me feeling like the fat lady from Barnum & Bailey. But they were really a wonderful audience. The crowds I played to in England were simply magnificent. So understanding. So warm. They bring out the best in an entertainer.

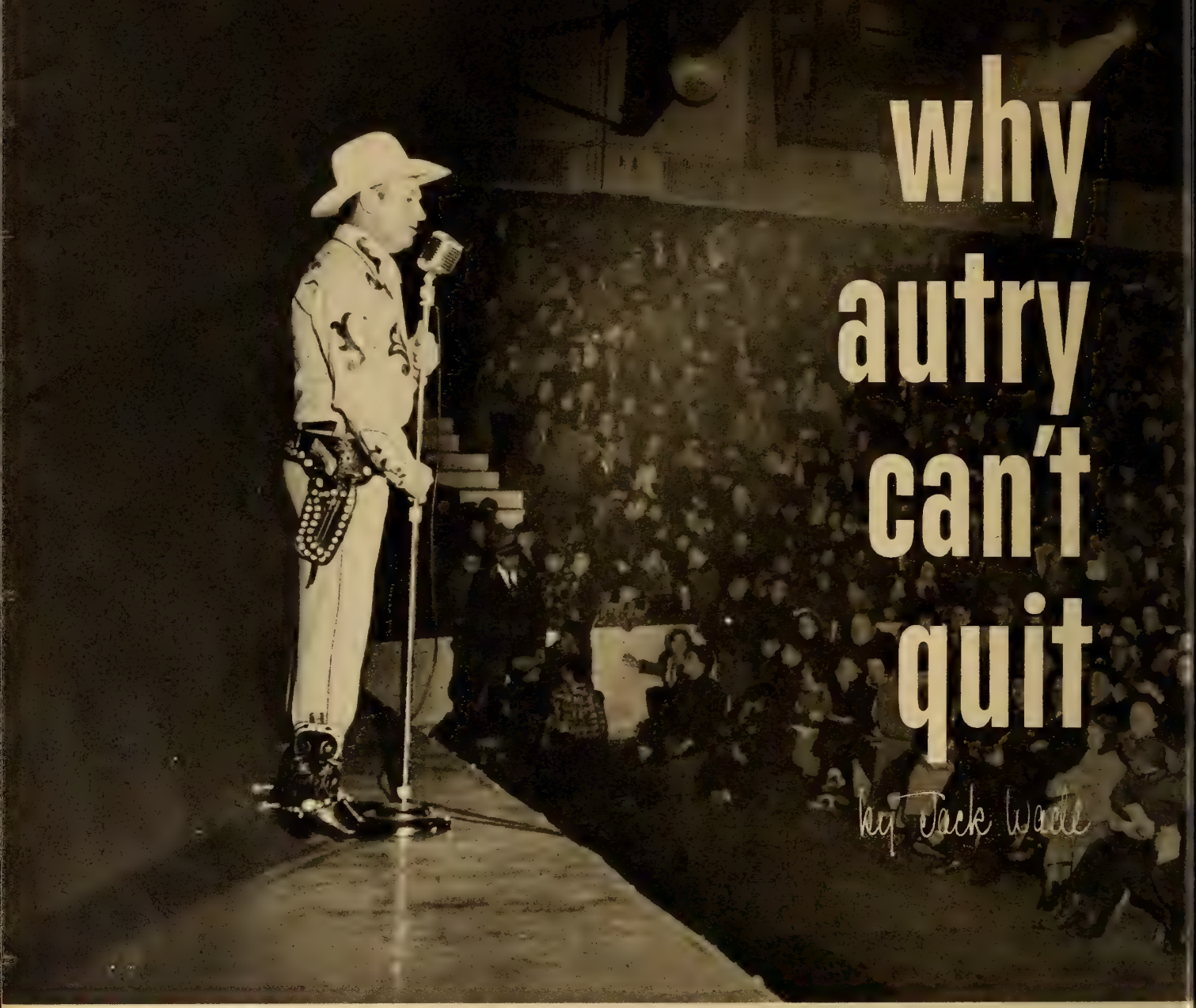
"I remember (*Continued on page* 70)

A plump, happy Judy, home from her triumphant European tour, greeted Liza.



"He uses his fists too much," people say of Sid Luft, here with his lawyer (*left*). He answered four legal charges in October.





why autry can't quit

by Jack Wade

■ One day back in 1929 a young fellow from the Oklahoma cow country swung off a B. & O. coach on the Jersey side of the Hudson River and stood there gawking at the Manhattan skyline.

The yellow clay of the prairies still smudged his butterfly boots and an aroma of sagebrush wafted from his new suit of store clothes. He lugged a battered case that housed a five dollar, second-hand guitar.

A fellow passenger watched him stare at the silhouette of the Great City, and grinned. "Well, Bud," he asked, "what do you think of *that?*"

"My goodness!" drawled Gene Autry. "Once I get inside that place—how'll I ever get out?"

"Well," comforted the stranger, "a lot of people in there don't want to."

At that point, Gene had just ditched his railroad telegrapher's job, on Will Rogers' advice, to seek his fortune as a singing cowboy. By now Gene's five dollar guitar has been parlayed into a multimillion dollar career, and he's the busiest man, by far, in all of Hollywood. But sometimes the fabulous empire which he has built with his own brains, talent and luck seems as inescapable a labyrinth to Gene's friends as New York's canyons once looked to him.

Every now and then they ask him, "Gene, when you going to slow down and take it easy?" Or as his pal, Chill Wills, put it the other day, "Doggone, Gene, why don't you stop supporting all them Demmycrats back in Washington?"

At such times Gene grins the wide, white smile that has become famous wherever movies are shown, and astonishment shows in his mild blue eyes. "You mean quit?" he asks. "Why, honest, I wouldn't know how." And he's speaking the gospel truth. Even when he thinks he's taking it easy, Gene's about as passive as a Texas tornado.

One afternoon a few weeks ago, (*Continued on page* 63)

YOU CAN'T PUT AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION LIKE GENE OUT TO PASTURE, AND TOURS LIKE THESE SHOW WHY.



The thrill that comes once in a lifetime: Young Roger Ladage met Gene at the Illinois State Fair. He lost his family, but with Gene's help everything turned out all right.



Big smile for the grandstand: Gene spends weeks on tour. Here the fair officials in Springfield escort him to the stage where he appeared 20 years ago as a band singer.



A couple of Champions: Gene has played over 300 towns on tour and never missed a performance. Once he had to ride a freight car with the horses to keep a scheduled date.



Three out of 150: The Gene Autry enterprises have a payroll of over 150 employees, most of them long-termers. Here Rufe Davis and Ed Waller talk things over with the boss.



The best medicine yet: Gene never fails to visit the children's wards. In Springfield he also inspected some hospital equipment bought with funds from a benefit he did in the winter.

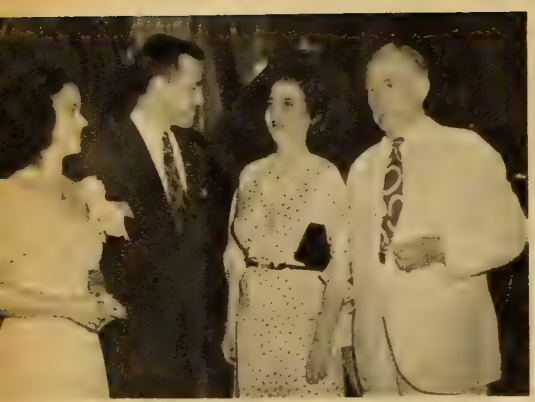


Backstage bedroom: Gene's often up from 6 AM to 3 AM. He keeps going by snatching cat naps backstage between shows. He's been promising himself a rest for 15 years.

To the millions who love her, MODERN SCREEN reports on how Shirley Temple is living "Happily ever after."

BY AGNES VAGHI

Mrs. Black; housewife



Washington's elite turned out for the reception given Shirley and Charles Black. Even Vice-President and Mrs. Alben Barkley were there.



Mrs. Parsons (*center*) hostessed the party which proved Shirley's place in Washington society is secure. (*At right*) Mrs. John Thomas.



Sophistication becomes Mrs. Black. She wore a new hair-do, sleek gown at the American Newspaper Women's Club party for servicemen.

■ Amidst world-tottering problems and talk of peace Shirley Temple moved to Washington, D. C., a few months ago.

"And only because my husband is stationed here with the Navy—specifically, in the Office of Naval Operations in case anybody wants to know." She added the last part teasingly over her unlisted telephone which is also a party line.

Shirley and her husband, Reserve Officer Lt. Comdr. Charles Black, are definitely not interested in publicity, even in the hot-news capital of the United States. After 20 years of movies, Shirley feels she's had enough.

"I'm tired of telling interviewers how many pressure cookers I have, and posing for photographers in front of the fireplace reading the funnies," she says.

Instead, her ardent desire is to play a new role, that of being an unglamorous housewife, and mother to Linda Susan, her three-year-old daughter.

Linda Susan reminds everyone of Shirley when she was a child. Smart and "cute as a button," she's quite a conversationalist for her age. Now, there is a rumor that Shirley expects another baby.

Dressed in slacks or plain house cotton, Shirley takes charge of Linda herself, performing all the sundry chores of motherhood. In addition, she cooks for her husband, cleans house, and does the marketing without benefit of a staff of servants.

"Sure, it's a lot of work," admits Shirley, "but I love it."

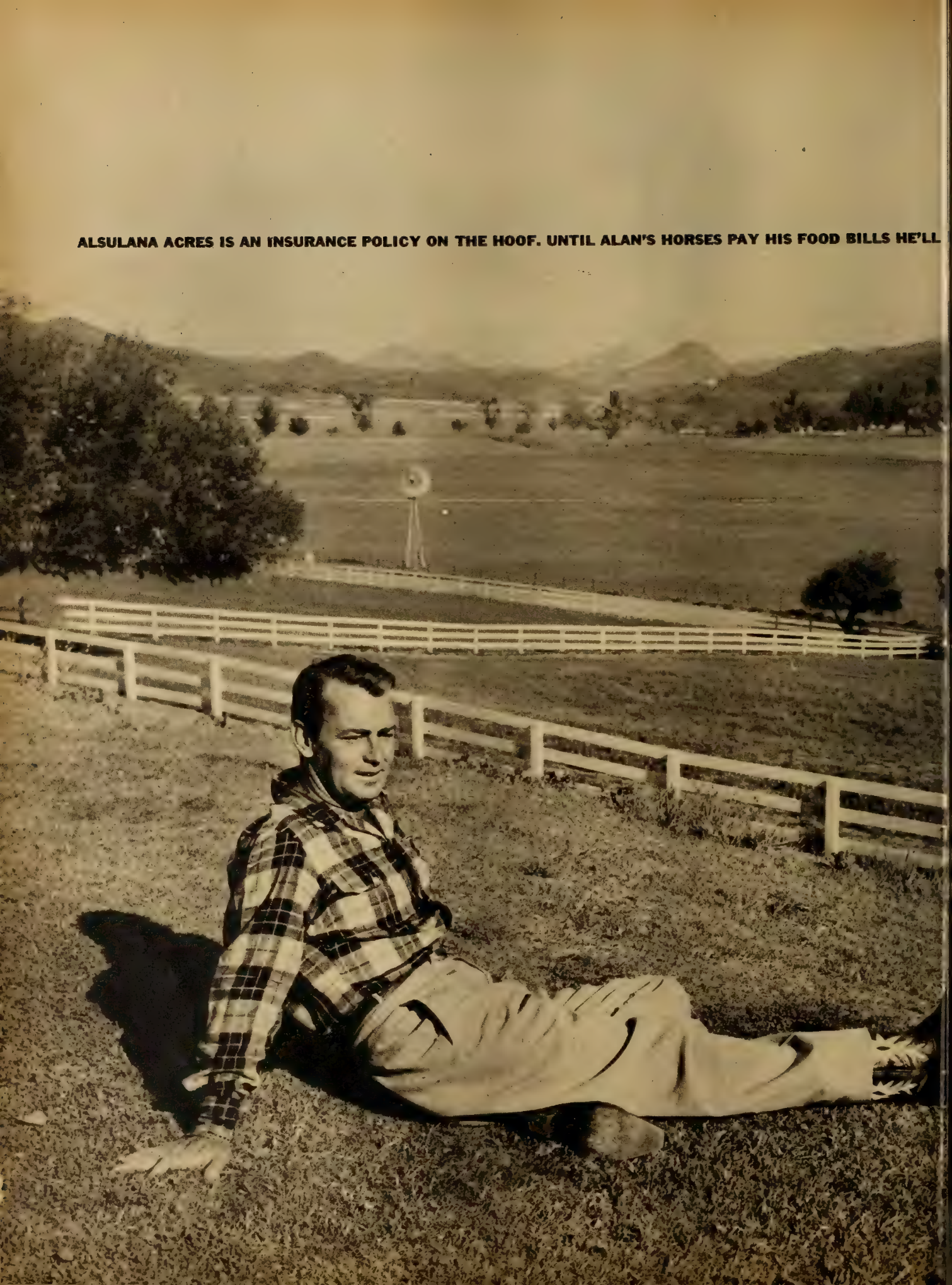
Equaling her domestic abilities is her natural bent for business. Washington tradesmen are surprised to find Shirley a smart "cooky" when it comes to shopping. She always sees to it that she gets her money's worth.

"I'm Pennsylvania Dutch! I'm stubborn!" she says about the way she handles her new responsibilities.

But curiosity seekers, in a town supposedly conditioned to celebrities, are rampant, especially where Shirley is concerned. When she first came to Washington and put up in a furnished apartment, every newspaper in town heralded her arrival and hundreds of calls poured into the Navy Department. (*Continued on page 62*)



ALSULANA ACRES IS AN INSURANCE POLICY ON THE HOOF. UNTIL ALAN'S HORSES PAY HIS FOOD BILLS HE'LL



RANCH MAD LADD

FOOT THEIRS AND CASH IN ON THE FUN • By RICHARD DEXTER



photos by Joe Heppner

■ Hollywood is the land of the movie star and the fabulous salary, the home of glamor and the seat of wealth. To the rest of the world Hollywood life is all play with just enough work around to keep a man from growing stale. However, in actuality, it is the land of the high income tax, and it would surprise you to know the number of high salaried stars and executives who must have a sideline to protect them from the poorhouse in the days of their eventual retirement.

Take, for instance, the case of Alan Ladd and his famous ranch. It has been written about to a great extent and photographs of it have been printed in all sorts of magazines. A good many of the accounts of this "hobby" of Alan Ladd's have been pretty factual, but they all have neglected one important point. The Alan Ladd ranch is the family sideline, the venture they hope will one day keep *them* out of the poor house, if something should go wrong with the movie business. Or for some reason Alan should want to retire.

It must be admitted that ALSULANA ACRES, the name of the Ladd farm, began as a sort of a dream. Ever since Alan started in pictures, he had lived a quiet life in the city. He would sit at home in the evenings, and talk to Sue of one day being able to look out of their window at rolling hills, the likes of which they had seen on insurance company calendars. They both liked to ride and owned a couple of horses, which they rode on Sunday afternoons on the trails around the Los Angeles hills. At the first of each month, when the bills for the caring and feeding of these horses came in, they would soberly decide they must get rid of the animals as an unnecessary expense. This, of course, was in 1945 when Alan's (*Continued on next page*)



She's a dilly of a filly; the first foal to be bred on the Ladd's horse ranch. They raise thoroughbred stock for racing, with crops and cattle breeding on the side.



The boss gives morning instructions to his right hand man. Everybody works on the Ladd ranch. Alan does the big jobs; David and his sister have pint-size chores.



The ranch boasts pigs, too. Alan figures when he's too old to bring home the bacon it might as well be there waiting for him—in his own backyard.



This isn't labor trouble, it's fun. Good friends like Bill Demarest helped Alan fix up the place. He's turned a run-down farm, a ruined house, and crumbling stables into a show place.

ranch mad ladd cont'd



"Remember, be gentle but firm." Daddy gives careful instructions to Alana and David before their daily morning ride. Both are fine horsemen.



The Ladds converted the old stables bit by bit into a handsome ranch-house which includes this kitchen, the center of their bustling family life.

(*Continued from preceding page*) income was nothing compared to what it is today. The solution to the Ladd's problem came quite by accident.

Alan Ladd is a real friendly character. Off screen he's as helpful as your next door neighbor who comes over on Saturday afternoon to give a hand in raking up the leaves. So one day when a friend of his, an antique dealer in Beverly Hills, asked him if he would come along on a ride 45 miles up into the country and help unload a desk he had to deliver, Alan obligingly jumped into the truck.

When they arrived at the country estate, Alan and his friend lugged the desk into the house. The lady of the establishment, presuming that Alan was an assistant truck driver, asked him to wait outside in the yard while she concluded her business with the antique dealer. Alan walked around the grounds for a few minutes, breathed the fresh clean air, took a good look at the rolling hills and decided this was the life for him. Spotting a "For Sale" sign at some distance down the road, he walked over and took a look at the place. It was an abandoned ranch. There had been a house a number of years before, but it had burned to the ground and the stone foundations were almost entirely buried by dust and debris. There was a series of rickety stables set into the side of a hill and, except for a lone man tinkering with a decrepit windmill, not a creature in sight.

It was either Alan's good fortune or misfortune to approach the man and get into a conversation. At any rate, 15 minutes later, as he sat in the right hand seat of the truck headed back toward Hollywood, he owned an abandoned ranch with a burned down house and a half-a-dozen rickety stables set into the side of a hill.

Breaking the news to Sue was something of an ordeal, as Alan admits.

"I didn't know what to tell her," he said. "But on the ride home I suddenly had an idea. I not only would stable my two horses on my new property, I would (*Continued on page* 89)



Give a really personal gift





MEN'S "TOWNE" BILLFOLD. In black Morocco-grained Pigskin. Two bill compartments — one zipper, one open . . . $2.50*



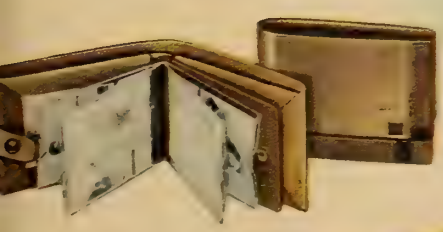
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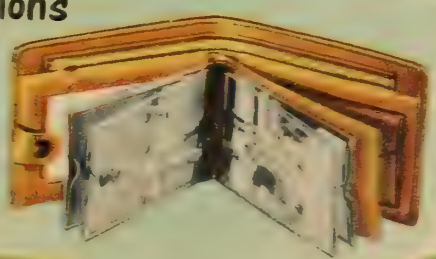
1951 FASHION ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

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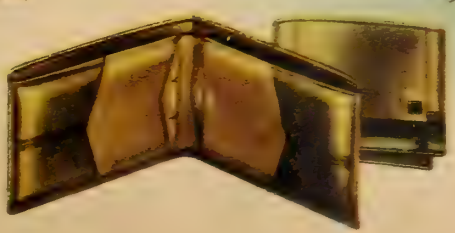
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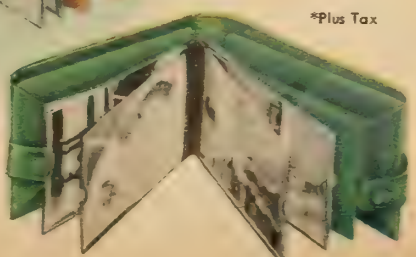
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AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS CO. • WEST BEND, WIS.

they're scared stiff

(*Continued from page 35*) know. Janet had a bad attack of shingles. But having shingles and getting pregnant aren't the same thing.

"Not that we would mind. We want a family. That's one of the reasons we got married in the first place. I only hope that we have our honeymoon first, and Janet gets pregnant second."

Janet herself would like to have at least three children, and she says she's prepared to give up her career any time Tony wants her to. "Only we've talked it over," she adds, "and we both think it would be a good idea to wait and let Tony get established. After all, he's only been starred in three pictures, and in this business who knows which way the wind will blow? I'm only 23, and there's still lots of time for lots of babies."

The pregnancy rumors don't bother Tony and Janet nearly as much as the stories about their quarreling.

"I can honestly say," Janet insists, "that we haven't had a single quarrel since our marriage. We haven't had the time. When I was making *Scaramouche*, I had a six and seven o'clock call at the studio. Tony wasn't working at the time. I'd get up in the morning, prepare breakfast, have a cup of coffee for myself, and go off to work. At night, we'd go over and visit Tony's folks. Ever since his father suffered a heart attack, Tony's been very solicitous.

"How these stories about us fighting got started I really don't know. There's absolutely no truth to them. We're very happily married. All this stuff about our having career trouble, about Tony's resenting my career and my resenting his—honestly, that's just gossip."

TONY is equally disturbed about the stories. "Janet," he asserts, "is the perfect wife. What do people want from us, anyway? A scandal or something? We happen to be very happy. Is that so unbelievable? Unfortunately, we don't see each other as frequently as other newlyweds, but we'll work that out.

"People ask me how come we have a maid preparing our meals instead of Janet? That's simple. How can Janet do the shopping and cooking when she has to work at the studio? Janet knows how to cook, but at this point, it's more important for her to act than to make sandwiches for me.

"They're also saying that I resent the fact that Janet earns twice as much money as I do. Resent the fact? What am I, a lunatic? I hope she earns five times as much as I do. She deserves it. She's a great actress. Do you realize that Janet's made about 17 pictures in a little more than four years? Did you see her in *Angels In The Outfield*? She's getting better all the time. I want her to continue with her career. It's just beginning to roll."

To be perfectly truthful, Tony and Janet are so happy that they're scared stiff. It's difficult for them to realize that the success they're currently enjoying is the result of hard work combined with luck. They're inclined to believe that they owe practically everything to luck.

Ten years ago both of them were a couple of kids from the wrong side of the tracks.

Tony's father was a poor, kind-hearted, immigrant tailor who made just enough to keep his wife and two sons in food and clothes.

That Tony should now be earning $400-a-week seems almost impossible to his folks. Tony, though, has quickly adapted himself to the Hollywood standard of life. Today, he owns a Buick convertible, buys his clothes at Saks Fifth Avenue, employs a business manager to save money for him, lives in a Wilshire Boulevard apartment that rents for $200 a month, likes to eat in the best restaurants, and be seen at the swankiest night clubs.

Were Tony the typical case, he should have gone "Hollywood" a long time ago. That he hasn't is indicative of an unusual strength in his character. He has seen so many people shoved around during his lifetime that he treats everyone with respect and dignity. He cannot understand or abide snobbishness.

It is safe to say that the Hollywood press photographers consider him "the best" kid in Hollywood. Certainly, he's the most cooperative. As a matter of fact, Tony and Janet both owe a good deal of their current popularity to these photographers, which is why they will do practically anything to please them.

Tony himself has said over and over again, "I wouldn't be where I am today if it weren't for those photographers. They had me in one magazine after another long before I even got the lead in *Prince*. If there's anything Janet and I can do to help them, we certainly will."

Last September, the photographers of a national magazine were a little piqued because they'd been scooped on the Leigh-Curtis wedding pictures by their competitors.

"You tell us how we can make it up to you," Tony told the boys who'd been scooped.

Someone got the bright idea of shooting Janet and Tony down at Palm Springs, spending the night in sleeping bags, camping out, taking a mule trip up into the mountains, the regular Palm Springs layout. "It'll make a great winter issue," one of the photographers said.

The temperature at Palm Springs during September frequently hits 104 or 110. At the time the request was made, Tony and Janet were both working six days a week. There was also much talk that Janet would have to work on Sundays doing re-takes for *Jet Pilot*, a film which has been in production at RKO ever since 1949. Despite all this, the newlyweds gave up their one Sunday together and drove down to Palm Springs with the photographers. They slept in a sleeping bag, rode the mules into the mountains, posed all day for pictures.

When it was all done, they thanked the cameramen profusely. "It was sweet of you," Janet told them, "to do this layout for us."

And Janet meant it, too.

THERE are many actresses in Hollywood who will tell you that Janet Leigh is all sugar and scheme, that she has never thrown any bread upon the water without first making certain it would return as a three-layered chocolate cake.

These are the cats who are jealous of Janet's $800-a-week-salary, her amazing career, her happy marriage. They accuse her of deceit, affectation, and fraudulent emotional display.

They don't really know her.

Janet is a small-town girl who had just about as much as Tony—which is nothing—before she came to Hollywood. Her starting salary of $50-a-week seemed enormous to her. Today, five years later and despite all her expenses, $800-a-week seems enormous, only she knows that Van Johnson earns $5,000-a-week, Lana Turner $4,000, and that a newcomer like Betsy Von Furstenberg started off at Metro this year with $400-a-week.

However, the studio has given her several bonuses, and when her contract expires two years from now, there is little doubt that her agent, the Music Corporation of America, (*Continued on page 58*)

FASHION KNOWS NO SEASON

■ You'll be belle of the crowd when you choose these fashions that play year 'round roles in your wardrobe. Here are clothes that will flit with you from season to season—"winning" styles that master the tricks of interchangeability and practicality. Paramount played host this month and gave a "bang-up" party for MODERN SCREEN'S Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board. On the panel of judges were Edith Head, chief dress designer for Paramount, Jan Sterling, Alan Ladd, Betty Hutton and Van Heflin (Alan and Van, in their working clothes, came right off the sets). In a special wing of Paramount's commissary the panel went "all out" for food and fashion! (Betty's new picture is *The Greatest Show on Earth*, Van's in *My Son John*, Alan—*Thunder In The East* and you can see Jan in *Rhubarb*—All Paramount releases.)

JAN STERLING INTRODUCES A DRESSY COTTON TREND FOR 1952

North or South, Jan's "winning" cotton will be in the news—flattery assured by its softly draped over-skirt lined with a contrast color that fashions the midriff. Grey with tangerine, navy with chartreuse, black with white, aqua with black or lilac with purple. Junior sizes: 9-17; misses sizes: 10-18. $12.95. By Baronet. This dress is available only at Dale Hilton, 945 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington 4, D. C. Buy in person or by mail.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 58; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.


modern screen's
hollywood
approved
fashions

FASHION

January or June



Barbara Rush, member of Paramount's "Golden Circle" starlets in *When Worlds Collide,* poses in White Stag's new 1952 *separates* version of their famous original sailcloth styles. The "Half Moon" scoop neck blouse is trimmed with "character" stitching; the "Hoe Down" skirt has deep fan pockets—"character" stitching. Team up these "winning" *separates* with a cardigan sweater for casual winter wear. The *separates*—sizes: 10-20; both in red, black, yellow, white, wild iris, summer navy, turquoise, coffee cream or depth green. Blouse, about $4. Skirt, about $7.



Smartest swim suits of the resort season. Jan Sterling and Edith Head study the slimming figure flattery of the patented built-in "Phan-Tum" girdle (provides healthful abdominal support)—the new and distinguishing feature of these "winning" "Form Control" swim suits.

FASHION PANEL: Jan Sterling, Alan Ladd, Betty Hutton, Van Heflin, Edith Head.



HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 58; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

KNOWS NO SEASON

Lovely Marion Marshall, one of Hollywood's up and coming beauties, models a dull-finish doeskin-lastex "Form Control" suit with cuffed bra and shirred panels (*below*). You'll be eye-catching in this exciting suit at winter resorts or swimming at your nearest indoor pool any time of year. Be smart, try it now and have an advance start, too, on your new summer wardrobe. Rose, kelly green, Alice blue, black or peacock blue. Sizes: 32-38. About $13.00. Marion's winning, flare-skirted dressmaker "Form Control" suit with cuffed bra (*right*) is fashioned of laton tissue faille—it has separate matching panties (with built-in "Phan-Tum" girdle, too). Black, lime, violet or aqua. Sizes: 34-40. About $17. Black or violet. Sizes: 42-44. About $19. Marion next appears in Hal Wallis' Paramount production *Sailor Beware*.

POOL BY PADDOCK, BEL-AIR HIGHLANDS





FASHION KNOWS NO SEASON





(*Above photo*) Models paused while Edith Head cast her vote for White Stag's ski togs and slacks. These woolen "winners" are year 'round basics that will mix 'n' match with all your classic favorites. Model in foreground wears White Stag's wool gabardine slacks. Navy, black, red. Sizes: 10-20. About $22.50. White Stag ski cap is of wool gabardine. Navy, black, red. About $3.50. Pandora's cable-stitch, turtle-neck sweater of heavy knit wool —full fashioned and hand sewn. Snow white—also in red and navy blue. "Teens" sizes: 10-16; misses sizes: 32-40. About $13. (*Right photo*) Jane Greer, RKO star in 20th's *Friendly Island,* poses in White Stag's new ski tunic—water-repellent poplin with contrast wool rib-knit collar and contrast wool lining. Red with navy or white with navy. Sizes: 10-20. About $20. "Downhill Model" wool gabardine ski pants. Navy, platinum gray, black, dark green. Sizes: 10-20. About $20. Ski boots—Kerr's Sports Shop, Beverly Hills, Calif.

January or June



Tops for everything—Edith Head previews Pandora sweaters.

Sweaters, always in the fashion news, are lively, gay companions to all the clothes in your wardrobe. Joan Taylor, a Paramount "Golden Circle" starlet now appearing in *Warbonnet,* models this "winning" group of sweaters by Pandora. (*Top photo*) Rayon and cotton bouclé short sleeved slip-on classic. Beige, white or lovely soft pastels. About $4. (*Middle photo*) A short sleeved slip-on of fine knit wool with a Kent collar —neck opening closed with pearl buttons. Black, red, maize, light oxford gray, navy or white. About $6. (*Bottom photo*) A classic—this time a long sleeved versatile cardigan—also of rayon and cotton bouclé. Beige, white and soft pastels. About $5. All the sweaters available in: "teens" sizes 10-16; misses sizes 32-40.







HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 58; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

where to buy

modern screen's hollywood approved fashions

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores

If there is no store listed near you write to the Fashion Dept., c/o Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

BARONET—Pgs. 52, 53

You may buy the Baronet dress in person or you may order it by mail from Dale Hilton, 945 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington 4, D. C. Send check or money order.

"FORM CONTROL" SWIM SUITS—Pg. 55

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chester, Pa.—Rodgers
Cleveland, Ohio—Kangesser
Delray Beach, Fla.—Irene Moore
Galveston, Texas—Robert Cohen
Long Beach, Calif.—C. R. Anthony Co.
Miami Beach, Fla.—Worth, Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Blackton Shops
Palm Beach, Fla.—Silhouette, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Plymouth, Mass.—Buttner Co.
Portland, Maine—Woman's Shop
Providence, R. I.—Outlet Co.
Tucson, Ariz.—Levy Bros.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

PANDORA SWEATERS—Pg. 57

Buffalo, N. Y.—Wm. Hengerer
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Demery Co.
Evansville, Ind.—DeJong's
Miami, Fla.—Burdine's
New York, N. Y.—James McCreery
Providence, R. I.—Shepherds
Rochester, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Syracuse, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

WHITE STAG SEPARATES—Pg. 54

Chicago, Ill.—Charles Stevens
Houston, Texas—The Fashion
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
New Orleans, La.—Mason Blanche
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Portland, Oregon—Meier & Frank
Sarasota, Fla.—Montgomery Roberts
St. Paul, Minn.—Schleck

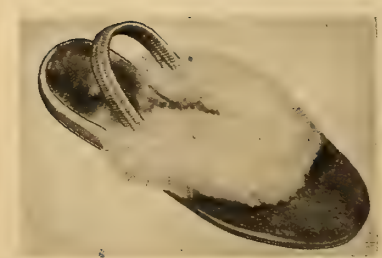
WHITE STAG SKI PANTS & TUNIC COAT—Pg. 56

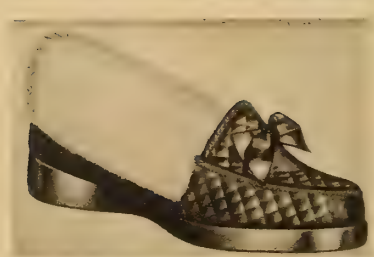
Chicago, Ill.—Charles Stevens
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Seattle, Wash.—Best Apparel

WHITE STAG SLACKS—Pg. 56

Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche









"HONEYBUGS," *above left,* cozy, comfy and beautiful—three styles of slippers for lounging and lazing. *Top photo:* Soft sole ballet—white and gold lamé, or black and gold lamé. Sizes: 4-9. $3.99. *Middle photo:* open toe and back plush-like scuff with white bunny fur collar. Royal, light blue, red, black, pink or white. Sizes: AA5½-10; B4-10. $2.99. *Bottom photo:* Soft sole quilted satin moccasin with white fur collar. Black, royal, red, light blue or pink. Sizes: 4-9. $2.99. "Honeybugs" can be bought at all leading department stores.

PETER PAN BRA, *above right,* is the new "Inner Circle" bra designed especially for the average bustline—assures rounded contour, perfect uplift; patented Dura-Form cup (bra will not lose its shape). In lovely plunging version (*shown above*) embroidered nylon sheer. White. Sizes: 32-36A; 32-38B. About $6. In regular neckline (*not shown*)—white only. Sizes: 32-36A; 32-38B; 32-40C. Broadcloth, about $4. Nylon, about $5. Peter Pan bras can be bought at leading department stores and specialty stores throughout the country.

they're scared stiff!

(*Continued from page 52*) will arrange a new $4,000- or $5,000-a-week deal for her.

At the moment, her paramount interest is her marriage, which she insists is infinitely more valuable than her career.

Janet was married when she was 15, but the marriage was annulled, and she never lived with her husband.

She was married again when she was 18, this time to Stanley Reames, and she learned what Hollywood can do to a marriage when the wife is breadwinner, and the husband is a non-professional trying futilely to get ahead. She is convinced that present husband Tony will develop into one of the most talented young actors in the business. "In two or three years," she says, "I'll just be known as Tony's wife."

A basically shrewd young woman whose prattle occasionally fools people into believing her naive, Janet says this because she feels that in two or three years she will become a mother.

She feels that motherhood will not necessarily interfere with a career, and that after seven years of low-salaried apprenticeship, she would be silly to give up a profession just as she's about ready for the big-time brackets.

Right now, most of her efforts are concentrated on making Tony happy. She babies him constantly. Whenever he has the chance, she lets him sleep late, prepares breakfast, tiptoes out of the house. She lets him make all the decisions as to friends, dates, household expenses.

Having been married previously, Janet knows that a girl has to fight for her love and happiness, that it just doesn't happen; that marriage is a working partnership.

Fortunately for her, Tony is happy in his work. He wants to act constantly. Inactivity makes him restless. For a while there was talk at Universal of letting Audie Murphy play the role of the deaf-mute prizefighter in *Hear No Evil.* When Tony was finally given the part, he was ecstatic. He'd like to make five or six pictures a year. "I go crazy when I'm not working," he says. "My friends work all the time."

Tony is quick to say that Universal has been wonderful to him. "I love this studio. I love all the guys in it. You couldn't find a nicer bunch anywhere. When it comes to new deals and contracts, what do I know about that? I've got an agent. Let him do the worrying. All I want to do is work."

When asked if he's working at his marriage, Tony says, "Working at it? Listen, that's the greatest thing that ever happened to me. That Janet! You couldn't find a better wife. Anything I want to do, she wants to do. I want to see my folks, she wants to see them. I want to go down to the beach, she wants to go down to the beach. I like steak and potatoes for supper. She likes steak and potatoes. Any rumors about our being unhappy are strictly phony. We are the two happiest kids in California. All I can say is that everybody should have the trouble we're having. It would be a great world."

When a man thinks that his marriage is perfect through some divine intervention ("It just happened that way. Janet and I were meant for each other") you can rest assured that the wife in question is doing one sensational job.

The reason that Tony is so sublimely ecstatic these days is that there are no lengths to which Janet Leigh won't go to maintain their love.

"The advantage in having been married before," she says, "is that a girl learns."

Janet Leigh has learned plenty. To her the price of a happy marriage is eternal vigilance of the most subtle and unobtrusive sort. THE END

Are you in the know?



What's the correct way to wear a corsage?

- ☐ *Stems up*
- ☐ *Stems down*
- ☐ *On the right shoulder*

Is that an orchid—or an upside-down-cake? You don't put posies in a vase face down, so why pin them on with stems pointing skyward? Wear a corsage on the *left* shoulder; and remember . . . petals up! Being *sure* helps keep your confidence hitting on all 8 cylinders. Like trying *all 3 absorbencies* of Kotex. They're different sizes, for different days; and with whichever one you select, you're "sure"!



When your date doesn't show up, should you—

- ☐ *Snub him henceforth*
- ☐ *Plan dark revenge*
- ☐ *Be debonair*

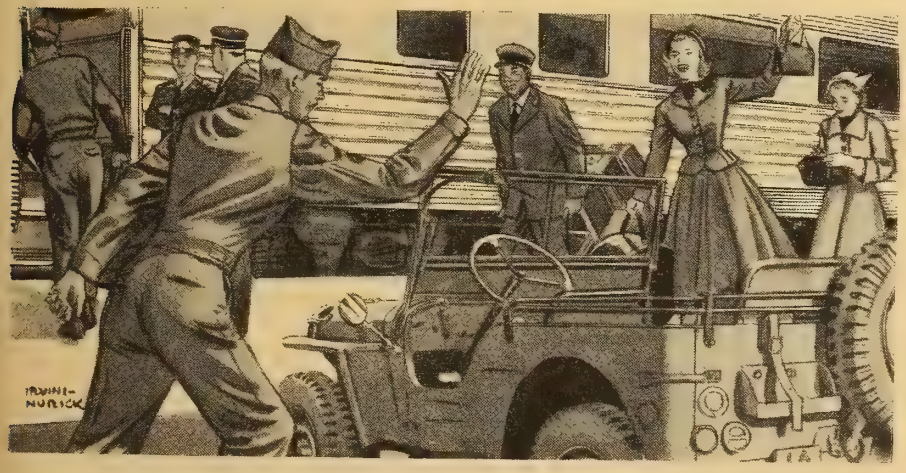
Stood up, eh? Well, simmer down—at least until he's had a chance to explain. Next time you meet, be debonair: ask "How come?" re last Saturday eve. You may find he simply misunderstood about which night the shebang was to be. As for the "certain" dates marked on your calendar—you need never doubt, with Kotex. Just trust that special *safety* center: your *extra* protection against embarrassment.



Which togs make good sense for skiing?

- ☐ *Free n' easy*
- ☐ *Fleecy woolens*
- ☐ *A fur-lined topcoat*

If you've ever trudged up a ski slope, or tried to maneuver those "waxed slats"—you know better than to tog yourself like a fugitive from the Yukon! Ski clothes should be lightweight. Tailored free n' easy. You don't need bulk for *problem-day* protection, either. That's why Kotex has *flat pressed ends* . . . (not thick; not stubby). So there's not even a hint of revealing outlines when *Kotex* is the napkin you choose.



If invited to visit your fiancé at camp, who pays your way?

☐ *Little ol' you* ☐ *Leave it to him* ☐ *Put the bee on Dad*

Depends on your hero's financial status. And whether Mom says you can go. Is he loot-happy? Let *him* buy your round-trip ticket—(if he doesn't send it with the invitation tell him "no tick-ee, no trip-ee"). But, if his only income is a G.I.'s pay—better foot your own expenses. In any case, don't be travel-shy just because "that" day is due. Let Kotex keep you comfortable—with downy softness that *holds its shape*. For Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it . . . to help *you* stay at ease!



What assures daintiness on problem days?

- ☐ *Bath salts*
- ☐ *Powder*
- ☐ *Occasional showers*

Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a *powder* deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin use, because, unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors. Buy a can of Quest deodorant powder today!

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

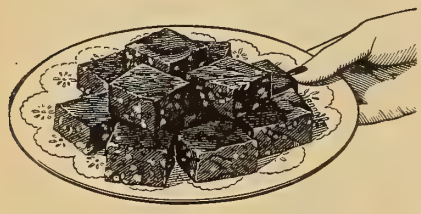
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NEVER-FAIL FUDGE
IN 15 MINUTES



No cooking! No testing! No beating!

Fudge made this Kraft Kitchen way is smooth, never grainy, never too soft or too hard.

It is made *without cooking* so there's no testing and no beating to do. Its magic ingredient for smoothness and richness is creamy-white Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, always delicately fresh in flavor—*guaranteed* fresh.

Make a batch of "Philly" fudge tonight . . . in 15 minutes, and serve it 15 minutes later. You'll be delighted!

RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE "PHILLY" FUDGE

1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
2 cups of sifted confectioners' sugar
2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Dash of salt
½ cup chopped pecans

Place the cream cheese in a bowl and cream it until soft and smooth. Slowly blend the sugar into it. Add the melted chocolate. Mix well. Add the vanilla, salt and chopped pecans and mix until well blended. Press into a well-greased, shallow pan. Place in the refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares.



For "Philly" fudge be sure you use genuine
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tell it to joan

by joan evans



It's nice to be popular; but sometimes it's a trick to be popular—and "nice." Here's how to do it.

It seems hard to believe, but it was two years ago that the editor of Modern Screen was nice enough to ask me to conduct this column. I've loved doing it because I feel I've made a lot of new friends. My only regret was that I couldn't answer all the letters. I've had brickbats and I've had bouquets but—I'm thankful to say—the bouquets have really outnumbered the brickbats. And a letter like the one I received today from Mrs. J. S. of Mundelen, Ill., makes all the hard work I've put into the column pay off. She wrote, "You seem to be one of the most level-headed, best-adjusted teenagers ever to enter the movies. A lot of the credit must go to your parents, but a good deal is due you for putting their good advice to daily use."

But all good things must come to an end. Besides, I've found out that there are just so many teen-age problems, and then they begin repeating themselves. There is nothing so boring as repetition. I decided it was time to stop and I asked Mr. Saxon (the editor of Modern Screen) if I could. So with the following letters this is the end of "Tell It To Joan." 'Bye now, kids, and thanks for listening to me.

"Dear Joan: During the past three years I've had six leads in high school plays and for the last three summers I've done little theater work. We are moving to Los Angeles next June. Is there any chance for me in the movies?—J. B. Delaware, Ohio."

There's always a chance. About a million-to-one chance. The best thing for you to do is to find a good dramatic coach who can tell you if you have real talent or not. He (or she), if enthusiastic about you, can often interest an agent in your career. But beware of the many fake dramatic schools. Before settling on a dramatic school or a coach, be sure to talk to the successful people who have attended classes and find out if it's really and truly on the level.

"Dear Joan: I'm young for my age, and don't look as old as I really am. I'm the only child in the family. All my life I've been pampered and babied beyond description. I can't take responsibilities because they were never given me. I can't hold a job. I've been fired from three jobs in the past six months. I'm desperate.—M. M. Mason City, Iowa."

You're quite right when you say that at this moment you can't take responsibility. Your letter tells me that you can't even take the responsibility for your own mistakes. See what you are doing now? You're blaming your parents for your own shortcomings—shifting the responsibility to them. That's no good. You'll never be an adult until you change your attitude. And changing your attitude is just up to you. What's past is past. It might have been better if you had not been so pampered and babied—if you had been given responsibilities. But what you have to do now is learn fast. You've got to use your head, girl. You're certainly not going to be pampered and babied by a boss. Make your New Year's resolution now. Get a new job. Listen carefully to what you're told to do. If you can't remember, make a list of everything you're supposed to do and do it. But because you know you have a weakness you have to work harder than the next girl. You must do more than you're paid to do to prove capability.

"Dear Joan: I am 16 years old and come from a good family. I get A grades, belong to the school band, am a piano student and teacher (I have 15 pupils), cheerleader and active in church organizations. In spite of all of this, I have an inferiority complex. I can't even enjoy myself any more. What do you think is the matter with me? —M. S. Tower City, No. Dak."

Honey, I don't think you know what an inferiority complex is. It is impossible for you to be all these things and feel inferior. I think you're just so lucky that you've got to dream up something to be unhappy about, when you should be thanking heaven for your luck. If you could see the hundreds of letters I get from kids who want to be popular, you'd never feel sorry for yourself again. And thinking you have an inferiority complex is really just feeling sorry for yourself. In your case it's ridiculous. You're leading a good life with many advantages.

"Dear Joan: I've told my mother that I'd like to have a singing career. She's all for it, but she told me I'd have to overcome the stage fright I have. My friends, choir teacher, and high school orchestra leader, also told me I have a beautiful voice for singing.—E. A., Riverside, Calif."

Everybody who gets up in front of an audience to do anything has stage fright to a certain degree. It's normal and healthy. Why, when I did *Peg O' My Heart* in Hollywood this summer, I was ready to give the whole thing up before stepping out on that stage opening night. There in the wings I said to myself, "Joan, you're out of your mind. Whatever made you think you wanted to try to be an actress." But with me, the minute I step on the stage and speak my first line the stage fright goes. As a matter of fact, even a long-time professional like Helen Hayes has opening-night jitters. They all do. It depends on how bad it is. If you continue to be frightened while you're in front of the audience, and if your voice trembles or shakes or you lose control of it, then you must do something about it. But if it's that bad, I feel you'll get over it as you gain more confidence. The more sure you become of yourself and your voice technique, the more control you'll have. Also, just keep saying to yourself that it isn't too terribly important if you forget or hit a clinker. Singing is like playing competitive sports—you must be relaxed. Keep telling yourself that the people in front of you are all your friends, and besides, what could happen to you if you did not sing well? There's no law that sends people to the electric chair for hitting a flat note. And nobody can even put you in jail for it. So do the best you can, but remember the world won't come to an end if you fail.

"Dear Joan: I'm 13 and Mother and Dad won't let me go out with boys unless I take my brother or sister with me. When I tell the boys I have to take my brother or sister along, the boys don't want me to go. But Mother and Dad think I'm doing something wrong if they or my brother or sister are not with me.—V. E., Roseland, La."

You know, I'm a great believer in doing what the other kids do. But isn't 13 a little young to be dating boys alone? Now don't get me wrong—I don't mean with brother or sister along. But if a crowd goes out together, wouldn't that be okay with your Mother and Dad? And anyhow, a crowd is more fun. Ask them this, and then if they say okay, the next time a boy asks you for a date suggest that another couple or two go with you to the movies, or skating, or whatever you plan to do. I had my first date when I was 13, but it was to a big school dance that was well chaperoned. Afterwards, six of us went out together for food. I think this is the best way.

"Dear Joan: The girls at our school who are popular smoke, cuss, and sass everybody. We would like to be popular, but do not want to smoke or cuss.—B. L., Salinas, Calif."

Honestly, I could just shake those girls who think the way to be popular is to be wild. When you say "popular" I'm sure you mean popular with boys—for I know those girls aren't popular with girls. And I also know it is scant comfort to tell nice girls that the wild girls' popularity is built on something false and will not last—particularly while the nice girls sit at home. But that's the truth, honey, and I'm stuck with it. Boys pretend to like wild girls—and they do for a time. But they get fed up with them, and you just look around you at the older girls you know who are married. Men marry the nice girls. It seems unfair that when you're young the reward for being nice seems to be boy-less evenings. But even if you have to "smoke, cuss, and sass everybody" to be popular, would you want to? Isn't that a pretty big price to pay? For you wouldn't like yourself. And self respect is more important than popularity. Honestly, it is.

So that's it now. I'm putting the cover on my typewriter. And I'm not fooling when I say I'll miss you all.

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SO MILD... SO PURE!

mrs. black; housewife

(*Continued from page 46*) At first the name Black had no more meaning than Smith or Jones to the department clerk who accommodatingly thumbed through records to find the exact whereabouts of this officer. Then, like the sun bursting through the clouds, it dawned on her that this was Shirley Temple's husband.

Growing weary and listless, her voice on the Navy end of the wire took on a new tenor: "Do you mean Shirley Temple's husband? I'm sorry! He's not on active duty. We haven't the slightest idea where he is."

THE Blacks soon left their Wyoming Avenue apartment, for Shirley wanted more sunshine and picture windows. A real estate office was contacted and Shirley told them exactly what she wanted. She was looking for a modern house, well built with spacious rooms, at least three baths, and situated in open country free of trees.

The first house Shirley became interested in was a two-story Cape Cod located outside of Bethesda. The little girl who lived next door was all agog at the prospect of having a glamorous movie star for a neighbor. She planned to be sitting nonchalantly on the steps of the new house when Shirley Temple Black came to inspect it.

"Are you going to buy this house?" she asked Shirley, innocently, at inspection time.

"I don't think so," said Shirley. "It's too small."

Dejectedly, the girl told some of her teen-age friends about the interview: "It's plenty big, and it does have four bedrooms."

The Blacks settled for a rambler in Potomac, Maryland, with a stable thrown in for good measure. Every house in this area boasts a stable and a white fence serving as a corral. Though they have no horses yet, they own two dogs, a boxer and a great dane.

The house cost $48,000, is H-shaped in design, and is situated on four acres of land. There are seven rooms, three baths, no basement. However, the stable loft affords plenty of storage space.

And Shirley has her picture windows—two of them. One is in the study looking onto a flagstone patio in the back of the house; the other faces the front from the living room. Their furniture was shipped to them from California.

Potomac might best be described as a fashionable community approximately 15 miles from the White House, inhabited by horse lovers who actually ride to the foxes, and entertain British-style before a horse show. On these estates, the horses usually graze in the front yards.

Shirley's neighbors are mostly business people, who spend a great deal of time being sociable. They've taken her into their set wholeheartedly, and go out of their way to shelter her from the never-ending ogling. The general opinion of the Blacks is:

"They are the nicest couple . . . and very simple. Nothing pretentious about them. Too bad they can't be left alone."

The neighbors' children, though, are excited over the unusual notoriety lately come to their back yard.

One day, a group of them asked Shirley for autographs. Graciously, she complied and signed: "Mrs. Charles Black." One disappointed child moaned, "But this isn't worth anything!"

Recently, a padlock was attached to the gate which leads into Shirley's driveway. This was done to keep out Sunday visitors who have been known to drive onto the property. Some of them would bring gifts of home-grown apples, while others just tried to catch a glimpse of Shirley. It seems that it will be a while before people forget her legendary past.

Even when she decided to become a member of the Congressional Country Club, which is a short distance from her home, she couldn't escape the crowds. One afternoon she drove out to the Club with her daughter for a look at the place, and people seemed to materialize out of nowhere to mill about them.

The Blacks' social life in Washington, where any excuse is good enough for a party, has had plenty of glamor in it.

An elaborate reception was given in honor of the Blacks this summer by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Morgan Parsons. Mr. Parsons is Vice President of the U. S. Steel Corp. Among high ranking guests were the Vice President and Mrs. Alben Barkley, Mrs. Brannan, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Charles Sawyer, Dr. John R. Steelman and Mrs. Steelman, Chief of the Economic Stabilization Agency and Mrs. Eric Johnston, and many other high officials in government and diplomatic circles. Curiosity about Shirley was more restrained here. But, even so, she stole the show from political bigwigs.

SHORTLY after they moved into their Maryland home, their immediate neighbors, the Sam Bogleys, and the de Francheaux (both in the real estate business) threw a welcoming party for them.

Shirley had such a good time that when Mr. Bogley told her he was planning a trip to the west coast, she wanted to give him a letter of introduction to her mother. When Mr. Bogley gets to Hollywood, Shirley's mother intends to give him a party.

In the middle of August, Shirley attended another large affair. The American Newspaper Women's Club entertained service men at the palatial home of H. Grady Gore, which overlooks the Potomac River. Mr. Gore, owner of a fashionable hotel on Massachusetts Avenue, has announced his intention to run against Maryland's Senator Butler next election.

At this party Shirley's appearance was more sophisticated than usual. She wore a decolleté gown and her coiffure was tightly dressed off the face. She came out onto the lawn and gaily sat to be photographed with service men.

Perhaps, one day the Blacks will be able to lead a more normal family life as private citizens and constituents of Maryland—at least until Shirley is ready to come out of retirement. Meanwhile, being in the limelight in Washington has its compensations, and Shirley seems to be thriving on it.

THE END

easy money!

Money is the one indispensable for the holiday season because it brings the gifts—and easy money, well, that's the best kind of all. Here's your chance to get some. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste, because we've giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ So Sure Of Love (Peggy Dow)
- ☐ Gable's Divorce Problem (Clark Gable)
- ☐ Modern Screen's Top Ten for 1951
- ☐ Top Man (John Wayne)
- ☐ My Predictions for 1952 by Hedda Hopper
- ☐ What To Do 'Til the Minister Comes by Piper Laurie
- ☐ Our Christmas Love Story by Gene Nelson
- ☐ Through With Love? (Lana Turner)
- ☐ It's A Great Life (June Haver)
- ☐ "They Can't Make Me Behave" (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ They're Scared Stiff! (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh)
- ☐ It's Not A Dream, Debbie! (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Hollywood's Worst Bugaboo
- ☐ The Pig Is In The Parlor (Deborah Kerr)
- ☐ Heartbreak Ahead? (Judy Garland)
- ☐ Why Autry Can't Quit (Gene Autry)
- ☐ Mrs. Black; Housewife (Shirley Temple)
- ☐ Ranch Mad Ladd (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone.....

State..... I am .... yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

why autry can't quit

(*Continued from page 44*) Gene climbed into his Beechcraft plane and roared off from Pioneertown, in the blazing California desert. He'd just finished the last of 52 TV shows, and was off for a well-earned week-end vacation.

By nine o'clock Gene was in Colorado Springs, by 9:30 he was em-ceeing a rodeo, at 10:30 he took in a reception at the Broadmoor Hotel, and at 2:30 in the morning he took off in his plane for Springfield, Illinois, arriving at six o'clock in the dawn. Ten o'clock that morning he led a parade opening the Illinois State Fair, and at noon visited a hospital. At one o'clock he rehearsed a show for the Fair and at eight that night staged it. The next morning he rehearsed his "Melody Ranch" radio program and put it on, smooth as silk as usual, at seven that night. Then Gene flew back home to Hollywood.

When he got there his wife, Ina, who ought to know better by now, posed him the familiar query. "Gene," she said, "when are you going to relax?"

"Why right now, honey," came back her hustling husband. "Haven't got a thing in the world to do all week. Is that the telephone?"

Multiply that hectic hitch of time by around 52 and you have a fair picture of a year in Gene Autry's life. Gene makes six feature westerns a year, two TV shows a week, 52 radio performances, and cuts 32 sides of Columbia records. Last year he toured 67 towns in these United States and played before 600,000 people in 71 days. His annual Madison Square Rodeo show ran five weeks in New York and two in Boston. In between, Autry hopped around the country by air looking over oil wells and ranch property, and other business interests. All in all, he traveled 100,000 miles. And that's his year-in-year-out program.

Why does he do it? What makes Autry run and keep running? You have to know how Gene's made to answer that, and something about the streaks of gratitude, loyalty, and humanity that run through his six-foot frame.

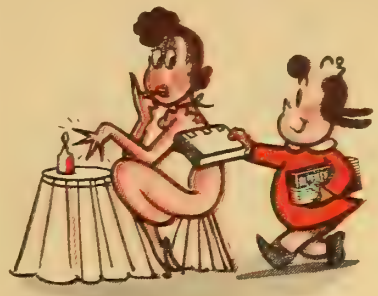
Gene Autry isn't chasing more money, more honors or more fame. He has enough of all three to last a couple of lifetimes. Gene has no idea how much he's worth, but it's probably around $4,000,000. Each year he collects close to $1,500,000, of which 90 per cent goes to Uncle Sam. He's always had a golden touch that makes King Midas look like a piker. Gene bought a sandy 5-acres in Burbank once for his horses, paid $10,000 for it, and all his pals agreed sadly he'd been stung. He sold it for $25,000 when the city condemned it for a park. When Gene began looking into oil wells with Dick Powell and John Wayne not long ago, he joined up with Douglas Johnson, a Texas wildcatting wizard who had hit 57 times out of 61 tries. Some of those hits were Gene's.

He's a natural business man (Gene has no business manager) and so far he hasn't missed. Gene has real estate in the San Fernando Valley leased by chain drug stores. He has three big paid-up insurance policies. He has an interest in 130,000 acres of ranch land, scattered ground in Oklahoma, Texas, and Arizona. He has his Melody Ranch and his Laurel Canyon hacienda, two radio stations, in Phoenix and Tuscon, and even a western haberdashery at Phoenix called "Gene Autry's Branding Iron." In short—as a cowpoke pal of his says, "They won't be playing no benefits for Gene."

As for fame—Gene's the first cowboy star ever to land in Hollywood's Big Box-Office Ten (he was 8th, 6th and 4th). He

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

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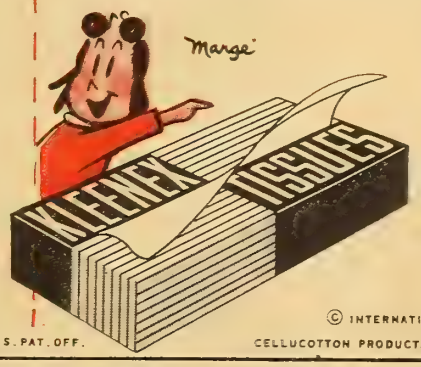


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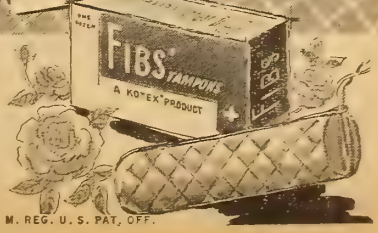
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captains the oldest, biggest and most active Hollywood star fan club (over 50,000 members); he's a colonel on the staff of a dozen states and a while back, 50,000 school teachers in Oklahoma signed a petition for him to run for U. S. Senator. He's had firm friends among the great—all the way from President Roosevelt to Dizzy Dean. As one Hollywood critic recently put it, "Gene Autry is a national institution." That's getting closer to the real reason why Gene will be carrying on for a long, long time to come. There are too many people who'd miss him—and miss him badly—if he ever quit.

PROBABLY the biggest disappointment of Gene's life is that he has no kids running around his house. But if he felt like it he could say, "I've raised a million of 'em," and he wouldn't be stretching the truth very far.

There are boys everywhere named after Gene, some of them with deep voices now and sprouting whiskers, who shake Gene's hand and tell him what he's meant to their boyhoods. There are sick and crippled kids, too, in all corners of the land who've had their shut-in lives brightened by Gene. In every town he plays he makes it a point to visit the local children's hospital, and what he sees in the delighted eyes of the kids there is his reward.

Last year in Lincoln, Nebraska, Gene hosted the entire population of Father Flanagan's Boystown—600 kids—at his show, the first time they'd ever left the place as a group. This year Gene decided to turn his Melody Ranch into a resort for underprivileged boys. When Gene came back from the war the biggest worry on his mind was kids. "Why just think," he puckered, "there are kids four years old by now who've never heard of Gene Autry!" That's why he sank over a million dollars in his rodeo tours—to meet this new generation of kids in person. Doing that, Gene Autry has collected some memories he wouldn't sell for all the box-office gold he's collected so far.

There was the little girl in Youngstown, Ohio, for instance. Sally Sue was her name and she loved horses, especially Prince, her own. But she couldn't ride him any longer. She had leukemia. All she talked about was Gene Autry and—oh—if she could only see him! All she lived for was the moment when Gene came to town.

They told Gene about Sally the minute he arrived. He had two performances to play, one right after the other and not a minute to spare, but he went right out to her house. Outside the window Prince whinnied as they talked. "Isn't he a nice horse?" begged the little girl. "Why, honey," said Gene, "he's the finest horse I ever saw. He's better than Champ!"

"I'll ride him again—won't I, Gene?"

"Sure you will," Gene lied.

He stayed there an hour while the show crowd waited. Then when she slept he tiptoed out. It was Sally Sue's last big thrill. She died soon after.

And there was the little girl in Belleflower, California, close to Hollywood, whom the doctors said didn't have a chance to live. Something malignant, they said, was wasting her away. When Gene went to her house he found her bedroom literally papered with his pictures—over 500 covered the wall. Gene didn't do much—there isn't much even a movie star can do. He sang some songs, left her an album of records, told her stories, told her to get well.

And miraculously, she did get well. Today she's 15, healthy and pretty, and she never misses coming to Gene's broadcasts when he's in town.

Gene realizes his role as a kid's hero and he won't be walking out on the children who worship him—even the ones who sometimes take him for a ride, like the girl who swiped his boots one night in a Pullman when he left them for the porter to shine. They're all a big family of his, they've written him as many as 108,000 letters in one month. And they're a family he'd hate mighty bad to desert.

AND there's another family Gene Autry has, a family of grown-ups with families and kids of their own. They're the people who long ago hitched their wagons to Gene's star. Gene repays loyalty with loyalty; that's his style. Today over 150 of Gene's professional pals get weekly checks signed, "Gene Autry." Thousands more indirectly have their fortunes linked with Gene's. One whole town in Ohio, for instance, works at making Gene Autry cap pistols. At Christmas, Gene has to give two parties for 80-odd guests each, to crowd all his closely knit gang into his house. No other Hollywood star has half as many close show business associates, or ones of such long standing.

Armand "Mandy" Schaefer, for instance, who produces Gene's pictures, has been doing that for 16 years. Frankie Marvin, one of his guitar players, has plunked accompaniment to Gene's songs for 17.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



On a pleasure trip to California I decided to go stand on the famous corner of Hollywood and Vine Streets just to see if anything happened. While standing there, an Englishman and his wife came up alongside of me. They were obviously enjoying the sights.

All of a sudden, the man burst out, "Why, Aunt Louise, what are you doing here?"

The person he had spoken to turned around and it was Ginger Rogers.

The Englishman was seized with embarrassment and began to apologize.

Miss Rogers said, "Don't apologize. I'd rather be remembered by the name 'Aunt Louise' than 'Ginger Rogers.'"

Mrs. E. R. Hechter
Clifton, N. J.

Carl Cotner, his musical director, has 15 service stripes. Johnny Bond, another guitarist, 11; Johnny Agee, his horse trainer, 13—and that's how it goes.

Sometimes Gene kids them, "How can I *ever* quit? I'd have to get all you guys jobs!" As for the guys—they wouldn't work for anybody else. By now they're Gene Autry men—they'd fight you if you knocked their boss—and in the competitive world of Hollywood that's something rare and refreshing.

Of course, one of the biggest and best reasons why Gene hasn't really a remote thought about hanging up his well worn spurs, or even letting them cool off, is that he loves what he's doing and thrives on it, too. "If they put me out to pasture," he says, "they might as well sell me for glue. I'd fall apart pronto."

In spite of his man-killing schedule, Gene, who is in his early 40's, keeps the tensile, indestructible physique of a young buckaroo. Each year he trots dutifully to his doctor for a complete physical checkup. After the examination the doc growls disgustedly, "Now beat it, Gene, and don't bother me. They'll have to shoot you to get rid of you, I guess. You've got the arteries of a young government-inspected bull."

Ina, Gene's wife, is a devout and practicing Christian Scientist. Gene's not, officially, but he's caught a lot of the sunny, affirmative outlook on life from his marriage partner in the 19 years they've been together. Maybe that's why Gene has small patience with anyone who bogs down with the petty miseries of mortal men. When you're around Autry, you'd better keep on your feet, like he is, or chances are he'll yank you upright fast.

Last year, for instance, one of Gene's gang, traveling with him through the South, got bogged down behind him with a bad cold in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Knowing Gene, he just rose above his aching bones and ploughed his car through the rain to catch up. But halfway over to Dallas, Texas, it skidded and he gashed his arm. That really landed him in a local bed and he called Autry, told him his woes. "Drive with the other arm," said Gene, "but get here." He did.

Gene's not a flintheart—on the contrary—but he feels so aces all the time himself, that he can't imagine anyone else having a pain. And Gene admits he bears a charmed life.

Only the other day, making his latest picture, *Valley of Fire*, Gene was out in Newhall on the long straight stretch of track where many a Hollywood thriller has been filmed. The script called for Autry to race Champ alongside a highballing freight and swing aboard. There was nothing new about that stunt for Gene. Only he's a pretty valuable hunk of man to risk on a dangerous scene which stunt men have handled for Western stars since the days of Tom Mix. Sandy Sanders, Gene's stunt expert, stepped up to mount Champ but Gene waved him back. "Take it easy," he said. "I could do this with one hand tied behind me."

It might as well have been tied, because Gene missed the grips and tumbled down in the cinders by the grinding wheels. That's a very nice way to make hamburger out of yourself, but, of course, Autry rolled clear. Then—cussing just a little bit—he got up and did it right. Professional daredevils have been killed for doing less—and in Hollywood, too.

Gene has been flying his own plane ever since he earned his wings at Luke Field back in 1942 during the war, and seasoned them flying bombers across the dangerous "Hump" above Burma in the Air Transport Command. By now he has 3500 officially logged hours in the air and hundreds more not down in the book. After the war he bought a surplus P-38 fighter—a plenty hot plane to handle. But in that and his favorite Beechcraft, which he flies today, he's never had a real crack-up. The closest shave came only a few weeks ago. Hopping back to Hollywood from the East, Gene sat down in Las Vegas, Nevada, to refuel. Taking off at 95 miles per hour, his landing gear pulled up too soon, the crate skidded 200 yards and ended up on its nose.

How Autry has stayed all in one piece mystifies even his closest pals, plenty of whom will fly with Gene anywhere but decline politely to sit beside Autry when he's at the wheel of any one of his four Cadillacs. In fact, the only person who rests easy with Gene in the driver's seat is his trusting wife, Ina. She used to push the floor boards nervously, too, but now Ina laughs, "I can ride with Gene and at the same time put up my hair." It's not that he's reckless, but just that he herds his buggy like a cow pony cutting out steers, with a sure touch but a hairline fender margin. "When I go somewhere," explains Gene simply, "I like to get there."

This driving, cannonball urge of Gene's is directed just one way—straight ahead.

That's why he could never stop and rest on his laurels. They'd just make him itch. "What Gene's *done* doesn't mean beans to him," drawls Frankie Marvin, the guitar player who's been with him 17 years. "It's what he's doing and gonna do that counts."

The past is always a dead duck the way Gene's mind ticks, and I can't think of a better way to prove that than what happened when Gene's house burned back in 1941. Gene was East with Ina at the time, and his old friend, Bev Barnett, was slated to fly to meet him that morning with some important contracts.

Between the time Bev left home to drive past Gene's empty house, it caught fire, burned in 20 minutes with everything in it—including the contracts. Bev took a look at the ashes, and rushed to a phone.

"Say," he was greeted, "why aren't you on that plane?"

Bev let him have it. "Gene," he said, "I hate to tell you this—but your house just burned. Nobody hurt, but everything in it's gone."

"Well, come on," he got back.

"I guess you didn't hear me, Gene," repeated Bev, saying it slower. "I said your house just burned down to the ground!"

This time there was an impatient snort. "Well, you said it burned. So it's burned. Get going now. We've got business here." That's a typical Gene Autry reaction to any news, good or bad. He doesn't want to know what's happened, but what's coming up, and he's right on the ball with that.

In fact, the way things look now, Gene won't ever have that vacation he's been talking about for the past 15 years.

Like most stars, Gene pretends to play golf. He belongs to Lakeside, polishes a fancy set of clubs at home. He gets time to play maybe once a year. This year somebody promoted a charity contest between Gene and Roy Rogers. Gene got a terrific bang out of the fact that he won. But the scores were nothing to give Ben Hogan a scare. Gene shot 102 and Roy 105. A quick game of bridge or canasta is really Autry's only frivolity.

Right now, instead of pulling in his horns, Gene's expanding. He has just bought a half block on Sunset Boulevard where a big super market sat. He's remodeling it into 24 offices, and putting up a sound stage on the parking lot. He'll bring his TV operations there, his music publishing firm (yep, he still writes hit songs, too), his own offices, and several other Autry enterprises. And he'll be busier than ever, if that's possible, which is to say he'll be happier than ever, if possible.

"Guess I'll be around as long as the folks'll have me," he grins.

"You'll be around, you mean," his pal, Chill Wills, snorts, "until they sharpen yore heels and stake you down!"

That time looks like a far spell away. Hollywood hasn't softened Gene Autry up. Last fall Gene dropped in a Broadway café after his Garden rodeo show. Some toughs started boobing his Stetson and high heels and slamming "Hollywood cowboys" in general. Gene rose above that; he's learned to take it. But as he turned to leave, one of them shoved him. Gene whirled, measured the guy, and let him have one. Just one—but that did it. Then he walked out.

So it looks as if Chill Wills had something there. After 16 years as top hand in Hollywood's cowboy corral, there are absolutely no signs yet of Gene Autry's greasing his guns or slinging his saddle up on the rack. As for the fast-bucking, hell-for-leather pace he sets for himself—Gene has a ready answer for that:

"If it was easy," he grins, "everybody'd be doin' it!"

THE END



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my predictions for 1952

(*Continued from page 23*) Will we have a divorce as startling, as unnecessary, as upsetting as that of Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor? Or a marriage as deliciously happy as that of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis? Will we have another comedy team as funny as those money-making zanies, Martin and Lewis? Will we have two such inexplicable, heartbreaking tragedies as the deaths of Robert Walker and Maria Montez?

I remember interviewing Maria the last time she was in Hollywood. She was full of astrology, and assured me that her interest in it was not a pose. She had infinite faith in her celestial calculations.

"Hedda," she said with a gay laugh when I teased her, "I have made a careful study of the matter, and I have come up with a firm prediction: For myself a great future."

THERE are 12 months to go, 12 months of love, life, and the pursuit of careers in the most publicized city in the world. So much can happen. Who will be our new stars? Will handsome Dale Robertson be given more and more of the Ty Power parts at 20th Century-Fox? Will talented Mitzi Gaynor take over where Betty Grable leaves off? Will 1952 be the year that the one and only Garbo chooses to return to the screen and stop wearing her hair like a floor mop? Will the public forgive Rex Harrison who is making his first Hollywood film since Carole Landis' suicide? Will they forgive John Agar as they did Bob Mitchum? Will they forgive young Dick Contino as they did Tony Martin during World War II?

There are so many excellent, unforgettable pictures in 1951. Who'll be the lucky stars to capture that ever desirable Oscar come March, 1952?

Well, my crystal ball is shining like a marquee on opening night. And here's how it looks to me:

Good old wedding bells seem to be waiting to ring for Judy Garland in the spring of 1952, but I predict she'll fall out of love six months later. Sid Luft's divorce from Lynn Bari is final in January, and Judy's divorce from Vincente Minnelli is final in March. When I saw Judy recently in Hollywood, before she took off for her stint at the Palace in New York, she was full of the old bounce, or more poetically, the joy of living. The neuroses that had clung to her like poor relatives the past three years had disappeared entirely. Metro, the studio that fired her in 1950 after 15 years on the lot, suddenly decided to pitch in and do everything possible to make Judy's appearance at the Palace a success. They gave her clothes, songs, props, arrangements, and even a couple of directors, Bob Alton and Chuck Walters. In fact, they gave her everything except a contract.

When an actress is happy in her career, it usually follows that she is happy in her love life. So, Sid Luft, who has been her boy friend and personal manager for some months now, couldn't find a more propitious time to lead her to the altar. I must say that I would have preferred that Judy reconcile with her director husband, Vincente Minnelli, a really sweet guy who was wonderful to Judy when she got herself into such a neurotic mess, and who is just as devoted as she is to their cute little daughter, Liza. And, judging from the letters I have received, her fans would like her to reconcile with her husband. If the marriage to Sid Luft is to last, Sid had better do something about his mania for hitting people, especially people who wear glasses. So should Judy. It just ain't done!

I have never seen this town so surprised, and visibly shaken as when a tearful Barbara Stanwyck announced that she and Bob were getting a divorce—after 12 years of being acclaimed one of Hollywood's most ideal couples. Frankly, I think it even came as a blow to Barbara. When she appeared before the Superior Court of Los Angeles in February, Barbara said, "He asked me for a divorce. He said he had enjoyed his freedom while in Italy and wanted to continue to do as he pleased. I was greatly shocked and became so ill that I had to place myself under the care of a physician."

"That will be sufficient," said Judge Clark, and the divorce was granted. If Barbara hadn't been such a straight-shooter I think that the divorce could have been avoided. She could have said, "All right, Bob. So you had fun in Italy. So you had a girl friend. But divorce is a serious thing. Let's wait six months and see how we feel."

Six months after the divorce, Bob was ready to call off the whole thing. Freedom, he discovered, wasn't all it was cracked up to be. He had a few Hollywood dates, but they seemed to bore him considerably. He found out that it wasn't so much fun going off on a hunting trip, or flying his precious plane into the wild blue yonder, if there weren't Barbara and a home to come back to. While on location with the *Ivanhoe* company in England Bob didn't have a single date. "Hedda," he said over the phone to me when he landed in New York, "for three weeks I had dinner every night in my room—alone. Thank you for denying that I was dating Joan Fontaine." Will Barbara get that old pride bristling and refuse to take him back? I don't think so. She loves the guy too much. When I asked her recently if there would be a reconciliation she said, "Honestly, I don't know, Hedda. But I can tell you I've had some beautiful letters from Bob while he was away." I hope my crystal ball isn't letting me in for some wishful thinking.

Wish I'd Said That: Jackie Gleason to Frank Sinatra: "I'm glad you shaved off your mustache. It was making you round-shouldered."
Earl Wilson in The New York Post

By the time this is published I predict that Frankie will have made Ava the second Mrs. Sinatra. How long this marriage will last I can't say, but I do predict that their marriage will be as quiet as their courtship, which was as quiet as a boiler factory. Sometimes, stars who have a turbulent courtship settle down and are ideally married for the rest of their lives. But that is not the usual case. Ava is a calm, relaxed, comfortable sort of girl who likes people and wants people to like her. Frankie is a little spitfire, with a chip on his shoulder as big as the Empire State Building. He doesn't like people, especially people who peck typewriters, and his feuds and fights with the press have become very embarrassing to Ava. Several years ago, when they were a steady twosome, I wanted Ava to marry Howard Duff. But Ava says of Howard, "He was a friend." Well, anyway, Ida Lupino's got him now—lucky Ida, and lucky Howard.

The last time I talked to Ava when she stopped by my office, she assured me again that she had nothing to do with the Sinatra breakup. That's true. But it was Ava who brought the climax when she told Frankie she would not see him again as long as he was another woman's husband. With Ava it's marriage or nothing.

"Hedda," she told me that day, "I want to settle down and have babies. Honest."

"Ava, my girl," I said, "I like you. But I will believe *that* when I see it."

Mitzi Gaynor is fast becoming one of Hollywood's big time stars. They smile when they say "Gaynor" over on the 20th Century-Fox lot, just as they did 25 years ago when Janet Gaynor was bringing in millions at the box office. Mitzi is a lovely girl, level-headed, and talented. I am delighted that I can predict a beautiful and happy marriage for her next September. Why September? Because on September 4, Mitzi will be 21, and after that she is free to marry. Several years ago Mitzi fell in love with a young Los Angeles attorney, named Richard Coyle, a fraternity brother of Edward Everett Horton's, who introduced them backstage one night. Mitzi was all for dragging her ideal man to the altar at once, but her mother, a very wise woman, asked her to wait until she was 21; and Mitzi, a very wise daughter, promised. At the moment I believe that the Jane Powell-Geary Steffan marriage is the most perfect of the "younger set" in Hollywood, but come September, Jane and Geary will have to share their enviable spot with Mitzi and Richard.

DID you think, by any chance, that Clark Gable was surly and lonely while he was in Nevada establishing his six weeks residence? While he was there Clark was most attentive to a divorcee who was taking what is called in Reno "the Cure." But Clark won't be marrying his attractive woman in 1952, or anyone. That boy's had it. From now on Clark will be very wary of the marriage vows. In October, 1951, Clark filed suit against Sylvia Gable, charging mental cruelty. But Sylvia will have the last word, and with Jerry Geisler as her lawyer, it will be an expensive word. Sylvia doesn't play for pennies. Clark is determined to fight any alimony. He has bought property in Nevada and become a resident of the state—so the divorce battle of the century will not be fought in Hollywood.

Just as I would have liked to have seen Ava marry Howard Duff, so I wished that Clark had married Virginia Grey, one of the sweetest, nicest, girls in this town—instead of the flashy Lady Sylvia. Virginia has loved Clark for years, and deep down in his heart I think Clark loves her. He always runs to her with his troubles. But after Sylvia takes him through the divorce wringer I think he'll be "agin" marriage for a long, long time. Why don't you make a liar out of me, Clark, and marry Virginia?

I'm sure that Janet Leigh will be knitting booties and Tony Curtis will be popping buttons off his famous checked vests before 1952 is well into its stride. Tony says there's no hurry, but two people so much in love just have to have a baby. Another couple I predict a blessed event for in '52 is Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman. I saw Jeanne and Paul at a party the other night, and Jeanne was telling me about her three children, the youngest is 14 months.

"I want six children, Hedda," said Jeanne very seriously.

"I'll settle for four," said Paul.

I have already announced in my column that the Bob Mitchums, who already have two boys, are expecting a third child in the spring. A new baby is also expected at the Ricardo Montalbans, the Audie Murphys, and the Gene Nelsons. Gene wants a little girl (he has a little boy) so he can call her Jennifer and dress her in buttons and bows. And I predict that Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield will adopt another child in 1952 as a playmate for their recently adopted little Tracy.

I'm sorry to say there have been a lot of rumors floating around our town the last two months, about Bette Davis and Gary Merrill. When I asked my crystal ball if there was a divorce in the offing it clouded up completely.

After predicting that Liz Taylor and

Nick Hilton would make a go of their marriage last year I should be a bit wary of the beautiful Elizabeth this year. But here I go sticking my neck out again. I don't think Elizabeth will marry Stanley Donen. I think she has outgrown Stanley. During her recent stay in London, where she was making *Ivanhoe,* her constant companion was the sophisticated Michael Wilding, who used to go with Marlene Dietrich. Before she left for England, Elizabeth told me, "My life has been hysterical. For the last year or so it seems that in everything I have done I've been like a person catching a train. I'm all keyed up with nervous energy."

From now on I think we are going to see a more poised, relaxed Elizabeth. After traveling around England and Paris with suave Mike Wilding and his sophisticated crowd, I'm sure Elizabeth is a more self-assured young lady. For the first time Elizabeth proved herself an actress in *A Place in the Sun.* In fact, it wouldn't surprise me at all if she was the dark horse that walked off with the Oscar next March. I hear that the fans and exhibitors are excited about those Taylor-Clift love scenes, and they are urging producer George Stevens to team them again. George would be crazy not to cash in on this romantic team, and George isn't crazy. So, I predict that those two beautiful young people, Liz and Monty, will be teamed again in 1952. And, furthermore, that this time they'll fall in love, for real.

WHEN Jan Sterling married Paul Douglas, Hollywood gave it the old fish eye and said it wouldn't last a year. Paul had had many wives and many girl friends; was as fickle as they come, and twice as old as Jan. This marriage has worked out perfectly, and will continue to do so. Paul isn't a Charm Boy and Jan isn't a Coo Girl. They're frank and honest with each other, and behave like adults. And there is no professional jealousy.

The coming year will bring the Princess Aly Khan back to pictures again, after her three years of luxury in smart European resorts. I hear that there are two things Rita wants very much: A $3,000,000 settlement for her and Aly's daughter Yasmin, and a picture that will establish her once more as a leading screen star. She won't get the money; she will get the picture. Her new picture, still untitled (and no matter how they write it it still comes out *Gilda*) is bound to go over big at the box office. Whether it's good or bad everybody will want to see the Princess Rita. No, Rita needn't worry about her *first* picture, curiosity will put that over, it's the second picture that should keep her awake nights. If that's a flop, she's through.

Since her return from Reno, Rita, who is awfully eager to win back those fans who lifted their eyebrows at her premarital shenanigans with Aly Khan, has been very discreet about stepping out in Hollywood, and to date has dated only one man—agent-producer Charlie Feldman. This is no romance, I guarantee. I hear that Kirk Douglas has been calling Rita ever since her Nevada trek, but without results so far. "Kirk Douglas!" I exclaimed when I heard this. "Why he isn't her type." And then I had to laugh at myself. Any girl who goes through such an odd assortment of husbands as promoter Eddie Judson, actor Orson Welles, and Moslem prince playboy Aly Khan, not to mention such boy friends as Victor Mature, Tony Martin and Ted Stauffer, just doesn't have a type. So I predict that Kirk will get his date, but that Rita and Hollywood's glamor boy lawyer, Greg Bautzer, will discover each other and become a steady twosome. Both Rita and Greg like to dance, like night clubs, and parties. But there'll be no





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FROM THE MOVIES

BLUE VEIL—*Daddy* by Stan Kenton (Capitol), the Andrews Sisters* (Decca), Art Mooney (MGM).
June Christy is reunited with Stan Kenton to celebrate the return, in a new movie, of this old song. Betty Harris sings on the Mooney version.

GOLDEN GIRL—*Never* by Dennis Day* (Victor); Toni Arden (Columbia). *California Moon* by Dennis Day (Victor).

MY FAVORITE SPY—*Just A Moment More* by Ray Anthony (Capitol).
Here's the outfit that was just voted America's No. 1 band in a poll of the disc jockeys of America. Maybe this record'll show you why. (It didn't show me.)

THE STRIP—*A Kiss To Build A Dream On* by Jack Haskell* (Coral).
The personable young man from the Dave Garroway TV show sounds just as pleasant on records.

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY—*The Worrybird* by Nellie Lutcher* (Capitol), Gloria De Haven (Decca). *The Closer You Are* by Gloria De Haven (Decca).

PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE—original cast album* (Capitol).
Dennis Morgan and Lucille Morgan are the chief cloud-painters on this LP platter, which contains ten tunes, all old favorites like *Jealousy, Tiptoe Thru The Tulips* and *You're My Everything.*

POPULAR

GUY MITCHELL—*There's Always Room At Our House** (Columbia).
This song is from the pen of Bob Merrill, who wrote such best-selling Mitchell items as *Sparrow In The Treetop* and *Belle, Belle, My Liberty Belle.*

JUNE VALLI—*Always, Always** (Victor).
Here's another star who'll soon be twinkling brightly; just 21, she won an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout show and soon moved into radio (*Stop The Music*) and night clubs.

CLASSICAL

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ—Music of Victor Herbert** (Columbia).
Another noteworthy addition to the Kostelanetz series that has devoted previous LP's to Berlin, Rodgers, Kern, Porter and Youmans.

MORLEY AND GEARHART—American In Paris* (Columbia).
This duo-piano team plays the Gershwin title song as well as *April In Paris* and classical works by Debussy, Ravel, Offenbach, and four others.

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC—The Magic Flute** (Columbia); The Marriage Of Figaro** (Columbia).
Each opera is on three 12-inch LP discs, complete with text in the original language and in English. Soloists and orchestra are splendid.

marrying for Rita in 1952, for legal reasons, anyway. As I wrote in my column:

"Rita appears to have a lot of luck—all of it bad. If she gets a Reno divorce by default it can always be set aside. And the Nevada court has no jurisdiction whatever over determining the amount of money a husband should pay for the support of a wife and child. Since Rita has established her residence in Nevada, she can't file action in California for a year."

The two hottest actors in 1952 will be a newcomer, Fernando Lamas, and a repeater, Mario Lanza. I saw some of the rushes of Fernando in *The Merry Widow.* When that picture is released, there'll be panting and sighing all over the land. Fernando was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and made a number of pictures there before he was discovered by a Metro scout and brought to Hollywood. He made his debut last year in the very colorful *Rich, Young And Pretty.* And wait until you hear Mario Lanza sing "Because You're Mine" in his new picture. If "Be My Love" thrilled you, you're in for a double portion of thrills. The hottest girl star of 1952 will be Ava Gardner when *Pandora And The Flying Dutchman* is released. As Pandora, Ava has more glamor and sex appeal than the screen has seen since Garbo's *Flesh and the Devil.* If Dore Schary is the smart producer I think he is, he will immediately co-star Ava and Frankie in a picture. That's a box office natural.

ROCKY COOPER says that she will not give Gary a divorce. But Nancy Sinatra said that, too. She changed her mind, and so will Rocky. When Rocky gives Coop his freedom, she will take most of his earthly possessions—and he's loaded. I think that Coop will marry Pat Neal as soon as he is free. I saw them at a party at Mike Romanoff's last week—and there's no mistaking the lovelight in his eyes.

After her divorce from Bob Topping, Lana Turner will drift from one boy friend to another. In fact she has started her drifting with radio-writer-producer Cy Howard. Cy gave up his trip to Europe, where he had a date with his long time sweetie, Paulette Goddard, to stay in Hollywood and hold hands with Lana in dark restaurants. Paulette's gonna be mad, Cy.

About the clearest thing I see in my crystal ball is a divorce for George Sanders and Zsa Zsa Gabor. George, I think, will be quite upset, he loves his pretty bride. But Zsa Zsa is all set on a career. Though George pleaded with her to go to England on location with him, Zsa Zsa preferred to stay in Hollywood and play a part in Metro's *Lovely To Look At.* Recently, I wrote in my column "Zsa Zsa Gabor is so excited about so many projects that she hasn't time to deny rumors that she and George Sanders are kaput. What about it, Zsa Zsa?" I haven't heard a word from the lady.

Also telling it to the judge in 1952 will be David Brian and Adrian Booth. David seems to be having trouble with all three of his wives, and all three at the same time. There are also rumors about Hedy Lamarr and Ted Stauffer. Since Hedy's just about as stable as a weather-vane, nothing she ever does surprises me.

Peter Lawford, Kirk Douglas, Dan Dailey, Steve Cochran and Robert Stack will play the field in 1952, and continue to avoid any entangling alliances. When Rocky Cooper gets her divorce she'll make a pitch for Pete, but he'll give her the same treatment he has given his other girls, including the too-eager beavers Sharman Douglas and Jeanne MacDonald: great charm followed by the old brush-off. Dan told me recently that he doesn't intend even thinking about marriage again for at least two years. Bob Stack will continue to be Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, and Ann Blyth Hollywood's loveliest bachelor girl. Joan Evans turns 18 in July, and will be free to marry. She promised her mother, magazine writer Katherine Albert, that she wouldn't marry until after her 18th birthday. Joan is as smart as she is beautiful, enjoys living with her parents, and, like Ann, refuses to get married until she's honest-to-goodness in love. The very happiest couples in Hollywood will continue to be the Alan Ladds and the Dick Powells.

Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini will not get that divorce that is always being rumored. Gene is the first to admit that she and her dress designer husband have plenty of fights, mostly due to Oleg's hot temper. I think they had a dilly this summer when Gene went off to Europe alone. But I think everything will be hunky-dory when Gene gets back from South America where she is starring in *The Way Of A Gaucho.* "Hedda," she told me last spring, "when I fell in love I fell in love for keeps. And I haven't any intention of letting my marriage blow up in my face just to please a few columnists." Smart girl, Gene.

Just as 1951 brought out a fine crop of new stars, so will 1952. (Some of the older ones will find it hard going, and will rush off to New York to do stage plays and television shows.) Who are these new stars destined to flash so brilliantly on the Hollywood firmament? Here's my pick: Mitzi Gaynor, Debra Paget, Leslie Caron, Pier Angeli, Debbie Reynolds, Anne Francis, Marilyn Monroe, Dale Robertson, Fernando Lamas, Dean Miller, Rock Hudson, John Harrison, Cameron Mitchell.

First and foremost is Mitzi Gaynor. Now there's a right talented young lady, and bound to be one of our biggest box office stars. She was well received as Lotta Crabtree in *Golden Girl,* but she'll really hit the jackpot when *The I Don't Care Girl* (story of Eva Tanguay) is released in the spring. Mitzi was born Mitzi Gerber in Chicago. She was a ballerina before she was out of her teens. And she sings as well as she dances. Mitzi dropped by my house one afternoon recently and I discovered several things about her: She likes to take off her shoes and wiggle her toes; she has the greatest talent for mimicry I've come across since the inimitable Elsie Janis; and there's not a chance in the world of her ever getting a big head.

"In *Song Of Norway* I thought I was the biggest thing since the zipper," she told me. "The girls in the company ganged up on me. The fang club was out in full swing. I soon learned that you can't live without having the friendship of your coworkers, so I piped down. If it wasn't for that experience I'd probably be mad about myself right now."

Debra Paget, five feet two, weighing 104 pounds, is as cute as a bug's ear. And a fine little actress too. She reminds some of us old-timers of Dolores Del Rio when she first came to Hollywood, 20 years ago. Debra, born Debralee Griffin, in Denver, Colorado, comes from a hep family that has been in show business for two generations. Debra's first good picture break came with Jimmy Stewart in *Broken Arrow.* But no one at the studio paid her much mind until suddenly the fan mail started rolling in a few months ago. The studio discovered that since the release of *Bird Of Paradise,* Debra has received more fan mail than any one on the lot, with the exception of Betty Grable. Next May you will see Debra in her best picture, *Belles On Their Toes.*

Nineteen-year-old Leslie Caron has the luck of the Irish, except that she's French. Some poor little starlets sit around Holly-

wood for ages before their Big Opportunity. Leslie's first picture, *An American In Paris,* is mopping up at the box office. One critic said of her, "She combines dancing skill with the fetching simplicity and the plump-cheeked freshness of a Renoir model." Paris-born Leslie was discovered by Gene Kelly when he was in France in 1950 seeking a French girl to play opposite him in *An American In Paris.* Leslie, who was dancing in the Ballet des Champs Elysees, was flown to Culver City, and given a contract. You'll see her next in *Man In A Cloak* in which she plays a dramatic part.

Pier Angeli, who speaks with her hands and eyes as well as her voice, has shown movie-goers that there is as much poetry in her acting as there is in her name. Pier was born in Sardinia, and lived with her family in Rome, prior to coming to Hollywood. Director Fred Zinneman saw her screen tests, which were sent to him from Italy, and immediately gave her the lead in *Teresa.* Fred told me, "If Pier is properly handled and gets good scripts, she can climb to the absolute top, and become one of the outstanding stars of her generation." In *The Light Touch,* her next picture, she'll play opposite popular Stewart Granger.

To these four add Debbie Reynolds, Anne Francis and Marilyn Monroe. Since her debut in *Three Little Words,* Debbie, who lives with her family in Burbank, California, has been making bids for stardom. *Two Weeks With Love* and *Mr. Imperium* will be followed by *Singin' In The Rain* in '52—and that's the picture that will land her on theater marquees. Tall, graceful Anne Francis, who hails from Ossining, New York, has had several minor roles, but gets her first big break in *Lydia Bailey* which will be out next spring. Marilyn

The reason I'm no name-dropper is that I can't remember any name long enough to drop it.

Red Skelton

Monroe who managed to steal a few scenes in the star-studded *All About Eve* by just looking sexy, belongs to our sex rampant department. Marilyn's a long way from being an actress, but that won't keep her from being a star in 1952. In fact, right this minute, 20th Century-Fox is writing a picture especially for Marilyn. Well, come to think of it, Jean Harlow wasn't much of an actress when she started. Nor was Jane Russell. But they did all right. And they learned to act, too.

For my money, Dale Robertson will become another great box office favorite in 1952. Dale is an illustrator's dream—he's over six feet of All-American he-man with the Oklahoman's easy approach. His mother-in-law, former movie actress Faire Binny, describes him thusly, "He's a combination of Sir Galahad, Prince Valiant, and Hopalong Cassidy." Not bad—coming from a guy's mother-in-law. The public discovered Dale, just as they did Clark Gable some years before, at the sneak preview of a not so important picture. Following the Pasadena preview of *Fighting Man Of The Plains* the audience followed Dale right out into the lobby and parking lot, cheered, clapped, and asked for autographs. Dale couldn't have been more surprised. Neither could 20th Century-Fox who was releasing this Nat Holt western. And then it happened a second time, following the preview of Dale's second film, another western, this time called *Caribou Trail.* The front office boys held a conference. "No guy," they said, "can have that many relatives." So they signed him to a contract and rushed him into five pictures in 1951, *Call Me Mister, Take Care Of My Little Girl, Golden Girl, Lydia Bailey* and *Return Of The Texan.* The last two will be released in 1952. And then watch Dale!

Another lad who is going to land in the big time is Dean Miller—and just as soon as *Skirts Ahoy* gets its general release next year. Dean got into pictures in a most original manner. In fact I'd say that Dean won the all time daily double without ever placing a bet. On the train en route to Los Angeles, Dean struck up a conversation with a man sitting beside him in the club car. "You from Chicago?" asked Dean. "No," said the man, "I live in Los Angeles. Where do you come from?" "I'm a TV star in Cincinnati," said Dean. "I'm going out to the Coast to look over television. Television's the greatest thing in entertainment. It's killed pictures, you know. Movies are dead as a dodo bird." "That's interesting," said the man, "pictures are really dead, are they?" So the man turned out to be Dore Schary, the big boss of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and he was so amused by the fresh kid that he offered to give him a screen test in Hollywood. I saw the test —and by golly it's good. Oh, by the way, Dean has now decided that movies are the greatest thing in entertainment.

I also predict stardom for Rock Hudson, John Harrison (or is Harry Cohn going to change his name back to Aldo da Re which it was originally) and Cameron Mitchell. Six-feet-three, 197-pound Rock Hudson has had many minor parts since he signed with Universal-International in 1949. His best performances, however, were played with Vera-Ellen in Hollywood night clubs. But following the preview of *Bend Of The River,* due for release in February, the top brass at the studio decided that it was high time they did something about Rock. So the build-up is on. And he will have his first starring role in *Oh Money, Money* with Piper Laurie and Charles Coburn.

John Harrison (or Aldo da Re) used to be a constable in Crockett, California. He first came to Hollywood in 1950 to play a heel who was out for all he could get in Columbia's *Saturday's Hero.* And he proceeded to cop the best notices. George Cukor chose him for the very important part opposite Judy Holliday in *The Marrying Kind,* a part that will definitely make a star of him. Aldo was a football hero in school and a frogman during the war, and he is not given to modesty. After his first picture he said to me, "I have a very, very bright future. Hollywood needs a fresh face, a fresh personality. Hollywood needs me." George Cukor made a test for him. And, wouldn't you know it, agreed with him completely.

Recently over at Fox I saw the test Cameron Mitchell made for a part in *Outcast Of Poker Flats,* which he got. The test is wonderful, and I predict you'll be seeing a great deal of Cameron, who was a hit on Broadway not long ago playing one of the sons in *Death Of A Salesman.*

Last year I predicted that Bette Davis would get an Academy Award for her Margot in *All About Eve,* and Jimmy Stewart for his lovable lush performance in *Harvey.* I wuz robbed! This year I'm going to play it win place and show, and I'd better be in the money. My choice is Vivien Leigh for *A Streetcar Named Desire,* Shelley Winters for *A Place In The Sun,* and Elizabeth Taylor for *A Place In The Sun.* For the best performances among the actors I'd say Montgomery Clift for *A Place In The Sun,* Kirk Douglas in *Detective Story* and Gene Kelly in *An American In Paris.*

I suppose no Hollywood predictions would be complete without a mention of Shelley Winters and Farley Granger. Are they, or aren't they? What was it I said last year? "Farley Granger will live alone and like it; and so will his old sweetie, Shelley Winters." Well, the same goes for 1952.

THE END



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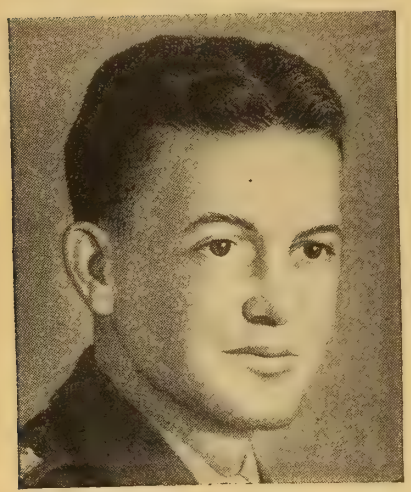
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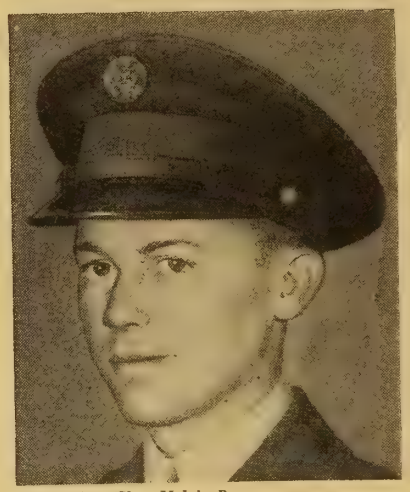
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heartbreak ahead?

(*Continued from page 43*) the opening night at the Palladium. After the fourth number, I was ready to make my exit. I was so nervous, I slipped and fell on my fanny. Instead of laughing at me, the audience laughed with me. I knew then that the people out front were more interested in my voice than in my weight."

A good deal of Judy's past neurotic behavior has been tied up with her weight. An RKO producer who is himself a mountain of fat, once told the young actress, "There are certain people who are naturally fat. When they try to diet all the time they become nervous and irritable. Forget about dieting. It'll restore your peace of mind. Concentrate on something else."

Judy forgot about dieting and began to concentrate on Sid Luft.

EVEN though her weight sometimes shoots up past 140, Judy is sure that Sid Luft loves her. This certainty, many of her friends believe, is destined to bring Judy more heartache. They feel strongly that Luft is not the man for her. Judy insists that he is. "I can't tell you," she says, "how much fun we have together. Sid's my fellow and I don't care who knows about it."

When Judy is asked if she intends to marry Luft, she says, "His divorce isn't final until December."

When Luft is asked the same question, he answers, "Maybe you'd better ask Judy."

There is little doubt that eventually Judy Garland will take Michael Sidney Luft, aged 35, as her third husband. But first the four legal charges brought against him will have to be decided in court.

These charges are the result of a three-car collision in which Judy played a small part.

One night late in September, Luft's car, traveling south, crashed into two cars traveling east. The accident took place in Los Angeles at a major intersection.

When he was apprehended by the police, who charged him with drunken driving, Luft insisted that Judy wasn't in the car with him at the time of the accident. He said that Judy was in a restaurant two blocks away when she heard the crash and came running.

One of the college boys whose car was hit, however, told the police that Judy was definitely in Luft's car immediately after the accident. "She disappeared for five minutes," he said, "and then came back. Both of them shaken and talking incoherently. Miss Garland kept telling Luft to beat it, and I kept telling them they'd better hang around until the police came. That's when she swung at me and knocked my glasses off and broke them. I told her she'd better leave because she didn't belong in a spot like that."

Another victim in the brawl that night was an innocent witness, a Los Angeles dentist. "I saw the entire accident," he said, "and I stopped to be a witness for the boys when this man, Luft, came up and threw a punch which landed on my nose. He shattered one of the lenses in my glasses."

By the time the police arrived, Judy had left the scene of the accident. The police took Luft down to the Wilshire jail where they quoted him as saying, "I had a beer—well, maybe three. I can feel it. But I'm not drunk. The only guy I belted was the guy in the tux. Did someone see my gun, a .38 revolver? I was target-practicing a few days ago, put the gun under the seat. Did I pass the sobriety test?"

Luft was booked at 2:15 A.M. and seven minutes later was released on $100 bail

in the custody of Robert Agins, his attorney.

After Luft asked about his gun, the police searched his car and found a 38-caliber revolver which, previously, had been reported as stolen from the director of plant protection at the Douglas Aircraft factory.

The next day all Hollywood was buzzing about Judy and Sid.

"Luft seems to get in an awful lot of trouble," one Hollywood veteran remarked. "He uses his fists too much. When he came back from England with Judy, he was served with a summons because he hadn't paid for the support of his son by Lynn Bari. He settled that one out of court. A few days later he had to get in another mess."

Other observers doubted the story about Judy's being in a restaurant two blocks away when the crash occurred. "How come she heard the accident," one of them asked, "when all the other customers in the place didn't?"

Through her attorney, Judy said, "I'm a human being, and have emotions just like anyone else even though I am an actress. When I saw Sid in trouble I just had to go to him."

A DAY later when the city district attorney read the police reports on the accident, he charged Luft with more than being drunk. He added the charges of drunken driving, carrying a concealed weapon, and driving without an operator's license.

Luft pleaded innocent to all these charges and asked for a jury trial, which may or may not result in his going to jail.

When Luft was asked if Judy would testify at his trial, his attorney quickly intervened and said, "Miss Garland certainly is not going to let anybody down. I'm sure she'll testify if asked to do so." The attorney also denied that Judy had been drinking. "She was just in a highly emotional state," he explained.

When February 22, 1952, rolls around, and Judy's divorce from Vincente Minnelli becomes final, her friends (and she has many) hope that she will be in a less emotional state.

They hope she will think over marriage to Sid Luft very carefully.

A former secretary of Judy's has this to say: "Sid Luft may be the most wonderful man in the world, but I don't think he's the type for Judy. She needs an older man of position and experience who can keep her in line. So far, Sid has been responsible for Judy's being hounded by a lot of process servers."

This last remark has reference to the fact that when Judy alighted from the train in Pasadena last September, she was served with a subpoena. Luft owed back alimony of close to $3,000, and Lynn Bari's lawyers wanted to get Judy into court to find out exactly how much money she had paid Luft as her personal manager during their travels.

Judy didn't have to go into court because Luft paid up with a check for $2,889.

Two days before she left for New York and her stint at the Palace Theater, Judy again was the object of a search by subpoena servers. Again agent-manager Sid Luft, ex-husband of actress Lynn Bari, was the cause.

According to a court ruling, Luft has the right to see his three-year-old son, John, for 48 hours, and keep him in custody for that length of time.

When Lynn Bari read of Luft's traffic crash and his subsequent citation on a drunk count, she obtained an order for Luft to show cause why his 48 hours' custody of their little boy should not be

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curtailed to protect the child's safety.

"The reason we were trying to subpoena Miss Garland," Lynn's lawyer explained, "is that she was present at the time of the accident. We want the court to determine whether Luft's drinking might endanger the welfare of his son."

"Since the granting of said (custody) order," read Miss Bari's court affidavit, "defendant has been drinking intoxicating liquors to excess, and specifically on September 30, 1951, defendant was involved in an automobile accident in which he is charged with driving while intoxicated, among other things: affiant (Miss Bari) is fearful that harm will come to minor child when he is in custody of the defendant."

Miss Bari asked the court to permit Luft to visit his son only in the presence of a person designated by her.

JUDY's friends feel that she has a big enough job looking after herself without getting mixed up in Luft's affairs.

"Judy is a grown-up woman," says a Metro producer who's known her since she was a child, "but she knows absolutely nothing about love, and very little about men. She shouldn't have married Dave Rose; she shouldn't have married Vincente Minnelli; and she shouldn't marry Sid Luft. As a matter of fact, she shouldn't get married for the next two or three years until she straightens herself out completely.

"Right now, no Hollywood producer in his right mind will take a chance on putting Judy in a picture. A Garland picture means a lavish Technicolor musical, and that costs lots of dough. If Judy should have a breakdown in the middle of it, as she did in *Annie Get Your Gun*, it would cost a mint. Making personal appearances two and three times a day is a whole lot more difficult than making motion pictures, at least for a star. If Judy can continue to bear up under the vaudeville routine, film producers will beat a path to her door."

Judy Garland needs to be loved. Unfortunately, she isn't the easiest girl in the world to love. She demands constant attention. She suffers from many fears.

In years gone by, she received much aid and comfort from her mother, but not too long ago there was a break between them. While their relationship is still friendly, it isn't the very warm, inseparable combine of years ago.

Sid Luft is very good for Judy's ego, but is he very good for Judy's heart, or life, or career?

According to Lynn Bari, he wasn't of very much help to her. She married him on November 28, 1943. Less than two years later, Luft made the headlines by getting into a night club brawl with Dead End kid Bobby Jordan. A few months later, Lynn Bari sued for divorce, but there was a reconciliation. After the birth of their son, Luft was involved in another fist fight with an unidentified stranger. By that time, Lynn had had enough. She filed for divorce.

"He had a standard routine," Lynn told her attorney. "I'd ask him where he was going and he'd say, 'Just out to get the papers.' And then he wouldn't come back until the next morning. When I asked him where he'd been, he'd say, 'Oh, just out with the boys.'"

Lynn also accused Luft of spending her money to develop business interests he refused to tell her about.

The judge awarded Lynn $500 a month for the support of her child, and $300 a month after the first year, plus 10 per cent of Luft's income.

When Luft began dating Judy last year, his source of income was a popular mystery, and he failed to follow up on his support payments. When Judy left for England, however, she hired Sid as her personal manager, and supposedly paid him a pretty good salary. At least, it was reported that he was stacking up on a new British wardrobe.

When the pair returned to Hollywood they returned to a load of heartache in the form of Luft's legal encounters.

This is no attempt to make Sid Luft a "heavy." He did yeoman work for Judy in England. He acted as a buffer between her and all the celebrity seekers. He said no when no had to be said, and he kept Judy in excellent mental health.

There are some men who do excellent work in overseeing their wives' careers and supervising their outside interests. Freddie Brisson has been overseeing Rosalind Russell's career for some years now. Ben Gage takes care of Esther Williams' outside interests, and Tom Lewis keeps a watchful eye on Loretta Young's. Whether Sid will do the same for Judy is still to be seen.

Right now Judy is in the process of making a comeback. Many of her friends doubt that she can make a comeback with happiness by marrying Sid Luft.

Whether Judy will listen to friends, or follow her own instincts is something no one will know until February 22, 1952.

At that date Judy will be free to marry again, and if past performance is any indication, she probably will. Whether or not she marries Luft—her friends are keeping their fingers crossed for happiness.

THE END

the pig is in the parlor

(*Continued from page 41*) look at the sea. A few interruptions like a trip to England to make *Edward, My Son*, and a safari into Africa for *King Solomon's Mines*, and six months in Italy during the filming of *Quo Vadis* had postponed her remodeling ideas too long. Now was her chance. She launched into her project with as much enthusiasm as she normally shows for a new part.

New and enlarged windows would mean different draperies. New curtain material meant reupholstering the furniture. Breaking up a wall would lead to a new plastering job. Plastering meant repainting and fresh wallpaper. In other words—a big production.

The prospect of all this clutter and clamor overhead didn't phase Mrs. Bartley one bit. In fact, it was right in line with her pet theory about expectant motherhood. She believes that waiting mothers should fill their lives with all the things they don't ordinarily have time for. Deborah gives many more radio performances when she's pregnant. She works for her favorite charity, the St. Anne's Foundation, and she paints.

She also thinks that mothers-in-waiting should undertake one large job—preferably one that won't be finished before the baby arrives. "That way," she explains, "you're busy concentrating on your project and hoping the baby won't come early. The times passes ever so fast, and you accomplish two things at once."

Deborah's longish job before Melanie Jane, aged four, arrived was designing and planting her very British rose garden in Santa Monica. She finished it with a few weeks to spare. The current project should be a closer race with the stork who is expected sometime in February.

The fun and excitement that Deborah and Tony seem to get from making improvements in their California home is indicative of how happy they are in America. But they weren't always this content.

When Metro signed her to a slightly fabulous contract in 1947, Deborah Kerr and her husband of one year came to Hollywood. Fresh from war-time England, they soon filled up on steak, eggs, and orange juice. They liked their work (Tony was studying American methods of movie making for his television production company). They met a lot of amusing people, and they made a few friends. They were talented, popular, and very successful, but they weren't happy.

"At first, Tony and I thought we were homesick," recalls Deborah, "so we waited a decent interval for that to wear off. When it didn't, we looked around for other causes for our moodiness.

"The answer was so obvious we didn't recognize it for months. It turned out to be a kind of homesickness after all, for we finally discovered that it was our rented house that was getting us down. You see, we were living in a small California bungalow in a narrow canyon. Nothing could have been more unlike our previous homes. The place was too new, the ceilings were too low, and the neighbors were too close.

"I stood it as long as I could. Then I tearfully confessed to Tony that we'd have to go home to England if we didn't move out of that trap."

Being a man as well as husband, Tony Bartley couldn't bear the sight of Deborah's tears. They immediately started the quest for an English-style house. "Only we didn't tell people we wanted any particular type of architecture," explains Tony. "We weren't so foolish as to narrow down the possibilities. We simply said we must have an old house, with a little ground around it to provide privacy, and we must have high ceilings."

All of the Bartley's new acquaintances and most of the real estate agents in Southern California offered to help them find a home. In turn, each friend, studio contact, and agent would call to say they knew of an old place, built before the war—six years ago. A few even found some relics dating back 10 years. Finally, Deborah explained as diplomatically as she could what her idea of "old" was. The last house she'd lived in was built a little over 300 years ago. After they heard that whopper, a lot of the agents gave up calling her.

Months passed, and she and Tony were despairing of ever finding a home to suit their peculiarities. Then one misty afternoon, they were driving through the Pacific Palisades, a part of Los Angeles which is near the beach and looks very much like the Italian Riviera. When Los Angeles was a small, undeveloped city, wealthy easterners were building winter homes in this part of town. Although most of the estates have been broken up, the old homes still have an established, substantial appearance.

As Deborah drove slowly past the 20-room houses with 12-foot walls and imposing wrought iron gates, she knew they were out of their class financially, but they held a fascination for her. They looked so old and venerable—like the country homes she'd known most of her life.

QUITE by chance the "homesick" pair noticed one rather modest house that was close to the road. Deborah couldn't resist asking Tony to stop the car. She just wanted to look through the gates at the beautiful gardens. The two of them

got out of the automobile and ran towards the gates. What they saw filled them with longing. The two-story, white stucco house with its rain-washed red tile roof seemed to be waiting for them. (Later they learned that it had eight rooms and a full basement.) The property that went with it was rich in perennial gardens, wide stretches of lawn, and eucalyptus trees. An eight-foot wall on the street front and a steep palisade down to the ocean gave the house the privacy and seclusion all Englishmen seem to require.

The longer they pressed their faces against the barred gate the more beautiful the house looked. There was no sign of anyone living in it, and yet it wasn't for sale or rent.

After careful scrutiny, Tony noticed a small sign near the front entrance. "For information, apply to Santa Monica Land Co.," he read aloud to Deborah.

"That must mean it's for sale," said Deborah happily.

"More likely it's where you call in case of fire," Tony said, but he jotted down the telephone number anyway.

The next day he contacted the land company and learned more details about the house. He found out that it was part of a 14-acre estate owned by a wealthy Chicago dowager named Edith Rockefeller McCormick. The house he and Deborah had seen was called the guest cottage, but there was also a main house, servants' residence, a large garage, and a separate music conservatory on the property. All or nothing was up for sale.

Tony Bartley politely declined to make an offer for this real estate package. Might just as well have made a bid for Buckingham Palace he thought to himself. But he hated disappointing Deborah, so he made a characteristically British move. He hired a legal representative, commissioning him to purchase the guest house at or below a stated figure.

The correspondence that piled up during the negotiations was large enough to fill up a year's issues of the Congressional Record. In the end the bulldog tenacity of the Bartley's won out. The house was theirs.

Deborah had been so certain they would eventually own the lovely 15-year-old house that, long before the deal was concluded, she sent to London for her furniture. It arrived about the time they were ready to move in. Busy as she was at the studio, it never occurred to her to hire a decorator or even a secretary to organize and furnish her home. "Almost no one does in England," she explains airily. "At home we just take our time and put the heirlooms and antiques where they seem to please us most. Sometimes it takes ages to furnish a home. And I must admit some of them look rather dowdy, but at least they're a true expression of the home owner's taste."

The conclusion that can be drawn about Deborah Kerr's taste as reflected in her home is that it's one of quiet refinement touched with the unpredictable. In her living room, for example, the only two colors are grey and pale gold. The furniture consists of fine 18th century antiques. The couch and chairs are upholstered in gold brocade to match the draperies. The effect is restful and unobtrusive. A graceful Queen Anne desk stands at one end of the room and a refectory table at the other. A pair of water color portraits by an English girl, Eileen Chandler, show Melanie at 18 months and Deborah in a pensive mood. They are the only wall decorations except for the mirror over the fireplace. Several of her mother's Crown Derby cups stand on the mantel and then, quite in contrast with the rest of the room, a fat china pig, covered with painted flowers rests beside the fireplace. If you ask Deborah why Melanie brought the pig into the parlor she smiles and says, "She didn't. I put it there. I just happen to like it."

The sun room, which links the dining room with the living room, and the indoors with the garden, is a kind of informal gathering place full of books, record albums, the piano, and art objects picked up from Italy to the Congo. Deborah sensibly furnished the long narrow room in earthy browns and greens. The big easy chairs are covered in a brown nubby fabric and the walls are a cool shade of eucalyptus green. Here the family heirlooms have been converted to practical use. The highboy Tony uses as a compact little bar was a Bartley antique. The old pewter beer tankard on top of it was a wedding present. And the pair of highly polished whale oil lamps beside the couch where Deborah likes to sit and sew, were found in a second-hand shop right after she and Tony were married. The lamps are too squatty for good reading light, but in this case sentiment outweighs practicality.

FURNISHING the dining room started as a joke. It all began with Tony's straying into an auction room on Wilshire Boulevard one evening when Deborah was working late. He was so fascinated by the auctioneer's spiel that he couldn't leave. When the oval dining table with a base of three carved feathers came on the block he bid for it. Much to his surprise, he got it at a ridiculously low price. He had it sent home like a comic valentine.

"I laughed, but I loved it," Deborah says. "It seemed very funny at first to have a table with the traditional Prince of Wales feathers supporting it. But we bought eight chairs to go with it and a small table-for-two where Tony and I eat when we're alone. That filled up our dining room except for the niches."

It was during another evening's aimless wandering that they strolled into a Hollywood antique shop. Deborah spotted a pair of large, gaudy blackamoor figures. Tongue-in-cheek she offered the dealer a price for them, he quickly said, "Sold."

Home in the maroon, grey and white dining room the figures didn't look as gaudy—merely gay. Tony put concealed lighting behind a narrow moulding and the blackamoors add a lot of character to the Bartley dinner parties.

In spite of the considerable changes Deborah is making upstairs in her own room, nothing will be touched in Tony's adjacent study-bedroom. He made that quite clear before she started her redecorating job. Tony recently finished a TV film in Africa called *White Hunter*, which explains why the only television set in the house is opposite his day bed. He must keep abreast of west coast television.

In the four years that Tony and Deborah have lived in America, neither of their families has been able to visit them. So far they've done all the traveling. They've always packed up Melanie Jane, her Scotch nurse, tons of luggage and spent their holidays in England. Regretfully, Deborah Kerr admits that none of their immediate family have seen the beautiful Bartley home in Santa Monica. Last Christmas, however, she received the gift that makes her home complete. Her grandmother sent her Mrs. Beetons' Book of Household Management (circa 1880).

"Without this housewife's Bible no proper English girl can ever run a home," explains Deborah. "Grandmother was apparently waiting until I had an established house. After the book came, we knew for sure we were at home in California."

THE END

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so sure of love

(*Continued from page 12*) Peggy. . . .

The fall of 1949 was the real start of them. Peggy had been invited to a party at the St. Regis where everyone was celebrating Carol Channing's success in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* Peggy's own accomplishments seemed small when compared to those of all the celebrities gathered there at that moment. What had seemed like such a big part in *The Sleeping City,* which was shot in New York, had been whittled down to only a day and a half of work.

Looking around the room, she noticed a handsome young man come in with a ravishing looking girl. There was something so familiar about him! Where had she seen him before? Their eyes met, and his glance lingered on her. He was seated at a table at the other end of the room. Puzzled, she looked for him from time to time, and saw him moving closer table by table. Then suddenly, she discovered his chair was back to back with her own!

"I beg your pardon," she heard herself saying, "you're going to think I'm terribly bold, but I'm sure we've met before."

"I have the same feeling," he answered. They started comparing life histories.

FINALLY they were back to the years when he was Lt. Walter Helmerich III, an Air Force ferry pilot, stationed at Kiesler Feld at Biloxi, Mississippi, and she was a student at Gulf Park College nearby.

Recalling the sight of a dreamy fellow bringing his bright blue convertible to a stop before the dorm, she exclaimed, "You're Susie's Walt!"

"And you—you're Jo' Varnadow! Why didn't you say so!" he came back.

"Whatever happened to Susie?"

"Oh, she's married now, and has two children. . . ."

They chattered about those days and before the night was out, he was saying, "Don't let Hollywood change you!"

"Well, I certainly hope it *does* change me," she was retorting indignantly.

"Don't you want a family and . . ."

"Of course, and I expect to have one someday. . . ."

"Relax," he laughed.

"This is no time for me to relax," she exploded. "I'm just getting started on my career!"

Their conversation was brisk and exciting, but it was a while before they had another. Walter had to go back to Harvard where he was a student in the School of Business Administration. However, a wire came from Boston just as Peggy was ready to leave New York for a visit home in Athens, Tennessee. It read, "You're the nicest thing that's happened to me."

When she arrived in Athens, there was a huge portrait of the man waiting for her! He telephoned her constantly, and one of the calls was to make a date for the Sugar Bowl game in New Orleans on New Year's Day. He knew that her parents as well as his own always attended. It would be a chance for the families to look each other over. Peggy accepted the date, but the day before Christmas she was ordered to be back in Hollywood on the 27th. She telephoned Walter in Tulsa to explain. An hour later she received a telegram listing every plane stopping in Tulsa enroute from Nashville to Los Angeles, calling particular attention to one flight which had a two-hour stopover. He urged her to take that flight. Peggy asked her mother's opinion and Mrs. Varnadow said, "Why it's entirely up to you, Jo'. If you like this boy, I see nothing wrong with a two-hour break in the monotony of the trip."

On the plane, Peggy told herself, "I'm a fool to be doing this. I don't even know this boy!"

By the time the plane landed in Tulsa, she didn't have the courage to step out of it. For 15 minutes she peered out the window and saw no sign of him. Then she decided that he'd had a change of heart, too, so it would be safe for her to go into the airport cafe for a soda. As she crossed the lobby, she saw him dashing madly from window to window of the airline office trying to find out what had happened to her. Finally, he spied her and came running over.

They went to the club for lunch where she met his father, a brilliant, dignified man. Then they discovered that her plane's departure was delayed three hours so there was time to take her home to meet his mother and sister.

"They all were wonderful to me," Peggy tells, her eyes glowing with the memory.

After she'd been back in Hollywood awhile, Walt suddenly showed up explaining that he was on "spring vacation." He had another "spring vacation" only a month later and tried to persuade her to marry him; but the flying trips seemed to denote a pretty irresponsible student to Peggy.

"He was 28," Peggy tells, "and a real man about town. He had an apartment of his own in New York all the time he was going to school at Harvard. He dated models, actresses, and other very attractive girls. They dined and danced at the very best places. I knew I wasn't the type who could spend hours shopping and at beauty shops, just so I could look perfectly groomed for lunch at '21' every day.

Hollywood is somewhat backward, claims Peter Donald, because where else would the trailer come before the main vehicle?

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

I explained this to him. 'I don't like that sort of thing,' I said. 'I can't live that kind of life. I can never hold a man like you.'"

"But I want someone like *you,*" he protested. "Someone like you to be the mother of my children. Someone who respects her religion the way you do. Someone I can respect the way I do you. And, of course, you respect me. . . ."

That was when Peggy dropped her bombshell—June, 1950. July and August were months of silence.

Then suddenly he was there in front of her again, his arms full of flowers, the lovelight brighter than ever in his eyes. But absence making the heart grow fonder wasn't what won Peggy.

What won her were the callouses on his hands and the 20 pounds of weight lost in the dirtiest, hardest, most back-breaking jobs in the oil fields.

He'd gone back to Tulsa that June day and told his father, "I'm ready to go to work for you now."

With the solid practicality which had taken him from oil field laboring jobs to the head of the Helmerich-Payne oil drilling firm, Walter Helmerich sent his son to work in the oil fields. "And no favors for him," he instructed his men. The men took him at his word, too.

The new Walt told Peggy, "I don't know how long I'm going to have to work in the fields, but one of these days I'll prove to my father that I'm capable of stepping into an office job."

"Of course you will," Peggy answered.

YET last summer, when Peggy moved into an apartment of her own after spending two years in the Hollywood Studio Club, she wasn't talking about marriage. She said then, "Of course, I've thought about marriage. Seriously, too. I've always felt it's right for a woman to sacrifice a career to her marriage. But I don't believe it would be fair to Walter or to me to get married this year or next. My career is at such an exciting point that if I left right now, I might find myself regretting not having found what could have happened. That wouldn't be good." Then she added, "Maybe these are the changing times with which I should change. Perhaps I'm climbing the steps to confidence where I can successfully combine a career with a happy marriage. I just can't give an honest answer about it yet."

She couldn't be completely honest then because Walt was still in the oil fields trying to prove his capabilities. Perhaps unconsciously Peggy saw that until he did he wouldn't be able to accept a wife's career in comparison to his own just then.

But by the end of the summer of 1951, Walt could excitedly tell her he'd made the grade. He had an office of his own at long last!

"What an office he has," she smiles. "I never saw such a *tiny* one in my life! Why, it isn't even big as a closet! But already Walt is showing his father that the years he spent at Harvard weren't wasted."

Peggy went on to Athens where her parents planned to give a party announcing her engagement. Those plans were abandoned when Peggy's grandmother unexpectedly passed away. Early in October, the announcement was made to the newspapers without any festivities. The rumors grew about the "wealthy young oil scion's" plans for his bride.

"Walt and I have made out our budget on *his earnings,*" Peggy sets the record straight. "Far from having the home some reports said Walt was building for us in Tulsa, we're going to live in a rented apartment there. The kind he can afford. Our one extravagance so far is a seven-foot-square bed which will go into our one bedroom that is only 10 by 12. I plan to commute from my picture assignments. Walt insists I'll have to maintain myself in Hollywood out of my own earnings. He thinks I'll get tired of doing that after I get used to having him support me.

"He thinks I'm the greatest actress in the world," Peggy laughs when asked if he dislikes her being an actress. "So far I've not been the kind of actress I want to be. I think it's essential to know what you lack in ability. When you find your mistakes—approximately—then you're all right, because you can correct them.

"However, Walt and I are making no definite plans of any kind about my career, or about having children. We're going to face things as they come. I expect a great deal of understanding from Walt because I expect to give a great deal of understanding. We don't feel ours is going to be a 50-50 marriage. How can it be between two career-minded persons? There will be, we realize, too many times when one of us must give all. And that's what I expect in our marriage.

"I realized only recently that we don't have to wait to be married. It wasn't just the way Walt buckled down and proved he could do something on his own, either.

"After I finished *I Want You,* I went to Washington, D. C., for personal appearances. One day I was at a luncheon table with some really brilliant and influential men. As I listened with awe while they talked of government, industry, and arts, I thought how lucky actresses are with all their opportunities to meet such people.

"Yet some career women don't take their husbands along with them because they might not be able to hold their own in such company. As I sat there thinking

of all the boys I know, I could see only Walt fitting in, sharing the experience, enjoying himself. He has the intelligence and talent to get along with people in all walks of life. I realized how lonely I was. How much happier I'd be sharing this with someone. That was when I knew it was right to marry him soon."

The beautiful diamond ring which Walt designed was on Peggy's finger when she left Hollywood in mid-October to keep the wedding date at home in Athens on November 24. It takes awhile to get ready for a formal, candlelight wedding where more than 300 guests hear the vows spoken before the white rose and chrysanthemum banked altar of Keith Memorial Church, and then crowd the Varnadows' 10-room house for a reception. Peggy's younger sister Ann was to be maid of honor, 17-year-old Cadijah Helmerich would be among the bridesmaids, as would Jane Lampton Connerly, Peggy's best friend from Gulf Park College days, and her cousin Clyde Afaye Green. In addition, Peggy's adopted cousins, small Jane and Betty Hendricks, got ready to be flower girls all dressed in white.

The couple would fly to Hawaii for a honeymoon, and come back prepared to be blissfully happy. . . .

Peggy has no false modesty about the change she made in Walt. She feels that a woman sets the standards of her marriage and that the man who really loves her wants her to do so.

Just after her engagement was announced, Peggy met Director Bud Boetticher on the studio lot. He said, "Well, well, Peggy, what's the fellow like?"

"Oh, Bud, he's just *crazy* about me!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I'll swear, Peggy," Boetticher shook his head, "usually the lines read, 'I've got the greatest guy!' "

But then he hadn't directed a script like Peggy's real life one—one where the guy was sent out to win her respect and to prove she could hold him! THE END

m. s.'s top ten for 1951

(*Continued from page 19*) and you nominated him for future laurels. Hollywood was listening, for in one short year Tony Curtis became a star.

Whether you know it or not (Hollywood does) MODERN SCREEN's readers are the greatest casting directors in the world. With unfailing accuracy you've been spotting greatness the instant it appeared on the screen; and you've seen your discoveries quickly take their places among the biggest names in Hollywood. So when you choose Janet Leigh, Doris Day and Jeff Chandler as newcomers among the favored few, you're doing more than applauding. You're building stars. When you tell Judy Garland that you haven't lost faith in her, you're telling Hollywood to keep her great. And Hollywood will.

This year June Allyson heads your list of favorites as she did the year before, and her good friend Jane Powell is runner-up. For the first time, John Wayne wears the crown, a recognition due his long and distinguished career. Some stars have slipped below the golden circle. Others, like Montgomery Clift, are beginning to climb back to their former popularity. You are responsible, and already you are determining the future on the pages of MODERN SCREEN. You predict stardom in 1952 for Debbie Reynolds and Dale Robertson; you predict the highest honors for Mario Lanza. It's all bound to come true, because in 10 years you've never been disappointed, and neither has Hollywood. THE END

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by Geoffrey Household

This is the story of a man who lived a quiet, peaceful life until he became the unsuspecting victim of the wiles of Violet, the porter's pretty wife. What happened to him at the hands of this siren, and what he had to do to shed her, makes an entertaining story about the fate of any male who underestimates the power of a woman.



CHINESE NIGHTMARE
by Hugh Pentecost

There was a scar on his face and he was wearing a wig. Then he disappeared. He was the man from Johnny Curtin's terror-ridden past, and to find him Johnny risks his own life and that of an American air-line stewardess in a chase that involves espionage and counter-espionage during the post-war years of strife-torn China.

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it's a great life

(*Continued from page 30*) According to the people who write about the stars, there are only two types of actresses. There is the racy glamor queen who toils on a sultry boudoir set all day and sidles around the hot spots all night. And there is the shy, introverted, serious-minded actress who is overly careful of the roles she plays and who hurries home after work to spend the evening in solitary contemplation.

It's convenient for writers to establish all actresses in one of these categories. To them a star is either a nearly dissolute person or an angelic creature who never laughs out loud. There is, however, a middle ground—and that is where June Haver lives. In her movie roles she plays some pretty racy parts, providing there is a story line reason for them; and in her private life she is known as one of the most fun-loving girls in Hollywood.

All one has to do to get a pretty clear picture of June is visit her apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. It is large, airy and very modern in decor. If you were to see pictures of it you would suspect it was the home of Ava Gardner, Hedy Lamarr or one of the other great glamor girls. What-nots as nonsensical as can be bought are scattered about the mantels and along the ceiling mouldings. One entire wall of the den holds a tremendous record collection, which includes, along with a healthy sprinkling of the classics, most of the jive and jazz albums of the day. The furniture is bleached blonde and rugged, bright colored fabrics cover the sofas and chairs. The phonograph is always going. And the walls are decorated with paintings of all sorts of subjects, many of them clowns painted by June herself. It is the home of a girl who likes to live

MAYBE a good way to explain June Haver is to tell you that she is the biggest movie fan in town. She's been crazy about one movie star or another from the time she was six. Her fellow stars on the 20th Century-Fox lot still chuckle when they remember her first days at the studio. Although she had been hired as something of a glamor girl herself, June showed up for work on that first day with just one purpose in mind. She was going to see as many movie stars as she could—and collect as many autographs as she was able.

Armed with a good pencil and a new autograph book, June invaded the commissary. There had already been considerable publicity about her signing a contract but she didn't act like it. The first star she saw was Tyrone Power and she nearly fainted. When she got hold of herself, she approached Ty's table and timidly held forth her book. Ty raised an eyebrow, but scribbled his name—and June, with a curtsey and a thank you, drifted away on Cloud Number Nine. The same thing happened with Alice Faye, and several others, and by the end of the day the players' favorite topic of conversation was the new girl who seemed more interested in collecting autographs than being in the movies herself.

Sonia Wolfson, a veteran publicity woman at 20th, still laughs about her first meeting with June. She had been assigned to publicize June and stood ready to take down her life story and make her famous.

"Now where shall we begin?" Sonia asked when June reported to her office.

"Well," said June, "if it's all right with you, maybe we could sort of walk around the studio and see if we can find anybody interesting."

It was all right with Sonia, so the two girls spent the entire day visiting sets and collecting signatures. Sonia says it was the oddest—and most interesting—assignment she's ever had at the studio.

Shortly after that there was a big party held at the home of a famous star for the French War Relief. Ty Power and June were the guests of honor. A top photographer had been asked to attend and get a picture of Ty and June together for a magazine layout. He posed them at the end of the garden, but every time he was about to snap the shutter, June's head swung around so she could look at Ty and her mouth fell open in astonishment that she was having her picture taken with him.

"Miss Haver," the photographer finally snorted impatiently, "I'm supposed to get a glamor picture of you and all you do is stare like a lost puppy who has just found his master. Please look sophisticated."

June Haver hasn't changed much since then. She has been the star of more than a score of films herself, but she still retains the youthful verve for movies she had as a kid. She just refuses to fall into the ways of the professional screen siren.

The life June Haver lives today could be called, in all honesty, a model one. Making a picture, she works like a beaver, is never late on the set, is obedient to her superiors and kind and understanding to the underlings whose duty it is to take care of her hair, wardrobe, makeup, etc. When the day is done she goes home, changes and generally has dinner with her family or a date. And she is in bed early, so she won't hate getting out of bed at dawn the next morning.

Actor describing a director: "He has a mind of his own. But it's on loanout."

Mike Connolly in Daily Variety

When she is not working, her days are filled with a combination of fun and good deeds. Her greatest playtime passion is golf, and if she can possibly find the few hours necessary to walk around 18 holes she is on the links every morning, rain or shine. She lunches with a girl friend or her sister, Evelyn, and then spends the afternoon at her avocation, decorating.

Although June has earned a reputation as one of the cleverest decorators in Hollywood, and has done many fine homes, she has never taken a penny for her work. When she makes the contract to do a home or apartment, she stipulates that the fee is to be paid to a charity she selects. And through her efforts, a group of nuns from Ireland see movies in their convent home on their own projection equipment; a church in need of a fund to feed and clothe poor families of the parish suddenly finds its coffers full; a bunch of college boys without furniture for their fraternity house suddenly discover they are living in the lap of luxury—all through June's decorating racket.

This sort of life is comparatively new to June Haver, though. "When I first came to Hollywood," June says, "I guess I was as giddy as any other kid who had suddenly been zoomed to the heights. It took a little while, but one day I realized that *I* was a movie star and I wasn't living like one. I went out and bought a lot of fancy clothes—going into debt to do it—and I started to swank around the town like a latter day Gloria Swanson. If my phone wasn't ringing constantly and I wasn't dated up at least two weeks in advance I wasn't happy."

Just exactly what it was that changed June, or rather brought her back to a sensible mode of living, even she doesn't know for sure. It was no doubt her family, though, for her mother, sister and grandmother have a tremendous influence on her. They are more close-knit than most families in Hollywood, and feel that each one has a stake in the other. This is due to the fact that when June was a very small girl, and showed promise of being extremely talented in things theatrical, the job of getting her to the top became a family project.

If there was an amateur contest of some kind and June was entered, it looked like an avalanche of Havers when the door was opened to the contestants. If there was an interview with a newspaperman or prospective employer, the whole family went along lugging books of clippings and took part in the conversations. June was the performer, but she was only part of the team.

When she became a star—and realized it—a family council was held and it was decided to set June up in an apartment of her own, so she could rest better and learn to stand on her own feet.

"I think it was about that time," June said, "that I began to take stock of myself. I realized that just being a movie star was not in itself satisfying. I had to make it mean something. So I would come home in the evenings and try to figure out how I could improve my personal life, as I had my professional life.

This wasn't as easy as it might sound. In those early days, June, in deference to California law, was still going to the studio high school. She would be in the midst of an algebra problem when a call would come from the set and she would suddenly have to switch to making love. She never quite adapted herself to the fast transitions. But she did become more serious minded and tried to take all the aspects of her new life in stride.

Although she doesn't like to talk too much about it today, because the subject is still painful, Dr. John Duzik, who passed away so tragically last year, was the most dominant factor in June's life.

Dr. Duzik wasn't like Hollywood people. He was not the least bit impressed by movie stars since many of them were his patients. When he met June, she was just a cute little blonde from the Middle West who had somehow managed to get herself in pictures. She, on the other hand, saw in the doctor something she had failed to find in all the glamor boys she'd been dating. He was handsome, but in a natural rugged way—not sleek and elegant as he turned out. His interests, aside from his practice, were pretty ordinary. He liked to hunt and fish and play golf—and he didn't care a hang for the parties and premieres of Hollywood.

June found herself in love with him. After work she'd go home and prepare a fine dinner and call John up and ask him over. This was during her "thinking" period and it is certain that their after-dinner talks did much to mold her into the kind of woman she is today.

ALTHOUGH June had been a religious girl from her earliest recollection, she never knew the real meaning of a religious life until she met Dr. Duzik. It wasn't anything fanatic with him, it was just a way of spending each day, and June decided his belief was for her. She has been that way ever since—not fanatic, just devout in her faith.

June Haver describes how she lives better than any writer could.

When asked how she reconciled her strong faith with the life of a movie star she said, "It's so simple, and so easy. Holiness is not a sombre thing. It is my vocation to bring happiness to people by entertaining them. It is a wonderful vocation because it allows me to have such fu

while I'm doing what I should.

"I wasn't put into this world by accident. There was a divine purpose in it. It is obvious at this stage of my life that my purpose was to bring others happiness and the movies let me do so."

Among the men who take June Haver out there are fellows who have been called wolves. They get dates the same as the less dangerous fellows, but with June they are perfect gentlemen. They save their leering for another night—with somebody else—but it is obvious that they are having a good time.

You might be driving down one of the main streets of Hollywood on a sunny afternoon and pass a convertible with the top down and spy June and a handsome lad in the front seat. The radio will no doubt be on full and the boy and girl will be laughing and yaking it up. If you have been under the impression that June is a stuffy person it might surprise you, but it is actually her true self you see.

She is a great practical joker. When there is fun on the set, it will more than likely be June's sense of humor that brought it about. If you could attend a party at her apartment, or at the home of her mother and sister, you would find that June is the guiding hand behind the games.

June is, according to her mother, the greatest party planner since Elsa Maxwell. She is the one who lugs in the pumpkins at Thanksgiving—the one who arranges the dinner with the gag place cards. And, at Christmas time, she is the one who drags in the biggest tree in town and arranges the fabulous dinner. And when it comes time to pass out the presents, June is the Santa Claus.

June Haver is, indeed, a strange creature in Hollywood. It is not because she is odd, but because most of the rest of Hollywood is odd. She is just the kind of girl that Rock Island, Illinois, expected she would grow up to be. She is the kind of girl you'd like to have live next door. The kind of girl who would go for a walk with you if you're blue, or be your date at the Country Club ball and make every guy jealous.

June Haver's philosophy of life is based on the Golden Rule. It always has been. Her first public appearance of any kind may have set the pattern of her life and her thinking. She was about seven years old. Her mother and father lived in Cincinnati and they had entered her in an elocution contest, sponsored by a local newspaper, which was to be held in the ballroom of a big downtown hotel. June was terrified. Her mother knew it, her sister knew it and no doubt the whole audience knew it. But when she stood on the stage when her name was called, she stuck her chin way out and looked several thousand people collectively in the eye.

"The title of my recitation tonight," she said, "is 'Who's Afraid?'"

She was—but she'd never admit it to anyone.

"You know," she says now, "I'm a real lucky girl. I'm in the public eye and I love it. I'm doing just what I've always dreamed I would do. People don't think I care very much for success, but I really do. And when I go to sleep at night, I'm grateful, not just because of the good things my success has given me, but because I know I am in a position to pay it all back. The motto I live by is: 'To whom much is given—much is expected,' and I want to give every day of my life." THE END

(You'll be seeing June in 20th Century-Fox's A Wac In His Life.—ED.)

top man

(*Continued from page 20*) In the 24 years since that dismal day, a lot of movie film has spun through Hollywood cameras, and plenty of it has captured the rugged features and personality of John Wayne, the ex-prop boy turned actor. And as 1951 spins into 1952, he has won another award, this time one considerably more substantial: The readers of MODERN SCREEN have just named John Wayne the most popular male star of 1951, the walk-away winner of MODERN SCREEN's famous Popularity Poll. And today things are very different for Duke all around.

Only a few months ago, Howard Hughes, who bosses RKO studios, buzzed for his production chief, "Tev" Tevlin. He explained that he was determined to star John Wayne in *Flying Leathernecks,* but that the star was shaking his head reluctantly. He liked the script fine, but after a man-killing schedule he was tired and wanted a vacation. So Howard Hughes had a question:

"What's the highest price ever paid a Hollywood actor for one picture?" he inquired.

Tevlin did some quick mental research and came back with a rough answer—"Something slightly over $200,000."

"Offer John Wayne $250,000 to make *Flying Leathernecks* on a six weeks' schedule," Hughes ordered, "with a $17,000 guarantee for each day it runs over."

Since *Flying Leathernecks* ran three days past deadline, John Wayne collected $301,000, which is a lot of money even in Hollywood. But then John Wayne is a lot of man—in Hollywood or anywhere else. Howard Hughes, who is a shrewd operator, knew what he was buying. He was buying the biggest male box-office attraction in the whole world.

AT 44, when most Hollywood heroes are fading fast or long since shoved out of the running, John Wayne is at the crest of his amazing career, which towers over all other he-man careers in Hollywood. In all the word implies, he's the movies' top man, unrivalled, nonpareil. But if you believe the people he works with, he has no more ego than a potato.

Last year when the nation's theater exhibitors picked him as the biggest box-office draw in their annual "Fame Poll," Duke was down in Mexico. His agent thought that the news rated a long distance call so he telephoned South of the Border the minute he learned it early one morning.

"Congratulations!" he enthused. "You're head man of Hollywood! You've just won the 'Fame Poll'!"

"What the hell's that?" came back Duke. Then added grumpily, "You woke me up."

At that point, nine of John Wayne's pictures were playing simultaneously in these United States and in one city two theaters, cat-a-cornered from each other, both blazed out twin John Wayne bills on their marquees. That year he earned well over a half-million dollars, and looking over his starring commitments realized he was booked up clear into 1951. Duke's reaction to all this was, "I guess I'm having a long string of luck."

That modest theory, of course, is patently absurd. Duke Wayne has traveled a long and often rocky road to his fame. What got him there was that he traveled it the hard, straight way and stayed, as John Ford says, "always looking, always learning, until he mastered everything he ran into."

By now John Wayne has run into 151

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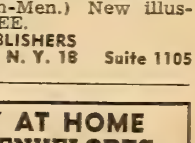
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picture parts, and he's starred in every one. He's made them in three days, from start to finish, and in three years, which *Jet Pilot* will probably take, start to finish. His price has risen from $1,000 a movie to the big six-figured bait which Howard Hughes dangled to snare him for *Flying Leathernecks*. But the battered old beaver hat which Duke Wayne swiped years ago from John Ford has never become too small for his level head.

Duke's basic contract is still at Republic, but it's really no contract at all—only a handshake with his boss, Herbert Yates. His agreement with John Ford is even less legal than that—just an unspoken understanding that whenever Ford wants Duke for a picture all he has to tell him is when.

In all his years spent in dog-eat-dog Hollywood John Wayne has never stooped to polish an apple, or play the movietown political or social game. In all his years around a prying, gossip-mad community he has never landed in any scandal, although he's never played it cozy or cautious. On the contrary, Duke's had a ton of rogue male fun, with bottles and sometimes belles, when he was on the loose before and in between his marriages. But he's had his sport like a gentleman and never hurt anybody, including himself. He's made millions of dollars and while he's still not a rich man, he's met all his obligations and helped a lot of his less lucky friends meet theirs.

Along the way, he has never trumpeted his own horn or played to the grandstand, professionally or in private. Bev Barnett, his press agent of 13 years, still confesses, "I don't know why he hires me." Duke never notices whether his name's in the papers or not. He hasn't had an interview in over a year. He doesn't prod any highly organized fan club to plug him. And not for a minute has he kowtowed to pressure or opinion of any kind.

Duke went through the divorce from his first wife, Josephine Saenz, a Catholic, knowing he might draw hurtful censure from religious groups; and he married his present wife, Esperanza, also a Catholic, in the Presbyterian church of his own faith. He took on the presidency of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, to fight Communism in Hollywood at a time when some influential circles in Hollywood were pink as sunsets and yelling "Fascist!" at everyone who called a Red a Red.

The day that Duke assumed his second term at that patriotic post, was the same day that a notorious Commie writer got the heave-ho at RKO, where Duke was making *Leathernecks*. Somehow the ousted scribbler coupled the coincidence, and figured it was John Wayne's doing. That night in his dressing room Duke found a note.

"Dear Rat," it read. "Congratulations on being named head rat of the Motion Picture Association of Rats." And it went on phrased in the kind of raw, unsubtle insults a schoolboy might pen. It was signed with the writer's name, but Duke thought it must be a gag. "No writer wrote that," he reasoned, "it's too crude." However, a signature check proved it was real and Duke began to burn. "What's this guy like?" he asked James Edward Grant, his favorite writer, who was there too. Jimmy saw the making of a rib. He thought he'd throw a scare into Duke.

"Why, he's about your build, Duke," he advised, "only a lot huskier—and considerably younger. In fact, if I remember right, he was Golden Gloves champ back in Chicago a few years ago." But Duke was already yanking on his coat. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to find that guy and beat the living hell out of him," stormed Wayne. He might have, too, if Ward Bond hadn't breezed in at that moment, learned the score and protested, "Duke—hold it. You can't hit that jerk. Why he's only five feet tall, wears glasses, and can't punch his way out of an ice cream cone!"

"Aw nuts," Duke cooled down. "I never have any fun."

BECAUSE Duke is a big man—he's six-feet-four, 210 pounds and sleeps in an oversized bed—and because he leads a rock 'em and sock 'em life on the screen, a lot of legends swirl around his head as they swirl around any hero's. One of them is that John Wayne is a truculent bruiser always itching for a fight. Actually, if he'd gone through with mopping up that fabricated Commie husky, it would have made exactly the third real scrap Duke has had since he started in pictures.

The first took place some years ago outside the Coronado Hotel, near San Diego, where Duke was on location. For his role he sported hair that lapped his shoulders.

He was dancing with a pretty girl, when a wise guy, noticing Duke's long hair, sidled up. "Woo! Woo!" he sneered. "Have no fears about that big pansy, honey, he's harmless!"

Something about the situation made Duke see red, so he invited the guy and his friends outside and dusted them all off. But it was quick and without much fuss.

The second battle, down in Mexico more recently, was even shorter. In a bar one night a *tequila*-happy Mexican got abusive about *gringos* and slapped Duke, who just gave him a shove and sent him reeling across the room. But he bounced back with a knife, and this time Duke picked him up and tossed him out of the joint like a basketball. He didn't come back.

A young actress who shall be nameless was under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock, considered one of the finest in the industry. Hitch always sketches the set-up for new scenes and turns them over to the cameraman to prepare for action. He returned to the set to find the young actress facing the direction opposite from what he'd called for. He asked gently how come. The girl said rather imperiously, "This is my better side." Hitch paused a split-second, then pronounced, "My dear young lady, you are *sitting* on your best side."

Kolma Flake

There was a time, of course, when Duke and Ward Bond, Preston Foster, Johnny Weissmuller, and some other Hollywood giants engaged in beautiful brannigans around the Hollywood Athletic Club and aboard John Ford's yacht as members of the fabulous "Emerald Bay Yacht Club," a seagoing beer bust society. Doors were smashed off hinges, floors sagged, and people got pushed overboard in the rough-house fun—but that's what it was, fun—and nobody got mad. As long ago as those shillies were, they still boost Duke's local fame as a brawler, and his pictures take care of his reputation in the outcountry.

Actually, Duke Wayne gets all the scrapping he wants out of his job. He can remember few movie parts where he hasn't wound up swinging his fists and, no mistake, he's good at that. "Nobody walks up from behind and slaps Duke on the back on our set," his makeup man, Webb Overlander, says. "He's always on the ready, he whirls like a cat, and he just might let go." But it would be automatic, not angry. In fact, with Yakima Canutt, Duke invented the modern technique of movie fist fights. Screen sluggers used to sock each other on the shoulders until Duke and Yak evolved the present method of narrow, timed misses past the jaw with the camera at a trick angle to make it look real, and the "sock" dubbed in later.

"There's no star who knows his job better," John Ford'll tell you. "Duke's a natural reactor. He works from the inside out. He knows himself and he makes it his business to know exactly what dramatic spot he's in. He studies it painstakingly until he has it dead right. Then he figures what he would do in that spot and does it. What comes through is a real man in a vital dramatic situation. There's no finer kind of male performance."

And James Edward Grant, who has written so many of John Wayne's scripts and directed a couple, snorts, "People think in cliches. Because John Wayne is a big ox, doesn't twist his face all around, they think he's stolid and dumb. Duke can spot a hole in a script quicker than I can. He's an expert on western history, and costume, an expert on camera lenses, lighting, and all the technical business of picture making. He's always looking around. If an extra's wearing the wrong kind of uniform Duke spots it. If something breaks down he's jumping in to help fix it. If a stunt man won't work a stunt, Duke will. On every set he's got the whole shooting situation well in hand."

Grant Withers backs that up. Grant's a long-time buddy and has worked in dozens of John Wayne westerns. "Duke," he says, "always plays a scene looking out of the corners of his eyes at the rest of the cast. When something they do rings false to him he says, 'Woop—I muffed it!' and stops the scene. Then he asks them to talk it over and help straighten him out. What he's really doing is straightening *them* out."

Duke keeps 11 people on his personal payroll, and that's the sort of thing that gives Duke's business manager, Bo Roos, high blood pressure.

"How am I ever going to make you a rich man," he's constantly growling, "when you've got half of Hollywood around your neck?" To which Duke shrugs and replies, "What's money stacked up against friends?" and obviously that's the way he feels about it.

Once on location in the High Sierra, Duke and his picture crew got in a red hot poker session. Wayne's terrific at cards, especially deadly at poker and bridge. This night he killed off 10 or 12 of the gamblers until only Grant Withers was left. But let Grant tell it—

"I'd been playing poker too much," he recalls. "I couldn't afford it, and Duke knew I couldn't. It was table stakes this night, and after everyone was knocked out they ran pretty high. Finally there were several thousand dollars in the pot and I was sweating. If I didn't win it I was going to be pretty broke, and for a long time.

"I laid down three kings finally and Duke flipped over three aces. Then he swept in the mountain of chips and tossed them all up in the air, to rattle down like hail.

" 'I've been laying for you!' he said. 'Are you cured?' And he wouldn't collect for one chip. I've never played a hand of poker since."

You pick up stories on Duke Wayne like that everywhere you look.

IN more ways than money Duke Wayne is generous with everyone but himself. Right now the most precious commodity he owns is time, and what spare moments he has between pictures go to two things—promoting Hollywood, and fighting Communism. Between *The Quiet Man* and *The Sea Chase* he took on a COMPO tour of 21 cities. He made personal appearances

to plug Hollywood's "Movietime USA" campaign, and to speak at the American Legion Convention. Yet he's still shy and personals are still painful. Every night when he climbs in bed, Duke carries a stack of books with him to study up on current events for the MPA post. He'll let no one else write his speeches for that; he takes the job very seriously and is militant in his war on the Kremlin.

All of these activities have constricted most of Duke Wayne's sporting hobbies and changed his leisure life, if you can call it that, completely. He owns part of a tennis club but he doesn't play. He owned part of a golf links, too, but never got around to traveling the course.

Even the deer and quail hunting and marlin fishing trips he used never to miss in season are out, and have been for the past several years. Sometimes Duke manages a day of "skin fishing" off the Isthmus at Catalina, and then he soaks in the water six and eight hours at a stretch. But instead of taking off with his old spear diving pals, like Johnny Weissmuller or Ward Bond, he takes the kids along. "To tell the truth," Duke has admitted, "that's how I like things now—family style. Maybe I'm just getting old." But that's not necessarily so.

Duke has always been a worshipping, and worshipped, father, and despite the divided home his kids have, he's unusually close to them. The two boys, Michael and Pat, have even worked in a couple of his pictures. With their sisters, Toni and Melinda, they spend every week-end at his place in Encino. Of them all, Michael, the eldest, is the nearest thing to a carbon copy of his dad—tall, manly and quiet.

Wherever he is, Duke stuffs his pockets with gifts for the kids, but he doesn't spoil them. The oldest girl, Toni, is enrolled at Immaculate Heart Conservatory in Hollywood; Patrick and Melinda go to Cathedral Chapel; and Michael goes to Loyola. It's a long run from their home in Hancock Park where they live with their mother, and Michael needs a car. Last spring the heap he had started to come apart. Duke took up the matter of a new car.

"I'll give you all the dough for another second-hand one," he offered, "or I'll give you part of the price of a new Chevvy, if you'll work out the rest yourself." He could get Michael a summer job running errands for Bo Roos at the Beverly Hills Management, he explained. "I'll take the job and the new car," Michael decided, which made Duke smile because that's what he'd have done.

His present wife, Esperanza—whom he calls Chata—took the Wayne brood over to Ireland this year to visit their dad making *The Quiet Man* there. The main reason Duke went for the $140,000 Encino place was to entertain his kids. Before, he and Chata lived comfortably enough in a small Van Nuys ranch house, with one bedroom and a converted den with a day bed. But there wasn't anything to keep kids busy there, and no place to sleep, especially when Chata's mother was up visiting from Mexico.

The new place, on four wooded acres, has a vast sloping lawn, swimming pool, stables, and a riding ring where horses soon will gallop around with the Wayne crew aboard—and inside the big country style house there's plenty of bunk room.

Duke first met Esperanza Baur on a business trip to Mexico City where he'd gone planning to buy a theater. But the minute he looked into her dark eyes at The Reforma he forgot business and concentrated on romance. He never bought the theater, but by the time he left there wasn't any question about what the 20-year-old *senorita* had done to his heart. Chata and her mother came to Hollywood on a six months' visa, and they carried on their courtship there. They were married January 17, 1946 in a church in Long Beach where Duke's mother had said her vows.

After the rites, he fumbled desperately around in the pockets, which he'd forgotten to fill, and finally had to whisper over his shoulder to Grant Withers, his best man, "Hey, give the preacher a hundred bucks, will you? I'm broke!" Chata thought the whole thing screamingly funny, and still rags Duke about it.

Duke and Chata flew to Honolulu on their honeymoon, about the most beautiful spot for romance you can find in the world. But what they saw of that tropical paradise was little more than the inside of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. In fact, for 20 days of their 21-day stay it rained constantly, and the newlywed Waynes camped right in their hotel room, which most brides and grooms will admit is a constructive way to spend a honeymoon, although no sightseeing tour.

Today there are absolutely no rules in John Wayne's castle—and a man's castle it certainly is. At home, as most other places, he's the boss and Mrs. W. likes it that way. In fact, she works it that way. Whenever Duke comes home, that's dinner time; whenever he gets up, that's when the day begins; and whenever he decides to go to bed it ends, whether it's eight o'clock or four in the morning. When Duke works up a yen for enchiladas and chile relleno, Chata can cook them as no one else can—although they have a Mexican cook. The rest of the time she sees that the steaks are thick and red rare. There isn't a stick of furniture in the whole house where lazy legs or a number 12 shoe can't park without a protest, and a highball can't sit. All of Duke's friends are welcome whenever they show up, and they're met out on the drive, as Duke always is, rain or shine; and sometimes they get the hug he rates—but not the kiss. A guy can't share everything.

The Waynes have arguments now and then, usually they're noisy, but always about something pretty tiny, like who played what card like a dummy, or who'll drive the car. Once, Duke came home to find the furniture shifted around and his favorite reading chair in the wrong place. He raised a rumpus as any man has a right to do when his wife does something outrageous like that. But all in all, there have never been any serious storm signals hoisted over their house since they were married. They've had second, third, and fourth honeymoons to Hawaii, South America, and Mexico, too, and when Chata flies down there alone to see her family there aren't any divorce rumors.

So right now things couldn't be rosier for Duke Wayne. He has a cozy home, a quartet of handsome kids, a worshipping wife, money enough to make all of them happy, and a career which could use six John Waynes if Hollywood had them around. Unfortunately, if you believe the people who worship Duke, they smashed the mold when they made him.

And even if John Wayne eventually becomes president of the United States, one thing seems certain. He'll still be just "Duke," the greatest guy in the world to his friends—as they all are to him.

At home Grant Withers prizes a picture that Duke gave him once, and on it is scribbled—"You can count 'em on your fingers, Grant. Count me in!"

Everybody who knows Duke Wayne and loves him would like to scribble the same thing right back. In fact, in a way, that's exactly what Modern Screen's readers have just done this very month to their favorite star. The End

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our christmas love story

(*Continued from page 27*) in the last 10 years that Miriam and I have not stopped to remember our first together. That was in 1941, a horrible year for many people, but wonderful for us because we were young, married, and so terribly in love. It was a strange Christmas. Everywhere the grim tension of war was in the air and people were trying extra hard to enjoy themselves, to buy a little more than they had planned, and to be a little nicer to their fellow man. You noticed it on the streets—people celebrating with the feeling that perhaps it was the last Christmas they'd know for years, perhaps forever.

It was in this atmosphere of premeditated good cheer that Miriam and I, like many other young people, were married. I got my draft notice just about the same time the decorating crews were hanging wreaths and red-nosed Santa Clauses all over New York, and I suppose that the Christmas carols blaring from every store window and the churning crowds on Broadway had a lot to do with the ultimatum I presented to Miriam one brisk December evening. "Either you marry me now, or I can't guarantee whom I'll be seeing while I'm in the army, or that I'll be single when I get back."

"Let's get married right away," she said. And even though the future yawned black, we were married the following Monday.

Our wedding day was not as spectacular as we would have liked it to be. Both Miriam and I were working—she as a specialty dancer in *Panama Hattie* and I as a skater in *It Happened On Ice*—and while Monday was my day off, Miriam had to dance in the evening show that night.

I SPENT most of Monday morning trying to make my room at the Hotel Belvedere look something like home. Fortunately, the management had just redecorated the whole floor, so the drapes were new and the furniture reupholstered. The little Christmas tree I'd bought from a market on Seventh Avenue helped a lot. It looked fine once I got the lights and a box of tinsel draped over it. And Miriam's mother helped me to bring over her clothes and her Christmas presents.

At two-thirty that afternoon, we made a mad dash for City Hall through the mobs of Christmas shoppers, and arrived just in time for our three o'clock appointment with the Judge. The ceremony, as they say, was brief but binding. Then Miriam and I, my best man, and June Allyson, who was Miriam's maid of honor, made another dash for the Wellington Hotel for our wedding breakfast. (Actors always eat breakfast in the afternoon.) We had our pictures taken by Bruno, glowed together from the congratulations of our friends, and then suddenly, or so it seemed, it was time for Miriam to be at the theater.

I have had to kill a lot of time waiting for job interviews, or sweating out difficult takes on the set, but no three hours in my lifetime were longer than those I spent waiting for Miriam's show to finish that night. First, I went back to the hotel to see that everything was in order. Then I walked for awhile down Broadway. Everywhere I looked, people were being impossibly happy, while for me the clock hands dragged. I went into a movie without even looking at the marquee. It turned out to be a horror picture, *The Werwolf Of London!* Finally I went over to Miriam's theater to finish my wait.

When I carried Miriam across the threshold of my hotel room, lighted only by the soft glow of the Christmas tree lights, the whole world was closed out. For months, I had been hiding champagne glasses away in the top drawer of my bureau. We used them all up, toasting each other and our future, each time breaking our glasses against the radiator and crossing the stems on the mantel.

We both had to work the next day, and Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day. So we didn't have time to do a lot of shopping for Christmas. We spent Christmas Eve with Miriam's mother and father at the hotel, and opened our presents together after we got back from doing our evening shows. It wasn't a lavish Christmas, but it meant a lot to us because we both had a feeling that it would be the last one, for awhile, that we would spend together in a place of our own.

The next year, it was only luck that we could be together for Christmas. I had joined the Signal Corps and was touring with the company of *This Is The Army.* For awhile, it looked as though we would be held over in St. Louis, but, fortunately, Miriam was able to meet me in Chicago. Two days before Christmas, we entrained for California, and we spent the holiday listening to the wheels click on the rails.

In 1943, I spent a hurried Christmas with my parents in their home in Santa Monica, actually just a few days jammed in between the Los Angeles and San Francisco appearances of *This Is The Army.* I called Miriam, who was working in New York, on Christmas Eve, but we couldn't talk long.

I suppose a lot of guys spent the Christmas holidays in 1944 in bleaker spots than I did. By then, the troupe had moved to England, and on Christmas Eve we were presenting the show to another swarm of entertainment-hungry GI's. At least, that Yuletide, I had mail from Miriam.

The following Christmas was a different story. We spent the holiday in Australia, and as far as presents and letters from home were concerned, it was just another day. I didn't get my Christmas packages until eight months later, when we passed through Honolulu on our way home. They had followed us all over the Pacific theater, and were mashed, crumpled, and beat up. But even in August they looked good.

In 1946, Miriam and I spent our first Christmas together in three years, and in our own apartment. We had a lot to rejoice about. Our baby was due soon. I was dancing in movies, and the future looked good. On Christmas day, Miriam cooked a big turkey and we had both of our families over for dinner. It was a wonderful day.

Since we have been back together, Miriam and I have tried to combine the celebration of our anniversary and the Christmas holidays. Of course, we've always given one another little personal gifts on our anniversary . . . like the purple velvet fez I picked up for Miriam in Egypt, which she plans to use someday as the *piece de resistance* of a sleek Oriental outfit she designed herself. But in our own minds, the anniversary of our marriage is so closely associated with Christmas and the spirit of the holiday that it has not seemed to call for any special celebration.

Our son, Chris, has understandably altered the way we celebrate Christmas. When there were just the two of us, we always opened our presents on Christmas Eve. But to a child, Christmas would not be Christmas if he could not awaken to the delirious joy of discovering suddenly, with one sweep of his eyes, a room full of presents that were not there when he went to sleep. Chris goes absolutely wild on Christmas morning.

His first really meaningful Christmas was in 1949, and that holiday was for us, too, a particularly memorable event. In late November I was able to get my first long break from the pressure of work, and Miriam and I packed up and took a long-delayed honeymoon for four weeks. We drove up the coast to Oregon, through the redwoods, and then back south through the mountain lake country of Northern California. At June Lake, where we stopped for a few days, we cut our own Christmas tree and brought it home with us. On Christmas morning, I shot several hundred feet of film of Chris opening his packages, film which will always be an important part of the movie library I began the day we brought Chris home from the hospital.

Last year, we spent our first Christmas in our new house. We had a beautiful tree, with packages piled so high it took us most of the morning to open them.

On previous Yuletides, Miriam and I had always tried to make our gifts to one another extremely practical. But last year our presents were a complete surprise. Miriam gave me a new Bell and Howell movie camera that I had always admired but hesitated to buy for myself. I gave her two suede outfits, a coat and a suit that she had admired in a shop in Las Vegas when we were vacationing there.

This year, we are looking forward to a bang-up Christmas at home and we hope that Miriam's father, who is now in New York, will be able to come out to spend the holidays with us. We intend to have a big open house for our friends, our old friends and the countless new friends that we have made in the past two years. We want to give Chris the joyous kind of Christmas he will remember all of his life.

But also, this year, we plan to make a big personal event of our wedding anniversary. I don't know exactly what it will be, but I'll have to come up with something tremendous to make Miriam realize how much our 10 years together have meant to me.

I know, too, that our anniversary certainly will be a proper occasion for both of us to count our blessings, and to begin thinking about our plans for the next 10 years.

Now that my career is progressing faster than I ever dared hope it would, Miriam and I would like to have more children and a larger permanent home to raise them in. If things keep going along as well as they have these last two years, we may get them both by our 11th anniversary. It's certainly worth working and dreaming for. THE END

(*Gene Nelson can be seen in Warners Starlift.—Ed.*)

IS THERE ANYONE FINER?



A friend of mine was serving overseas in World War II when a famous female vocalist came to his theater to entertain troops. Some of the men in his group were detained and didn't make it back to the camp in time to see the show. Having heard about it, they were rushing toward the camp when they passed her as she was leaving. They broke into cries of disappointment and she stopped right there on the road and sang four numbers especially for them. That's why Dinah Shore is the favorite vocalist of lots of ex-GI's.

John Crouse
Pleasantville, N. J.

hollywood's worst bugaboo

(*Continued from page 38*) who can bring to their day-to-day life the poise and personality so cleverly written and devised for them by the men who make their films. They know it, and dread matching their actual selves against the popular impressions of them. You don't have to be a psychologist, then, to understand how they feel about facing the man in the street. They have an inner fear that they are going to disappoint him, and rather than do that they are inclined not to meet him at all.

Can you blame a greying Clark Gable if he doesn't relish having to live up to the label of booming masculinity slapped on him years ago? Or a balding Charles Boyer or Humphrey Bogart? But it isn't just fear of appearance that breeds such reluctance. A general distaste of being on exhibition develops no matter how eager a star may be to get around at the beginning. There is nothing grey about Peter Lawford, but neither does he appear to be as gay as of yore when it comes to meeting his fellow men informally. Wherever Peter used to go you could always find him in the center of things, and identifiable by the loudest, most carefree laugh in the place. Not so now. Take that Hawaiian trip he made late this past summer. He didn't go into hiding exactly, but in a way he darn near disguised himself, and certainly he kept in the background.

He stopped at the fashionable Royal Hawaiian but dressed like a beachcomber, and rarely shaved. You'd have had to take a long look to recognize him even if you'd known him for years. He liked to hang around the beach at Waikiki but only around the edges of it. Most of the time he sat far back, against the wall of the Outrigger Club, and in the shadow of it. He seldom was alone with a girl. Most of the time he was with two other fellows, and if there was a girl there would also be another boy along.

WHAT has changed Peter Lawford has also changed Jennifer Jones. Everyone in Hollywood remembers that when Jennifer got started in pictures she was middling shy but could warm quickly to affability. It takes her much longer to break down her shyness now in a casual meeting with anyone. In fact, when people happen to visit her set when she is resting between scenes, she becomes a sky starer. They look at her, and she can only stare at the sky. If she has to talk to someone, say in an interview, she reverses direction and often stares at the ground.

Jennifer also used to be noted as having a pretty good memory for names and faces. She still has a good memory or she would not be able to handle the sort of parts she gets. Yet any number of people who have worked with her find she fails to recognize them when they pass. This is by no means an unusual failing. Behind it is not snobbery, necessarily, just difficulty in reacting in an ordinary manner when your whole life has become extraordinary.

A photographer for a national magazine, who has known Jennifer since her first days as an actress, passed her one afternoon and smiled a greeting. There was no response. She acted as if she had forgotten him completely. Curious about this, he walked up to her later and greeted her again, this time by name. And he added, pointedly, "You remember me, don't you?"

She gave him a quick look, and then acted greatly relieved.

"Why, Joe!" she cried, "of course I do."

"Then what was the matter a little while ago?" he asked. "I smiled. You went right on."

Jennifer shook her head helplessly. "I don't know," she said. The truth may well be that she didn't.

MANY stars are painfully shy, and many times they acquire this shyness *after* success. If this seems odd, consider what happens to a girl whose first big role knocks over the box office. The producer, knowing that she has become a valuable asset, orders a complete evaluation of her, from personality to general education. What is her background? Does she impress people as a socialite or a shopgirl in casual contacts? Does she know how to talk, to walk, to dress?

The experts go to work and in essence they practically pick her apart. Despite the fact that she has made good in a picture she may have many deficiencies, and all of them are brought out into broad daylight. If her pride is shattered in the process it shouldn't surprise anyone. Most people are better off not knowing how far they are from perfect, but the young starlet is told. Thereafter though her name may be in lights, her ego is liable to be in a mess.

Incidentally, producer David O. Selznick, the man Jennifer Jones married after divorcing the late Bob Walker, found it necessary to hire a special coach to teach Jennifer about clothes early in her career. This was Anita Colby's job at the studio for some time, and Jennifer was never sent out on personal appearance tours unless Anita was along to keep an eye on her wardrobe. To many girls such personal supervision would be insulting, even psychologically harmful. How it affected Jennifer is not known, but it is doubtful that she was very happy about it.

There are other factors which wear away at the girl who is an overnight success. Having enjoyed no particular social advantages, usually, she is suddenly pitched by stardom into the company of very clever people. If she can't live up to them intellectually she may react by hating them—by disliking to place herself in a vulnerable position with any new people, for that matter. If, on the other hand, she chooses to play with them, she not only has to develop a taste for the cultural, but she has to work at it.

Rita Hayworth worked. About the time the whole world was wondering whether Hitler was a madman or a military genius, a friend of hers dropped in one day to find her reading a weighty book—Klausewitz on tactics of warfare.

"What are you doing with that thing?" the friend couldn't help asking.

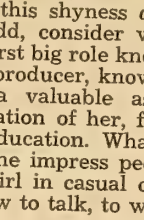
Rita let the book drop wearily. "What else can I do?" she asked. "The people I go out with now talk. They talk about everything. I want to talk, too, and before I can I have to get a little background."

On the other hand, Betty Hutton and Jane Russell probably wouldn't be caught dead with Klausewitz—and are just as happy. But that may not be too happy. Jane, for one, is wary of meeting strangers. She is tired of having them look as if they expected her to slouch about, talk slang, and attack the nearest man. Jane does know a lot of people outside the movie business, but most of them are her old high school friends. "I like the kids I've grown up with," she says. "They know me and I don't have to explain myself to them."

JANET Leigh and Jane Powell are similar in many ways—young, exuberant, and given to quick smiles. But Janet has yet to learn how to live with stardom as smoothly as Janie. Part of Janie's popularity, not only with her fans, but with her associates in and around her studio, is due to the fact that she seems to forget about her professional standing. You feel, in talking to her, that she actually enjoys being a young and beautiful woman more

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than being a young and beautiful star. As the former she is quickly and easily accepted, and everyone, including Janie, feels more comfortable at the absence of pretense. The other afternoon she was shopping in a cut-rate market which is rarely patronized by the well-to-do, let alone well-to-do stars. Coming around one of the food counters, she ran into a man she sees from time to time at the studio in the course of her work.

"Well!" he said, "this is a surprise. I thought you would do your buying at one of our fancier stores." Janie had her opportunity to explain that she just happened to drop in and was not a regular patron. Probably nine out of 10 other stars would have done this. But she didn't. She told the truth. "I know these places better," she said. "I was raised on them."

Janet has tried to take a common sense approach to her triumphant rise as an actress. But there is a certain amount of nervousness about her which she cannot hide. She tries to, under a flow of constant chatter, but this, in itself, is a sort of give-away. And at times, words have failed her altogether under the stress of personal appearances. One of the last of these occasions was a hospital benefit performance at a theater. Janet was introduced and stepped to the front of the stage to make a response. But she just couldn't get started. After an embarrassing pause she uttered an apology and fell back. The audience took it good naturedly, but Janet still cannot understand what made her mind go blank. And she isn't too happy about recalling such instances. The thought that it might happen again is very unnerving.

EVEN Gary Cooper, who has been a top movie name for 20 years, is hardly master of himself when he meets his public in person. When the going is particularly tough and he is struggling to express himself, he will reveal his mental agony just about the way he does it on the screen—shifting about, twisting his hat in his hands, and contorting his face until it resembles a crumpled paper cup. So perhaps a younger man like Howard Duff is not to be blamed if he, too, is far from poised on such occasions. Howard doesn't writhe physically when he is ill at ease. He is more apt to withdraw into long, awkward silences.

A man whose job it sometimes is to write feature stories about Howard has learned that one of the ways to shake him out of a brooding, monosyllabic mood, is to startle him with an unexpected and very personal question. "Is it true you were once jailed by police?" he will ask, for instance. As it happens, Howard *was* in the toils of the law once . . . but it was the result of a youthful escapade no one, not even the police, held against him. The point is that something about Howard's success gets between him and the outside world and prevents a natural, easy contact. That "something," as we have seen, is not easily licked.

Tyrone Power hasn't got it licked. He used to avoid newspaper interviews for one thing. It's still hard to pin him down for a press or magazine story. Diana Lynn is intellectually and artistically a superior person, yet, strangely enough, falls very quiet in a gathering, meekly so. And there have been parties from which she has run off to burst into tears over a fancied hurt. Is Victor Mature bothered by people? You wouldn't think so; but everyone knows he used to get uncomfortable when he'd have to stop his car at a boulevard light and the occupants of the car next to him would gaze over and study him. Just to give himself something to do, Victor installed a phone in his car and when stalled in traffic would pick up the receiver and pretend to be engaged in a conversation. It was pretense because the phone was never actually hooked up.

You can keep adding Hollywood names to this list and find only a few who actually enjoy meeting their audience in person. Bob Hope, who is an exception, once expressed the reason for it in his own inimitable way. "Up there on the screen you're a moving target," he said. "But when you meet them in person and there is something about you that they don't like—brother, you're a sitting goose!"

THE END

"they can't make me behave"

(*Continued from page* 33) such truth is not going to happen here.

A few weeks after the violent collision between Dore Schary and Mario Lanza, it became evident that something had to happen. You can't have the most exciting new star on a movie lot feuding with the bosses, and expect nothing to come of it. There is always somebody who brings straight thinking to the situation.

In this case, the peace-making was begun by Mario's wife, Betty.

As Mario says, Betty is a girl who is familiar only with the truth. And Betty has a great thing in common with her husband. She hates lies and liars. She knows that even a small lie gives birth like a guppy to seven dozen other lies, until there are a whole army of them.

So Betty, one day, picked up the telephone and called the director, Joe Pasternak. They faced each other in the living room of the Lanza home, and here, condensed, is what Betty said:

"This has got to stop. My husband is an honest man. He may not be like other movie stars in Hollywood. He may not have settled down to a behavior pattern so that he is acceptable to two dozen minor executives whose names you and I don't even know. But we have to do something about this, because you are beginning to believe all the lies that have grown up about him, and so has Mr. Schary.

"Mario is hurt, because these lies have grown so big that nobody—even you—even bother to ask if any of them are true. We have to talk about this right now, before you and Mr. Schary think that Mario is no good, as you probably do. And if you do, I can assure you that Mario thinks you are no good, too—even double and triple no good."

SO, they talked, Mario joining them. They got right down to cases, such as the time Mario threw a studio employee bodily out of his dressing room. They examined the case in detail, and Joe Pasternak, a sensitive, emotional man, agreed that he would have done the same thing himself. He might have gone even further, and given the fellow a pair of black eyes in the process, because there are some things you never say to or about a man, if you want to stay healthy.

The matter of noise, and general "hell-raisin' " were also entered into. It was agreed that you can't take a man like Mario Lanza, with a heart and voice like an erupting volcano, and expect him to behave like an easy-going actor with 10 years of experience in studio relations.

When it was all over, Joe Pasternak said, "I love you both. You have got to talk like this to Dore Schary. Why, he doesn't even know what makes you tick!"

Shortly thereafter, Dore Schary came to Mario's house. The production chief and the star faced each other across Mario's desk, and the favorite son of South Philadelphia said to Dore:

"You are a big shot. You are a no-good stinker. And I will tell you why!"

Mr. Schary retorted in kind, and they went on from there. At the home of Dore Schary, a dinner party waited for hours, then gave up and fell apart. Two men, who normally are busier than a pair of snipers on the battlefront, were learning to know each other. When Dore Schary left the Lanza home, late that night, he left as a lusty friend, for he'd discovered that in his high tower as the mastermind of some 60 pictures a year, involving as many stars, the reports that had filtered through to him about Mario Lanza were highly distorted.

And Mario's rebellion had centered on this very fact: it had been impossible for him to take his problems directly to the top level.

Why? Because there is jealousy at the lower levels of Hollywood, as anywhere else. And, if Mr. Lanza has an argument with anyone, it sooner or later will blossom into print, largely distorted, to the great glee of the individual who "planted" it with a reporter on the prowl for a sensational bit of copy.

That is what happened on the subject of Mario's excess weight.

"Look at me," Lanza said. "I've got a big frame. Big bones. All my life I didn't weigh too much for my size. When I came to Hollywood, I was around 179 pounds, and I could eat everything in sight. Then came *The Great Caruso.* Imagine, all my life this man is my idol! All of a sudden I get the chance to play him on the screen. I have got to be Caruso! I don't want to be just an actor who doesn't look like the man, singing his songs.

"No, I want to be this man, and this man, as he grows older, gets heavier. Everything about him grew bigger. His songs, his build, the little way he strutted. The people around him—he collected them as he went along, more and more of them.

"So, I lived like Caruso, and I ate like him, and I behaved like him, in my private life, as nearly as I could. But, all those at the studio could see, was that I was getting fatter and fatter. Well, I have not the conceit to say I gave the public Caruso, exactly, but I would like to see somebody else do better—and that's what almost ruined me, for a while.

"I was 230 pounds when I finished the picture—not 240 pounds. Two hundred and thirty. We are telling the truth and we must be exact.

"And then what happened? I didn't know it, then, but my metabolism began to run away with me. My bones must have been hungry for years, and the corpuscles liked the drunken spree they were on—and didn't want to quit."

The truth of the matter was that dropping 40 pounds wasn't too hard. The weight hadn't been there six months ago, and it could be tapered off.

And this is where Mario Lanza makes a unique confession of his own:

"I heard the story that while I was up in Oregon I returned the script of *Because You're Mine,* without even reading it. That is not true. The truth is that I hadn't been sent a script. I guess everybody should know that the first version of many great plays are just plain lousy. To get a good story, writers have to work and revise. To get a good suit to fit, you have to keep trying it on for size.

"That's the way it was. The premise of the story—about an opera singer who gets

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My wife and I were invited to spend a week-end with friends in the San Fernando Valley and driving down, my wife decided she needed some lighter clothes. We stopped in a small Valley shop with an attractive window display and upon entering the store, were both struck by the beauty of the saleslady.

"Really," said my wife, "you look so much like Maureen O'Hara of the movies."

The saleslady smiled. "I am Maureen O'Hara. You see, I own this shop with a friend and every moment I'm not working in the studio, I come out here to sell.

Stanley E. Pilarski
Los Angeles, California

drafted, is excellent. But, with a movie, even more than a play, the idea has to be worked over for a long time. You can't open a movie out of town and then fix it.

"Well, when I finally did see *Because You're Mine*, I wish I had refused to look at it. The script didn't fit. Even the studio knew that, because they were already revising it while I was reading.

"In the meantime, the mistake I made was that I hadn't bothered to knock off that weight. I didn't want to do the picture as it was, so I figured I could just go to the studio and show them how fat I was. Then I wouldn't have to work until everything was straightened out. But do you know what happened? Because of Caruso, they didn't care if I looked like a blimp. They just said, 'Oh, don't worry about that. We'll shoot anyway.'

"So you see how much untruth can get around, if nobody corrects it. Half of the columnists said I was feuding with the studio, and they were sore about my weight. The fact is, they didn't care how heavy I looked. Only I cared!"

So, what happened about his weight?

Just this. Mario spent four weeks on his new ranch, near Medford, Oregon. He rode horseback, chopped wood, took long walks. He ate enough lean steak to feed an army. And when he came back to Hollywood, he had slimmed down from the 230 pounds he carried as the aging Caruso, to an even 200. He had 10 pounds to go, to attain the weight he's going to carry from now on.

"The truth is," he said, "that I am not a prize fighter, and I am not going to live like one. It's just that I have to get that metabolism under control. So, my doctor has been giving me some thyroid extract of some sort. It's not a big problem, and I figure that after you have told this story, maybe people will know the truth, and the press will stop talking about it."

Now let's see what else there is about Mario Lanza that has set Hollywood on its ear, and caused a barrage of the most fantastic stories ever turned loose in one concentration on a movie star. For one thing, there is the matter of "how long his voice will last."

This is Mario's answer: "All I have to do is bend one ear to the wind and I hear that I am 'already straining on the high notes. Already, ha! Look, I love to sing. It is not an effort for me to sing. And when I hear that I have only a couple of years to go before I start slipping, I laugh. And I can laugh as loud as I can sing.

"This January, I am 30 years old. People who know about these things will tell you that my voice will not reach its full power and maturity until I am 35 years of age. Then, from 35 to 45, the voice will be at its full strength and tonal quality. After that, with a certain amount of care, a singer can do all right until he is 70. So all I can say as far as singing my best is concerned, I am not even born yet!"

This year Lanza will gross more than $400,000 on royalties from recordings, and a total of around $800,000 when his concert tour and movie salary are included. He is doing very well for a young man whose talents have been scarcely touched. He is already working on the "10-cent dollar." Meaning that out of every dollar he owns, he gets to keep only a dime. But nobody need feel sorry for him—he gets more of those dimes than 95 per cent of the people.

There again, is a reason why he frequently is resented as a Johnny-come-lately. He's ten times more successful than a lot of people who've been around Hollywood for years. They're not making it. They can't see why this singing fellow should have it so good. So, when he comes roaring through the studio in high good humor, he is watched (by some) with ever-ready resentment.

If Mario chooses to whack a grey-haired extra lady (who loves it) on the bustle, he is charged with having no respect for womanhood. If he winks at a pretty girl, he is charged with philandering.

Mario Lanza has even been called "heartless."

Heartless, with a voice like that? It would be the world's most incredible contradiction. This accusation, doubtless has its birth in Mario's new-found unwillingness to sing for anyone and everyone, at the drop of a piano lid. If there has been any real trouble with Mario, so far as it concerns him, personally, it has been that he has had too much heart.

He has refused to treat his voice as the major factor of his livelihood. He has always behaved as though he were a writer of the five-thousand-dollar-a-week variety who would sit down and toss off a story for everybody he met. Now he knows that he mustn't throw away his talent. Most people think that the reason Mario sings so much is that he hungers for the praise that comes, everytime he tosses back his head. The truth is that he likes to be among happy people, and he'd be a fool if he didn't realize that he spreads a lot of joy with his voice.

Consider the case of Raye Phaseno, the little 10-year-old girl in Newark, New Jersey, who was dying of a rare form of blood cancer. Everything had been done for Raye that could be done. Everything that is, capable of accomplishment by the medical profession.

Little Raye Phaseno was a fan of Mario's. In semi-delirium, she constantly called for him. She wanted to see Mario before she died. And there, in the hospital, her yearning was translated into action.

A long distance telephone call was put through to Hollywood for Mario Lanza. He could not be located, because he was en route to his ranch in Oregon. Of all the people Mario knew in Hollywood, one secretary was touched by the urgency of the call. She remembered that her boss, who was with Mario, had mentioned a motel at which he once stopped, just above the California border. She secured a list of Automobile Club recommended motels, and systematically began to trace the singer until she found him.

"I hate to put you to all this bother, Mr. Lanza," she said, "but there is this little

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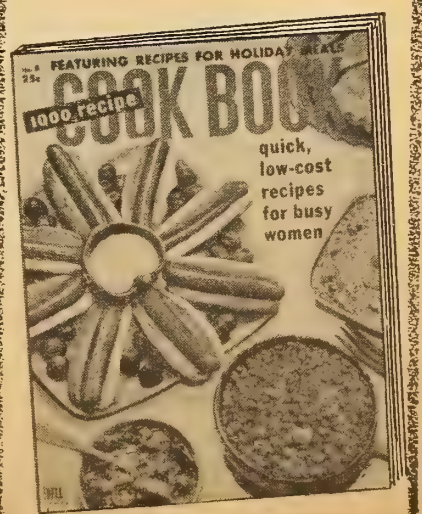
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girl in Newark," she explained to him.

Ten minutes later, Raye Phaseno was talking with her idol. "I wish you could come to see me," she told him.

Mario explained how impossible this was, knowing all the while that Raye might be dead, before he got there.

"But you know how it is with you and me, Raye," he continued. "I can come right into your hospital room with a song. So you tell me what I should sing."

Raye told him that he would be ashamed of her, for what she wanted, because of all the great songs he had recorded.

"But I am just a little girl who doesn't know very much," she said, "and of all your songs, I like the 'Teena Lina' best."

Mario sang it then, with tears running down his cheeks. And the song, not the tears, soared all the way to that Newark hospital room to give birth to a miracle.

Raye Phaseno lived for many weeks, but that was not the end. It was the beginning of her intimate friendship with Mario who called her on the telephone every day, talked with her, sang to her. And in between calls, he arranged to have the finest record player, with a complete stock of his records, installed in her room. This was the magic that kept Raye alive, from day to day, when doctors could have sworn that she had at best only hours to live.

Raye Phaseno's parents found it impossible to adequately express their gratitude. In letters they referred to Mario as a messenger from God.

"That is not true," Mario said, "but in all my life I never had, or will have such a gift as the friendship of this little girl."

Unfortunately only one man cannot bring solace to all the ill and grief-stricken in this world. There must come a time—many times—when Mario Lanza cannot respond to the requests that are made of him, and this worries him tremendously.

The result is that a considerable portion of the money that an ordinary celebrity would put into various business projects, Mario channels into five favorite charities. As for his songs and his heart, they belong to his family—his wife, Betty, and his children, Elissa and Colleen.

All of these things can be told about a man like Mario Lanza, but the most complete definition of a man can only come from a best friend, such as in this case, Ray Sinatra.

Ray Sinatra, a first cousin of Frank Sinatra's, and Mario's song arranger, says:

"You will always hear people say that Mario is temperamental, hard to get along with. Well, that's a lot of baloney. He takes criticism and advice, without batting an eye. I've seen him work five solid hours, recording eight tough arias, and he was stronger when he finished than when he started. And once, when he finished recording 'The Lord's Prayer,' the entire orchestra, 36 professional, hardboiled musicians, stood up and applauded the man, shouting 'Bravo!'

"I'm telling you straight, Mario Lanza is going to be the greatest of them all. I'm sick of hearing about his being better than Caruso. There was only one Caruso, and there will never be another. And there is Lanza, and there will never be another. But Caruso died before he reached his prime. Mario is just getting started.

"As for whether or not this kid will last in Hollywood is pretty much up to Hollywood itself. So far as Mario is concerned, he's got 30 years of great singing ahead of him, and it doesn't make much difference to the world, where he does it!"

Mario? What does Mario say? He says this: "I was born young and alive, and I'm going to stay that way. If this is misbehaving, I've made the most of it!"

THE END

gable's divorce problem

(*Continued from page* 14) she had even scolded reporters at the airport when they asked her to comment on the separation. "What separation?" she had innocently asked.

Gable also insisted upon extending the fiction that he was sublimely happy.

He was even happier, however, when Lady Sylvia filed her complaint. But this happiness turned to sorrow when Gable learned that Sylvia wasn't too anxious for an early hearing. In fact, she was hoping for a reconciliation.

Gable has been divorced twice before—once in 1930, from Josephine Dillon, a dramatics coach, and once in 1939, from Rhea Langham, daughter of a wealthy rancher. Both of these divorces cost Clark a pretty penny, but at least they were friendly.

The divorce involving Sylvia Gable is not. Attempts have been made to settle the dispute amicably, but to date, none of these have worked out, and the divorce has developed into a knock-down, drag-out affair.

As of November, Gable was determined not to pay his fourth wife a single penny in alimony, contending that she was an extremely wealthy woman in her own right, having acquired quite a bit from three previous husbands.

The basic source of Lady Sylvia's fortune was from Douglas Fairbanks Sr. Back in 1935, Sylvia's first husband, Lord Ashley, publicly charged Fairbanks of alienating his wife's affections. After the divorce, Sylvia married the dashing actor. Four years later, Fairbanks died, and Sylvia inherited more than a million dollars.

Gable was irritated when he learned that Sylvia planned to take her own good time about following through on the California divorce. The more he thought about his 17 months with her and what it had cost him, the hotter he grew under the collar.

He finally decided that he would file suit in Nevada, where a legal divorce is obtainable in six weeks. In California, a divorce takes at least a year to be final.

Gable drove up to Glenbrook, Nevada, where he ran into Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner. This was in September. When reporters asked if he were contemplating a divorce, Clark said, "I'm just up here to soak in a little sun." He lolled about Lake Tahoe in shorts, played golf, took things easy. But the newsmen knew what he was up to when he applied for a Nevada driver's license and changed the California license tags on his car to Nevada ones.

"Okay," Gable finally admitted. "I'm in the process of making myself a true resident of Nevada. I'm even looking around for a ranch, a small place, maybe 100 head of cattle. You want to know about the divorce. My six weeks is up on October 4th or 5th. If I need a Nevada lawyer, I'll get one."

Gable has always been cagey with the press where his private life is concerned, and this time was no exception.

Actually, the entire divorce plan had been worked out with his Los Angeles lawyer, Bill Gilbert, long before he'd even set foot in Nevada.

The plan was simple. Gable was to drive up to Glenbrook, 50 miles from Reno. He was to establish legal Nevada residence by applying for a driver's license. He was not to leave the state for at least six weeks. At the end of six weeks instead of filing for divorce in Reno, Gilbert's Nevada affiliate, attorney William Coulthard would quietly file the complaint in Las Vegas. Maybe no one would discover it there.

Fat chance!

On October 4th, Clark Gable filed a divorce complaint against Sylvia Gable in Nevada, charging that, "the defendant has treated the plaintiff with extreme cruelty and has caused him great grievous mental suffering and pain without cause or provocation, and plaintiff's health was and is thereby and therefrom impaired."

When Lady Sylvia was served with a copy of the complaint she was enraged. The next day her lawyer, Jerry Giesler, one of the shrewdest attorneys in California, announced that the Nevada divorce would be fought by his client.

"In 1949," Giesler explained, "the California legislature passed a law forbidding one party to obtain a divorce in another state if he has been a bona fide resident of California for the preceding 12 months. If he does obtain such a divorce, he cannot return to California for 18 months."

The legality of this law has never been tested, and many attorneys say that Gable's divorce is legal as long as he maintains a legal residence in Nevada. (Recent reports however, indicate that this is not the case, and that Gable will not be allowed a Nevada divorce.)

While all this legal hasseling was going on, Giesler also announced that Sylvia Gable would amend the complaint she filed in Santa Monica last May, and would seek both a settlement and an annual share of Gable's income. He implied she would file a separate maintenance action.

"After all," explained one of Sylvia's friends, "I can't understand Gable at all. You can't marry a woman for 17 months and then throw her out of your house without making some provision for her support. I don't care how much money a girl has in her own right. According to Anglo-Saxon law, a husband is charged with support of his wife.

"This is no case of the wife having left the husband's bed and board. Gable had the locks changed on the Encino ranch house. Sylvia couldn't even get in.

"They may not have any children, but certainly after 17 months of marriage, she's entitled to something."

FRIENDS in Gable's camp say, "You have no idea how much money Sylvia cost the King. Did you see what she did to the ranch house? She tore out half an orchard and replaced it with a formal rose garden. She moved her own furniture into the main house, bought paintings and a TV set, had a separate guest cabana built, changed the whole works. It must have cost Gable more than $100,000."

To which Sylvia's crowd says, "So what? Of course, she improved his property. What dutiful wife doesn't? But it's still his property, isn't it? She didn't buy a million dollars' worth of jewels, or a big house for herself. All she did was make his place livable. In this country when you lock out your wife, you have to pay her something for services rendered. What does Gable want Sylvia to do, pay him for the privilege of having been married to him?"

When Sylvia's lawyer and Clark's lawyer got together in an effort to settle the mess, Gable's lawyer said that Sylvia's alimony demands, "were so unreasonable and exorbitant it was obvious no agreement could be reached."

The rumor was that Sylvia wanted a million dollars from Gable to be paid over a period of 10 years, $100,000 a year. In short she valued her 17 months of marriage to Gable at approximately $60,000

a month, figured in terms of cold cash.

How accurate this rumor was, no one could find out. Perhaps it was the first in an exchange of bargaining offers. Anyway, Gable's lawyer came right out and said that despite his client's movie income of $500,000 a year, Lady Sylvia had spent more than Gable had earned. How and on what Sylvia Gable had spent more than half a million dollars was a pretty huge mystery in Hollywood. It still is. Sylvia made many changes on Gable's property but even the highest estimate of these was around $250,000.

Anyway, when Sylvia's lawyer was confronted with this statement, he said, "It's haywire." He said that talks which had as their purpose an out-of-court settlement broke down when he asked to see Clark Gable's income tax returns. "We cannot accept a bald statement as to Mr. Gable's earnings that comes right out of thin air," Giesler said. "The usual thing in any divorce case is to inspect the joint income tax records, and Gable is no exception."

Gable's lawyer countered by saying that Mrs. Gable's attorney had been sent "an accurate statement" of Mr. Gable's financial affairs and status the previous week.

While all this fighting was going on, Gable discreetly remained in silence up in Nevada. He played golf, sun-bathed, began dating a few girls who were also in Nevada for divorce purposes. He took out Barbara Reed Josephy one night, and generally played the field.

He also spent his spare time looking over cattle ranches and announcing once again that he would make his legal residence in Nevada, and just commute to Hollywood for pictures.

By the time you read this, Gable should be starring opposite Ava Gardner in a comedy entitled, *Sometimes I Love You.*

It is also possible, though not probable, that he tried to persuade Sylvia not to contest his Nevada divorce, or to go through the motions of filing her own divorce, just as Nancy Sinatra did.

This doesn't seem probable now. The rumors are that Sylvia will ask for her divorce and then leave Hollywood for good, and move to Nassau.

And no matter what effort Gable makes to minimize the payment, his marriage to Sylvia is going to cost him. Sylvia Ashley is shrewd. When it comes to worldliness Gable isn't in the same league with her.

As far back as last September, Gable was advised to go easy on his divorce suit. Friends told him the notoriety would do him no good; that he'd have to hand over a good share of money in the end, if even for nothing but the legal fees. But the King was adamant. The marriage had cost him a fortune, and he was going to fight this through to the end. The way he felt, Sylvia didn't deserve more than the legal minimum, whatever that was. And the fight got under way.

In his long career Gable has faced divorce suits, a paternity suit, and various legal battles. Now that he's 50, all his friends say he's entitled to a little peace of mind.

The fact that he refused to take the easy way out, that he stubbornly chose to fight his way through a nasty divorce mess is certainly proof that he is still a man of courage, integrity, and fortitude.

Lady Sylvia should know better than to get "the big Dutchman" angry. When aroused, Gable is a terror, even in a court of law.

THE END

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through with love?

(*Continued from page 29*) desperately to get in touch with her third husband Bob Topping. She wanted to find out whether he was going to reconcile or move out of the house.

She had heard all sorts of stories. One was that Bob was leaving her in order to marry June Horne Cooper, ex-wife of the former child star, Jackie Cooper.

Another was that Bob was down at Newport sailing around the harbor on his boat and just wouldn't get in touch with her.

Added to this were the eye-opening reports from the private detective Lana's lawyers had hired to tail Topping.

Lana made many fruitless attempts to get in touch with Topping. She even tracked Drue Mallory down at a friend's house and asked where she might contact her husband. Drue didn't know a thing. Innocently, she had rented her house to a well-recommended stranger. Whether the stranger was a friend of Bob's and whether Bob was there, she didn't know.

Lana was upset. The next day she announced her separation from Topping. A few nights later she slipped in her shower, pushed her arm through the glass shower door, and was hospitalized midst false reports that she had attempted suicide.

It was following all this that Cy Howard came upon the scene.

As if to prove to the world that her marital breakup with Bob was just one of those things she could take in stride, and that those "suicide" stories were pure fiction, Lana had Cy take her to Ciro's. She wanted the public to see her acting gay and animated, as beautiful as ever, and as carefree.

The following night, Cy and Lana dined at Chasen's, one of Hollywood's most popular restaurants. Dave Chasen gave them a front booth so that no one could possibly miss seeing them. And there was Lana again, immaculately coiffured, stunningly dressed, listening to Cy talk—which he can do for long periods of time.

On Sunday evenings the "smart" thing to do in Hollywood is dine at Chasen's, so everyone was there. A constant stream of celebrities kept coming over to Lana's table and saying, "How are you, darling? You look wonderful." And Lana kept replying, "I never felt better in my life."

The following day, the gossip columns were loaded with Turner-Howard items. Lana believed she'd proved to the world that (a) her marital mishap with Topping hadn't gotten her down, and (b) she was back in circulation again.

Actually, Lana wasn't really fooling anyone. Bob Topping had deeply hurt her ego by getting himself mentioned with June Horne Cooper not only in Walter Winchell's column but in several others, too.

How would you feel if you were one of the most glamorous and beautiful motion picture stars in the world and your husband supposedly found you so dull that he preferred the society of other people?

If you were in Lana's shoes, you'd probably say to yourself, "I've been married four times, and all four marriages have failed. What's the matter with me, anyway? Either it's my fault, or all the men I pick for husbands are 14-karat jerks. Haven't I any ability to judge character?"

In an effort to get away from this sort of introspection, Lana began dating Cy.

Since Howard loves publicity, many people felt at first that it was all a publicity gimmick. It is no such thing. Lana Turner and Cy Howard need each other.

Both are basically insecure; both fear loneliness; both covet companionship.

Howard loves to be mentioned in connection with celebrities, and this may be a motivation for dating Lana. Previously, his name had been linked with Paulette Goddard's.

Although she hired a press agent a few months ago, Lana is not particularly publicity conscious. By nature generous and considerate, she has occasionally permitted her name to be used to foster the career of some rising young actor, as she did years ago with Peter Lawford. But she has never indulged in romance in order to become column material.

At this stage, her romance with Cy Howard is genuine. It is ego-restoring. Lana needs to feel desirable again.

What could be better than to have a handsome, wealthy, talented young-man-about-town pay court?

And that's what Cy Howard has been doing. After a few dates with Lana, Cy had to fly to New York. Everyone predicted he would continue on to Europe to see Paulette Goddard.

Howard didn't do anything of the kind. He phoned Lana in Holmby Hills practically every night from New York. He told her he was canceling his trip overseas and would fly back to see her.

She felt great. Maybe not as great as when Topping was courting her in New York back in 1947. But then again, Cy didn't have Topping's inherited wealth.

Bob's first gift to Lana in New York was a 15-karat diamond ring. "It was delivered," Lana recalls, "while I was weighing myself in the bathroom. The first thing I did was to put it on my finger and jump right back on the scale." Other gifts followed.

The jewelry was worth at least $50,000, and Lana felt, justifiably enough, that Topping thought the world of her. Why else would he spend a fortune to get rid of Arline Judge and another in gifts?

Lana married Bob Topping on the rebound. There's no doubt about that now. When Ty Power walked out on her to marry Linda Christian, Lana was ready for the rebound. But she did everything possible to make the marriage a success. There is conclusive legal evidence to substantiate the belief that its failure was not her fault.

What everyone is asking nowadays, however, is this: Will Lana Turner get married on the rebound again, this time to Cy Howard?

Lana has come a long way in wisdom from the night she eloped to Las Vegas with Artie Shaw.

Her divorce from Topping will be obtained in California; purposely, too. A California divorce imposes a year's wait before another marriage. During that year, Lana will have time to determine whether her romance with Cy is genuine or therapeutic.

It's Lana's nature to be married. She has been going with men for 16 of her 30 years. She's not the type for hen parties.

What is even more important, men like Lana. She's honest, forthright, and witty.

In the past Lana's husbands have turned out to be men who like to marry frequently.

Cy Howard has made the trek to the altar only once, with a cute night club singer, Nan Wynn, a few years ago. The marriage ended in divorce.

Howard's friends say that Cy is too self-centered to succeed at marriage.

If this is true, then he is not the boy for Lana. Here is one girl who is willing to devote all her time, all her love—her whole life—to a happy marriage.

To date, her batting average has been zero. Maybe Cy Howard will change all that.

THE END

(*Continued from page 25*) doing some quick estimating on the when and how of my future and when I finally answered, I said, "Well . . . in a couple of years I think."

This was the sort of romantic schedule I had for myself at 11. Figuring all that was then in my mind, I think I am running a bit slow. But, as I still tell myself (although I really know better) I had some unusual obstacles. For instance, at 14, I was convinced that my mother was conspiring to keep me from looking glamorous. I woke up to this awful realization when I developed a mad crush on a handsome boy in junior high who never even looked at me. The only way I could account for this was to blame my freckles, which my mother wouldn't let me cure with "miracle" drug store lotions, and my red hair which she insisted I wear in pigtails down to my waist. I accused her of wanting me to look like a freak.

It was not until school was almost over for the season that mother gave in to my "campaign" and let me cut my hair and have it fall naturally. Don't think this didn't do wonders for me, and don't think the boy didn't ask for a date. He did. But if I felt good about this, I knew from nothing otherwise. I squeeked out a tiny, "Hello," when he called for me and an even fainter, "Goodbye," when he brought me home. In between we didn't speak or even look at each other. What a failure!

For the first time in my life I seriously sought advice . . . and of all things from my fellow 'teen-agers. They said I should have been more animated. They said he probably wanted to kiss me. They said he might try the next time, if he dated me again, and I should let him.

We went out once more. He tried. I let him. And he never asked me out again!

Maybe it sounds funny, but I think I have been years building up what this tore down in me! Everything that happens to you is supposed to have some character effect, so though I am still a romantic at 19, I'm a romantic with her guard up. I console myself by thinking that I'm not the only girl who will go to her grave, probably, with a question mark in her heart like this one. And, of course, I don't hate all men any more, as I did for weeks and weeks after this monster left me flat. But it shows you what a girl is up against. Seriously, you can't always figure a man out. I mean even in a rough way. And this is what makes everything so much more confusing.

THERE is a man in Hollywood who I once thought was the most terrible specimen on two feet. I formed this opinion after I met him away from town on a personal appearance tour, and he acted in a way I considered horrible. He was in one group of people, and I in another, when we all came together at a party and got introduced around. People were drifting in and out of the room, and there came a few minutes when he and I were alone. Suddenly he stepped completely out of the character and became rude and sarcastic. In seconds, it seemed to me, we had gone from mutual politeness to sharp words. I had never had to express myself in this way before in my life, and that such a thing could happen so quickly between two supposedly cultured persons sickened me more, I think, then the personal insult involved.

If ever I was sure of anything, after this, it was that he was a worthless fellow. That sort of demonstration was a safe thing to go by, I felt. Then, much later and back in Hollywood, a surprising thing happened. I saw this same man do a fine thing . . . give up something valuable which he could have had for the asking to someone who needed it more than he. And I came to know about it quite accidentally, there was no talk or word from him. I decided, nevertheless, not to let it affect me, but the next time we met I found that it had. Somehow I was able to talk to him long enough to let him get in a few words of apology. They were ordinary words, but I found myself liking the way he said them. I liked it well enough so that on the next occasion when we met we talked longer. Since then we have met a number of times—they were dates—and I eventually got the answer to the puzzle of his original behavior. My Dr. Jekyll had acted like Mr. Hyde at our first meeting for the same reason I have done things that were not really like me. He, too, was unsure of himself!

This makes things really complicated. For a while you labor under the delusion that certainly *men* know what they are doing . . . at least, what kind of men they want to be. And then you find out that they are no better off than you are! When I first learned this, I thought it was downright unfair, that there is enough of a horrible indecision in a woman's life without her having to worry about this as well! Believe me, or maybe you know it already, but that last wolf you were out with may not have wanted to be a wolf at all! He was just trying out the role for size. The next time you see him he may make a perfect big brother!

OF course you know what this means. This means a girl just can't make snap judgments about men. Or at least this is what it has meant to me. If I like something about a fellow, who otherwise is just not there, I tell myself I must wait and see.

I don't go out much. Not by Hollywood standards anyway. In the past two years I have gone out less than 50 times, I am sure. Is this a mistake? Oh, yes, say a lot of my friends. A girl is supposed to go out where she can be seen. The more you go out and the more you are seen, why, the more "chances" they point out. What to do? Because I seem to be against this. For me, going out can often get to be unpleasant since it is obvious that if you go out often you are not going out with someone you love to be with constantly. If you had someone like this, you wouldn't need to go out. So you have to spend a lot of evenings in the company of people you are indifferent about.

Isn't this practice unfair to them as well as yourself?

I asked my mother. A girl is supposed to ask her mother. But mine doesn't like to give specific advice, unless she feels I really need it. Instead she asks me to think it out first and then helps me. Mother will go so far sometimes as to tell me what she would do in such and such a situation.

I told her once about being in a car with a boy when he got out of line. Here we were, miles out of town, and he wasn't fun any longer—he was trouble. Yet I wasn't really frightened for myself, I told her. I was frightened for both of us . . . hoping fervently that things wouldn't end up plain ugly. And I asked her what she would have done.

"What did you do?" she wanted to know first.

I told her. What I did was to start laughing. I don't know why, but I did. And after a few moments of indecision the boy had to laugh too, and somehow the situation lightened right up. Not only that, but he seemed grateful about it.

Another reason I don't go out too much is that I'd hate to fall into the habit of going out just to go out. There is a girl I know who used to do just that.

It got so that the headwaiter at Ciro's jokingly made out an employee's time-card for her so she could punch the clock when she came in every night.

One day, about a year ago, she got a call from a visitor from New York who told her that a mutual friend from Chicago had suggested he phone her for a date. They went out, and six months later the Chicago friend was in town and invited her to a dinner party. Seated across the table from her was a man who spoke to her as if he knew her. Later they got together and he proved to be the New Yorker she had been out with. She could recall where they had been that night, and what they had talked about to some extent. But she couldn't remember him. It wasn't because the man was colorless or a nonentity, she told me later. It was simply because she had been going out so often and with so many men that they had all merged into one figure . . . a sort of shadowy phantom who called for her, said the usual things, performed the customary services of an escort, and then vanished from her life.

"What a waste of time!" I had to say.

"Yes, and a waste of men," she agreed, thoughtfully. "A whole stream of them in my life, and not one who means more than another. There must be a better way."

Now another girl told me that I should go out only with important men. This, I learned, is a complete mistake. One of the worst nights I ever spent was in the company of such a man. He asked me for the date, I was advised to accept, and it was the first time I had ever been to Romanoff's. We also went to a private party and we wound up at the Mocambo. It was all for nothing. In the first place we couldn't meet on a conversational level, and in the second place he was too well-known to be allowed to give *me* any time.

We no sooner got to Romanoff's than a

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half dozen other couples who knew him plumped themselves down all around us at the table and from that moment on were permanent attachments. The flow of talk was the cheapest kind of personal prattle . . . the kind that is full of big, extravagant phrases but means nothing. I didn't speak 20 words to my escort. I felt like an ornament, not his date, and the worst of it was that I didn't know how to get out of it. Now I know. Don't go in the first place.

I have enjoyed myself more with a boy I met at dramatic school who couldn't even afford to buy me a hamburger.

For six months Vic Damone and I dated now and then, and only once went to a night club. We cooked at each other's homes. We tried to analyze and understand world affairs as well as show affairs. And once I baked him a chocolate cake that he kept eating for weeks—until it began to turn green, in fact. But we knew right from the start we were to be friends only.

A girl I work with says the best plan is to pitch yourself into your career and forget boys. Then, the first thing you know, someone interesting will show up. "What's to be will be," she assures me.

I start to think that way, too; then another friend says something that sounds just as wise. "A girl can always concentrate on her work if she wants to," this one tells me, "but you have only so many golden years and that's the time to go places, keep your eyes open, and make your bid."

How can two pieces of advice, with such opposite meanings, both sound so right? And which of the following contrasting viewpoints should you pick to guide you?

"Don't set your standards too high," I was told once. "After all, men are only human."

This sounded very good until I heard, "Never waste a second on a man who doesn't show high character. If he hasn't got that, he hasn't anything!"

At this minute, when we are starting my latest picture, *Oh, Money! Money!* there is a new man in my life. I don't know his name. Ever since the production began he has been sending flowers but no card. I am flattered. When he does show up, and if he is nice, it might be the beginning of something. And then again . . . who knows better than I that it might be the beginning of nothing? Where does this leave me? You said it. It sure is a problem! THE END

it's not a dream, debbie!

(*Continued from page 36*) she didn't find time to listen to her heart. I should include here the fact that she *did* date one boy quite often. He was on the football team and active in all sports and extra-curricular things around school. Sort of a male Debbie Reynolds, and I guess that's why she favored him above the others.

Debbie was a half-grade ahead of me, being three months older, and I first saw her in gym class when we were both 15. She stood out like a diamond in a trash can there, for three reasons. First, she was so darned good at sports—she could shinny up the ropes like a sailor and was so fast on the rings and bars that you couldn't keep track of what she was actually doing. Secondly, there was that Reynolds personality, a peppiness that makes her a standout in any crowd; and thirdly, the fact that she always looked so neat. I guess you could take the world's most beautiful female and put her in a gym suit, and you'd have a big blob of nothing, but Debbie always looked as though she'd stepped out of the pages of a fashion magazine.

Anyway, there we were, and because I was the average type of girl who went to parties with boys, Debbie and I didn't get any closer than greeting each other. That was before I met Bill Reynolds, Debbie's brother. He and I had mutual girl friends, and it was only natural that we'd get around to each other. When we did, I fell for the Reynolds personality and pretty soon knew that one day I'd have Debbie for a sister-in-law.

IT WAS a week after I met Bill that I had my first and only white rage at Debbie. The "Queen of Burbank Contest" was to be held on a night when I had my second date with Bill, a coincidence which was my Waterloo. Just when I'd finished dressing and had every curl in place, William phoned me with the bad news.

"I'm sorry, but I can't make it tonight," he told me.

"*What?*" I howled. "Why not?"

"It's my kid sister," he said. "She's in some sort of a contest, and my parents say I have to be down there at the Burbank something-or-other to watch over her."

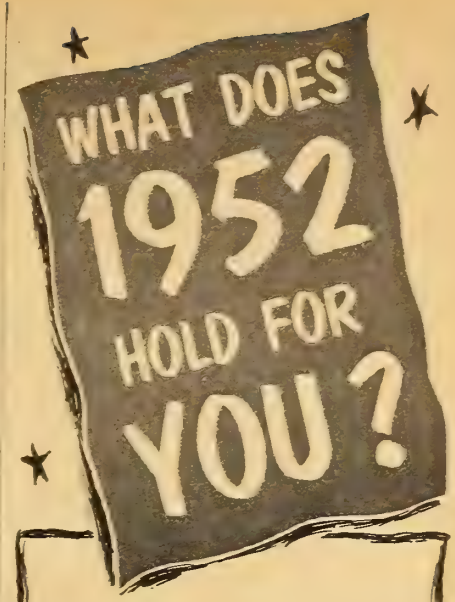
Debbie turned out to be the winner, and came home with her blue ribbons and my date, much too late for me to join him even for a hamburger at Bob's.

From then on, things really started popping for Debbie, but I was so shot through with butterflies that I don't suppose I paid much attention. Neither did Bill, for that matter, or anyone else in the gang. Debbie was still just "Bill's kid sister," and any of his friends who might have suggested that she accompany him to a dance had been so thoroughly rebuffed that they didn't ask a second time. No one was aware that she was shooting up to be a star. Bill would mention once in a while that he'd been over at Warners watching Debbie on a set, but nobody thought anything would come of it. Least of all Debbie herself, I guess. Concerning the screen test that resulted from the contest, her attitude was strictly nonchalant. "They'll give me the test and that'll be all there is to it. They *have* to do it—they promised it to the winner, and they're stuck."

It turned out that Debbie was stuck, instead, for what she had begun as a pure lark turned out to be a mighty interesting venture. She didn't talk much about it in those days, but we knew she was a goner because she didn't, for the first time in her life, complain about getting up early in the morning. Debbie has always remained in the hay as long as possible, and could sleep through an earthquake. These days, when she's working, she gets up at six in the morning and leaves the house by six-twenty, thereby establishing some sort of speed record. When she isn't working she stays in bed for hours, reading books or listening to Judy Garland recordings (she thinks Judy is the absolute end when it comes to talent), and making up in general for the sleep she lost when working.

Bill and I were married a year ago, and Debbie was at the wedding, bouncing all over the place as though she were attending a football game. I think she was fascinated only because in her eyes it was another activity, and one which she figured she might tackle herself some day.

When Bill went into the army last January and left for Camp Roberts, I went to live with Debbie and her parents, whom I call Maxene and Ray, at their request. It was the first time I had had an opportunity to really know Debbie, for Bill and I had continued to go around with our own



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crowd. Debbie didn't approve of said crowd, but then none of us had the talent for tooting a horn with the Burbank Youth Symphony Orchestra, or singing with the Choral Society, or marching with the Batoneers, or starting a fire with two sticks of wood—much less the executive capacity for running a half-dozen organizations around town.

As a matter of fact, I guess Debbie didn't approve of *me,* but if that was the case I'm sure she's changed her mind, for I've been living a year under the same roof and get along with her better than Bill does. He and Debbie have had the same relationship as most brother-and-sister acts. She's two years younger than he, and as a result was always tagging around after him when they were kids. Bill used to wish that Debbie would get interested in dolls and keep off the sandlot when he was trying to pitch a tight game. It soon got to the point where he ceased paying any attention to her at all, and this detached state of affairs went on for years until they grew up and each suddenly discovered that the other wasn't half bad, as people go.

Only one subject remained a sore point with them, and that was Debbie's disapproval of Bill's girl friends (before I got into the act, of course).

"For the life of me," she used to say, "I can't see what you see in *her.*"

"Who's asking you?" Bill would growl.

If Debbie had gone with any boy in particular, Bill could have come back at her with his own criticism, but the event wasn't forthcoming. He'd ask Maxene, "Mom, why doesn't Franny get serious about some guy?" And Maxene would answer, "Give her time, she has a lot of it. And when she does fall in love it will be for keeps."

DEBBIE and I now disagree on only one thing, and that's potato salad. She likes it with dill pickles and I prefer sweet; and when poor Maxene is trying to concoct a dish, she has Debbie over one shoulder and me over the other, touting for our favorite pickles.

There's one thing about living in the same house with Debbie—you always know she's there. When she comes home she drives her car into the driveway, comes to a squealing stop, slams the door and yells at the top of her voice, "I'm ho-ome!" As if we didn't already know.

It's impossible for Debbie to be quiet. She even talks in her sleep, and the only time her mouth stays closed for any length of time is when she's attending a movie. Movies charm her right out of her shoes—any kind of movies—and she sits there spellbound through the whole thing. Except that she makes up for it by munching popcorn with great gusto.

I've always loved clothes, but I guess I'll never equal my sister-in-law. With her contract safely signed, she had one wall of her bedroom knocked out and lined with an immense closet. Even with the original closet still available, things spill out into the room and it never manages to look tidy. Debbie herself is no help, for when she's going out, even if it's only for bowling with some girl friends, she'll put on six or seven complete outfits before feeling that she's appropriately rigged. By the time she's decided, there's no time to put away the discarded clothes, and Maxene says she's going to make a recording (long playing) that says nothing but, "Put your things away. Put your things away."

Debbie isn't home very much these days. When she isn't working she's off on some tour, and often does camp shows for the boys in service. She knocks herself out on these occasions, and her favorite is Travis Air Base near San Francisco, where they bring in the wounded evacuees from Korea. A person just can't keep up this pace all the time, and many a night Debbie is obviously tired. We know she's tired when she tries to sneak into bed without having dinner. Debbie has erratic eating habits, and sometimes skips whole meals because she claims she hasn't time to eat. If it weren't for milk, she'd starve to death. She drinks milk as soon as she's out of bed, and all day long, finishing off with another glass before she gets back in bed.

When she isn't tired, we're in for a ball, because Debbie is a clown at heart and puts on impromptu acts as long as she's vertical. She sings a lot around the house, in a voice ranging from a crazy falsetto to a strained bass, and while she used to render "Abba-Dabba Honeymoon" at least once a day, I think she's finally grown tired of it. The boys at the camps always request it, and despite the fact it's the song that helped make her famous, you can like one tune just so long. The only thing that's left for Debbie out of that one is her fondness for monkeys. At this point she is waging a campaign to bring a live one home, and Maxene is resisting with all the fortifications that a mother can put forth. When Debbie has run out of arguments, she brings up the dubious point that the animal would make a good pet for Gail, the baby born to Bill and me last September. The argument doesn't carry much weight, for at this early age Gail wouldn't know a monkey from her own mother. I don't think.

The advent of Gail was a thing that Debbie looked forward to with great anticipation. Such anticipation that when I told her about it last spring, she was crushed by the information that she would have to wait until the middle of August. "Well, hurry up," she said. "Isn't there something you can do about it?" When August had come and gone and we discovered that we'd figured wrong and wouldn't have the baby until mid-September, Debbie gave up the whole project in utter disbelief that she would ever be an aunt. As it happened, Gail was born on a Friday afternoon while Debbie was at the studio making *Singin' In The Rain.* She didn't know about it until she came home at eight that night, and was in a big twit because she had to leave the next morning for an air base in Omaha. When she and Gail and I finally came home where we belonged, Debbie was very polite about the fact that the baby was a girl. With all those uncles and fond memories of tetherball, etc., she had been all set for a nephew, but the disappointment didn't last long. By this time, when Maxene is doing the dishes and I'm mixing the formula, Gail is given into the care of Debbie, who promptly snatches her up and goes into anything ranging from ballet to jitterbugging, a jouncing pastime which delights the baby.

I'm happy that my daughter and sister-in-law get along so well, particularly in view of the fact that Gail has done her darndest to draw Debbie's dislike. For two solid months the baby was afflicted with colic, and it seemed she made a point of howling the minute Debbie got up to go to work. She quieted down as soon as Debbie left the house, then started up again in the evening when she heard her aunt's car screech into the driveway. Debbie has forgiven her all this, but I notice a change in her attitude toward babies. She likes children and always has, figuring that six would make a likely brood. But lately, between the colic and the two-hour feeding schedule that disrupted the entire house, Debbie has given some brief thought to adopting all six when they are safely out of the infant stage.

In the meantime, all she has to worry about is this career business. She still doesn't believe it, and dreams of going to college so that she can be qualified as a gym teacher and have something to fall back on when "all this glamor routine blows over." I don't think it's going to blow over, and all you have to do is look at Debbie to know that. It's amazing how she's perked up since beginning her movie work. When I first knew her she wore no makeup except a little lipstick, and now, while she doesn't go into complications about cosmetics, she looks so much prettier. She was always neat, but these days—well, it sort of stuns me when I think of it, but I do believe Debbie is getting to be glamorous. I guess the thought would stun her, too, but it's the truth. It isn't anything she works at—it's just beginning to steal over her, that's all.

I suppose the family first realized it when that strange boy began hanging around the house. Seems he'd seen her in a movie and fallen in love with her. Our phone number was still listed in the book, and after calling up all the Reynolds in Los Angeles, he struck our house, copied the address and came around the next night. Nobody was home but Ray, who invited the boy in to watch television. After that, he showed up wherever Deb happened to be, and that included crashing the studio. He was a nice enough kid, but Debbie doesn't have enough time to devote to her old friends, let alone new ones, and finally had to ask him to stay in his own bailiwick.

Next thing we knew she received a letter from an old friend of Bill's, now in the army, and although he'd always known her as Franny, the kid sister, the letter was addressed most respectfully to Miss Debbie Reynolds. And not long after that another army friend of Bill's, who years ago hadn't even bothered to speak to Debbie, stopped by when on leave to ask her for an autographed picture.

Well, things are happening all right, and the prize square of John Burroughs High is turning into a social circle all by herself. And as glamorous females seldom choose a career of drilling schoolchildren in their exercises, I very much doubt that a gymnasium will ever see Mary Frances Reynolds again. Instead, Debbie Reynolds will be confining her appearances to the silver screens of the nation.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Vic Damone was playing a singing engagement in Cleveland, there was a little girl in the audience who was so smitten with him that she kept trying to make her way up the steps leading to the stage, much to the amusement of the audience.

Apparently Vic noticed her too, for in the middle of one of his numbers, he suddenly stopped singing and walked off the stage, picked up the little girl in his arms, carried her onto the stage and finished singing the song directly to her.

Ruth Shapiro
Cleveland, Ohio

(*Continued from page 50*) buy more and raise lots of horses. I remembered reading in the paper that L. B. Mayer had made millions breeding blooded racing stock. And at the annual California yearling sales, bright prospects for handicap purses sold for as much as $100,000. I thought this ranch was the business that was going to give me security when I got too old to work in pictures."

Sue Ladd is not as hasty in decisions or conclusions as Alan. As a matter of fact, she was quite horrified when she learned that Alan had committed himself to buy the property without a good deal more investigation into the value of the land and the horse-raising business. However, there'd been a handshake on the deal, and they were stuck with it, so they set about trying to make a success of their new enterprise.

The development of the ALSULANA ACRES was a long, dreary process. In the initial fervor of acquiring the place, Alan hadn't given a thought to water or electricity. There was a well, but the windmill which pumped it must have been the one that had had a tiff with Don Quixote, for it was in a miserable state of disrepair. Alan spent days climbing the rigging, adjusting the vanes, cleansing the pipe, filtering water, and doing a thousand other mechanical chores. Finally, he had sufficient water flowing into a small cement reservoir to supply drink for the few head of horses they had immediately purchased, and to irrigate some of the grazing land. He learned that it would cost him a fortune to get electric power into the site, but there was nothing he could do about it. And the scope of the farm terrified him.

"I never realized," he said, "how big an area 25 acres was until I had to water and farm it. I used to lie in bed at night and dream it was bigger than Texas."

The first year, of course, was the hardest. The stables had to be converted into a home. This was done one two-stall compartment at a time. The compartments were thoroughly cleaned, new board flooring was put in, the rooms fumigated and painted, decorated tastefully, and furnished in a homely motif. Then another one went through the routine, until it became possible for the Ladds to take their family to the ranch on week-ends and give the kids a little exercise while they worked. The living room was formerly the quarters assigned to the storing of tack and equipment. A flagstone extension was added on the front which gave the room a semblance of size, and if you have seen the pictures of this room, you know that it was decorated beautifully like an Early American country farm house. The Ladds found it necessary to build another small extension onto the main room for kitchen equipment. They installed stoves, and icebox and sink in this section.

There were many amusing incidents relative to the development of the Ladd ranch. For instance, there was the time that Alan, begging his business manager for more pipe to be used in irrigation, was told the investment couldn't be made at that time. But a short while later, at Christmas, a big truck drove up to the ranch loaded with iron pipe, a huge red ribbon tied around it and a pretty card bearing the inscription: "Merry Christmas to Alan from Sue." He says it was one of the nicest Christmas presents he ever got.

Then there was the present of the blooded mare, which Sue presented her husband on Father's Day—purchased, of course, out of the ALSULANA Retirement Fund.

Sue had the mare brought out to the ranch shortly after they took it over. The animal was in foal and was to be the first forebear of a long line of Ladd-bred race horses. Alan was so delighted with his prize, that when he and Sue decided to go for a ride across the country that evening, he suggested they take the beast along, led by a halter. Things went beautifully until they were seven or eight miles away from home, at which time the mare bolted, snapped the halter, and took off like Seabiscuit into the gathering dusk. Alan spurred his horse and went after the animal like a regular cowboy. Sue, of little use in this situation, returned to the ranch to wait for him. At four o'clock the next morning, after six solid hours in the saddle, Alan came home admitting that he was not the greatest horse herder in the world after dark. Sue set about giving him something to eat, only to learn that both the water and electricity had failed. They sat in their darkened converted stable in the flickering light of a small candle bemoaning the fate of amateur ranchers.

"If anyone had come along right then," Alan said, "he could have bought the whole outfit for a two bit piece with a hole in it."

It was no great comfort to either of them when they learned the next morning that Alan had, without knowing it, herded the horse into an enclosed pasture, and that he had been chasing it around in this confine for the better part of the night.

The same animal was also responsible for another sleepless night at the Ladd ranch without warning, and at a very inconvenient hour, the mare decided to present her new owners with their first filly. There was no telephone on the property and the birth appeared to be so imminent that Alan decided there was no time to go looking for a vet. Fate appointed him an equine obstetrician.

"It was the funniest thing you ever saw," said Sue. "Alan was a combination horse doctor and father, and he ran around like a demented person trying to see that the foal came along all right and looking for sympathy from me."

Actually there was more to it than that. The mare was the basis of their breeding stock, had cost them a pretty penny, and could have put them firmly in the red at the outset, if anything had gone wrong.

ALAN got himself into quite a situation with Warner Brothers—his new bosses, by the way, during the early days of building the ranch. He was leveling ground, using bulldozers and tractors, when a Warner company began shooting outdoor scenes for *Stallion Road* right across from his property. Shortly after the shooting started, a production manager from the movie troupe walked over to Alan's property and asked him if he would mind shutting off the tractors and the other gasoline equipment. Alan informed him that it would be impossible. The men and equipment were costing him a pretty penny an hour and he couldn't afford to shut them down just so somebody could make an old movie. The man left, but in a little while he came back with the producer and director of the picture.

"See here, Alan," they said, "you're in the picture business. You know what our problem is. We can't shoot with all that racket going on."

"I know," said Alan, "but right now you're talking to Alan Ladd, rancher and racehorse breeder, and I just can't shut down my work with all these men here at your convenience. Why don't you come back and shoot some day when we're doing something quiet, like hoeing?"

It was all worked out amicably, though. The studio installed a series of flagmen between the camera and Alan's foreman, and when a scene was about to be shot, the flagmen would signal one another by lowering their pennants, and Alan and his crew would stand quietly by until the scene was finished. The studio had agreed to pay Alan for the time his men were forced to be idle. So an impartial party kept track of the minutes on a stop watch.

"It didn't do much good, though," said Alan. "I think I got about six bucks."

Another amusing incident was the gift to the ALSULANA organization of a deep freeze by a friend who admired the Ladds' spunk. Alan set the box up on a cement platform, tickled pink at the idea he had got something for nothing. The first rainfall, however, proved to him that it was necessary to put a roof over the box, which he did. And then a wind came up. This necessitated the erection of walls, and before Alan got through, the "house" to shelter his gift icebox had cost him more than if he had bought the thing himself.

It would be nice to say at this point that the almost six years the Ladds have put into the ALSULANA ACRES have been prosperous and profitable—but that is not true. One of the reasons is that some of the horses Alan and Sue have produced haven't run as fast as they were supposed to. Another is that people just don't seem to be spending much more than $150 for thoroughbred yearlings, whereas breeding fees, veterinary assistance, and feed cost more than that before the horse is a few months old. However, the Ladds are in so deep now that it would be impossible for them to get out without taking a serious loss and, oddly enough, they are still convinced that the ranch will pay off. At the moment they are concentrating on the raising of a small herd of Black Angus cattle and are installing good-sized structures to be used as chicken coops so that they can go into the egg and poultry business.

A typical day on the ranchland goes like this:

Alan, Sue and the kids leave home about five o'clock in the morning, and drive 45 miles to the ranch. They are greeted by Sturge, their foreman, who has their activities outlined for them. The whole family, including Sue and the kids, get into dungarees and set to work feeding chickens and gathering eggs. When this is completed, they go into the barn where the eggs are sorted, washed and crated, and placed on a truck to be shipped to the market. After a hasty lunch, the gang pitches in for mending fences, stringing wire, repairing the considerable electrical and gasoline gadgets used on the land. Then comes feeding time for the chickens, hogs, cattle and horses and after that dinner. While it is still light, Alan and Sturge go up on a small hill, where they are building a workmen's house with their own hands, and labor until they feel it is time to go to bed.

There are moments of fun, however, at ALSULANA ACRES. There is the fresh air and the clean smells and the knowledge that they are working in their own earth. There is the sense of accomplishing something from personal toil. There are the happy, friendly gabfests around the fire at night, when everyone is relaxed and yawning. There are the quick dips in the irrigation reservoir, when the family plays like kids at a new swimming hole. And there are the moments at sunset when Alan and Sue stand in their own doorway and look across their fields with their arms around one another and Alan kisses Sue on the cheek and says:

"Honey, you sorry I delivered that desk?"

And Sue looks up at him and thinks of all the fun it has been and says:

"No, darling. I've never been sorry for a minute."

THE END

(*Alan Ladd's latest film is* Shane—ED.)

(*Continued from page 16*) of Dana putting his children to bed the night before he leaves —and gives you a sort of good feeling about the eternal hopefulness of the American people.

Cast: Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire, Farley Granger.—Goldwyn-RKO

STARLIFT

This is the *Hollywood Canteen* of the Korean war. Only instead of staying home, movie stars hop aboard government supplied airplanes and swoop off to entertain the boys at a nearby air-base. They sing, they dance, they tell funny stories. They wave goodbye to the kids on the way over, and "Hi" to those who are coming home. Everybody who is anybody on the Warners lot puts in an appearance somewhere. The musical numbers are swell for the most part. The only dud is a huge production number featuring Phil Harris and wasting Gary Cooper who manages to get a line in now and then. There's a love story, too. Soldier meets home town girl turned movie star. They romance; they rift, they're brought together by a General. But never mind the story. It's the spirit that counts. And that's good!

Cast: Doris Day, Janice Rule, Ruth Roman, Ron Haggerthy.—Warners.

MY FAVORITE SPY

If you were the United States government, and you had to trust somebody to be transported to Tangier with one million dollars for the purchase of microfilm, would you pick Bob Hope? Neither would the U. S. government. That's its predicament. An international spy who looks exactly like Bob is on his way to this microfilm when he's shot by FBI men, and the poor government is forced to take a chance on shipping lily-livered burlesque comic Hope to Tangier, with a prayer that he can get to the secret film before anybody figures out his real identity. Government agents try to train Bob to act suave and romantic, but he's crying on the inside, let me tell you. In Tangier, ensues a spy story, complete with gorgeous Hedy Lamarr, and menacing Francis L. Sullivan. The whole thing is a riot.

Cast: Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr, Francis L. Sullivan.—Paramount.



THE LADY SAYS NO

"Life" photographer David Niven sets out to do a story on—and incidentally reform—Joan Caulfield, the writer of a best-seller on why women are better off without men. Does this sound familiar? I wish I could tell you that he—Niven—fails miserably; that she—Joan—maintains her convictions; and that the picture at least has a surprise ending, but I can't. She—Joan—slings her book into the sea, and collapses into his—Niven's—arms in a perfectly routine and suggestive way. (She archly informs him that she wants to learn 28 ways to say yes, and she'll never say no no more.) One of the most idiotic scripts in years is livened up by a number of really good comic characterizations, and the one I liked best was turned in by Lenore Lonergan, as the warm-blooded wife of an army sergeant.

Cast: Joan Caulfield, David Niven, James Robertson Justice.—United Artists.



LET'S MAKE IT LEGAL

As a fine figger of a grandmother, Claudette Colbert romps around having more fun. She's in the process of divorcing her husband of 20 years (Macdonald Carey) because for 20 years he's been gambling, and she's had enough. Horses, dice, poker—you name it, and Carey'll indulge in it. Their grown-up married daughter is dismayed by the divorce, while their son-in-law is anxious for Claudette to re-marry, so that he can move out on his own with his wife and baby, instead of sharing Claudette's home. Along comes millionaire Zachary Scott who's up for some terrific Washington diplomatic post, and who, incidentally, was once Claudette's best beau. He woos her, she wins him, but champagne, and moonlight and dreams of the Riviera notwithstanding, it's hard to believe Claudette will go through with her second marriage. After all, there's that loathsome 20-year-man of hers, and you can't take 20 loathsome years lightly. Highly unbelievable, but amusing in spots.

Cast: Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey, Zachary Scott.—20th Century-Fox.



MEET DANNY WILSON

Meet Danny Wilson is the story of a young singer (Frankie) and his piano player-bodyguard pal (Alex Nicol) who rise to the bigtime via the efforts of a girl (Shelley Winters and her gangster boss). There's a love triangle, and some shooting-it-up-with-the-mob-boys stuff, but the thing that's most enjoyable is the way the movie parallels certain events in Frankie's real life story, for nostalgic kicks. He sings some of his best old numbers ("All of Me," "She's Funny That Way"), there are scenes of him being swooned over and mobbed at the Paramount and wherever he goes. The acting is fresh and easy—Alex Nicol being particularly attractive—and the scenes of New York and Hollywood life have a nice reality you don't often find in movies. I enjoyed *Meet Danny Wilson*. You're going to like it, too.

Cast: Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters, Alex Nicol.—Universal-International.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6-7—Parry-Beerman, 8—Associated Press, 10—Lt. Acme, Cen. Bob Beerman, Rt. Warner Bros., 12—Lt. Universal, Rt. Bruce Bailey, 14—MGM, 19—Top Republic, Bot. Beerman-Parry, 20—Top Walt Davis, Top Next Bob Beerman, Center Bert Parry, Next Bottom, Bot. Bot. Bruce Bailey, 21—Republic, 22—Lt. MGM, Top Rt. Columbia, Bot. Rt. MGM, 23—Top Far Lt., Top Cen. Lt., Top Cen. Rt. MGM, Top Far Rt., Cen. Far. Lt. 20th Century-Fox Cen. Cen. Lt. Universal, Cen. Cen. Rt. 20th Century-Fox, Cen. Far Rt. MGM, Bot. Far Rt., Bot. Cen. Rt. 20th Century-Fox, Bot. Cen. Lt. MGM, Bot. Far Lt. Columbia, 25—Top and Cen. Bob Beerman, Bot. Universal, 26—Beerman-Parry, 29—Wide World, 30—Lt., Lt. Cen., Rt. Cen. Bob Beerman, 31—Bunny Sexton, 32—MGM, 33—Bob Beerman, 34—Universal, 35—Beerman-Parry, 36—Bob Beerman, 40-41—Beerman-Parry, 42—Top Bert Parry, 43—Bot. Rt. I.N.S., Bot. Lt. Associated Press, 46—Top, Cen. Julia King, Bot. Chase News Photos, 47—I.N.S., 48—Joe Heppner, 49—Top Mal Bullock, Bot. Joe Heppner, 50—Top Lt. Paramount, Cen. Lt., Bot. Lt. Joe Heppner, Top Rt. Paramount, 53—Beerman-Parry, 54—Top Rt. Beerman-Parry, Cen. Lt. Mal Bullock, Bot. Paramount, 55—Beerman-Parry, 56—Rt. Paramount, Lt. Beerman-Parry, 57—Rt. Paramount, Lt. Beerman-Parry.



WAS GRANDPA CORNY?

When I was young, grandpa was so embarrassing...

If anyone questioned his pet brands, he'd take it as a personal insult.

Once, when an old crony made some slurring remarks about grandpa's favorite brand of pipe tobacco, he refused to speak to the man for two years.

But he was most embarrassing about that car of his. He'd bought it back in 1919... and from that day on, he took full credit for everything about it.

Whenever he saw another car of the same make, he'd go up to the owner like the fellow was a long-lost brother. He'd button-hole perfect strangers, and practically kiss 'em!

To a small boy it was agony... could anything be *cornier?*

As I grew older, I began to see that having brand names you could look for and *trust,* wasn't a bad idea at that.

Maybe it is "corny" to think of familiar brands as old friends...

But it's good to know exactly what you're getting. It's reassuring to realize that most manufacturers of brand name products spend money for research and quality control to make their brands live up to their name.

They know the best way to make money is to make *friends!*

Every day thousands of these brands are fiercely competing for your friendship... trying to give you *more and more value and quality.*

If value, and better products, and better living are "corn," let's have more of it.

As you study the ads in these pages, remember... brand names are names of friends you can *count on!*

Whenever you buy—

demand the brand you want

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Created by Procter & Gamble

New Prell leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'

...actually more radiant than cream or soap shampoos!

More Radiant! New Prell's new cleansing action is simply sensational! Ounce for ounce it leaves hair *more radiant than any other leading shampoo!* Try it once and your hair will simply sparkle . . . you'll see the radiant difference immediately, no matter what soap or cream shampoo you may have been using.

Softer! Exciting New Prell leaves your hair divinely soft—as soft and smooth as finest silk —yet so *obedient!* You'll love the way hair falls into place—the way it sets so easily in glamorous curls and waves.

Younger-Looking! New Prell leaves your hair actually looking *younger*—sparkling with exquisite radiance—even though it seemed dull or "lifeless" before. Now at your favorite shampoo counter . . . get New Prell today . . . it's truly the *shampoo miracle!*

Procter & Gamble makes you this "Extra-Radiance" Guarantee

Try one shampoo with New Prell —and if you can't see how much more sparkling and "*radiantly alive*" your hair is . . . return the unused portion to New Prell, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, and you will receive *double your money back.*



AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

6. 20¢



e startling loves of Liz Taylor

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Hollywood's most tragic people
by Louella Parsons

Why Shelley didn't marry Farley!
by Hedda Hopper

What's wrong with the Stewart Grangers?
by Sheilah Graham

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Count on Camay to take your skin "Out of the Shadows" and into the light of New Loveliness!



This beautiful bride, Mrs. William D. Harden, declares: "After I changed to regular care and Camay, my skin became clearer so quickly I was astonished!"

Like this Camay bride, you'll discover that your First Cake of Camay helps to clear and brighten your skin!



ANY GIRL who has romance and wedded bliss as her goal won't let dullness dim the natural beauty of her complexion and come between her and her heart's desire!

Don't let shadows veil your natural beauty! Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

A lovelier complexion will soon greet your eye—if you'll change to regular care—use Camay alone. Your skin will be clearer, softer, really lovelier, before you finish your *first cake* of Camay.

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap. Camay is so mild! And what a rich, creamy lather Camay gives you. See your skin come "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Wake your sleeping beauty—head to toes!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings all your skin head to toes that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Use the big Beauty-Bath Size Camay for more lather, luxury and economy!



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(BREATH NOT AS SWEET, TEETH NOT AS CLEAN AS THEY CAN BE)





Ipana keeps your whole mouth cleaner, sweeter, sparkling!

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Yes, cleansing with Ipana Tooth Paste helps keep your whole mouth healthy. No "Tell-Tale Mouth" for you! Get Ipana today.

Ipana
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Your own taste warns of "Tell-Tale Mouth"



THAT STALE, FURRY TASTE—OFTEN IT'S A SIGN OF "TELL-TALE MOUTH." (TEETH AND BREATH NOT AS CLEAN AS CAN BE)...



BRUSH TEETH WITH IPANA AND NOTE THE LIVELIER TASTE AND TINGLE AS IPANA'S ACTIVE SPARKLING FOAM GOES TO WORK...



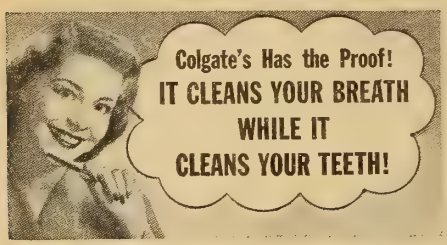
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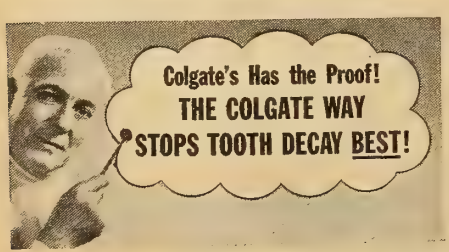
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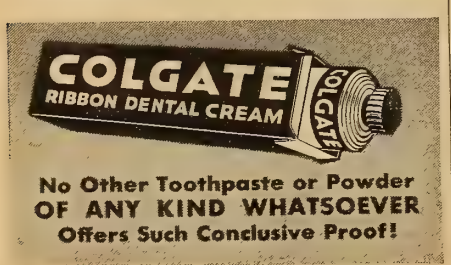
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FEBRUARY, 1952 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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The battle for Texas
and the battle of the sexes!

M-G-M presents

CLARK GABLE ★ AVA GARDNER
BRODERICK CRAWFORD



in

LONE STAR



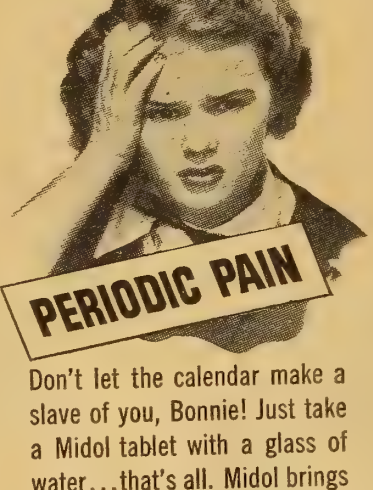
with

LIONEL BARRYMORE BEULAH BONDI

Screen Play by BORDEN CHASE · Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN · Produced by Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN

An M-G-M Picture

Bonnie's BLUE



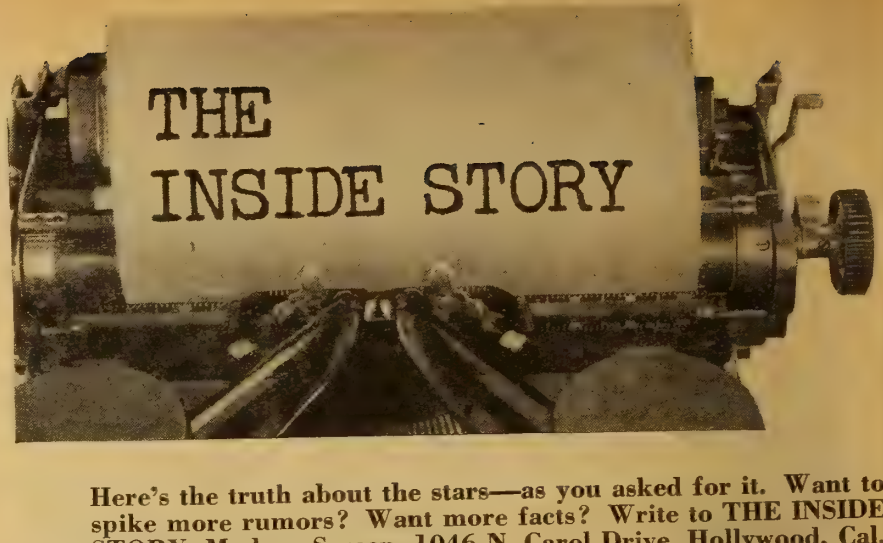
Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain —it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. F-22, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Does Joan Crawford have a family, I mean any sisters or brothers? If so, why don't we ever hear of them?
—T. T., New York, N. Y.

A. *Joan has a mother and brother who live in Los Angeles under the family name of Le Seuer. They see Joan frequently, but don't like to take part in her professional life and therefore don't want any publicity.*

Q. I understand that Gary Cooper and Pat Neal plan to marry sometime this year. When do you think the wedding will take place? —B. N., Chicago, Ill.

A. *The wedding will probably never take place. By the time you read this, Gary and Rocky Cooper should be reconciled. Coop was quite taken with Pat but he is 22 years older than she and didn't feel a happy marriage was in the cards for them.*

Q. Is it true that Audie Murphy's best friend had Audie's salary attached because the actor wouldn't pay his debts?
—F. T., Dallas, Texas

A. *Murphy always pays his bills. Until he signed a contract with Universal a few months ago at $1,000 a week, his finances were in a very muddled state. However, they are all straightened out and his salary is not under attachment.*

Q. When the Jack Benny troupe hits the road, how come Rochester stays in hotels which ordinarily permit no Negro guests? —G. F., Marion, S. C.

A. *Jack Benny will not stay in any hotel which does not welcome all the members of his cast regardless of race, color, or creed.*

Q. Now that she's proved such a big success in vaudeville, isn't Judy Garland a cinch to return to Metro and Hollywood? —B S., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *No. She may return to Hollywood eventually, but it is highly doubtful if she will return to Metro.*

Q. Isn't Jane Powell pregnant again? Isn't that why she collapsed while making a personal appearance in Cleveland?
—A. W., Shaker Heights, Ohio

A. *She collapsed because of nervous exhaustion, after doing five shows a day for 14 consecutive days.*

Q. Our local newspaper carries a daily humor column by Bob Hope. Does Hope write this himself?
—V. F., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Bob has a staff of six gag-writers. Each takes a weekly turn at the column.*

Q. How was Rex Harrison treated when he returned to Hollywood a few months ago after making all those blasts about the film capital?
—F. L., New York, N. Y.

A. *He was treated coldly in many circles, which is understandable since Harrison was so outspoken in his criticism.*

Q. A little while ago I read that Dan Dailey was going to marry Jane Nigh. Is this true? —V. C., Toronto, Can.

A. *He may marry Jane eventually, but as of this writing, Dailey hasn't proposed. He has said that he will not get married for at least two more years.*

Q. Do most big stars have script approval? If they don't want to act in a certain story, must they?
—B. B., Tulsa, Okla.

A. *They don't have script approval, for the most part. They don't have to act in a story they don't like, but their studio may put them on suspension.*

Q. Janie Powell and Elizabeth Taylor were both married in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, which is Catholic. Aren't both of these girls Protestants or were they converted?
—T. E., Pawtucket, R. I.

A. *They are still Protestant.*

Q. How come Kirk Douglas' real name has been given as Isadore Danielovitch, Izzy Dempster, and Irving Daniels? Which is the correct one?
—Y. C., Amsterdam, N. Y.

A. *The first.*

Q. Is it true that Gene Kelly wants to stop dancing and become a director instead? —A. G., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Kelly is already a director. He plans to continue dancing as long as his legs and stamina hold out. Probably another 20 years.*

The kind of a motion picture that walks right into your heart!



She was young and oh so wise – but when she kissed she closed her eyes... until she met the guy who opened them... wide ...and wonderful!







THE MARRIAGE BROKER! She brings people together and gives love a shove in the right direction!

Jeanne CRAIN in "The Model and the Marriage Broker"

co-starring SCOTT BRADY · THELMA RITTER

with Zero MOSTEL · Michael O'SHEA · Helen FORD · Frank FONTAINE · Dennie MOORE · John ALEXANDER · Jay C. FLIPPEN

Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT · Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · Written by CHARLES BRACKETT, WALTER REISCH and RICHARD BREEN

20th CENTURY-FOX



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Gene Kelly and his wife, Betsy Blair, arrive at the premiere of Gene's latest movie, *An American In Paris*. This MGM super-musical may win the "best picture" Academy Award for 1951. Gene's already planning a new ballet-conscious film.

LANA, THAT ONE-MAN WOMAN, IS AFLAME ABOUT FERNANDO LAMAS . . . AVA GARDNER WANTS TO BE A MOTHER *RIGHT*

I HAVE a strong, strong, strong hunch that Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding will be married in January.

When Elizabeth came back from London I wouldn't have given you a plugged nickel for her romance with the good-looking English actor who just seems to "kill" the ladies—including Marlene Dietrich.

After her arrival in New York, when Liz thought her romance with Wilding had hit the skids, she beckoned to Nicky Hilton to come back despite Nick's supposed engagement to Betsy Von Furstenberg.

Liz and Nicky met in her hotel suite, visited with her uncle, Howard Taylor, in Connecticut and a reconciliation MIGHT have been effected if word hadn't come that after many years of marriage Wilding's wife, Kay Young, was divorcing him behind closed doors in London. That ended the reconciliation with Nicky where Liz was concerned.

If there was a chance of her getting Wilding, she didn't want anybody else. That's how hard our gal had tumbled for him in London.

Right on the heels of his divorce, Wilding arrived in New York. Oddly—or perhaps it isn't too odd—his first visit was to his old flame, Marlene Dietrich. It was also his last visit. Could it be that Mike, the perfect gentleman, had bade farewell to his former love before devoting himself to the new love?

Anyway, at this writing, Liz and the devastating Britisher are terrifically in love and something tells me it will be a wedding.

Their ages? Liz is 19. Mike is 39.

LANA TURNER is a one-man woman . . . one man at a time, I mean. When she is in love, it's no one else but Mr. Man of the Moment for Lana.

It's Fernando Lamas who has captured all her time and attention these days and nights. Daytimes, he makes love to Lana in front of the cameras in *The Merry Widow*. Evenings, he makes love to Lana—period.

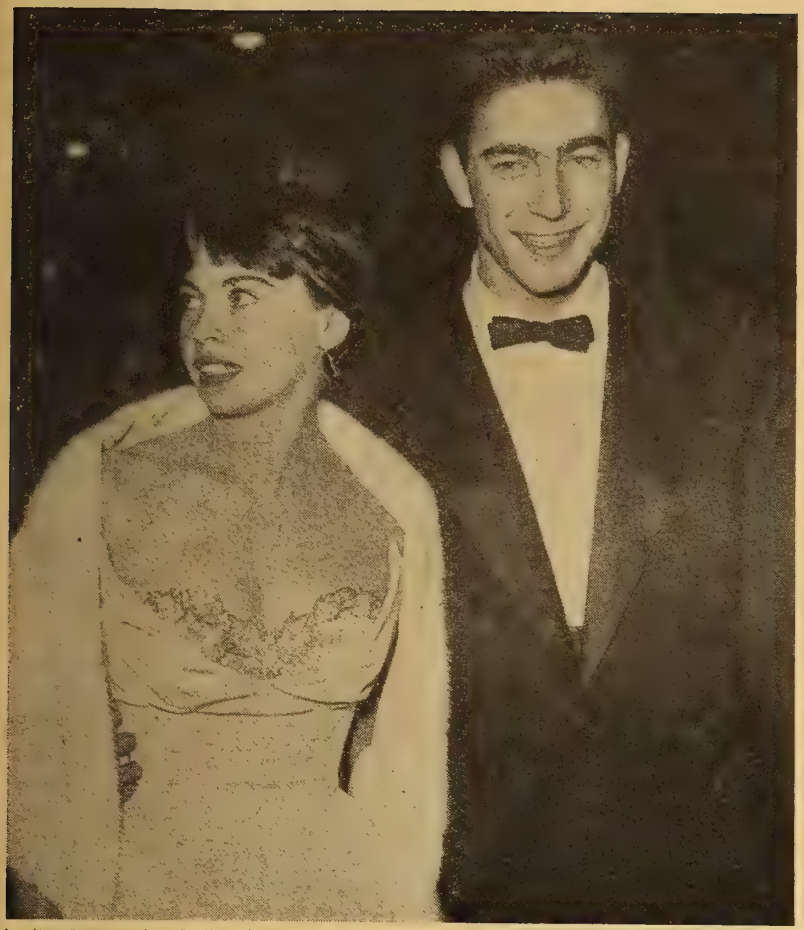
Fernando is the nearest thing to a torrid lover in her life since Turhan Bey. He (Lamas) is a South American who kizzes zee hand, bows from zee waist and acts as though he had never lived before he met Lana.

Whether he LIVED or not, Lamas was most definitely married to a South American beauty who followed him to this country and then took a quick trip home when she found out the way the wind was blowing.

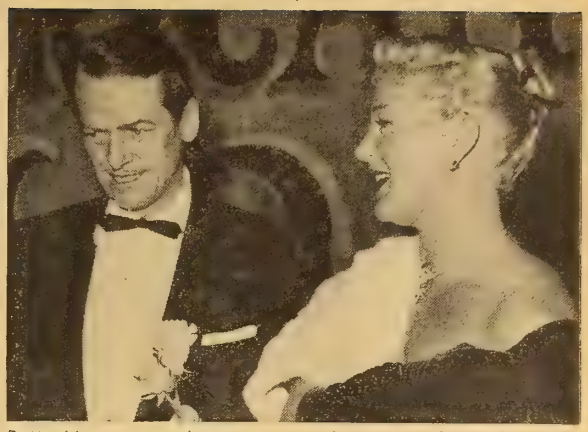
Apparently, she did not want to hold on to Fernando very much (they had separated several times) and she is not in the least in love with her husband. But before bidding adieu to Hollywood AND Fernando, she arranged for the alimony that would bring her and their little daughter back to this country.

Lana has some alimony problems of her own. She has not been able to file for divorce from Bob Topping because they cannot reach an agreement on money matters.

Whether Lamas gets more than a "separate maintenance" parting from his wife remains to be seen. Divorce is rare in South America



Leslie Caron, the Gallic dancing sensation who co-starred with Gene, slipped in to *American In Paris* premiere unnoticed, was mobbed by fans when she came out. With her was her American husband, George Hormel, the meat packing heir.



Betty Hutton was the most vivacious star in the audience at the *American* premiere. Reason was dance director, Charles O'Curran. "He's the greatest in the world!" Betty says.



Lana Turner's premiere date was Fernando Lamas, her co-star in MGM's *The Merry Widow*. He's her constant companion on and off the set but is shy about calling it love. So's Lana.

AWAY . . . WILL LIZ TAYLOR BE MRS. MICHAEL WILDING COME THE DAWN OF 1952? . . . SHELLEY AND FARL ARE FINI.

because of strict religious beliefs.

A LEGEND to last long after the Angel Gabriel blows his trumpet is the story of Clifton Webb's devotion to his mother, Maybelle. Mrs. Webb has been in very bad health and she was in St. John's Hospital for weeks.

While she was away, Clifton redecorated Maybelle's room in the palest yellow and it is so beautiful that it could be used to illustrate a page at least in one of the better home magazines.

Clifton invited some of us . . . about 80 . . . for a "preview" of the room with dinner following prepared as only the fastidious Mr. Webb does things. The food, I must say, was the best (and richest!) I've eaten since I started to be conscious of my figure.

It was a wonderful party with Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart (close pals of Clifton's); Linda and Ty Power . . . Linda chatters incessantly about that new baby . . . and many other well known players and friends of Clifton's attending.

OVERHEARD in the fitting room of Don Loper's swank salon:

Fitter to Ava Gardner Sinatra: "Madame, you have the most gorgeous figure I have ever seen."

Ava Gardner Sinatra to fitter: "It won't be for long! We want a baby *right away!*"

Ava tells an amusing story about their honeymoon in Havana. Some Cuban friends took over a cafe and a small band playing there to welcome her and Frank to Havana.

The rhumba-happy musicians had been asked to play "Here Comes The Bride" when Ava and Frankie entered. They DID—as it's never been played before! Not knowing "Here Comes The Bride" beyond the opening stanza, they swung into "Happy Birthday To You" and wound up on "Stars and Stripes Forever."

What's that old copybook maxim about "familiarity breeds contempt"?

Maybe that's pretty strong to say in writing about Shelley Winters and Farley Granger but Shell and Farl are as cold as a dead mackerel. They saw all the shows in New York together, they went to Europe together and came back together. And then the deep freeze set in.

SHELLEY, who is always copy for the newsboys, came out with a story that she had found the "real love" of her life—a Vittorio Gassman, Italian actor, whom she described as the Laurence Olivier of Italy, "only better looking and a better actor"!

He responded by inviting Shell to come to Italy and play in his picture.

However, this great "new love" is not keeping Shelley from alternating nightly dates with handsome Vince Edwards (he looks like Burt Lancaster's double) and Sidney Chaplin, actor son of Charlie Chaplin.

No one knows how much Shelley cares about any of these gents but she certainly



Are you in the know?

When you don't know the party guests, should you —

☐ *Plunge in boldly* ☐ *Pause at the doorway*

Before you cross a crowded room—of strangers—better get your bearings. Instead of anteloping in (only to flounder midway, flustered), pause at the door long enough to spy your hostess. Then beeline (but s-l-o-w-l-y) in her direction; she'll take over from there. Even if it's "that" time, don't dismay. You'll be comfortable, confident with Kotex. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; *holds its shape* for hours.



Which lipstick makes teeth look whiter?

☐ *Blue-red* ☐ *Orange-red* ☐ *Brown-red*

Your uppers-and-lowers lack that alabaster look? Along with faithful brushwork, pucker-paint helps. To make teeth seem whiter, blue-red's the lipstick hue for you. And on sanitary protection days, learn what a difference it makes, poise-wise, to choose a "just-for-you" absorbency of Kotex. (3 different sizes, for different days.)



Know a quick pick-up for a wilted veil?

☐ *A little light refreshment* ☐ *Waxed paper*

If you haven't time for ironing—try this: Slide the tired veil quickly back and forth on a lighted lamp bulb. Slick, last-minute way to crisp that glamour-wisp! Of course, to outwit *calendar* emergencies, you're smart to buy Kotex—in advance. That special *safety center* gives *extra* protection, and those *flat pressed ends* prevent "outlines"!



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Want to get "certain" facts *straight*?

☐ *Ask Sis* ☐ *See a librarian* ☐ *Read "V.P.Y."*

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, *free* booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and dont's a girl should *know*. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address Room 42, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Michael Wilding accompanied Liz Taylor and her pet poodle when they flew to Hollywood from New York. Liz may be married soon after you read this. (*See story on page 28.*)

gives us columnists something to write about—that none of us can deny.

THE story sent out by one Private First Class Charles Slotik that our GI's are tired of such tried and true favorites as Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr, Esther Williams and others, serves to remind us that we are all of us growing older, darling.

PFC's cutting comment was, "The fellows don't admire the same girls their uncles did in the last war. They're too old for us."

I just can't believe the merciless, frank Private Slotik is speaking for all the boys. I know the terrific numbers of requests for photos of Lana, Betty, Rita, Hedy, Esther that flood their studios. And they are mainly from service men.

I was thinking, "Who among the young favorites do they want if the leading glamor girls belong to the last war and to the daddys and uncles"?—as Slotik said.

Ann Blyth is enormously popular. Then, there's Debbie Reynolds, that tingling little teenager; Debra Paget, with her spiritual appeal; the hey hey Mitzi Gaynor girl; Doris Day, who looks like Miss America, herself; Janet Leigh, in *spite* of those low-cut gowns—yes, I guess these are the gals the younger boys like for Pin-Ups.

But don't forget—there are still a lot of daddys and uncles alive in the world today, kids!

JIMMY Stewart, sitting with his Gloria and Gary Cooper and Pat Neal at Cobina Wright's buffet dinner, suddenly grabbed for his napkin and held it to the corner of his mouth. Blood was trickling down his chin.

"Bit my tongue," Jimmy said in explanation through clenched teeth.

"Hold some cold water in your mouth," said Gary. "It will stop the bleeding."

It usually does—but not in Jimmy's case. His tongue kept bleeding and bleeding and soon he and Gloria flew out the door in search of a doctor. In my books, this goes down in

See it and sing!!

Doris Day

Danny Thomas



With all its joys and all its melody and all its heart, comes Warner Bros'. story of songdom's glorious Gus Kahn — and the girl who put the love in his love songs!

From Chicago's North Side where he started, to the Southland's lovers lanes — and from the boulevards of Hollywood to the brightlights of Broadway — his songs and his name are loved as few others are.

He's the wonderful fellow who didn't know how to say 'I love you' to his own girl — but wrote it in song for all of America's sweethearts!

'I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS' · 'IT HAD TO BE YOU' · 'I WISH I HAD A GIRL' · 'I NEVER KNEW' · 'LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME' · 'PRETTY BABY' · 'NOBODY'S SWEETHEART'

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

"I'll See You In My Dreams"

'TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE' · 'AIN'T WE GOT FUN' · 'YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY' · 'THE ONE I LOVE BELONGS TO SOMEBODY ELSE' · 'MAKIN' WHOOPEE' · 'CAROLINA IN THE MORNING'

ALSO STARRING

FRANK LOVEJOY ☆ PATRICE WYMORE

WITH

JAMES GLEASON

WRITTEN BY MELVILLE SHAVELSON AND JACK ROSE

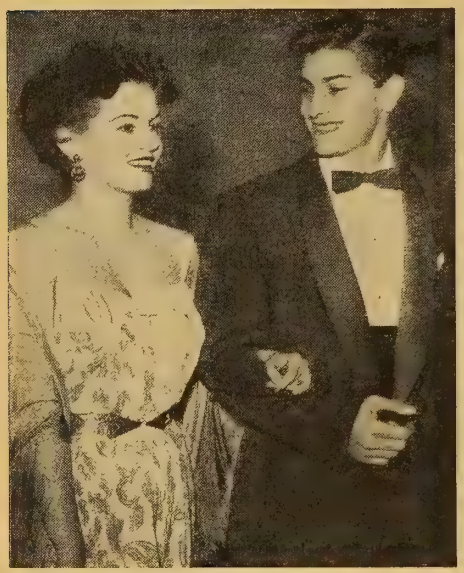
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

PRODUCED BY LOUIS F. EDELMAN

Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz

Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf

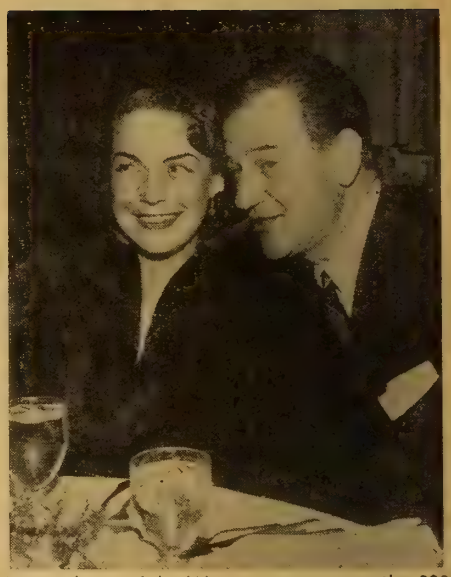
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Popular Joan Evans keeps the columnists guessing. Now they're wondering about Chris Randall who took her to *Detective Story* premiere.



Debbie Reynolds, MGM's star of *Singin' In The Rain,* happily shares an umbrella with good looking Craig Hill, her premiere escort.



Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne were among the 200 honored guests at a dinner given for the stars who participated in "Movietime, U.S.A."

the records as the most freakish accident ever to happen at a social affair.

Cobina's party was in honor of Helena Rubinstein, the famed cosmetician, and Madame Rubinstein paid the beautiful femme guests a highly personal compliment by saying they all looked like they used her beauty preparations!

Joan Fontaine (is she putting on a little weight?) seemed to be having an extra good time. I don't know who the gent was who kept pursuing her, but he apparently couldn't let Joan out of his sight—or his arms—because he waltzed her cheek-to-cheek right up to the buffet table while everyone else was standing in line.

Betty Hutton, in a white dress with a sassy bustle, was showing off her new beau, Charles O'Curran, and telling everyone within earshot that he was the "best dance director in the world". (This must be love. After Betty went to Honolulu on a vacation, O'Curran flew over just for the privilege of spending Saturday and Sunday in her company.)

PERSONAL Opinions: I like short hair but—I'm not sure I like it on Janet Leigh (yes, she's succumbed and is sporting a very short coiffure) . . . Coming up fast in the sweepstakes of Best Dressed Women—Ava Gardner. She delighted the hearts of stylists by wearing hats, gloves and veils with her daytime clothes in New York . . . *American In Paris* is running strong in the pre-Academy balloting for the "best picture" sweepstakes . . . Debbie Reynolds is still the cutest thing in town. She told the MGM press boys she'd like some "romance" publicity. Only trouble is—she ain't got no romance! . . . I can't take Betty Hutton's maaad passion for dance director, Charlie O'Curran, too seriously. When ever ISN'T la Hutton maaadly in love with someone? . . . What a wonderful father Alan Ladd is. He never bothers with his own publicity, but he cut out the clippings and proudly showed everybody the picture of his Carol Lee Ladd as one of the pretty Princesses selected in the UCLA homecoming festivities. "Next year, when she's a senior, she'll be QUEEN," predicts the proud stepfather . . . Esther Williams always seems so preoccupied and not interested in a conversation unless it is about *her* career, *her* business interprises or *her* family . . . The bitterest man I know is Clark Gable. Even his best friends don't mention the name "Sylvia" in the King's presence.

APPARENTLY, Marie Wilson doesn't think pink is unlucky. She wore a pink hat, dress, shoes and bag when she married Allan Nixon eight years ago.

When she married TV actor-producer, Bob Fallon, a few weeks ago, Marie was again an "all pink" bride, big pink lace hat, pink lace gown and she carried pink roses.

Everybody likes Marie—including her ex-husband, and wishes her well in her new marriage. Supposed to be the "dumb blonde" of the Irma series on radio, screen and TV—she's really about as dumb as a fox. She knows that her faux pas are her stock in trade and have made her what she is today—faux pas PLUS, of course.

Not many people know that Marie is a very well-fixed lady financially. She gets top money in three entertainment mediums and she invests it cagily. Personally, she does not go in for expensive clothes and furs and jewels and she doesn't throw lavish parties.

When the time comes for Marie to bow out of the spotlight—as it comes to even the most beautiful of movie stars—she'll be "beholden" to no one.

THOSE two zany madmen, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, work together with the affection of brothers—but several people have commented to me on the fact that after working hours they seem to go their separate ways. "Don't they like each other?" they'll ask, disappointedly.

Of course they do! They are devoted. But here is the way that Jerry explains the system they have successfully worked out for their private lives.

"Dean and his wife have their circle of friends—and so do Patty and I. We frequently enter a cafe or a nightclub and spot the Martins in a booth across the room with their pals. But here is the gimmick:

"Dean and I have talked it out and we both realize that nothing under the sun must come between us as partners. We both have wonderful wives. But, you know how gals are—one gets a longer mink than the other, or an extra diamond in an earring and—heaven love 'em, well—you know how they are. And what can happen.

"So, while we are all very friendly—we don't attempt to turn the team of Martin and Lewis into a constant foursome. It's better that way." Smart boys.

THE Letter Box:

Pat R is fed up with Janet Leigh's endless interviews on Tony Curtis, "I Love Him," "We Belong Together," etc. "Even the most stupid of us assume they, naturally, love one another or they would not have married. But golly, do they have to keep shouting it from all the treetops?"

"T" Gentles, of Jamaica, is indignant about the interview Linda Darnell gave out panning the climate and living conditions of Jamaica. "Miss Darnell talks out of both sides of her mouth. When she arrived here to make *Saturday Island* she told reporters she loved the place."

To Dolores: It's usually well established singers who are invited to be the voice behind the silent lip-movements of non-singing screen stars.

Hey, Steve Cochran, there are lots of mentions of you in this month's mail. Tony Dexter, however, is still top man.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Brightest thing under the stars . . .

the play of light upon the silky softness of your hair . . . the gleam, the natural shine, the silken shimmer that's yours when you shampoo your hair with gentle Drene.

(*Sh! The secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.*)



Get Drene today!

Advice to Young Wives

on what to use for

Intimate Feminine Hygiene



Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Action — Daintier . . . More Convenient



Each in separate glass vial

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless snow-white vaginal suppositories which offer women a far daintier, more convenient method for feminine hygiene. And every woman today fully realizes the necessity of feminine cleanliness for married happiness, her health, after her periods and to guard against an odor more offensive than bad breath or body odor.

So POWERFUL yet SAFE to Tissues

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A new gossip column by Mike Connolly famous columnist for the Hollywood Reporter

hollywood report

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT: Oscar time is rolling around once again, and Hollywood is talking about the following as top contenders for Academy Awards—Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh and Kim Hunter for their wonderful acting in *A Streetcar Named Desire;* Monty Clift, Shelley Winters and Liz Taylor for *A Place In The Sun;* Jane Wyman, *The Blue Veil;* Fredric March, *Death Of A Salesman;* Arthur Kennedy, *Bright Victory;* Ethel Barrymore and Maurice Evans, *Kind Lady;* Peter Ustinov and Leo Genn, *Quo Vadis;* Dorothy McGuire, *I Want You;* Irene Dunne, *The Mudlark;* Mel Ferrer, *The Brave Bulls;* Gregory Peck, *David And Bathsheba;* Ava Gardner, *Show Boat;* Thelma Ritter, *The Mating Season;* Eleanor Parker and Lee Grant, *Detective Story;* James Cagney and Gig Young, *Come Fill The Cup* and Alexander Knox, *Saturday's Hero.* Who's your favorite?

Baby-sitting a serious subject? Yup—and 20th plans making a picture about it with Dick Widmark and Marilyn Monroe. Plot revolves around a baby-sitter who protects her infant charge against a demented relative. . . . John Agar attended Alcoholics Anonymous meetings during his prison stretch at the Wayside Honor Farm. Now that he's out, he and Loretta are planning on raising a family—and John's golf score is in the low 70's. . . . John was a model prisoner and so was Dick Contino, serving time at NcNeil Island penitentiary on the draft evasion charge. Dick played the accordion every Sunday at Mass, and then for Protestant services. It's my hunch that these basically decent lads will find themselves. . . . Hal LeSeuer, Joan Crawford's brother, joined AA too. . . . So did Larry Tierney. And his brother, Scott Brady, supervised his removal from Neurological Hospital to Scott's own home. Larry footed the bills when Scott was trying to get a foothold in Hollywood; now it's Scott's turn. Warners picked up its option on Steve Cochran, fastest climber on the studio's fan mail list, for another year. He's in the $2,000-a-week bracket now. And quite a boy with the gals. Sudden thought: Why doesn't somebody do a picture of his romantic private life?

* * *

GILDING THE LILY: Bob Stack came back from England with nothing but raves for the British belles. Even went so far as to say they're chic! . . . Charles Le Maire, 20th's dress designer, tells me, "I saw an eight-year-old Claudette Colbert picture in a screening room the other night. Her gowns weren't dated. She and the designer had agreed on clothes that were able to withstand the test of twice four years" . . . They've been calling Jean Simmons' husband Gams Granger. Stewart gads around the MGM lot, veddy British, in shorts.

Jean Peters' favorite birthday gift from an admirer was an enormous emerald ring smothered in baguettes. . . . Denise Darcel went to Hedda Hopper's party for stylist Ceil Chapman with gold-dust sprinkled in her topknot. Richard Greene sidled up to her and whispered, "Kin I go prospecting in your hair?" . . . Anybody besides us notice the muscular build of Denise, who's now known around town as Goddess of the Bodice? Makes her look like a lady wrestler! . . . Gal we know (*Continued on page 14*)

"I nearly froze in sunny California!"

"Skiing is my hobby, but wind and frost on the slopes can bite your skin raw, even while folks, a few miles away, bask in California sunshine. So Jergens Lotion is always in my suitcase. Here's what happened on my last trip:



"My first day out, my hands and face got stinging red and chapped. But later, Jergens softened my reddened, rough skin beautifully. Jergens is never a bit sticky, either . . .



"Before skating, I protected my hands and face with Jergens Lotion. You can *prove* Jergens contains quickly-absorbed ingredients, instead of oils that merely coat skin . . .



"Just try this 'film' test: See how water won't bead on a hand smoothed with Jergens as on a hand coated with an oily skin care . . .



"At the studio, my skin was soft, smooth—ready for close-ups." (That's why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens 7 to 1 over other hand cares.)



Use Jergens Lotion this winter, for soft and pretty skin. Used by more women than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

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Folks-on-the-go...use ODO-RO-NO

No matter how active you are, Odo-Ro-No guarantees full protection against embarrassing perspiration moisture and odor! Many deodorants are not effective enough to give this complete protection. But new Odo-Ro-No not only checks perspiration, stops odor instantly—it's formulated to supply extra protection whenever you need it—guaranteed "action-proof" protection! So gentle, too. No other deodorant is safer for skin and fabrics.



GUARANTEE: Only Odo-Ro-No guarantees full 24-hour protection or double your money back. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

hollywood report continued

flounced into a dress shop, asked for a checkered vest, and handed the salesgirl a photo of Tony Curtis wearing the one she wanted.

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH: The big battle, of course, was Franchot Tone's with newshen Florabel Muir in Ciro's . . . But the King Brothers claim that the publicity accruing to Barbara Payton spells an added $1,000,000 in their bank accounts for *Drums In The Deep South,* in which they gave Barbara a starring role and for which they paid her $1,650 a week to make personal appearances with it . . . No starlet since Betty Grable has had the publicity build-up Mitzi Gaynor's getting at 20th . . . Everybody threw their hands up in despair on hopes for a Diana Lynn-John Lindsay reconciliation when John put their home up for sale and scrammed East.

As you know, Claudette Colbert became ill and had to bow out, after several weeks of shooting, as Bob Mitchum's co-star in Howard Hughes's *The Korean Story.* Joan Crawford and Jane Greer were among those mentioned to succeed Claudette but Ann Blyth won the assignment. However, Ann fought for—and won!—approval rights on all ad stills. Ann refuses ever to pose for the kind of SEXploitation photos used to advertise Shelley Winters' charms in *Behave Yourself!* and Jane Russell's in *His Kind Of Woman.*

FOUR-LEGGED FRIENDS: Hard to imagine Alan Ladd crying, isn't it? Well, I saw him turn on the tears, and in spades! Sue had called me over to their Bel Air place one morning last month. "Do you like boxers?" she asked. "Do I?" I yipped. "I only happen to own King of Marlay, who's the most beautiful male boxer in Hollywood—and from Vic Mature's champion stock!" "Fine," said Sue. "He'll be a good mate for Scarlet O'Hara."

Sue explained that she and Alan had been spending less and less time at the ranch and therefore had to dispose of several of their dogs, including Scarlett—but only to characters like myself who have big yards for the dogs to play in. I rolled around the Ladd lawn with Scarlett, a beautiful fawn, and when Alan decided we were getting along he picked her up in his arms and carried her out to my car. "All I want is one of the pups," he said.

"It's a deal, Alan," I promised.

He kissed her goodbye, smack on the lips—and cried like a baby when we drove off!

As for Scarlett, she and King are expecting a visit from Sir Stork.

FINANCIAL PAGE: Robert Walker left everything he had to his two sons, but "everything" isn't much. His estate was originally estimated at $200,000; actually, it will amount to a mere $25,000 or so after taxes and bills are paid. His house, on which there was a heavy mortgage, was small—only a living room with dining alcove, two bedrooms, maid's room, kitchen and two baths—so there wasn't much furniture. Out of it all, Jennifer Jones, now officially the boys' guardian, picked only Bob's books, records, silver, television set, piano, rocking chair and grandfather's clock. She has put it all in storage for the boys . . . In his last picture, *My Son, John,* with great-lady-of-the-theater Helen Hayes, Bob gave his finest performance as a young Commie who swears on a stack of Bibles that he's not a Red—the catch being that he doesn't believe in the Bible!

(Continued on page 16)

It's the call to adventure!

From Warner Bros. comes

DISTANT DRUMS



Actually filmed in Florida's Everglades where cameras never penetrated before—in color by

TECHNICOLOR



Captain Quincy Wyatt and his Swamp-Fighters! The heroic rescue-band who fought through bottomless quicksands—and man-devouring wilderness to free a captive beauty from its perils, turning the tide of the savage Seminole Indian War!

STARRING

GARY COOPER

WITH MARI ALDON · SCREEN PLAY BY NIVEN BUSCH AND MARTIN RACKIN · DIRECTED BY RAOUL WALSH · PRODUCED BY MILTON SPERLING

A UNITED STATES PICTURES PRODUCTION · PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

hollywood report continued

Dottie Lamour (you'll love her, not to mention Betty Hutton, Jimmy Stewart, Cornel Wilde, Gloria Grahame and Charlton Heston in C. B. DeMille's *Greatest Show On Earth*) accepted her first night-club engagement in many years, singing at the Last Frontier in Las Vegas for two weeks for $10,000 a week . . . C. B., by the way, took Wilde aside after he finished flexing his bulging muscles for *Greatest Show* and told our boy it's his best acting job since *A Song To Remember*—but to be careful about picking his future parts so that he won't take a nosedive from his present popularity peak . . . The Huttontot, bubbling over about her great part in this picture, said, "Lindsay and Candy had never seen me perform my flying act in it. So I brought my two angel-faces over to the set, and when I was through flying through the air I rushed over to them. 'Well! Did you like mother?' I asked breathlessly. 'Yes,' said Lindsay, 'but where are the CLOWNS?'"

QUICK QUOTES: Monty Clift, as seen through the eyes of George Stevens, who directed him in *A Place In The Sun:* "Monty had a tremendous burden to carry in this picture. His conscientiousness caused him to be regarded as strange in some quarters due to the fact that he preferred to stay home and rehearse for the next day's work rather than go to the various Hollywood glitter spots" . . . I got a bang out of the way the British papers headlined Shelley and Farley Granger during their London visit: "Hollywood's Perpetual Fiancees" . . . Ida Lupino, whose Filmakers Productions gave you Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle, among others: "After offering our audiences pictures like *Not Wanted, Outrage* and *On The Loose,* respectively, we are seriously thinking of changing the character of our fan mail by producing 'The Bobbsey Twins'!" . . . John Wayne, June Allyson's co-winner of MODERN SCREEN's annual award, gave out with a typically modest Waynism when told he topped the male poll: "Why?"

WHO'S MAD AT WHO: I was prowling for news on a certain lot one afternoon when I heard loud screams coming from the dressing room of one of Hollywood's "great ladies." Her maid, who was waiting outside while the star held a private conference with the studio boss about how another, younger girl in the cast was stealing scenes from her, went running back, accompanied by a studio cop and a fireman. The boss, who doesn't like to see women cry, beat it back to his office, and when the star came out of her tantrum she paid the maid, the cop and the fireman $10 apiece to say nothing about the scene! . . . Ran into Mickey Rooney and Martha Vickers at Ciro's and asked them what was new (that's always a good opening!). "Just talking about the baby," said the Mick. But later we learned Martha was quizzing him about the $2,000-a-month alimony he had been ordered to pay her. And, a week later, he got a co-starring spot with Bob Hope in *Military Policemen.* Mickey'll get $75,000 for this job, so it looks like Martha will be okay.

FUNNIES: It's Red Skelton's story. Man dashed into a hardware store, pounded on the counter and demanded in a loud voice, "Gimme a mouse trap—I gotta catch a bus!" To which the clerk replied, "Sorry, sir, we don't have one that big!" . . .

We have it on reliable authority from practically unimpeachable sources that when Dagmar met Jane Russell at RKO the two gals didn't get close enough to shake hands! . . . 20th bought a story about a professor who finds a serum that makes a man look 15 years younger. Now the studio can't find a leading man who'll admit he could be that old . . . This marks the 322nd anniversary of the introduction of popcorn to America. That makes it 267 years older than the first movie . . . Ever notice how married names deglamorize the stars—like Greer Fogelson, Claudette Pressman and Viveca Siegel? . . . An Internal Revenue man told me (some of them have a sense of humor!) the Government's thinking of putting Esther Williams' picture on our currency, so we won't mind kissing it goodbye. That's what the man said . . . Dale Robertson, describing another actor: "It's easy to see why he's considered conceited—his 'I's' are so close together!"

TIME TABLES: Did you enjoy seeing the stars in person on the "Movietime U. S. A." tours? Hollywood is setting up more trips, cause they're good for business, not to mention the morale of our actors—television being the threat that it is! . . . John Wayne phoned me from Dallas, raving about his "Movietime" experiences. "We played to better than 750,000 people in 30 stops," he said, "and our reception was just unbelievable. I loved meeting the fans and hope we can all do it again as soon as possible" . . . Jeff Chandler told me he had a ball on his trip, too, although he lost his wedding ring in Waco . . . Keefe Brasselle's medico put him on a milk-shake-and-egg diet to help him regain all that poundage he shed "Movietiming" to Cleveland and other points Midwest.

DANCING DOLLS: I've got a bet on that the French Ballet's gift to Hollywood, piquant Leslie Caron, will soon be one of the town's brightest stars. Leslie, a true Parisienne, told me she dreams in French and Technicolor. Nice dreaming . . . Joan Crawford, after the same preem, said it's so-ooo good she's ready to put on her dancing shoes again . . . I'll stick my neck out right now and say that MGM will give its biggest femme star buildups this year to Leslie, Pier Angeli and Debbie Reynolds.

Fred Astaire asked MGM for Vera-Ellen as his pirouette partner in *I Love Louisa,* his next picture. That'll be their third whirl around a studio soundstage together . . . Rhonda Fleming was supposed to attend the Royal Command Performance in London but didn't. She was scheduled to dance a number with Van Johnson. Her trip was cancelled because those in charge

(*Continued on page 18*)

easy money!

Your New Year's resolutions should still be brand spanking new at this reading and odds are, one thing you resolved was to be smarter about money matters. Well, here's a money matter you can be smart about without half trying. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste, because we're giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Hollywood Report by Mike Connolly
- ☐ "We Finally Made It" (Frank Sinatra-Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Modern Screen's Movie Reviews
- ☐ The Startling Loves of Liz Taylor
- ☐ Hollywood's Most Tragic People by Louella Parsons
- ☐ The Story Alan Ladd Never Told
- ☐ She Doesn't Like Her Type! (Doris Day)
- ☐ What's Wrong With the Grangers? (Stewart Granger-Jean Simmons)
- ☐ Love Those Neighbors (Jane Powell)
- ☐ Is Gable's Love Life Jinxed? (Clark Gable)
- ☐ House of MacRae (Gordon MacRae)
- ☐ Why Shelley Didn't Marry Farley by Hedda Hopper
- ☐ What Is Tony Curtis *Really* Like?
- ☐ The Girl Behind The Sunshine (June Allyson)
- ☐ Brando's No Phony! (Marlon Brando)
- ☐ No More Tears For Judy! (Judy Garland)
- ☐ "Nice Girls Don't Wear Lipstick" (Arlene Dahl)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone....

State.....I am .... yrs. old

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BURT AND THOSE UP-AND-AT'EM BOMBS RIPPING INTO THOSE ROUGH-AND-READY RIFFS!



LEGIONS OF THRILLS IN THE HILARIOUS HAREM RAID THAT SAVED THE DAY!

That Foreign Legion breed of man... that "Beau Geste" brand of greatness!

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GILBERT ROLAND · KIERON MOORE · GEORGE TOBIAS · SCREEN PLAY BY ROLAND KIBBEE and FRANK DAVIS · PRODUCED BY HAROLD HECHT · A NORMA PRODUCTION · DIRECTED BY WILLIS GOLDBECK

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Please rush samples and full details of your money-making plan.

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hollywood report continued

of arrangements didn't give her enough time to learn the routine to perfection.

HE WENT THATAWAY: His pals have nicknamed Guy Madison "Wild"—because of the new career he has made for himself with Andy Devine on TV and radio as "Wild Bill Hickok" . . . Did you know Guy was born in Pumpkin Center, Calif.? Honest! . . . Gabby Hayes made a personal appearance in Atlanta. A woman fan rushed up to him and gave his whiskers a healthy yank. "Great Scott," she shouted, "they're real!" . . .

Somebody asked Roy Rogers how he likes co-starring with Bob Hope in *Son of Paleface*. Roy said, "Terrible. All I've ever had to do is look soulful at Trigger. Now they're giving me dialogue!" . . . Apparently the youngsters are tired of 20 cowboy shows a night on TV. How else explain the fact that Bill "Hoppy" Boyd, who started it all, has opened an agency that produces other kinds of video shows than sagebrushers? . . . Another laff-line, from *Callaway Went Thataway*, starring Howard Keel: "All a cowboy needs in television is two expressions—hat on, hat off!" . . . Here's a Columbia-the-Gem-of-the-Autry coincidence: Gene Autry makes his Westerns for Columbia Pictures, his records for Columbia Records, and his radio and TV stints are for Columbia Broadcasting System.

ON THE FIRING LINE: I've got a motto for all of you. "If you really want to give something from the heart, make it a blood donation for the boys overseas" . . . Everyone's excited about going to Korea, Europe or wherever USO-Camp Shows wants to send them to entertain the boys. Well, almost everyone. Some of the big stars are afraid they won't be appreciated, since they can't sing or dance, but this isn't true—not if I'm to believe what I've been told by guys and gals like Jack Benny, Danny Kaye, Bob Hope, Jennifer Jones, Benay Venuta, Errol Flynn and others on USO's Honor Roll. Rita Hayworth was all for going too, last we heard, and may have made it by the time you read this . . . And all this just as Rita was getting comfortable in her new $600-a-month house and pool just above Sunset Strip. She has an option to buy it. . . . Army Auxiliary Corps took in $8,000 at its Travis Air Base auction at Romanoff's, including Virginia Zanuck's $900 bid for an Irene gown. Arthur Loew, Jr., put up $450 for a Howard Greer creation (nobody thought to ask which lucky gal would get to wear it!), and Keenan Wynn got so excited he started auctioning off his mustache, hair by hair. Dinah Shore sang "It's a Most Unusual Day," as indeed it was.

In *Phone Call From A Stranger*, Bette Davis and Gary Merrill are working on the same 20th set where they met while making *All About Eve*. Incidentally, Bette's two costume changes for this picture (a swimsuit and a faded nightgown) set the studio back all of $4.89.

HOME FIRES BURNING: Dick Widmark, who once giggled when he pushed an old lady down the stairs and since then has slain hundreds of innocents for 20th, forbids television in his home. He's afraid of the impact of its horror pictures on his child! . . . Just before she married Frankie, Ava Gardner bought a kingsize, six-by-seven-foot bed for her Pacific Palisades palazzo. White floral design for the pure Irish linen bedspread is backgrounded by gray. The flounce, also gray linen, is kick-pleated. And the mattress is 21 inches deep . . . Frankie's long-distance calls to Ava the month before they tied the knot set him back $1,200.

Ty Power brought Linda and Romina home from the hospital to their new Beverly Hills house to find the plumbing switched. The shower poured cold and the youknowhat ran hot! . . . Eleanor Parker tells me, "I want children, lots of them. I want enough to make Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farow look like slackers!" . . . And Tony Curtis leaned over the table in the U-I commissary and confided that he and Janet want a Christmas baby. Next Christmas, that is . . . Bob Hope got his nephew, Art Fagan, a job in Paramount's mail room . . . Jane Powell, who had to quit her personal appearance tour when she passed out in Cleveland because of overwork, certainly recovered in a hurry when she got back to Geary and the baby. I caught her and her spouse having a real whirl at the Mocambo just a few nights after she returned . . . Some of her girl friends have expressed the opinion that the stork would arrive before Jeanne Crain could start her next picture, *Gift Of The Magi*. You never know in this town!

ODD'S BODKINS: MGM had Liz Taylor "shelved" for over a year. The picture is *The Light Fantastic*, and Liz made it with Larry Parks before he admitted to the House Un-American Activities Committee that he had once been a Communist. The studio decided not to release the picture right away because of its fear that Larry's testimony would hurt its box-office chances. At press time, it was decided to show it in England before it's premiered in the U. S., to see what the public's reaction will be . . . Glenn Ford, who rushed over to MGM to take over Russell Nype's part in *Young Man In A Hurry* when Nype was found unsuitable for the role, was given Clark Gable's dressing room there. And Glenn hopes it'll prove lucky . . . Plus which Betsy Von Furstenberg, the new MGM starlet who started dating Nicky Hilton when Liz Taylor left him, used the ex-Mrs. Hilton's dressing room while Liz was making a picture in London . . . Further, Nicky is said to be building a $45,000 tepee in his new home-plus-place-of-business, Midland, Texas . . . Hollywood was really set on its ear, by the way, when word got out that Sylvia Gable would ask $1,000,000 in alimony—several hundred thousand dollars down and the balance at the rate of $100,000 a year! Immediately this was reported, Clark brought in a new battery of lawyers to help him fight her suit . . . Clark's bitterness against Lady Sylvia is so great he's willing to change his entire way of life in order to win his points—including going off salary at MGM and living in another state.

Errol Flynn stole the show at the *A Streetcar Named Desire* preem here by signing autographs right and left simultaneously. The guy's ambidextrous! . . . A theater owner in Barstow, Calif., did very bad business with *Rhubarb*, apparently because his customers didn't know what the title meant. So he changed the title of this very funny picture to *The Millionaire Tomcat* and jammed 'em in . . . Some Los Angeles theaters are turning the pressure in their water founts lower and lower. This stimulates the sale of cold drinks to such as you and me . . . I met Tony Dexter for the first time at a party in the Ciroette Room. A shy, retiring guy. Which makes the acting job he did in *Valentino* even more impressive . . . Name of the night cop on the main gate at MGM is Kenneth Hollywood . . . THE END



"If you've ever refinished furniture, you know how hard it is on hands," says Val Lewis of New Orleans. "I earn my living by acting on TV. I can't appear before the camera with red, rough hands."



"A friend recommended Noxzema," she continues. "Now it's my regular hand care. That *medicated* formula really works. I use Noxzema faithfully every night. It helps keep my hands looking lovely."

Hands that work look lovelier in 24 hours* or your money back!

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Helps heal—helps beautify! Noxzema is especially made to help sore, chapped, unattractive working hands look lovelier these two important ways:

1. Helps heal tiny cuts and cracks quickly, with its unique *medicated* formula.

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And Noxzema is *greaseless,* too! Never leaves hands feeling sticky. Apply *faithfully* each night, also, before going out into the cold. And always rub in a little *medicated* Noxzema after having hands in water.

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*In clinical tests, Noxzema helped the red, rough hands of 9 out of 10 women look lovelier—often within 24 hours! It should do the same for you.

Try soothing *medicated* Noxzema on your hands tonight. If you don't see improvement—within 24 hours—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, and you'll get your money back. But like millions of other women, you will be delighted with results. Get *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema today and save money!

Surveys show 5,000,000 women all over America now use this *greaseless, medicated* hand care!



Registered Nurse. Jean Crow of Baltimore says: "Scrubbing my hands constantly could easily make them red, ugly. But using *medicated* Noxzema daily helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth!"



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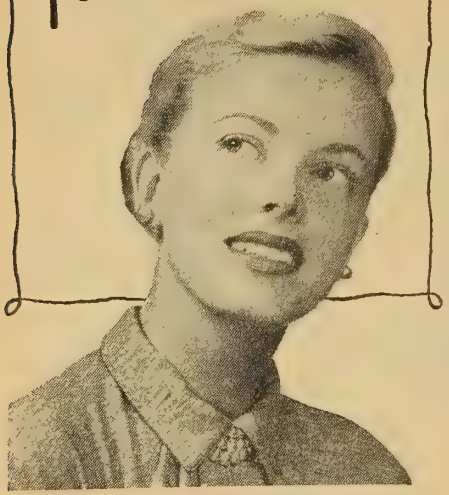
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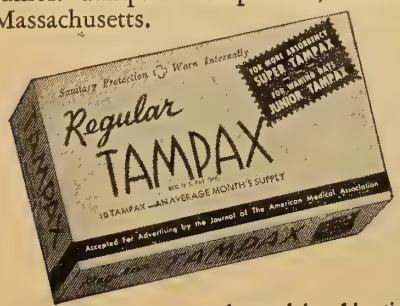
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Inspired by a glimpse of a famous star, country-bred Mitzi Gaynor tells her mother of her desire to be an actress.



Handsome stranger Dale Robertson promises to come and see Mitzi perform when her acting dream comes true.



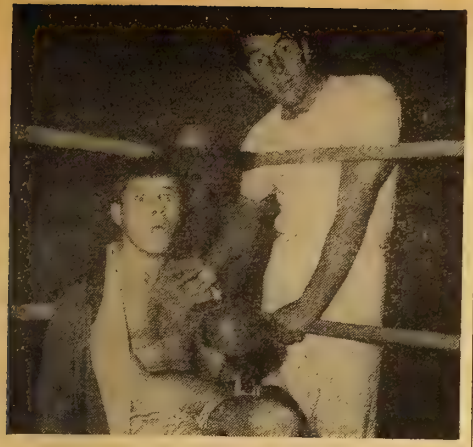
With Dennis Day as her manager, Mitzi travels far, becomes a tremendous success. But her heart belongs to Dale.



Although separated from him because of the Civil War, Mitzi is joyfully reunited with Dale in New York when the war ends.

MOVIE REVIEWS

■ This musical biography of Lotta Crabtree, the Golden Girl of the Civil War era (who won the hearts—and money—of gold miners from Rabbit Creek to San Francisco), is lots of fun, and so full of singing, dancing and good cheer that the silly plot doesn't spoil things too much. Mitzi Gaynor (a new star whose zippy screen personality will take her far) plays Lotta. Delighted when her father loses the family livelihood, a boardinghouse, Mitzi takes to the road as a touring actress, and although her straitlaced mother disapproves, she sings, dances, pulls her skirts higher and higher, and becomes a sensation! She also manages to fall in love with handsome stranger Dale Robertson. Then the plot begins to sag. Dale is revealed as a Confederate spy, but Mitzi, a Northerner, pledges her love for him anyway. Separated because of the war, she continues touring and becomes the most famous actress in the land. She and Dale are finally reunited in a scene that has her singing "Dixie" to a New York audience the day the North wins the war! But Mitzi's song and dance routines, while never as fresh and sparkling as she is herself, more than make up for the corny plot, and the Technicolor is great.
Cast: Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson, James Barton, Una Merkel, Dennis Day, Raymond Walburn, 20th Century-Fox.



SAILOR BEWARE

Jerry Lewis doesn't need a plot; just put a camera on him and he's the funniest character that ever blinked. But Paramount, being generous, wrote a story for him and Dean Martin. The story is, they're in the Navy now, and lucky for the Navy, it's only make-believe. Lewis can't even pass the blood test! All the medics can draw out of his arm is water. In addition to this, he's allergic to women. He just has to sniff one coming and he can't breathe. That wouldn't be bad, except that everytime he's on leave the women surround him. Somehow he becomes known as a lady-killer, and all his buddies bet their pay that Lewis will win a kiss from Corinne Calvet, a singer in Hawaii who's been driving all the boys batty because she's so aloof. But before Lewis gets to Corinne a million things happen. He finds himself trapped on the deck of a submarine about to submerge; he gets involved in an hilarious boxing match with a pro; he does a fantastic hula; he sings with Dean Martin, and he finds one woman (Marion Marshall) he isn't allergic to. If you like Martin and Lewis—and who can help it—you'll roll in the aisles.

Cast: Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Corinne Calvet, Marion Marshall—Hal Wallis, Para.



DISTANT DRUMS

This movie has some of the best Indian fighting that's been filmed in a long time. It's tense and exciting; the Seminoles' warpaint and costumes are vivid in Technicolor and most of the action takes place in the beautiful but treacherous Florida Everglades. The time is 1840. Captain Quincy Wyatt (Gary Cooper) is a deadly swamp fighter who plans a daring operation to end the seven-year-long war with the Seminoles. His idea is to destroy the fort in enemy territory which is being used as a gun smuggling station. He accomplishes this with a small group of hardy soldiers (which is even smaller when the smoke blows away).

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Not a soap, not an oily cream —Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



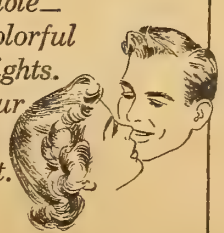
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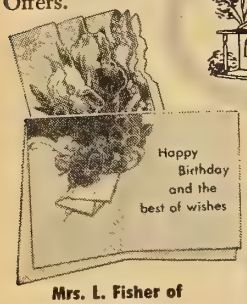
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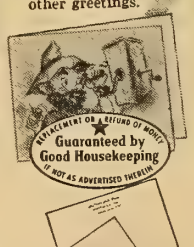








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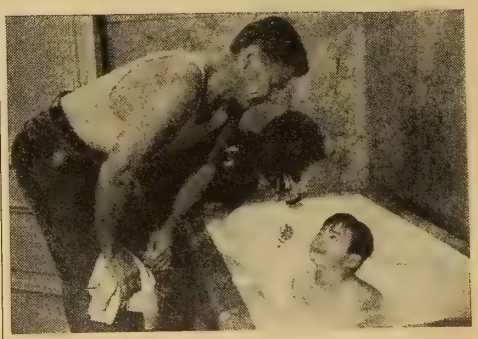
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You Take No Risk

He finds some prisoners in the fort and one of them, Mari Aldon (a new actress who looks like Virginia Mayo) has an electric effect on him. Mari, Cooper and his crew head for safety, but the Indians catch up with them and the fight begins. The Seminoles are stopped by a grass fire Cooper sets, but then Cooper and his men find themselves in the swamps. The only exit is 150 miles on the other side. Soon the swamps are resounding with drum messages from one tribe to another. There are thrilling skirmishes with the Indians, a wonderful view of a Seminole burial ground, an underwater battle to the death between Cooper and the Seminole chief, and a love story that never really gets in the way of the picture.

Cast: Gary Cooper, Mari Aldon, Richard Webb, Ray Teal, Arthur Hunnicutt—Warners.



HONG KONG

The best thing about this movie is Danny Chang, a little Chinese boy who steals the show with his smile. He also brings Ronald Reagan and Rhonda Fleming together. It's this way. Reagan has returned to China after World War II to pick up a few fast bucks. But he chooses a bad time to go back and runs right into the Communist Army. After an air attack, Reagan finds five-year-old Danny floating downstream in a small boat. He slings Danny over his shoulder and after a tramp across open fields he comes to a shelter where Rhonda (who has been working in a mission school) is playing hostess to a whole group of elderly Chinese. Reagan's set to dump Danny in Rhonda's arms and depart, but Rhonda tells him a chartered plane is going to pick them all up and take them to Hong Kong. Reagan sticks. On the plane trip he discovers that Danny has a valuable bejewelled idol hidden in his clothing and that interests him no end. In Hong Kong, Reagan runs into trouble when he tries to sell the idol to a Chinese crook. Somehow, little Danny's charm grows on Reagan, and big Rhonda's charm is beginning to get him, and he's fighting off the feeling that he's a heel. A lot more intrigue follows. Danny is kidnapped, innocent people are stabbed, Reagan becomes remorseful—but in the end, everybody who's still alive has stopped kicking.

Cast: Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming, Danny Chang—Warners.

CALLAWAY WENT THATAWAY

Smoky Callaway (Howard Keel) is a cowboy idol of millions, and all because of television. A series of his ten-year-old films have brought him before the public and made him an American Institution, but Callaway has of alcohol and bad living. Dorothy McGuire and Fred MacMurray are advertising partners responsible for Smoky's new popularity and they can make a million on him—but they can't find him. So they do the next best thing—they find a real cowboy who looks just like him. His name is Stretch Barnes (Keel plays this role, too) and he's a simple, modest, sober fellow. The only reason he agrees to pass himself off as Smoky is because he thinks Smoky is dead and he feels he can do a big service to American kids. Naturally, the old Smoky turns up at the crucial moment reeking of liquor, making passes at every woman he sees and anxious to cash in on the profits. Idealistic Stretch, meanwhile, has unwittingly pulled a fast one. He's promised to convert his salary into a youth fund. Can the real Smoky stop him? Will Stretch continue on as Smoky (because if he doesn't, goodbye McGuire and MacMurray's reputations)? And will Stretch get the girl? (Naturally, he's fallen for McGuire who has an "understanding" with MacMurray.) Go see the movie. It's terrific.

Cast: Howard Keel, Dorothy McGuire, Fred MacMurray, Jesse White—MGM.



RED MOUNTAIN

You can see Alan Ladd in Technicolor, and in one scene he's bare to the waist. Aside from that, this is just another shoot-em-up. The year's 1865, and Arthur Kennedy, a former Confederate soldier, is accused of murder. (You don't need witnesses to hang a Rebel for murder in Canyon City.) All set to be lynched Kennedy's saved in a spectacular move by Ladd. They ride off together to Kennedy's secret hideout and then Kennedy begins to wonder why Ladd, a stranger, saved him. He decides that Ladd's the killer and plans to vindicate himself by taking him back to Canyon City, but Ladd's too quick on the draw and escapes. Enter Liz Scott who finds her boyfriend (that's Kennedy) all tied up and thrown in a corner. She unties Kennedy and they chase Ladd. Find him, too, but once again, Ladd turns the tables and Kennedy gets a broken leg and spirit to match. Comes the morning and General Quantrell rides up with his cavalry. Quantrell (John Ireland) is a notorious southern guerrilla chief and Ladd is waiting to join him. Eventually, Ladd learns that Quantrell isn't fighting for the South, but for himself so he goes over to Liz Scott's side (she hates the Rebels) and the shooting begins. Fortunately for Ladd, the Civil War ends before he can switch his allegiance again, and he explains the reason for his murdering the man in Canyon City to the satisfaction of all. Anyway, Liz Scott is happy.

Cast: Alan Ladd, Liz Scott, Arthur Kennedy, John Ireland, Jeff Corey—Hal Wallis, Para.

WEEK END WITH FATHER

Van Heflin, a widower with two little girls, and Patricia Neal, a widow with two little boys, meet at the train station while sending their offspring to summer camp. Of course, the end result isn't hard to figure, but the final clinch is delayed by one hilarious circumstance after another—there's a predatory actress after Van and a Tarzan after Pat. (These two, by the way, are the children's candidates for new mama and papa.)

Van and Pat fall in love and visit their kids together to announce their wedding plans. Van has to prove himself to his new sons, however, and is a total flop at sack racing, canoeing, and other athletic ventures. And, Van's girls can't see calling Pat "Mother." However, the cagey children swallow their dislike, team up and get lost in the woods in order to bring Van and Pat back together again. If you like comedies where people fall face first into layer cakes and stumble blindfolded into lakes, then this is your meat.

Cast: Van Heflin, Patricia Neal, Gigi Perreau, Virginia Field.—Universal-International.



ROOM FOR ONE MORE

This one's aimed for the heart and it gets there. You'll cry (happy tears) and chuckle, and if you're a mother with less than five kids you'll feel unfulfilled. Betsy Drake and Cary Grant are the parents of three bright, sweet children. (One of them—George Winslow—is knee high with a voice pitched lower than his ankles, and you'll want to take him home.) Betsy's the kind of girl who needs things to love—stray dogs, cats, rabbits—anything that's bedraggled and lonesome. Cary's the kind of husband who likes the status quo (he can't afford anything else) and when Betsy starts bringing children home from a local welfare agency he gets a little upset. Betsy's first find is an adolescent girl who's been so mistreated she bites every hand that feeds her, but two weeks in the Grants' happy, well-adjusted home and she's an angel. Next comes a crippled boy who's so mean and ornery even Betsy's discouraged. But she's up on child psychology and has the patience of a saint, and you know what happens to that boy—angel number two. While all this character building is going on, Cary's acting the comical, neglected husband, his children are learning how to make sacrifices nobly and you're learning a lesson which is—children who are bad get that way only because they're not loved. It's true, and even though *Room For One More* doesn't stop punching when it's ahead, it's warm, ingratiating entertainment.

Cast: Cary Grant, Betsy Drake, Iris Mann, George Winslow, Clifford Tatum, Jr.—Warners.

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RKO RADIO PICTURES

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Produced by IRVING CUMMINGS, JR.
Screenplay by MELVILLE SHAVELSON • Story by LEO ROSTEN



Radiant Ava and Frank planed into Los Angeles in mid-November after the Philly wedding for which they'd waited two years.

"we finally made it"

They're married now—but is it forever? Friends can't help wondering, and worrying, about Frankie and Ava.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

■ After Judge Joseph Sloane said, "I now pronounce you man and wife," Frank took Ava in his arms and kissed her thoroughly.

Then Ava ran across the room to hug Frankie's mother. Sinatra grasped the Judge's hand and sighed, "Well, we finally made it!"

Frankie didn't realize it, but all of Hollywood was echoing his sigh of relief. Ava and Frankie had finally made it.

It had taken two years, thousands of dollars, 40 transcontinental air trips, flights to Mexico, Reno, and Las Vegas, countless hours of heartache and legal bickering. But at long last Ava Lavinia Gardner Rooney Shaw had become the new Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

"I can't tell you how happy I am," Ava told her new mother-in-law at the wedding. Mrs. Sinatra looked at her and then burst into tears. "I'm happy, too," she sobbed. "You're just what Frankie needs." She patted Ava's shoulder affectionately.

Frank, her only son, came over, and she kissed him, too. Then the guests circled Frankie and Ava and toasted them with champagne. Ava cut the wedding cake which was seven tiers high and her sister Beatrice, got the first piece. *(Continued on page 85)*

SEE THE FIRST SIGNS OF A LOVELIER YOU...

Spring is still only a promise—but the first robin is on his way. It's not one day too soon to begin your foundation for fresh springtime loveliness! You'll see new beauty bud, blossom, bloom week by week if you'll start with a visit to Woolworth's... now. On Woolworth's handy counters, you'll find everything you need for head-to-toe winter beauty care. I've room here to mention just a few of our many timely toiletries. Why don't you stop in at Woolworth's soon and see them all? Shop, pick and choose at leisure. Or, if you prefer, ask the friendly Woolworth Salesgirl to help you make selections.

WOOLWORTH'S *Susan Smart* tells you how...



CARE-FREE LIP BEAUTY. Now discover the way to keep lips lovely *all day*. It's HAZEL BISHOP No-Smear Lipstick. Won't eat off, bite off, kiss off! So *lasting*, yet it's creamy and easy to remove. **$1.10***



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A PERMANENT SOLUTION. This home permanent "takes" every time...PROM! Prom needs *no neutralizer*. Use any plastic curlers. Apply...rinse 30 minutes later. 3 Prom lotions for different hair types. **$1.50***



USE COLOR ABOVE ALL. Try NESTLE COLO*RINSE* to lend exciting color-appeal to your hair. Just rinse in... shampoo out. So smart! For longer-lasting color, use COLOR*TINT*.
Color*rinse* **10¢, 25¢***
Color*tint* **25¢***



LEARN TO SHINE. For your grooming's sake, form the daily SUAVE habit today. Just a "kiss" of Suave keeps hair perfectly in place the day long. And greaseless Suave leaves hair *radiant!* **50¢, $1**



DOUBLE CHARM INSURANCE! HEED Spray Deodorant protects *clothes* while it protects you! Prevents stains because it covers underarm better. Checks perspiration, stops perspiration odor. So important with winter and spring wools! **25¢, 39¢***



HEALTH IS BEAUTY'S AIDE. Lots of "cold" weather ahead! So keep LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC handy to check sore throats due to colds. Use it, too, for halitosis and infectious dandruff. **10¢, 29¢, 49¢, 79¢**



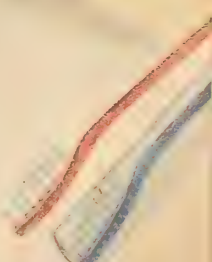
FOR DREAM HANDS. Cream hands *regularly* against winter cold and spring winds with PACQUINS HAND CREAM. Smooths, *protects*. Purple label for normal skin. Red label for extra-dry skin. **25¢, 49¢, 98¢***



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MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP. And don't forget your teeth! Replace worn or unsafe brushes *now* with DR. WEST'S MIRACLE-TUFTS. There's a brush-head design for *you* to thoroughly clean each surface of your teeth. **59¢**

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Sandpaper Hands feel

Caressable

in 10 Seconds!



Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet



Lipstick
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Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

Absorbs Like A Lotion... Softens Like a Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . "Sandpaper Hands" are smoothed and softened to lovely "Caressable Hands" with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! The secret is an exclusive, new formula that enables Cashmere Bouquet to smooth like a lotion while it softens like a cream! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they're romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet "fragrance men love"! Treat *your* hands to Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion today!

the startling loves of Liz Taylor

By the time you read this, she may be married again . . . but who'd want to bet on the little girl who became Hollywood's femme fatale almost overnight?

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Two years ago this writer sat in the Paramount commissary in Hollywood and had a luncheon interview with Elizabeth Taylor. She was 17 years old. She was, as she is now, excitingly beautiful, limpid-eyed and the sexiest-looking creature he had ever seen. She was late for the luncheon because her teacher had insisted she finish a lesson in Civics—and Liz was petulant and very adolescent about it.

The story that came out of the interview was printed in MODERN SCREEN and it painted a picture of her youthfulness and brought out the fact that despite her maddening appearance, she was entirely incapable of coping with the adult world. Her concerns were for her school work, the few dollars a week she was allowed as spending money and her real fear that because of her two broken engagements she might never find a man who would belong to her alone and forgive her for her "racy past." She spoke of these things as a child would—and she meant everything she said.

But that was two years ago. Now she is 19.

When Elizabeth Taylor arrived in New York from London and Paris early this winter she was met at the airport by a studio representative who had been assigned to assist her through customs. The young man was used to this sort of thing and was seldom impressed by the odd traveling habits of movie queens. However, when they began to unload Liz Taylor's luggage, his eyes bugged out in disbelief. At better than a dollar a pound cost in excess weight, what appeared (*Continued on page 29*)

TURN THE PAGE FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF LIZ TAYLOR EVER PUBLISHED →



the startling loves of Liz Taylor continued

(*Continued from page 27*) to be a king's ransom in baggage with Liz's name on it began to appear. Stacked up in the customs shed, it totaled 24 pieces and included four steamer trunks. Liz walked down the gangway as regal as a duchess, entirely unconcerned that her clothes had probably paid the entire cost of flying the plane across the Atlantic.

In the customs office the studio representative stood by her elbow as the manifest and declaration was checked.

"Now about this item here, Miss Taylor," said the customs man, "am I correct in stating that you are declaring $25,000 worth of wardrobe?"

"That's right," said Liz.

"And you bought all of it abroad?" asked the official.

"No," said Liz, "I bought all of it in this country."

"Let me see that thing," said the studio man grabbing the paper. "You don't have to pay duty on *any* of that."

The customs man agreed and Liz was soon cleared and on her way. Driving to town, with two limousines filled with her belongings trailing behind, the studio employee chided Liz (*Continued on page 97*)

hollywood's most tragic people

by Louella Parsons

■ I've thought long and carefully before selecting the stars whom I believe to be *the* most tragic figures of Hollywood.

Many headlines have been wrongly blamed on Hollywood. For instance, I do *not* consider that Lawrence Tierney or Barbara Payton are responsibilities of Hollywood. Poor Tierney, an emotionally ill boy, would be his own worst enemy in any walk of life, anywhere. And the blonde Payton woman would be a trouble-making femme fatale even in a pickle factory.

Who, then, are these most tragic figures —the beautiful but damned idols whose pedestals rocked dangerously even while they were at the top of their glory, and then crashed into illness, oblivion or death?

Judy Garland is one of the tragedies of Hollywood. Most assuredly, little Judy with the big, blazing talent is one. By mentioning her first I don't mean that she is the *most* tragic of all. But she is the greatest waste of golden talent.

What irony that Judy, who could be the greatest musical star on the screen today is in exile from Hollywood!

As I write this Judy has just recovered from a nervous collapse on the stage of the Palace Theater in New York where she brought back vaudeville with a bang, and in so doing became the toast of Broadway.

But even in the glory of her "comeback," Judy again fell victim to the same shattered nerves that wrecked her Hollywood career.

Time after time people ask me, "What's the matter with Judy?" They say, "She isn't called on to work any harder than Betty Hutton or Betty Grable or other musical stars who have been able to stay on their feet. Why is it that *she*, perhaps the most inspired of all girl singers, can't take it?"

To fully answer that (*Continued on page 95*)



SHATTERED NERVES *wrecked Judy Garland's screen career. Plagued by overweight, emotional insecurity, and two marriage failures, Judy tried to commit suicide last year. Now she's trying to make a big comeback via Broadway.*



NEGLECTED HEALTH *brought Rudolph Valentin to an early death. Consumed by his career, he had no time for himself or his marriage. While making personal appearances in New York, he took ill and suddenly died.*



A BROKEN LIFE *was the fate that befell lovable little Mabel Normand, the madcap star of Mack Sennett comedies. A leading figure in the William Desmond Taylor murder case, Mabel's career ended when she became a drug-addict.*

Hollywood's glittering lights hide many a shattered heart, a snuffed-out career. Here an outstanding reporter reveals the most pathetic cases of them all.



HOLLYWOOD NIGHT LIFE *helped Jean Harlow forget the unhappiness she'd suffered in her three marriages—but it also helped shorten her life. Struck down suddenly by uremic poisoning, Jean was too exhausted to put up a fight. She died at 26.*

DRUG ADDICTION *led to Wallace Reid's tragic death almost 30 years ago. Wally started using drugs to "pep himself up" so that he could meet the demands of his great popularity. But he soon found himself slave to the habit, died at 32.*



THE WRONG WOMAN *ruined Franchot Tone's reputation. Barbara Payton not only dragged his name through the mud—she also involved him in a front-page fight. The result: a battered face that may end his movie career.*





TALKING PICTURES *spelled ruin to the brilliant career of John Gilbert. Heartlessly frank reviews told the world about his "thin, high-pitched, effeminate" voice, and the great lover of the silent screen was soon all washed up in the movies.*



SUICIDE *was Carole Landis' solution to the problems Hollywood thrust upon her. She sought stability and an emotional anchor in stardom—but found only heartache, an unhappy marriage, and fleeting fame.*

EMOTIONALLY UNSTABLE, *Robert Walker could possibly have found happiness but not in Hollywood. Its brutal competitiveness burdened him with an inferiority complex, and ruined his relationship with wife Jennifer Jones.*



ABANDONED BY HER LOVER *when she was about to bear his child, Lupe Velez, the fiery Mexican actress, chose suicide as a way out. She took an overdose of sleeping pills, and ended a life filled with tempestuous—but unsatisfactory—love affairs.*





the story ALAN LADD *never told*

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ Alan Ladd was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas. His birth was inauspicious, but a few days after his father (also named Alan Ladd) registered said birth at the Hot Springs Court House, the building caught fire and burned to the ground.

While Alan was still an infant, his parents moved to Oklahoma City, where Ladd, Sr., went to work for the state as an accountant.

The Ladds lived in a small flat above a block of stores, and for a young boy it was no ideal residence. In order to be kept off the streets, Alan had to play in the building, a sorry situation for him, but a sadder one for the landlord. For one day Alan, amusing himself with a box of matches, set fire to the building, which promptly converted itself into a heap of ashes like the Hot Springs Court House.

Although he doesn't remember the date, Alan knows that while he was a very small boy his dad died of a heart attack, leaving his wife and son to fend for themselves.

After an uncomfortable period of widowhood, Alan's mother met a young house painter by the name of Jim Beaver—and, after a proper period of courtship, she married him and the family of three moved to Denver, Colorado.

Jim Beaver was an ambitious man. When he realized he would never get rich painting homes in Denver, he decided to go west. On a spring morning in 1920, he packed Alan, his wife and his painting equipment into a 1914 Model T Ford and set out for California.

Today the journey from Denver to Los Angeles is a matter of hours by plane. Even in 1920, it was still just a matter of a few days, but it took Jim Beaver and his family a terrifying six months.

The major problem was money. Beaver had planned to work his way across the country, painting houses and barns, but he had little luck finding customers. He was soon obliged to sell some of his equipment—and the ladders, brushes and pots began to go until he had hardly enough left to practice his trade. (*Continued on page 78*)

HOW THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN

■ *A few weeks ago, Jim Henaghan, noted reporter and magazine writer, spent an evening with his date and the Alan Ladds in Hollywood. They dined at La Rue's, and drove back to Alan's house for a last cup of coffee. Alan seemed a little tired and stretched out in a big chair. Jim motioned to his date that they'd better leave, but as they got up to go Alan said, "Sit down for another minute." "Sure," said Jim, "I'll sit down if you'll tell me something about yourself that you've never told anyone before—give me an exclusive story." This seemed an impossible challenge. Every writer in Hollywood is convinced there's nothing new to say about Ladd. But Alan smiled. "Got your pencil?" he asked, and before Jim recovered Alan began to talk, easily and fast. Fortunately, Jim's date knew shorthand and in a moment she was racing to keep up with Alan. His was an incredible, fascinating tale of a life that had touched the heights of glory and the nadir of despair, and as Alan told it he seemed to be reliving all the wonderful, crazy, sad and happy years. For the first time he was telling it all. And here it is—the kind of yarn a writer only dreams of getting, but that Jim Henaghan snared one lucky night.*



Every other actress in Hollywood looks at herself in the mirror and beams—but Doris Day sticks out her tongue!

BY SUSAN TRENT

■ Doris Day, surrounded by her hair dresser, her studio press agent, and her makeup expert, looked at herself in her dressing room mirror. The girl who thinks she is not beautiful, not even pretty, studied her reflection long and carefully. "I don't like my type today," she finally said.

She addressed the mirror once more. "I don't like my type, see?" And then she turned to her friends. "But what?" she asked, "is my type?"

It was a purely rhetorical question, for Doris Day is not a "type." She is much too complicated to fall into any category, and to know her well you must understand all the facets of this many-faceted girl. Analyzing her career and past activities isn't revealing enough. Sure, it adds up and sheds light on the subject, but in the case of a day-to-day girl like Doris it is the present which is important, and it is an examination of her present attitudes which will give you the key to her as a person.

Doris is that rare (*Continued on page 91*)







Husband Marty's her business manager, often visits Doris on the set. When he leaves for work, she gives him a going-over, to make sure his clothes are spotless.



The Melchers live simply, spend most evenings at home. On weekends, they throw parties that feature swimming, volleyball and food—but never hard liquor.



Doris wasn't always as comfortably housed as this. When she first came to Hollywood, she lived in a trailer. Even then, she knew how to make the best of it.



Jean looks like a dream of the perfect wife . . .



. . . but Stewart acts as if she has a lot to learn.

what's wrong with the Grangers?

by sheilah graham

THESE PICTURES SHOW JEAN AND STEWART GRANGER



As newlyweds, the laughing, loving Grangers were a stunning example of marital bliss. Soon Stewart began to teach her how to dress, swim, and entertain. Madly in love with him, Jean was a willing pupil.

Why is this famous love match headed for the rocks? Here's a frank analysis and warning...

■ I firmly believe that Stewart Granger loves his wife Jean Simmons. If I didn't, I'd mind my own business—which is to report the facts *after* they happen. But because this marriage will surely founder unless someone points out the rocks, I hope that Mr. and Mrs. Granger will forgive me if I step in where their other friends apparently fear to tread.

There are six obstacles blocking the road to happiness for the 39-year-old handsome Britisher, and the girl he calls his "child bride." They are money problems, a house that is too big, too many droppers-in, *his* bossiness, *her* long wait for work. And *his* "Anything she can do, I can do better" attitude. Unless some of these problems can be eliminated, I doubt whether Mr. and Mrs. Granger will be at home to each other for many wedding anniversaries.

Because Stewart's bossiness is the biggest hurdle to jump, I'd like to discuss that first. I know he doesn't mean to "sit" on his sweet young wife so continuously and so unmercifully. But the simplest remark from Jean is sure to be contradicted by Jimmy—as Jean and all their intimates call him. His real name, as you know, is Jimmy Stewart, which he had to change because of the longer established Mr. Stewart.

Okay, so we are now in the Granger home. "Isn't it a lovely day?" Jean will remark. Without so much as looking up from his book, Jimmy will say, "You're wrong—it's a terrible day." Another time: Jean, "I thought so and so (mentioning one of their friends) didn't look very well." "I thought he looked fine," automatically from Mr. Granger. Or if Jean says, "He looked fine," Stewart says, "I thought he looked ill." A dress, a book, a play, a movie—you name it—whatever side Jean prefers, her husband prefers the other.

The question is, how long will a girl of Jean's spirited nature tolerate this habitual disagreement? Psychologically, she is rebelling already. There is a song in *Guys And Dolls* about a girl who always gets a cold when she's romantically unhappy. From the first day of her arrival in Hollywood last Christmas, when I bumped into the honeymooners at Schwab's drug store until last week, when Jean was bedded with a virus, the pretty brunette British actress had suffered through a succession of colds in the head.

"In England," Jean told me recently, "I used to get colds, I expected to. They ran their course and went. Here, when I get a cold it stays on and on and I croak like a frog when it settles in my chest." I'm not a psychiatrist, but a consciously happy woman doesn't have time for non-stop sniffles or croaking—at least not in sunny California!

Now for the Big House problem which is tied in with Money—or rather the absence of it. And this is strange, when you consider that Jean is paid what amounts to $100,000 a picture and Stewart's contract at Metro calls for $4,000 a week. This is a fortune in any language, but Jean, unfortunately, is still being paid in English pounds —36,000 of them—because of her contract with Rank and Pascal. The pounds are all frozen in London. Stewart is a generous type, but (*Continued on page 77*)

AS THEY SUNK FROM BLISS TO BOREDOM TO BAD TEMPER IN LITTLE OVER A YEAR OF MARRIAGE!



me flew and so did the honeymoon. This picture caught the end of their relationship—Jean trying desperately to live to his ideals and Stewart fixing her with his ever-critical eye.



Today, the once-ecstatic Grangers show the strain of a year of misunderstandings and tense situations. Divorce rumors are rife, but a solution is possible because they're still very much in love with each other.

HOW DO THE MOVIE STARS LIVE? ASK JANE POWELL'S NEIGHBOR WHO GETS A DAILY EYEFUL.

love those neighbors



The Steffans are friendly homebodies. Geary III never cries at night (at least, no one hears him); their parties are always quiet and every once in a while Jane charms the neighbors with song.

■ Looking at our street you wouldn't think a movie star lived on it. The houses are fair-to-middling in size, and there isn't a chauffeur in sight. The neighborhood is quiet, and in some places the old trees lock their branches overhead, filtering the sunshine that flows into the many colorful gardens.

When the combined neighborhood learned that Jane Powell and her husband had bought the old Jacobs place, they were a little apprehensive. Reputedly, Jane Powell was a nice young girl, but then that was the trouble—she was *young*—and she and Geary were likely to throw parties that would wake the dead and knock out the living.

Well, the Steffans have been living a year now in the big white house with green shutters, and the worst noise ever to come from their direction has been the sound of their dog. Paper is some sort of a shepherd dog, and adored by Jane and Geary. It was quiet as a cemetery one night last spring, when suddenly a grinding screech of brakes and a blood-curdling howl rent the air. Immediately, everybody was outside on their front lawns looking for their dogs. But the dog who'd been hit was Paper. Somebody ran over to the Steffan house, but no one was home. Somebody else said Jane and Geary were out for dinner, and it was the maid's night off. So one of the men phoned Jane's father, way over in the valley. Mr. Burce made it to Brentwood in record time and there were tears in his eyes as he lifted Paper into his car. It turned out the dog was all right, except for a paralysis in his tail assembly, and now he walks around with that poor old tail dragging along the ground. Janie told me the vet wanted to amputate it, but she and Geary wouldn't hear of it.

"It's Paper's tail, and it's got to stay," she said. "Even if he does mop up the streets with it."

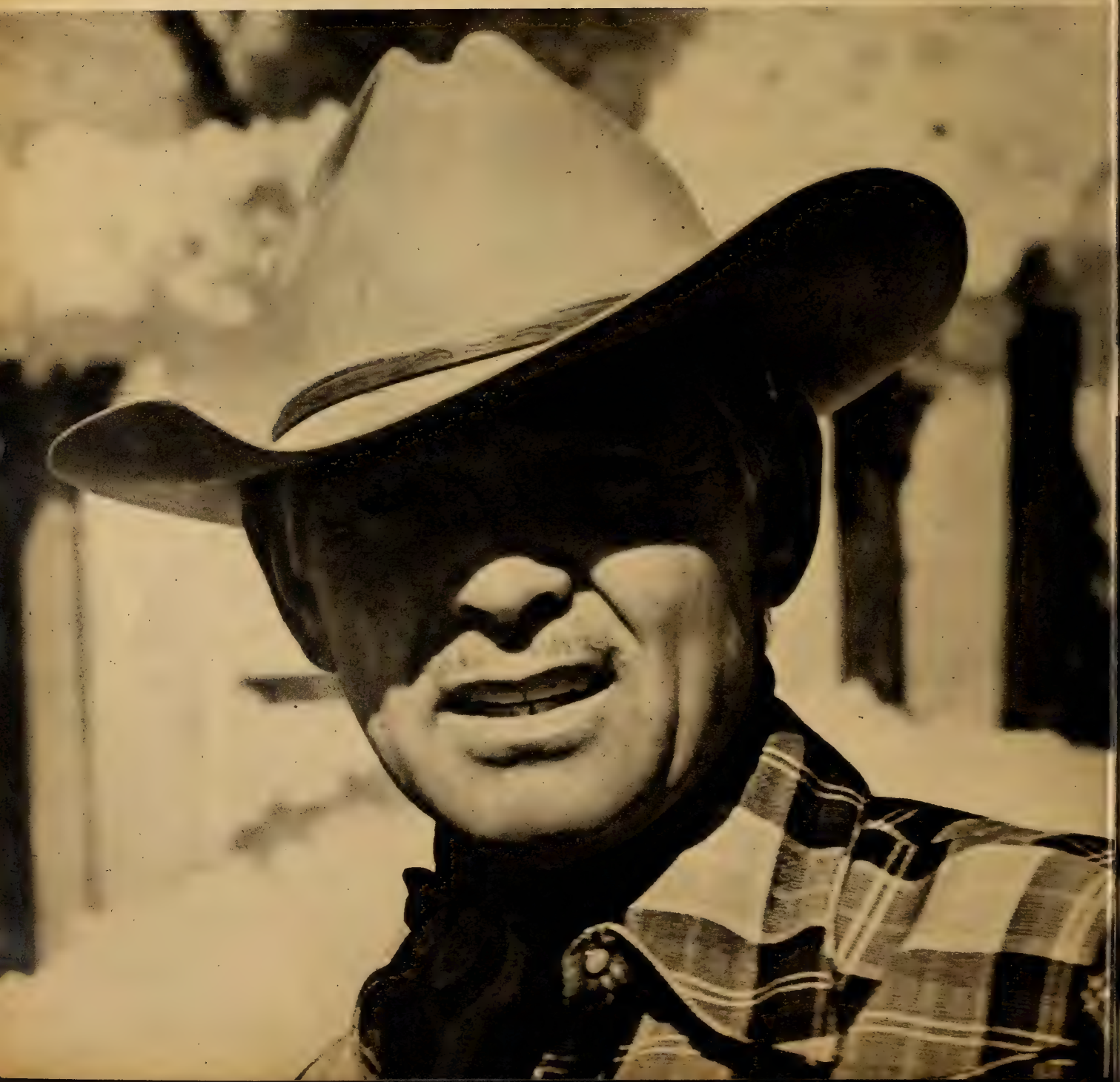
Anyway, as soon as the Jacobs family moved out, it seemed that Janie and Geary were at the house every day, looking it over and planning changes. The day after the first story appeared concerning the location of the (*Continued on page 76*)



"LUCKY IN CARDS, UNLUCKY IN LOVE" THEY SAY. IF IT'S TRUE, CLARK MUST BE A WHIZ AT BRIDGE!

Is Gable's love life jinxed?

by Jack Wade



■ Every time Clark Gable gets himself a divorce his fans say, "How come he married that woman in the first place?"

They asked this in 1930 when Gable divorced his first wife, Josephine Dillon, a stage director 17 years his senior.

In 1939 the same inquiry was made concerning Clark's second wife, Maria Langham, a wealthy Texas society matron, 11 years his senior.

Nowadays, in almost imploring tones, everyone is demanding to know "why Gable married Sylvia Ashley, anyway." It's as if everyone in the world *but* Gable knew for sure that his fourth marriage was destined to fail.

A simple truth about William Clark Gable is that he is a notoriously bad judge of women, and he sought a mother substitute rather than a wife in each of the women he married.

Gable fans may scream in protest at the latter statement—after all, for 20 years he has been built up as the rugged, handsome, self-sufficient he-man—but just examine the facts, study them honestly, and you will arrive at the same conclusion: Gable, with only one exception, has always married mature women who could mother him.

His own mother died when he was seven months old. His only memories of her are "a few *(Continued on page 64)*

Clark's hard search for love led him into three unsuitable marriages. Only Carole was the perfect mate for him.



First wife: Josephine Dillon, Clark's dramatic coach, married him when she was 40, he was 23.



Second wife: Maria Langham became his bride in 1935. She was 11 years his senior, and about to become a grandmother.



Third wife: Carole Lombard was the one and only for Gable, and would still be, if not for a fatal accident.



Fourth wife: Lady Sylvia Ashley was Mrs. G. for one year, five months, six days.



Will Virginia Grey, the girl who so greatly resembles Carole Lombard, be the next Mrs. Gable? Or is the King through with marriage at last?



The MacRaes wanted a New England farmhouse painted red, but one look at this southern Colonial mansion changed their minds. It has 12 rooms, five baths and a pool heated for year-round swimming.



Portraits of the three children—a Father's Day surprise for Gordon—dominate a wall in the living room. Early American antiques collected by Gordon over a nine-year period reflect his Yankee tastes.



The master bedroom is in a wing by itself and opens onto a patio. Because of its large size, Sheila furnished it as a sitting room by grouping easy chairs for conversation and using strong colors.



The pine-panelled living room is large and uncluttered. A foyer

NORTH IS NORTH AND SOUTH IS SOUTH BUT

house of MacRae

by Marva Peterson



separates it from the dining room which is also furnished with American antiques. Gordon recalls where he bought every one of the antique pieces.

THEY MEET AT GORDON MACRAE'S HOME IN A PERFECT BLEND OF YANKEE TASTE AND SOUTHERN COMFORT

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

■ A few weeks ago the Gordon MacRaes decided to throw a small party to show off their new home. "Nothing very large," Sheila explained. "Just the Jeff Chandlers, Doris Day and Marty, the Gene Nelsons, and maybe one other couple."

"Okay with me," Gordon agreed. "Just let's keep it down."

Came party night, and the first dozen guests filled the MacRae driveway to capacity. The car overflow stretched a quarter of a mile down the valley road and the large southern Colonial house was bulging with people.

With the arrival of each guest, three little MacRae heads would pop over the bannister to drink in the newcomer. On this house-warming occasion, Meredith 7, Heather 5, and Gar 3, had been granted special bedtime extensions. They could sit on the top step until the last person arrived. And from experience, the children knew this was a winning game. Whenever Sheila and Gordon MacRae give a party, they start by inviting a few old-time friends and wind up with 30 or 40 more from the Hollywood younger set.

What puzzles Sheila is that "they all turn out to be close friends of ours. And they all simply love to play 'The Game'."

"The Game" in Hollywood, in case you don't know, is charades. The MacRae version is a slight variation of the ordinary game in which one person silently acts out a song title, quotation or slogan. The MacRaes take two teams in separate rooms with an arbiter in the center. The teams enact the same list of charades, and as (*Continued on next page*)



This high-ceilinged room is Gordon's study. He calls it MacRae's Rehearsal Hall, and decorated it himself—painted one wall forest green, papered the others with a bold hunting print, and even built a fireplace at one end.

the members guess one puzzler, the umpire gives them a new one. The game becomes a relay race. The first team to finish the charades list wins the game.

A satisfactory physical set-up for relay charades consists of two large, soundproof rooms with a middle ground for the umpire.

The night of the MacRae house-warming, Sheila figured she and Gordon could use the pine-panelled living room for one team and the dining room with its comfortable Windsor chairs with the foyer in between. As the guests stepped in the front door, Gordy offered each one a playing card, and the teams were chosen according to black and red cards. Some of the crowd, like Jeff and Marge Chandler, brought along a list of tough charades.

The buffet dinner of turkey, ham, fried chicken, sweet potatoes, peas, salad, dessert and coffee was just a prelude to "The Game." Immediately after coffee, the teams separated, and the race was on. The non-professional actors, being less conscious of dramatics, did as well as the $2,000-a-week players on (*Continued on page 87*)



Many's the morning that Sheila and Gordon have tumbled out of b the pool. Their bedroom door opens right onto this patio of b old brick. They've found that a morning dip is a good wake-up in

Each child's room reflects his own tastes. Meredith's (*above*) proves how elegant a seven-year-old can be—its exclusive wallpaper is hand-painted.



Bright colors and interesting knick-knacks give the living room a festive air. Hand-made reproductions fill the dining room (*at right*). Its breakfront once held nuts and bolts in a Pennsylvania hardware store.



why shelley



Vittorio Gassmann, the Italian actor, swept Shelley off her feet in Italy

It took a Continental charmer to teach Shelley about love. Now with her heart in Europe, she says, "Farl's just a pal."



Returning from Europe with Farley (who starred with her in *Behave Yourself*), Shelley said, "We were never engaged, never in love."

didn't marry farley

by Hedda Hopper

■ A man once said: "Shelley Winters is the kind of girl all men would be afraid of but few would run away from."

He can say that again! What with the number and variety of beaus Shelley's had during her four years in Hollywood, you get dizzy just counting. But of them all, Farley Granger was the boy Hollywood always thought most likely to succeed matrimonially.

Yet Shelley came back from a six weeks tour of Paris, London, Rome and Israel without a wedding ring. Farley had done double duty as escort and guide on the trip everyone thought would turn out to be a honeymoon.

Most surprising of all, Shelley was bursting with a new romance. Vittorio Gassmann, the Italian actor, had dried her tears as she got on the plane, had filled her arms with yellow roses, had said the romantic things American boys don't say. He had, in short, swept the volatile Shelley right off her feet and she wanted to tell the world about him!

But when Shelley came down the plane ramp in her Paris clothes to face the photographers and newsmen, everyone asked her the same question: "Why didn't you marry Farley Granger over there?" And of course it was the very first question I asked her.

Shelley, who wanted to tell of the new love and the new way of living she'd discovered abroad, threw up her hands:

"Farley and I didn't get married," she said, "because we were never engaged. That's why. Before we left I told everyone we weren't engaged, we weren't going to marry. Did they believe us? Of course not. We got to New York and the studio had adjoining rooms for us in the same hotel—I guess everyone thought we'd run for a justice of the peace first thing. Farley moved down to another floor. The more we said we were just pals, the more convinced everyone became that we were just trying to stall."

I said, "You had a ring. You've been engaged for two years."

"You're wrong," Shelley protested. "We never have been engaged. Farley gave me a little cocktail ring and Jerry Wald announced we were engaged and I denied it. We're only good friends. You can't be good friends and be in love. When you see two people laughing together all the time, sharing things and sharing friends, they're pals. When they're always asking for little tables in dark corners and sitting eyeing each other in gloomy silence—that's love."

I said, "Tell me honestly, did Farley ever propose?"

Shelley debated over that one. "Mmmmm, not really."

Then I asked her the 64 dollar question. "Do you ever intend to marry him?"

Shelley said, "I don't think so . . . But then, you never know. You know how changeable I am."

That left a wide loophole for future eventualities. I asked her, "What made love fly out the window?" She countered quickly, "It didn't—we're still good friends. He has telephoned me from New York—he knows about Vittorio but it hasn't made any difference with us. I expect to see him and have good times with him. You see we were never really in love. We tried to be because everyone else thought we should be. But we've got something unique—we're real friends—not many men and women have that. Farley's the best kind of company and such fun to go out with."

Shelley admits she's changeable, her admirers say she's volatile which is the gay alibi for changing your mind frequently. Sometimes the people who work in pictures with her say she's a witch and that they'll never have her in a film again. This means they only stay mad at her until they need her for one of her wonderful sexy roles. Then they kiss and make up to get her back again. But Shelley doesn't think of herself *(Continued on page 93)*



He came out of the Bronx like a bullet and hit Hollywood square in the eye. What did he have? Here's the real lowdown on one man in a million.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

what is Tony Curtis really like?

■ "But what is he *really* like?" the girl sitting next to me in the club car asked when she discovered I knew Tony Curtis.

"Well," I said, "he's terribly talented but he's undisciplined." Then I told her about the "Inside U.I." show. Once a year, in order to give experience to their younger players, Universal-International presents a group of acts for the press. Tony was all over the place at the last show, but his greatest moment came when he did a scene from *All You Need Is One Good Break*. Talent and vitality just oozed out of him, almost to excess. He was so eager to please he killed himself. Although there was one boy in the show who was actually better as far as technique went, it was Tony you looked at. He *made* you look at him. For whatever it is that makes a star Tony has it.

Tony, himself, isn't aware of his abilities. Like all naturals, and Tony is a natural, he knows he *wants* a lot. "Dear God," he has said aloud, with every nerve in his body quivering, "Dear God, give me one chance."

While they were rehearsing for the "Inside U.I." show the director had to *make* him stop work. He wanted to keep right on rehearsing. Whatever Tony does he does big. When he took dancing lessons (along with voice, painting and diction lessons) he rounded up a lot of studio executives and gave a dance recital. He just wanted to show them what he could do. When it was over one of the execs said, "Technique he hasn't got, but he makes every other hoofer (*Continued on page 89*)

TONY AND JANET "OPEN" A MARKET



Janet Leigh modestly hides her weight even though husband Tony's ready to pay by the pound at a new super market.



Debonair in a fancy straw hat, Tony admires a choice piece of lamb—but the customers have their eyes on him!



The law stands by with Janet as Tony puts the bite on a watermelon with the help of a young Californian.





A POISED HOSTESS, June meets sophisticates like Rosalind Russell on equal terms, and has finally overcome her extreme nervousness.



PLUCKY LITTLE TROUPER, June is slowly conquering her stage fright, even though she's never forgotten her first, terrifying appearance.

the girl behind the sunshine

by Jane Wilkie

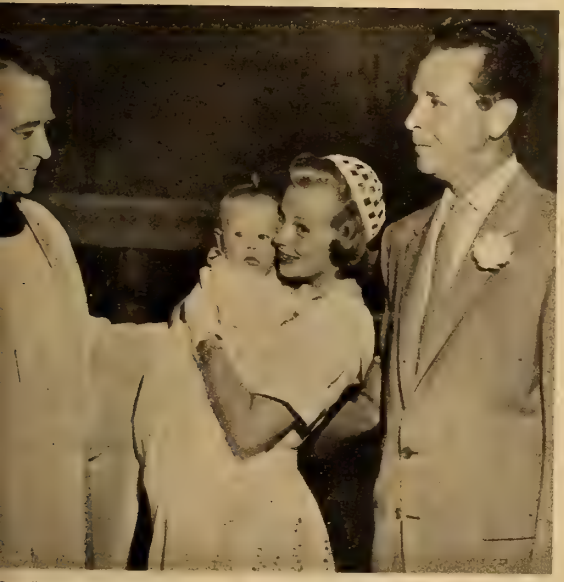
SHE ALWAYS WEARS A SMILE, SHE'S

■ Hundreds of stories have been written about June Allyson, and the majority of them have been gay and breezy, reflecting her personality. Many a writer, however, has finished an interview with June and gone home feeling puzzled, aware that there was something beneath her laughter that he couldn't quite define, and when he finished his story, he knew he hadn't caught the *whole* girl. He couldn't know that June's gaiety was a camouflage for her own unhappiness.

To people who have felt that June Ally-



EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPER NOW, she was too scared as a bride to accept housekeeping responsibilities, made many humorous but painful (for her) domestic blunders.



A DEVOTED MOTHER, she is determined to give her children, Pam, and Richard (shown above at his christening) the safe, secure childhood she never experienced herself.



SELF-CONFIDENT AND HAPPY AT LAST, June has finally won the battle against her own fears. The Powell foursome is one of the most contented in Hollywood—and Dick proudly says of June: "She's a first-rate wife, mother and house mouse!"

THE GAYEST GIRL IN TOWN—BUT FEW SUSPECT THAT NOT LONG AGO, JUNE WAS CRYING HER HEART OUT!

on is too cute, too gay, it may come as a urprise that underneath she is a very deep oung woman who has fought a long fight y herself, with help from no one. June has ought it alone because essentially she is a nely person who prefers to keep her roubles to herself. This story is told now nly because June is beginning to know that ie has won her battle.

Since she can remember, June has struged against shyness, fear and uncertainty, id against the black, depressive moods that escended upon her without warning.

Her innate character is responsible for some of it, and the rest can be chalked up to her childhood. Without pretending a knowledge of psycho-analysis, it is easy to see that a childhood like June's would not tend to result in secure adulthood. There was no serious lack of material comfort, but there was a lack of love in her early years and the absence of a good home life.

June's father left their home when she was still an infant. Stranded with no source of income, her mother took a job as an engraver in a printing shop. Of necessity, June was left with relatives while a baby, and left alone when she grew old enough to attend school.

Other children went home from school to warm kitchens and were given cookies and milk by their mothers, but June went home alone to an empty apartment, wishing that she, too, could have a mother waiting for her. She was told about Jack the Ripper and cautioned never to open the door for anyone, and many an afternoon locked herself in the bathroom, trembling with (*Continued on page 61*)

brando's

"He's affected," they say. "Nobody can be *that* eccentric." Oh, no? Marlon doesn't even try to be a character—he just *is* one!

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ The average new motion picture star descends on Hollywood like a thunderbolt—or, at least, a visiting Maharajah. He is catapulted into the town from a long sling, released by a dozen husky press agents, or he is lifted from a train at Pasadena by a cheering squad and a brass band. An entrance without such hullabaloo is considered almost indecent.

But consider the case of Marlon Brando. After dawdling around New York nagged by the feeling that he had a date somewhere, Marlon Brando suddenly remembered it was in Hollywood—to make a movie. He walked into the nearest transportation office, took the first accommodation suggested and reached Hollywood a few days later in a coach car, slouched in the seat where he had slept for three nights. By his side was a battered suit case he had borrowed and as the train pulled into the station, he was lunching handsomely on a banana.

At that moment, the publicity department of Stanley Kramer productions was in a dither. Brando was due, but they hadn't heard from him. His agent couldn't help, he didn't know where the actor was, either. So the result was: no catapult, no brass band and no explosion. Marlon Brando got off the train, boarded a bus, rode to the studio, walked into the office and politely asked where he should go to dress for work.

The Kramer organization never got over it. They have told the story time and again, until today when you mention Brando's name in Hollywood, the first thing anyone says is:

"Brando! That guy must be nuts!"

But he is not. Marlon Brando is essentially an intellectual, a serious-minded artist, a talent. But he is childlike in his evaluations. Although he is an actor, there is not a pretentious bone in his body. Whatever he does, he does because he thinks it is the proper thing to do at the moment, and he does nothing for effect or to earn a reputation as a character. In looking back on the events that have taken place during (*Continued on page 74*)









Marlon Brando's varied facial expressions range from animal magnetism to shy sensitivity.

no phony!

He was only acting in *Streetcar,* but Brando convinced many that he was really portraying himself.













no more tears for Judy!

She sat on the edge of the stage like a ragged urchin and she sang "Over The Rainbow" the way only Garland can . . .

BY JIM BURTON

■ One night this winter a typical Broadway character was taking his midnight stroll down New York's main stem when he saw a crowd of a couple of hundred people gathered before the entrance of the Palace Theater in Times Square.

Naturally, he joined the throng and, with the rest, peered into the dark lobby of the closed house. After a time he grew restless, so he turned to a neighbor.

"What are we all waiting for, Bud?" he asked.

"Judy Garland," said the other man. "She ought to be coming out any minute now."

The fellow looked over the crowd which was made up of well dressed, middle-aged folks. They stood quietly, as though waiting for a friend.

"This is the wrong place," said the Broadway character. "The actors always come out the stage door around the corner."

"Not Judy," said the other man. "She comes out this way every night. I've seen her three times this week."

The native shrugged his shoulders and walked away. "I don't get it," he said. "This never happened around here before."

And he was right. It hadn't happened around Broadway before. The stars of the Big Street had for generations sneaked out of the theaters through the back entrances and scurried to waiting cars along dimly-lit alleys. They had dodged the well wishers, not made dates with them.

Almost on the stroke of 12, the front door of the Palace opened and Judy Garland, surrounded by half a dozen of her company, walked through. The crowd surged forward slightly but didn't crush. Judy had a big smile on (*Continued on next page*)

Photographs by Joseph Heppner

more pictures on next page →



"Legs" Garland rocked the rafters with this re-creation of her "Get Happy" number from the movie *Summer Stock*. Brilliantly staged in the "Two-a-day" Palace revival, this was one of the show's high points.



"We're a coupla swells," sing Judy and Jack McClendon as they go through the last routine (Judy sang it with Astaire in *Easter Parade*). She closed the show in this costume.

no more tears for Judy! continued

her face and as she moved to the curb she acknowledged, with a handshake or a small bow, all the greetings extended her. Someone hailed a cab for her and before she pulled away, Judy waved, blew a kiss and said thanks to everyone. It was a touching but orderly demonstration. And, as the man said, it had never happened on Broadway before.

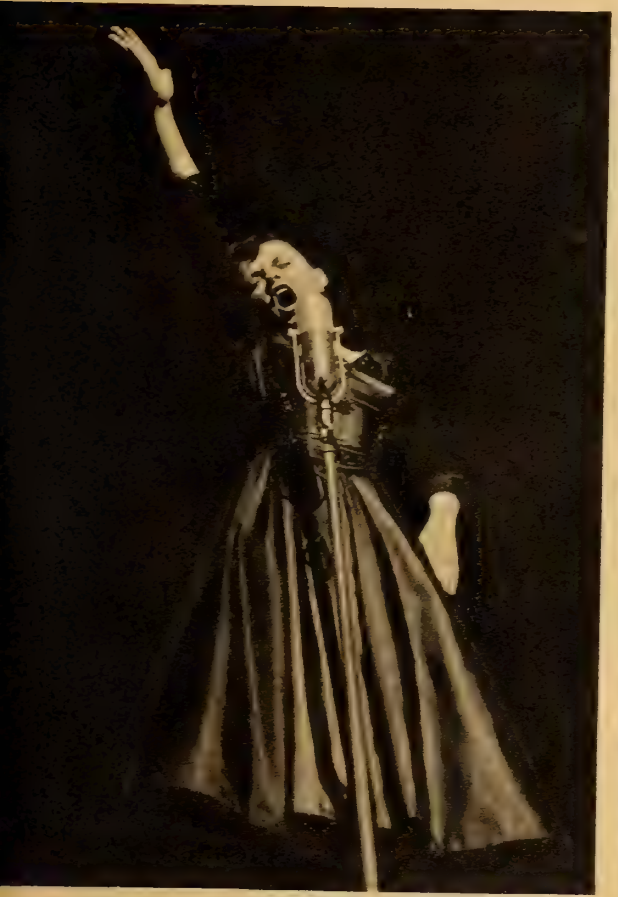
Judy Garland's engagement at the Palace Theater in New York proved one thing for certain. You'll never have to cry for her again. It proved to the people of America that Judy Garland's talent transcends any entertainment medium; that if, as they say, she can't work in pictures again, she can play in any hall, tent, barn or on any street corner in the land and be a star. It proved that Judy Garland, at a bare 30, is the one artist of our era who has achieved the stature of the beloved stars of the past generations. She makes them stand up and cheer at an age when most of the others were just getting started.

The road to her triumph has not been easy. It has been rutted with tracings of disgrace, heartbreak, and near scandal. The days from her tearful departure from MGM to her opening night at the Palace were filled with dread and uncertainty, and illness and loneliness have been with her constantly. How did she make it?

It all began, really, before she left the studio which had been her home for most of her life. Judy's relations with the front office were, to put it mildly, strained. She had been unable to work regularly in her last three pictures. She was too heavy, always, it seemed, on the starting date of a new film. She couldn't sleep without sedatives and she had no energy without a daytime stimulant. Everything was wrong with Judy.

While the newspapers had a field day covering the fracas between a major corporation and a small girl, the small girl was almost at the end of her rope. As far as MGM was concerned, it was a purely impersonal matter, but with Judy it was more. She had at stake not only her career but the understanding and friendship of millions of people who had been staunch supporters since she was a kid. Her only hiding place was in the companionship of fellow (*Continued on page 83*)

HER SHOES . . . AND SHE PACKED THEM IN ON BROADWAY FOR ONE OF THE BIGGEST HITS OF THE YEAR!



Belting "Love Is Sweeping the Country" right into the balcony, a perspiring Judy, in stocking feet, got the rhythm and then she really went to town.



Marlene Dietrich was one of the many glittering first-nighters who came backstage after cheering, weeping, applauding and begging for more. Celebrities jammed the opening, but only Judy Garland was the star.

Surrounded by flowers on opening night, Judy later spent hours reading congratulatory telegrams. She was great—and grateful!



WHO'D EVER THINK, TO LOOK AT HER NOW, THAT ARLENE DAHL GREW UP BELIEVING THAT . . .



"nice girls don't wear lipstick"

by Arlene Dahl

■ "Won't you sing something for us?"

I can still see myself, fresh from the hinterlands, standing there at my first cocktail party in New York and feeling my throat tighten up at the request. I didn't want to sing. I was afraid. Then I told myself I must. As casually as they had asked . . . I must sing. Not just because there was a theatrical producer present who was casting a show at the time, but because I had chosen this fascinating, smart world as my world. Either I lived up to it at this very moment, or I faded back . . . and out.

I sang. And it was more a personal triumph than a professional one. It was true that Felix Brentano signed me for his musical, *Mr. Strauss Goes To Boston,* and from this show I went into the movies. But what was more important, I overcame my fear, felt confidence flow into me, and knew that I was no longer the timid, unsure girl my mother had unintentionally raised me to be.

Mother's heart was full of devotion for me, yet such were her ideas that the teen-age phase of my development was slowed down. I wasn't permitted to think of makeup, clothes fads were banned, and until I finished high school I had practically no personal liberty.

Mother didn't think herself old-fashioned in all this. She felt (*Continued on page 98*)



"I try to get quality in my work—and I demand it in my cigarette. *Extra-mild* FATIMAS give me that *quality*—and they cost no more." Jon Whitcomb

DISTINGUISHED ILLUSTRATOR AND MEMBER OF FACULTY "FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE"

In FATIMA *the Difference is* QUALITY

FATIMA CIGARETTES

Extra-Mild

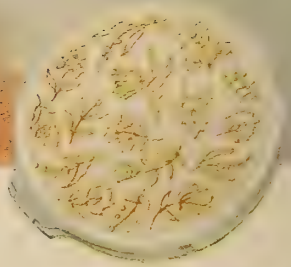
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Best of All KING-SIZE *Cigarettes*

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The most flattering mirror you ever peeked in!





It's in your Angel Face MIRROR CASE

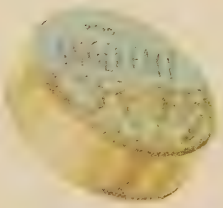
by Pond's

Everybody adores this sweet-tinted foundation and powder in-one!

Today more women use Angel Face than any other complexion make-up! This heavenly foundation and powder in-one smooths on with a puff—in seconds! No greasy fingertips, wet sponge, spilly powder. Angel Face *clings*—much longer than powder! The Duchess de Richelieu says: "Angel Face is the cleverest make-up I've ever tried. And so flattering!"

Everybody loves the new Mirror Case! Tucks in slimmest handbag!

Sweet, slim, ivory-and-golden! Flip up the hinged lid of your Mirror Case and you find puff, mirror, and Angel Face—make-up *complete* for quick touch-ups anywhere! And Angel Face can't spill! "The pretty new Mirror Case is such a useful beauty accessory," Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt, Jr. says. In 6 skin tones, Angel Face Mirror Case—$1*



*Angel Face also comes in this well-loved blue-and-gold box, 89¢, 59¢.**

*plus tax

the girl behind the sunshine

(*Continued from page 51*) fright until her mother came home.

Her mother worked hard six days a week, and, wearied of the din in the printing shop, sometimes went out during the evenings. On these occasions she left her niece as guardian of the apartment and tucked June into bed before leaving to visit the neighbors, admonishing her to go to sleep and not be afraid. June's cousin was a girl not much older than she, and was little help to the child lying awake in the small, darkened bedroom. Every creak of the tenement's old boards, every swish of the wind outside her window, would send the small girl to an upright position, straining to see through the blackness and quivering with the fright that only a lonely child can know.

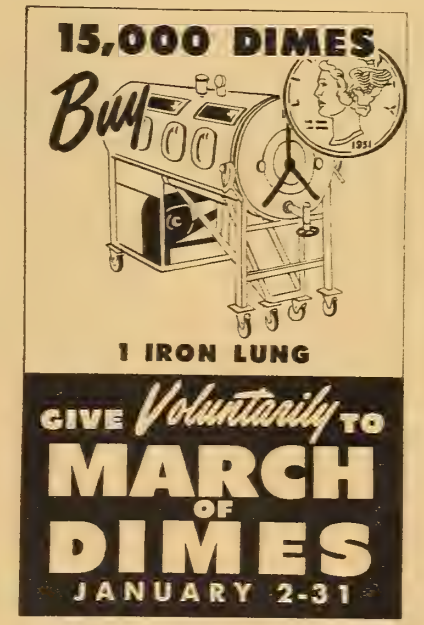
JUNE'S only source of companionship was the neighborhood children, and although shy, she had just begun making a few friends when a serious accident happened. A falling tree limb sent her sprawling, fractured her spine and killed the little pup that had been her constant companion. For a child of eight years, June showed remarkable courage in refusing to accept the doctors' pessimistic outlook. She *would* walk again, and she did. It was after her discharge from the hospital, her back tightly encased in a steel brace that reached below her hips, that she developed an even greater shyness. The brace made her terribly self-conscious and the neighborhood children, with the unconscious cruelty of the young, now regarded June as a freak. They wanted to touch the brace, to see how it was strapped to her body, and June backed away from them with fear in her eyes. For the next few years normal play was impossible for her, and she sat on the front steps, watching the other kids play hopscotch and blind man's buff, aching in her heart because she was not included. And always, when in a crowd, she would shy away from people, frightened that they would come in contact with the hard brace and turn to stare at her.

When she was 12 years old she weighed only 42 pounds, but now free of the loathsome brace, she determined to take the doctors' advice and learn to swim, an exercise which they had promised would strengthen her back muscles. In the public school there was a swimming teacher named Marie Spinoza. Although barely out of her 'teens, Marie was a sensitive person and realized June's great need for companionship. She devoted much of her time to the younger girl. She was the first real friend June had ever had, and in gratitude June attacked the job of learning to swim with such diligence that before long she had won a New York City free-style swimming championship.

The conquest gave her needed courage, and she went on to learn dancing by religious attendance of Fred Astaire movies. How June broke into show business by accepting the dares of her schoolmates has been told before. She had spoken so much of having mastered Astaire's dances that she had to accept the challenge to get into a Broadway show before she was out of high school. What hasn't been told is her acute fright at appearing before an audience. She was proud, certainly, before that opening night, but even though she was to appear surrounded by other chorus girls, although she was to be one of many, her heart thumped alarmingly at the mere thought. As it turned out, her fears were well grounded, for that opening night of *Sing Out The News* provided June with an experience that would have turned most young girls away from the stage forever.

She was 15 at the time, and because she had lied about her age in order to get the job, was in no position to be spotlighted or undergo any inquiries. She had therefore remained what she was, a quiet, scared kid, and when the curtain went up she danced onto the stage with the others, an automaton going through her routine with studied concentration. All went well until the end of the dance, when the line of chorus girls was scheduled to back into the bowels of the stage and there end their number. The line backed, all but June, who became confused and went once more toward the footlights. The curtain swung together in back of her and she was left, completely alone, facing a sea of staring eyes.

Being unable to find the separation in a stage curtain is a shattering experience even for a seasoned entertainer, but to a child of 15, it was a situation that warranted a storm of tears. June laughs about it today, treating it as one of the most amusing moments of her life, but if you pin her down she'll admit that it wasn't at all funny. She showed the courage that night that has eventually made her a top



star—the courage and the intelligence. She tried a buck-and-wing to the left side of the stage, but there was no exit. The audience was completely silent, no doubt in sympathy for the tiny girl who was so obviously nonplussed. June's heart was pounding with fright, and as she began a hopeless buck-and-wing to the right she also began talking to herself. "You've got to do something," she said. "Something. Be funny. That's it—be funny!" She started to clown and kept it up with the accompaniment of a bewildered orchestra until the curtain finally opened and allowed her to slip back into oblivion. Out front, the audience was still howling and applauding, and most of them probably thought that the kid without billing had given them a scheduled comedy act.

This particular happening in June's life taught her the lesson she's applied so often since. She found that if you're frightened and are able to cover up with gaiety, no one will ever know. That is why people today who have known her for years realize that though they see her often, though she is warm and generous and fun to be with, June is hard to know and has never really opened her heart to them.

SHE began to use gaiety as a defense weapon, and soon it seemed that June was almost always in a merry mood. No one knew about the times she went to the other extreme and sat alone for hours on end, swallowed in the depths of depression brought on by lack of faith in herself. Everyone found her gaiety infectious and a pace-setter in a room filled with people, but the people closest to her could detect a difference. If she was really carefree at the moment, it was pure merriment, bubbling from her personality, but if she was covering her discomfort, it was too fast, too high, and verging on giddiness. People meeting her for the first time were the audience for the latter type, for deep down June was terrified of meeting strangers and always had been. Her public appearances were tinged with it, for it was then that she was camouflaging her fright, straining for a lightness she did not feel.

Once, during World War II, June was scheduled to appear at a canteen in San Francisco, where she had been visiting the soldiers in hospitals. A friend who had accompanied her stood backstage with June waiting with her for her cue, and was astonished when June began working her hands in a nervous gesture.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the friend.

"I can't do it," June said. "I can't do it."

"But," said the friend, "you're used to this sort of thing!"

At that moment June heard her cue and before going on-stage thrust her hand into her friend's, who was dumfounded to find it was wringing wet. It was even a greater surprise to peep out from the wings and see June clowning all over the stage as though she'd been looking forward to the event for weeks.

While working in New York, June had met a boy from a good family who was also in show business. Tommy showed her the ropes, told her how to treat business people, took her to good restaurants for dinner, explained the French on the menus, pointed out her oyster fork and the correct manner with waiters. It was a boost in the right direction and a big help to June who'd had no contact with the grand life.

She came to Hollywood alone, hating every minute of the train ride, and unable to bring herself to speak to strangers. After her arrival she rented a small apartment and lived alone. Daytime was all right, for she was at the studio every day, taking lessons and rehearsing. But the nights were bad. Before many weeks had passed, the neighbors across the hall were surprised by a knock on their door around midnight. They opened it to find June, whom they know only slightly, standing in the hall with a robe thrown over her pajamas. Her face was pale, her eyes wide.

"I'm—awfully sorry," she said, "but I can't sleep in my apartment, alone. Could I—would I be putting you to any inconvenience if I just curled up here on your couch?"

After a while, the Downings got used to it. Most nights June managed to sleep through the silence, but often she went across the hall and slept the night in the neighbors' living room, leaving before they were awake. It was the Downings who insisted that June should have a companion, and eventually suggested Bess Van Dyke, who remained June's housekeeper until her marriage to Dick Powell.

June was charmed by Dick, who seemed gentle and understanding, but she knew him a long time before she could relax in his company. Often when they were out and laughing together the realization would suddenly cross her mind that this man was Dick Powell, a man so big and important in the movie world that he couldn't

possibly be interested in her. At times she even suspected that he was laughing at her because of the inadequacies she imagined herself to be burdened with. Before long she knew she was in love with him, but talked little about it to other people. She didn't know how to go about gauging his affection for her, and always quiet about her personal affairs, had no intention of letting anyone know about her feelings. Dick did laugh at her, but his amusement stemmed only from the fact that June is an unconscious comedienne. He still tells with delight of the evening she asked him in a stiff little voice about his intentions.

It *was* amusing on the surface, but underneath it was a little sad. Many of the Allyson antics have been written into comedy copy, with no mention made of the inferiority complex that was gnawing away at her. Going along with the gag, June herself would tell the latest anecdote as the funniest thing that ever happened. Things like her near-prostration before her wedding when Dick was a few minutes late. Hilarious, everybody said, but few knew that upstairs, in Bunny Green's bedroom, hooking and unhooking her jacket, June flew to the window every two minutes to look for Dick's car, certain in her heart that this man couldn't possibly love her. Their honeymoon on the boat—June doing everything wrong with sails and lines and anchor and cooking, and Dick amused at the fun she made of her own mistakes, and June desperate inside with her own clumsiness. Her efforts at home-making were chronicled with delight by Hollywood scribes. She had bought single blankets for a double bed, and regular pillow slips for a bolster. She had no money sense whatsoever, and for Christmas bought her new husband an exquisite writing case made of silver, a priceless thing that Dick asked her to return for something more practical. When he tackled a remodeling or decorating problem and asked for June's opinion, she never had any. "Whatever you think, dear," she would say. And Dick, not understanding, would tease her about her lack of imagination, her fear of responsibility. June *had* imagination, she *wanted* to help, but she was afraid she would blunder again and so remained silent about her opinions. So well did she keep her fears to herself that Dick hadn't a glimmer of her misgivings, and more than two years of their marriage went by before he began to understand that June's hypochondria (also written about as laughable) was a direct result of her quiet worry that she was incompetent in her new identity as Mrs. Richard Powell.

WHEN Dick bought the big English house in which they now live, June was unhappy about the move. She had spent a year in the Brentwood house and had finally become accustomed to the simple elegance of its furnishings. To her, every wall in the house and every stick of furniture represented security, for although still unsure, she had come to know it as home and had grown to be fairly competent at managing the house. She had even bought a complete set of dinnerware of which Dick had wholeheartedly approved, and it was her pride and joy because she had finally done something right. With the move imminent, Dick began thinking of new furniture to fit the bigger house, and June felt her world was coming to an end. She pleaded and coaxed until Dick, although not yet realizing her basic reason, agreed to keep everything they already had, adding only the necessary pieces.

"My wife," he used to say, "is cute as a button, but she can't do anything right. I guess that's one of the reasons I love her."

That last remark managed to hold June together, and she went on trying. With the new house came the responsibility of hiring new help, and June wilted under it. She talked to the secretary of Dick's business manager. "Pat, I wonder if—do you suppose you could help me find somebody? I'm not very good at those things. If you can find a few couples and sift out the ones you think might be good, I'll interview them after you."

It was a big plunge for a girl who had collected firewood for the coal stove as a child, who had pressed her own clothes back at the Women's Club in New York, who had always been terrified of the first time she would come face to face with a real-life butler. The fame and fortune of Hollywood is a big plunge for *all* its successful people who have come from the labor ranks of department stores and factories. But few of them have been handicapped, as was June, by an utter lack of self confidence, by a conviction that she was unworthy of anyone's love.

She is one of those actresses who is sensitive to others and feels deeply that she can forget herself in the portrayal of a role, but facing people as herself is the most difficult chore in life for her. In the beginning, in Hollywood, she had little faith in her ability and took sincere praise as out-and-out flattery. Years after the accident and the surgery that necessitated shaving her head and stitching her face, she seldom looked in a mirror that tears didn't come into her eyes, and even today she is puzzled when people compliment her on her appearance.

Before her marriage to Dick she had confined herself to a handful of close friends, few of whom were names in the industry and none of whom were in an upper social or financial bracket. With these people she knew she could be herself, without pretension and without airs, but when she became Mrs. Powell and was brought into contact with Dick's friends—all older, influential people, she felt she must act differently. Why or how, she didn't know, but she knew that as Dick's wife she must somehow learn to please them.

In the **march** issue—
modern screen's
party-of-the-year
for Hollywood's
most popular stars
with bewitching
liz taylor
on the cover
on sale
february 8

In more than six years of marriage, June has gradually come to know that Dick's friends are real, down-to-earth people, despite their exalted place in Hollywood society. She has learned that they love her for what she is, not for what she had thought she must be. If she wants to let that raucous laugh carom around her own house or somebody else's house, they love it. If she wants to take off her shoes, she does it with the sympathetic approval of her hosts, and whether or not a butler is standing at her elbow.

The affection shown her by Dick's friends has been instrumental in the fact that June has slowly found herself, is beginning to realize that in her own right she is a rather wise and self-reliant person. She has a husband she adores, two wonderful children, good health; in short, everything anyone could ask for, and after years of telling herself how lucky she is, she has begun to admit that if she has all these things, there must be a reason for it. It is doubtful if June has come right out and told herself what a smart cookie she is, but the suspicion has at least entered her mind.

AT THE party given by June and Dick on their sixth wedding anniversary, and following Ricky's christening, there was no one happier than June. It wasn't so much the anniversary or that her son had been christened; it was that Mrs. Richard Powell, for the first time, had planned and worked on a big Hollywood party all by herself. She had designed the decorations, planned the menu and hired the musicians. It was a lovely party and everybody said so, and June beamed back at them, feeling that at last she was competent, that the days of bungling things were gone forever.

Two weeks later, she and Dick went to look at a house. It was the first time in their marriage that he had been able to convince June that she could be happy in new surroundings, and she had agreed with him that their present house was too big and too elegant for their mutual taste. So they got into Dick's convertible and drove around the winding roads of Bel-Air until they came to the house they were looking for. It was half the size of their own place, with a cozy look about it. In the living room, Dick turned to say something to June and found she was gone. She emerged a minute later from an adjoining room.

"I've been thinking," she said. "There's a fireplace in that other room, too, and if we could knock down this wall—say from here to there—we'd have a bigger room and a double fireplace. And upstairs we'd need bigger closets, and if we could build a little guest house for the help, it'd give us—"

She stopped short, noticing the astonishment on Dick's face.

"What's the matter?" she said.

He put an arm around her waist. "I don't know whether or not you realize it, my girl, but you've emerged as a first-rate mother, wife, and house mouse. And when we *do* choose a house, I'm going to make you the foreman." Then he bent down and kissed her, right in front of the real estate salesman.

They've called her the happy heart, likened her to a sunbeam, said June is the word for happiness, yet all these years she has been concealing one of the heftiest inferiority complexes Hollywood has ever known. It's all right now, and when June is gay these days, it's purely and simply because she is, in her own mind, confident, happy, and secure. THE END

(You can see June Allyson in Metro's The Girl In White*—Ed.)*



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is gable's love life jinxed?

(*Continued from page 41*) pictures which show what a very fine-looking woman she was."

Gable was raised by his grandparents until he was four when his father, an oil man, married Jennie Dunlap. Gable, Sr. moved the family to Hopedale, a community of 500 which is ten miles from Cadiz, Ohio; and it was here that Clark spent his youth.

His step-mother, whom he idolized, died when he was 15, and the boy was without a mother again.

Gable very rarely talks about his youth, and this is understandable, because it wasn't a very happy time. What he likes to remember most about it is his step-mother whom he once described as "the tenderest human being I have ever known."

The night she died, her stepson's youth died with her; ever since then he has had only the memory of her loveliness and a sub-conscious desire to re-create her image in the women he later married.

GABLE'S professional career is undoubtedly one of the most successful any actor has ever enjoyed, but his personal life continues to be tinged with tragedy. He continues to search for the perfect combination of mother-wife. He found her once in the form of Carole Lombard, but here death snatched her away. It is highly doubtful if he will ever again discover Carole's rare qualities in any one woman.

He is not through looking, however, and despite his protestation: "It will be a long time before I get married again, if ever," the chances are that Gable will some day take a fifth wife because he knows he can't live alone.

A few years ago Gable was asked what sort of women he preferred. "I like the sophisticated type," he admitted. "The sophisticated woman is more interesting. She has more to offer. She has had experience with life and men. She has seen more, heard more and is consequently more amusing. As far as I'm concerned, the demure little girl is a very dull proposition. Give me the older woman who knows what it's all about."

As any psychiatrist would point out, there lies implicit in this statement the sublimated desire for a mother-substitute.

There is nothing shameful or unmanly about a grown-up male who seeks a mature woman to provide him with the mother-love he went without as a child. Unless you understand that, there is no possibility of understanding Clark's various marriages and eventual divorces.

Put yourself in his position when he was 15. Here's a poor boy with a grade school education who doesn't want to work on his father's farm at Ravenna, 60 miles north of Hopedale.

Instead, he gets in touch with Andy Means, a chum from Hopedale, and against his father's wishes, he packs his straw suitcase, makes three sandwiches, and sets out for Akron seeking a job.

In Akron, he goes to work in the Firestone plant molding treads on tires. He also attends night school, and on one occasion, he sees his first play, *Bird of Paradise*. Fascinated by the theatrical life, he takes a non-salaried job as call-boy. But soon his money runs out, and in answer to a letter from his father who has gone to work in the Oklahoma oil fields, young Gable joins him and signs on as a tool dresser at $12 a day.

This is more money than the youngster has ever earned in his life, but he's unhappy. He has no one to turn to, no woman to whom he can explain his newfound enthusiasm for the theater, his new passion for acting, his desperate hunger for show business.

What does he do? He leaves the oil fields and joins the Jewell Players, a tent-show company where he drives the stakes in the morning, plays the cornet in the band before the show starts and then hurries to dress up and become an actor. All this for ten bucks a week.

"Of course, we went broke." Gable recalls. "The final blow came in Butte, Montana. It was March and as cold as Greenland. I knew nothing about mining, and no one would give me a job. I didn't have a cent for railroad fare.

"One night I talked to some hoboes. They told me there was a frieght train going through that night to Oregon. I hopped it, and it was just my luck that it happened to be a fast fruit train. Every car was sealed. I had to lie flat on top of the car hanging on as best I could. I've never been so cold in my life."

In Oregon, Gable went to work as a lumberjack, a hop picker, a necktie salesman, and a member of the Portland *Oregonian's* circulation department. He also fell in love. The girl's name was Franz Doerfler, and she lived in Portland. She is never mentioned in any of his biographies, but she was his first sweetheart.

AS a matter of fact, if Clark hadn't been accused by a deluded young woman of having fathered her child, it is highly doubtful if the world would ever have learned about Miss Franz Doerfler. For Gable, ever the gallant, has always been extremely secretive about his love-life.

WHO'RE YOU FOOLING?

I adore Pat's family, which consists of one mother, one father, one brother, one sister. When I get mad, I pull a line he loves: "I'm going home to Mother —your *mother." Which shows how mad I get. He* never *gets mad—not at me, anyway. After more than four years together, I can't think when we've really had a fight. Our relationship's based on the open deal, openly arrived at. Whatever's on my mind I tell Pat, and he does the same with me, so there's no need to worry about anything coming between us. He says he has me fooled, because I think nothing's wrong with him. He doesn't have me fooled. There just* is *nothing wrong with him.*

—Mona Freeman

In 1937, however, a Canadian girl began writing Clark, accusing him of being the father of her 13-year-old girl. In court, later, she elaborated on the details, explaining that she had given birth to her daughter in 1922 "when Clark Gable was with me in England."

Clark realized early in the game that the girl was a bit "off her rocker," and promptly turned her letters over to the proper authorities. "I preferred to let the whole case drop," he confided later, "but the U. S. Attorney asked me to testify on behalf of the Government. They felt they had a good extortion case and didn't want to drop it."

In his testimony, the handsome actor swore that in 1922 he was broke and living in Oregon. He said there were persons who could substantiate that.

One of these was his Oregon sweetheart of 1922, Franz Doerfler, a tall, plain, shy woman who took the stand and promptly testified that Clark had been courting her in Portland all during the time he allegedly was in England with the Canadian woman.

The wacky female who had written Gable so threateningly was convicted of extortion and sentenced to one year in jail. Franz Doerfler returned to Portland never to be heard from again.

In contrast to Miss Doerfler, the one woman who *is* prominently mentioned in all Gable biographies is his first wife, Josephine Dillon.

Clark met her when he was 23, and she was 40. He met her in Portland when he applied for an acting job with The Little Theater. Josephine Dillon was a dramatic coach who had been imported by the Chamber of Commerce from Los Angeles to stage the Oregon Rose Festival. She took an immediate liking to young Gable and even suggested that he come down to Los Angeles and try his hand at the movies.

"I had two dollars and one suit," Gable recalls, "and I sat up all the way on the train from Portland to Los Angeles. When I arrived in town the only prospect I had was of starving to death."

But Josephine wouldn't let Gable starve. She was sure he had enough talent to make the grade, and undertook to coach him. In the process they fell in love and were married at the Hollywood Presbyterian Church on December 13, 1924. Miss Dillon's family was outraged by the news. It was a fairly prominent Los Angeles family—her father had been district attorney of the county—and in the seven years she was married to Gable, her family refused to have anything to do with her.

"Clark and I rented a little house on Harold Way," Miss Dillon recalls. "We had hardly any money, but we worked long hours. Clark studied all the time. I tried incessantly to find work for him. I went and saw Virginia Mathes who used to be in charge of the Rudolph Valentino pictures, and I asked her to give Clark a chance. She said to send him around, but when she saw him, she cried, 'Oh, my God! No. Not that yokel!' I tried to get him extra work at $1.50 a day plus lunch, but hardly anyone would have him. He never gave up. I have never met anyone who wanted so desperately to be an actor. Finally, a Hollywood agent, Jack Sherrill, sent him to Houston to work in a stock company, and it was there that he met the woman who was to become his second wife."

The divorce mess with Sylvia Ashley is old pickings to Gable. In order to free himself of his second wife, Maria Langham, he had to go through the same legal hassel. Ria, so the story goes, had divorced her husband in order to marry Gable in 1931. She was 11 years older than Gable, and was soon to become a grandmother, but she and Gable were madly in love, and it had to be marriage.

Josephine Dillon divorced Clark, and since he had no money back then, that's exactly what she got as a settlement.

Gable and Ria Langham separated in 1935. Clark took a flying trip down to South America where he was mobbed by the ladies and returned aboard a steamship where he engaged in a small romance with a dancer named Della Carrol.

When the boat docked and Gable was asked about the romance, he said, "I'm sorry, but I don't recall anyone by that name. Did you say Della Carrol?"

Gable always denies romances. He also denies separations, divorces and romantic entanglements.

Miss Carrol, however, wasn't sufficiently acquainted with Clark's ways, and when reporters told her that Clark couldn't even recall her name, she was hurt. "I'm surprised to think that he could say a thing like that," she complained. "Of course he knows my name. The ship's purser introduced us. Clark called me Della at first. Afterwards when we got to know each

MAUREEN O'HARA, co-starring in Universal-International's "FLAME OF ARABY"—Color by Technicolor



MAUREEN O'HARA . . . beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl, one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Maureen O'Hara uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

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You, too, like Maureen O'Hara, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

other, he called me Irish. Maybe he doesn't want the publicity. I don't blame him. I'm not mad. Just hurt. I still think, though, that he's the most divine man I ever met . . . a marvelous lover. But from here on, *he'll* have to run after *me*. It's foolish for a girl to pursue a man, even a man like Clark who spoils you for other men."

Clark didn't run after Della one bit. When he landed in New York, he told reporters that he had separated from his second wife, Mrs. Maria Gable. "I'm not the easiest person in the world to live with," he gallantly confessed. "And I admit it. Sometimes I wonder how I get along with myself. Eight weeks ago when I left for South America I knew this separation was coming. We've made a property settlement. There's absolutely no animosity between Mrs. Gable and myself but there's no chance for a reconciliation."

Gable said that in 1935. How history repeats itself! In 1951, he told reporters concerning his divorce from Sylvia Ashley, "There's absolutely no animosity between Mrs. Gable and myself but there's no chance for a reconciliation."

There is never any animosity between Gable and his wives, but somehow, they always wind up in long legal fights.

In 1936, when Clark started to go around with Carole Lombard, he filed suit in Superior Court against Maria Gable for interpretation of a property settlement. Gable said in his complaint that he and his wife had signed a property settlement in 1935 providing for a division of community property. "But recently," Gable told the court, "Mrs. Gable informed me that she refuses to be bound by the agreement and intends to breach it."

The story about Gable's second wife is that while Clark was still a relatively unknown stage actor in New York, she had introduced him to the right people. She is even credited in some sources with having gotten Clark his first Metro raise from $350 to $500 a week. Anyway, they were married after Gable signed his first Hollywood contract. The marriage lasted only four years, but Mrs. Gable would not give Clark a divorce until 1939. They were separated for four years, and according to intimates, Clark settled close to a half million dollars on his second bride before she would give him his freedom to marry Carole Lombard, who was really the great love of his life.

In December of 1938, Gable said that he had already paid Ria $286,000 and had asked her to get a divorce. Not until March of the following year, however, would the second Mrs. Gable make her move.

After she left for Las Vegas, Clark announced that "Mrs. Gable and I enjoyed a fine life together until the time arrived when further happiness was precluded. My wife has been extremely cooperative in all respects of the property settlement. Both of us were upset and shocked at the rumor that *I* intended to get the divorce. Never did such a thought enter my mind and the rumor was most offensive."

Undoubtedly, Gable will issue a similar statement after he and Sylvia Ashley finish *their* divorce fight. But these statements. on the basis of the record, have very little identity with the state of Gable's true feelings.

It is no secret, for example, that ever since last year he has considered Sylvia's alimony demands "grossly unfair."

In Nevada only recently, however, he told a reporter, "Sylvia is one of the finest women I've ever met. She's charming, intelligent, well-bred. I'm sorry it had to end this way. It's just that we believe in two different patterns of life. The reason I filed a complaint in Nevada is that when things are over, I like them to be over. No sense in dragging them on and on. If the California court says a Nevada divorce in my case is invalid, I believe in obeying the courts. We'll get the divorce in California. As for Sylvia, I repeat she's a fine woman and I wish her only the very best."

While Clark was speaking thusly in Nevada, he answered his wife's divorce action and demand for a large California property settlement with an affidavit which was filed in Santa Monica.

Gable said that his wife needed no financial settlement from him because she is worth approximately a million and a half dollars. He went into details pointing out that she owned a half interest in the $1,000,000 Rancho Zorro in San Diego County, jewelry appraised at $378,385 in March, 1950. More jewelry worth $90,000 she has brought from England. More than $12,000 in furs, $37,000 in securities, $25,000 in a bank account, a $50,000 beach home in Santa Monica, $15,000 in Solano Beach property, and $50,000 from a sale of films made by one of her ex-husbands, the late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

The contested divorce battle is scheduled to get under way in Santa Monica at the Superior Court some time in May of this year. It's possible that Lady Sylvia may agree to a small financial settlement and cancel out the court fracas, but under the circumstances, this isn't very probable. Sylvia feels she is entitled to be paid for the time she spent married to Gable and paid well.

In any event, she wants her divorce in the State of California which means that Clark Gable will not obtain his freedom until 1953.

What will the King do with it when he gets it? Will he marry Virginia Grey, the young actress who reminds so many people of the late Carole Lombard, will he play the field, or will he give up women and marriage for good?

A reporter who asked Clark if he was through with love got the following answer. "Love is something that stays with a person all through his life. A man just gets rid of it periodically. To live is to love. Life without loving people is pretty worthless."

Despite the bitterness of his anticipated court battle with Lady Sylvia, he still retains the famous Gable sense of humor. He frequently wonders out loud how he ever managed to get himself "hooked again" and he vows that many a moon will pass before he slips another ring on the second finger of some woman's left hand.

Of Gable's four marriages, three have been to elderly, matronly, and worldly women from whom he expected companionship, and a good deal of mothering.

The one young girl he married, Carole Lombard, turned out to be his most successful mate. If the King has learned his lesson, his next bride should be under 40. That's the only way he can break the jinx on his love life. THE END

Among friends at a small dinner party one evening, Jack Benny offered to read a particularly interesting letter from a G.I. he'd entertained on his recent tour of the Korean battle front. He settled a pair of glasses on his nose, started to read, then frowned. "Wrong ones," he muttered, and pulled another pair of specs from his pocket. "Wait a minute, Jack," said Van Johnson, "what do you need the first pair for?" "Those?" asked Benny. "Oh, they're the glasses I wear aound Tom Neal!"

Mickey Novak

SMART WORKING CLOTHES MAKE FASHION NEWS ON THE 20th CENTURY-FOX LOT

■ MODERN SCREEN, always first with Hollywood fashion news, set out to prove that the stars always look their best—that the clothes they wear to work are as important to them as the fabulous creations you see them wear in their movies.

Photographers roamed the 20th lot just for us (the lot houses everything from Old World cobblestone streets to forests) and wherever they went they spotted nothing but well-dressed stars. So—take a tip from the stars and look your best on the job, on the street—at work or play. You can actually wear the same clothes the stars do—see them on the opposite and following pages.

JEANNE CRAIN IN AN EXACT COPY OF HER FILM SUIT

Patio flowers—pride of the 20th lot—are a colorful background for Jeanne as she poses in this Joselli suit. Renie, 20th designer, created the original which Jeanne wears in *The Model And The Marriage Broker*. A white piqué collar, striped taffeta ascot and cuffs are striking accents on this faille suit which comes in navy, black, beige or red. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 18. $35.

THE SUIT ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM LANSBURGH & BRO., 7TH, 8TH & E STREETS, N. W., WASHINGTON 4, D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL USE COUPON ON PAGE 72.


modern
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Joanne Dru checks in at the 20th auto gate—stops to chat with officer Andy Cooney about her two latest pictures *The Return Of The Texan,* with Dale Robertson, and *The Pride Of St. Louis,* with Dan Dailey. Joanne's trim *hand-washable* skirt and blouse costume is by Junior Vues. The sleeveless blouse has a *club,* collar, tri-pocket trim and is closed with ocean pearl buttons (pink-edge bottom finish). The full circle skirt has a six yard sweep—side zipper. Blouse: Birdseye piqué or crease resistant butcher rayon. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 16. Mintgreen, white, pink, blue, maize. $3.95. Skirt: Birdseye piqué or crease resistant butcher rayon. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 16. Forest green, black or navy. $7.95.

Nylon Hosiery by Rivoli

ON THE JOB CLOTHES



Twentieth's red-haired singer, Helene Stanley, hurries along to Women's Wardrobe for a fitting on her clothes for *Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie,* a Technicolor picture starring Jean Peters and David Wayne. Helene's pure silk printed surah dress with keyhole neckline, wing cuffs and jet button trim is taffetized for crispness and *that whispering rustle.* Sizes 7 to 15. Coral, turquoise, lilac or antique gold background. $17.95. By Prestige Juniors.

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PLAY A LEADING ROLE

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modern screen fashions in hollywood

ON THE JOB CLOTHES PLAY A LEADING ROLE

The thermometer says 86°, but Joyce MacKenzie finds real honest-to-goodness snow in a far corner of 20th's lot, and stops to chat with Dale Robertson who stars in *The Outcasts Of Poker Flat.* Joyce's dress, by Kay Windsor, of pima broadcloth has contrast cuff, collar and belt facing—the full-swing skirt is cut to be worn, if desired, over a full petticoat. Sizes 10 to 20. Navy with lime trim; purple with lilac trim; grey with shocking pink trim; or brown with burnt orange trim. $8.95. You'll see Joyce soon in 20th Century-Fox's *The Model And The Marriage Broker.*

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more on page 73



Lux facials make my skin softer, smoother"— *says this charming Hollywood star*

Such easy beauty care," says Diana Lynn. "I just smooth Lux Soap's *active* lather well into my skin." *Lux active lather cleanses gently, thoroughly.*

"A warm water rinse, a dash of cold. That quick, my skin feels softer, smoother." *Nothing like daily Lux care to bring new beauty. Screen stars depend on it!*

"Lux care really works. It makes my skin look lovelier." *Why don't you try this beautifying care Diana Lynn recommends . . . see how easy it is to be Lux-lovely.*

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap. They know its gentle care makes skin really lovelier—so soon! Try it. Discover that life's lovely—when *you're Lux-lovely!*









Glamorous screen stars use Lux for lovelier skin!



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CREAM HAIR DRESSING

makes your hair behave!

For that neat natural look, rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on the ends of your hair, along the part, and at the temples.

Hair Dry and Brittle?

For quick relief rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on those stiff ends. Presto, they feel soft, and manageable!

Scalp feel tight, dry?

Pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on your fingertips and massage your scalp. Notice how quickly it relaxes . . . feels oh-so-good!

Want a feminine hair dressing?

Remember, new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing is made especially for women's hair. It's not sticky, not greasy. It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry hair, to give it more body, make it behave. Delicately perfumed.

P. S. *For a shampoo that gleams as it* cleans, *try new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo.*



Personal size 50¢ . . .
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ON THE JOB CLOTHES PLAY A LEADING ROLE

Enroute to the set of her new Technicolor picture, *Lydia Bailey*, with Dale Robertson, Anne Francis stops to chat with the gardener and admire 20th's famous nursery. Anne's imported linen coat dress with contrast trim has a diamond-shaped neckline, brief set-in sleeves, full skirt and buttons—neckline to hem. The linen is tebelized for crease resistance. Size 10 to 18. Navy, green, shrimp or aqua with white contrast trim. $17.95. By Henry Rosenfeld.

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NEW Wildroot

LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO

Lucky you, when you discover new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo! For it's not just a liquid, not just a cream . . . it's a combination of the *best of both.*

Leaves hair curl-inviting!

Soapless—contains soothing lanolin . . . washes hair without drying away natural oils . . . leaves it gleaming, manageable . . . so curl-inviting that it's a snap to set.

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Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo foams into a creamy lather that cuts grease and grime . . . works down to the scalp for deep-down cleansing . . . floods away dandruff.

No special rinse needed!

Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo rinses away in hot or cold water . . . leaves hair alive with sparkling highlights without a special rinse. It's right for your hair . . . good for your hair, whether it's dry or oily, wiry or baby-soft.



THREE SIZES:
29¢ 59¢ 98¢

Soapless Sudsy . . . Lanolin Lovely!

P. S. *To keep hair neat between shampoos use Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing*

brando's no phony!

(*Continued from page 52*) Marlon Brando's three trips to Hollywood, this may seem hard to believe, but it is a fact.

Before he ever came to Hollywood Marlon Brando was a character, according to Broadway folk. Before he won his starring role in *A Streetcar Named Desire* he lived a nomadic existence in New York, flitting from one end of town to the other on a whim, and he seldom had a definite residence. To him, clothing was something to keep you warm or covered. As adornment, it was a theatrical prop. If he met a man or a family he liked, he would as often as not move in and stay awhile. And if he found himself in company he didn't like, he would rise, leave the room and the house without a word, and never come back.

HOLLYWOOD had been after Marlon Brando for a long time before Stanley Kramer finally signed him for *The Men.* Agents and producers would drop backstage at the theater and outline a project and Marlon would listen solemnly. But instead of giving an answer, if he didn't like the picture (he usually didn't), he would change the subject—so that it was impossible to negotiate with him. When he was asked about the Kramer movie, he listened politely and said he would do it. And he wouldn't talk about it any more except to discuss the starting date.

Kramer is a great believer in preparation for a movie, but Marlon stunned him with his ideas on the same subject. Many people thought it was a publicity stunt, but it wasn't. Marlon asked if he had time to study the paraplegics (he was to play one) before shooting started. Kramer said yes, so Marlon walked out of the office, stating he would be back on the day rehearsals were to start. A day or so later, the producer was astonished to learn that Marlon had checked into the Veterans' Hospital in Van Nuys and was living with the patients. During his stay there, he refused to move any more than a paraplegic could.

Most of the stories that have been told about Marlon Brando have been humorous, mainly because they involve erratic behavior. But the humor was always unintended on Marlon's part. It is doubtful that he has ever deliberately attempted a practical joke for the purpose of publicity. But when the funny side of one of his escapades has been explained to Brando, he has laughed heartily, as though he were hearing about the incident for the first time—and it involved someone else.

Marlon was born. That is generally all the information an interviewer lucky enough to get hold of him can verify. He has said he was born in Siam, where his father was a wealthy French planter, and it has been printed and believed. Actually, he was born in Libertyville, Illinois. His education was a messy matter because Marlon never liked to have others select the nature, time or place of his studies. After stumbling through grade school, he was tossed out of a couple of high schools before he decided to do away with formal education forever. Because he was a husky lad, proud of his physique, he set out to become a ditch digger and work the livelong day in the open air.

But his father had different notions. He offered to stake Marlon to any kind of specialized education he chose. After giving it a bit of thought—and no doubt being influenced by one of his sisters who was stage-struck—Marlon chose acting. He was promptly shipped off to New York to study dramatics under the aegis of Stella Adler.

Although Marlon Brando contends that acting is a craft that must be studied diligently and long, it must be conceded that he had a rare talent. Almost from his first appearance in summer stock, he was in demand by producers. If *Streetcar* hadn't come along to make him a star, another play would have. And if *The Men* hadn't made him a star in pictures, some other film would have.

Upon his arrival in Hollywood, Marlon became a property of MCA, the most plush management agency in town. Marlon has never been in their offices, but the company assigned a young man named Jay Cantor to "service" him. Cantor looked up Brando and was horrified to learn that he had no address. He slept wherever nightfall came upon him, although he did make some attempt to get to his aunt's house in Eagle Rock, California—a good 30 miles from the studio—once a week or so.

Because MCA didn't want it to get around that its hottest property was a waif, the agency promptly rented a house and moved Cantor and another young agent into the place. This was to give Brando a definite place of abode and to keep the agency informed to some extent as to Marlon's whereabouts.

Young Cantor found himself performing rather odd services for Marlon. There was the time, for instance, when the studio called and said Brando had lost his shoes. Jay got on the job and learned that Marlon had decided to go barefoot for awhile and couldn't remember where he had put his shoes. Jay suggested that they buy him another pair, but Marlon insisted that that would be a waste since the missing shoes were still in pretty good shape and he didn't mind going barefoot until they showed up. Finally, he agreed to borrow a pair until he found his own.

While studio publicity people apparently had a wonderful source of live copy in Brando, they also had their headaches with him. When they suggested that he take an actress out, Marlon looked at her picture and said no. When they suggested that romance made good column items and asked him who he was going out with, Marlon gave them the name of a girl he'd dated the night before. Asked for details, he said he'd seen her on the street, liked her and walked up and asked for a date. She turned out to be a waitress in a downtown hash house. That made no difference to Marlon. He liked her.

PLANNED interviews with Marlon Brando are impossible. Once a Warner Brothers press agent tried to sneak one over. He got Brando and a magazine writer together. Things went fine, except that Marlon refused to talk in anything but French—and neither the press agent nor the reporter understood the language.

On the other hand, Marlon can be as cooperative as anyone. This writer made an appointment to see him for this article. The date was set for three o'clock at Warner Brothers. I was there and so was Brando, but he had forgotten that he also made an appointment with a number of other people. In a bit of a huff, I said I was leaving and told Marlon to call *me* when he felt he could spare the time. He did, the next day, and instead of giving a few minutes as he usually does, he came to my house, spent a good eight hours, took a bath, borrowed some clean clothes, stayed for dinner and hated to leave.

When he returned to New York after making *The Men* one of the studio press agents called him and asked him to look in on his daughter, who had gone to New York for a try at the stage. Marlon called the young lady and suggested they get together for supper about 11 that night. The girl was somewhat confused about the late hour, but she agreed.

Marlon was on time. He was wearing an old pair of blue jeans, a T-shirt, a casual sweater and a stocking cap. The girl was dressed for dinner. Marlon took her down to the street and to a motorcycle parked at the curb. Without apology, he helped her aboard the back seat and started off in a roar of exhaust noises. It began to rain, but Marlon insisted he show her New York so they scooted around town for a couple of hours. Then Marlon took her into Central Park, lifted a bag of sandwiches from a pouch on his bike and escorted her to a dry spot under a tree, where they dined. The girl never quite got over the experience, but Marlon honestly thought he had shown her a swell time—and had done a favor for her dad.

Much has been printed about Marlon Brando's clothes. Most of it has been true, but his apparent hatred for anything resembling normal attire is not a gimmick. It is truly an eccentricity. This writer once saw him wearing a blue suit, and asked him who got him into a store long enough to buy one.

"I bought this from my agent," he said.

The fact that his agent was 40 pounds lighter, several inches shorter and of an entirely different build didn't matter. Marlon wore the suit without alterations and considered his wearing it at all a concession to society.

On the *Aaron Slick from Punkin Creek* set, Martha Stewart was discussing a certain well-known Hollywood actor and playboy, who gives every girl the once-over. "Yeah," said Martha, "he takes 'em out once and it's *all* over."

Living quarters have always been something of a problem to Marlon in New York. Landlords don't care to rent to him because of his passion for playing Bongo drums at all hours of the night. He once inserted an ad in the Saturday Review of Literature asking for an apartment, which read: "Wanted: an apartment—any old thing." A girl who dated Marlon one night tells of his Bongo drums routine. He sits his girl on a chair, gets the drums out, turns off the lights and in a tiny flicker of a candle beats the skins into the wee small hours of the morning. When the evening is over, he considers he has been an entirely considerate and entertaining host.

There are a hundred other tales of Marlon Brando's eccentricities, but all they do is confuse the portrait of the man because they are not understood. Within himself Marlon Brando is not an unusual person at all. He lives by a strict code, which forbids lying and cheating. He either likes or dislikes a person, seldom either violently. He has been known to give his overcoat on a bitter cold day to a stranger without one—and to go the rest of the winter coatless because he never got around to buying another.

The elaborate accommodations generally prepared for a star on location are wasted on him. During the filming of *Zapata* at Arizona, Marlon slept on the ground most of the time and ate with the grips.

With the exception of a young comedian named Wally Cox, Marlon Brando has no intimates. He has a tremendous liking and respect for Elia Kazan, but Cox is his only pal. They share an apartment in New York, but that is just the starting point from which to go places. His other friends are numerous but not fully accepted. Marlon drops in on them unexpectedly at any hour of the day or night and will stay, without invitation, for an hour, a day, or a month, depending on his enjoyment.

In the matter of money, Marlon Brando is entirely without responsibility. His income is huge, but he never sees it. The checks are sent to his father who invests the money in a cattle ranch which Marlon has never seen. The boy is given $150 a week on which to live—and he generally spends it within an hour or so after he has received it. From that point until he gets his next check, he puts the bite on anyone he meets. This is not due to a chiseling nature, but to the fact that money means absolutely nothing to him—and he thinks everyone else feels the same.

MARLON BRANDO is an avid student of everything. His main interest is the theater—at the moment—but he studies everything that momentarily appeals to him from tinsmithing to psychology. He is a good talker, but rarely proves it. And when he is in a conversation and a word is used that is unfamiliar to him, he promptly asks the full and definite meaning. If it can't be given, he gets a dictionary and looks it up. When he reads he becomes so absorbed in the material that a gun could be fired in the same room and he probably wouldn't hear it.

Although he is the epitome of male animalism on the screen he is entirely opposite in person. He has the physique you see in pictures, but the camera does something to his face to make it hard. Actually, his face is small, his features sensitive and his voice low and reserved in tone. His tremendous shyness is evident in his off-screen manner. He is quick to laugh heartily and quick to cry.

His appetites are as healthy as his oddities. During dinner at my house he took one look at a plate of fried chicken and, although there were four of us at the table, proceeded to polish it off as though it were his alone. He ate with such relish that the rest of us sat and watched fascinated, not daring to have another piece for fear we'd break the spell of his enjoyment. If he feels like taking a bit of exercise, he might hop out of his clothes, into a pair of bathing trunks and run through the city or countryside for 10 miles. If he falls temporarily in love with a craft, he will devote his every waking hour to it. And when he meets a girl he really likes, he will never leave her side until driven away.

It is the carefully considered opinion of professionals in Hollywood that Marlon Brando is the finest, most vital actor to come to films in many years. When *A Streetcar Named Desire* was premiered, most of the stars requesting tickets had seen the picture once or twice before, but wanted to see Brando act again. His work is, according to the experts, inspired and technically flawless—an unusual situation, indeed.

He will be back in Hollywood again to make more pictures, but until then he will be remembered well for his last act here. Walking into the ticket office of the Los Angeles airport, carrying a pet (which happened to be a raccoon) in his arms, he asked for two tickets. The clerk pointed to the pet and asked what it was.

"He is a friend of mine," said Marlon. "I want one of the tickets for him."

The clerk said the line didn't carry animals, and for an hour, Marlon stood there, holding up the line, while he attempted, with all the logic at his command, to convince the salesman that the raccoon was actually human. He did it, but the brass of the line said nix—so Marlon took the train.

You can take Marlon Brando or leave him. Just don't sell him short. There is no subterfuge in him and he does not try to be a character. He just *is* one. Period.

THE END



new! thrilling! different!

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love those neighbors

(*Continued from page 38*) Steffans' new home, Geary was sitting on a neighbor's lawn. He wore a ragged T-shirt, blue jeans and no shoes, and looked about as far removed from a movie star's husband as a man could get. Traffic seemed heavier than usual on our street, and we finally realized that a curious public was looking the place over. Geary seemed to get a big bang out of the situation, grinning and wiggling his toes in delight every time another head popped out of another car window.

On moving day, it looked as though everybody the Steffans had ever known had enlisted to help. Like many young folks they did the moving themselves, and although they had bought a lot of furniture from the Jacobs, they still had many things to bring over from their old apartment. Cars went in and out of the driveway all day long, and while Geary helped unload the heavy pieces, Jane directed the pieces to different rooms.

Then the neighborhood waited for the housewarming that was sure to follow. Probably they did have one, but nobody heard it. The Steffans' parties are simple affairs, small dinner parties or gatherings in the front room with the shades drawn.

I can truthfully say that I go through life trying my best not to hurt anyone. That includes myself.
Lana Turner

The first few weeks in the house, Jane and Geary were in a fever of activity. They both appeared in the garden bright and early, armed with all sorts of garden tools and flat boxes of cuttings. That went on for quite a while and then they gave up the battle of the weeds and hired a gardener. Geary showed up one Sunday morning, lugging a brush and a bucket of paint and started on the picket fence that lines the front of their property. At noon Janie whistled him in for lunch, and that was the end of Geary's noble gesture.

They've had a big to-do with that fence. There'd never been a gate to the driveway, but it became necessary when Paper began wandering all over the county. The Steffans found an old gate in the back yard and planned to attach it to the fence, but some Sunday friends got at it first with blue and red paint. One picket stayed white, the next was painted red, the next blue, and the name of either Jane or Geary was written on each in contrasting color. It was promptly hitched to the fence, but was too short for a full gate, and too long to allow a big car to pass into the driveway. As a result, whenever a big car made the turn from our narrow street, a fender would remove one more picket.

"We've just got to do something about that fence," Jane kept telling us. But then the Steffans are busy people, and there isn't much time for that sort of thing. The neighbors have one complaint about Jane when she *is* home. She doesn't sing often enough. It's wonderful to hear her trilling up and down scales, and even her practicing sounds lovely. The minute she starts, half the windows in the neighborhood are thrown open. I remember one of the rare days when she sang, a couple of high school boys were working on our front lawn, and when they'd finished the job, they asked if they could sit on the front steps and just listen.

We've had a problem with visiting relatives in the neighborhood, for when they find out that Jane Powell lives in the same block they're always trying to

see her. They spend their time at front windows, peeking out of the curtains, and are all for going over and asking for autographs, but we've managed to restrain them. The studios, though, want their stars to receive strangers with every hospitality, and I recall that the night Jane left on her concert tour last fall, a fan stopped at the house and stood talking with her a half hour, despite the fact that Jane was in a turmoil trying to pack and catch a plane.

That was the night they forgot the tickets. Their maid Gladys, a wonderful woman who takes complete charge of the house and the baby, says "I have to watch them both like they're babies themselves. I knew they'd forget those tickets. I kept telling them to be sure and remember, and Mr. Steffan just smiled at me as though I was worrying without cause. But sure enough, 10 minutes after they left I found the tickets—on the piano, of all places—and right away I phoned Mrs. Steffan's father. Well, he came over and got them and after he'd left for the airport, Mr. Steffan steamed up to the house, all in a lather. When he found out I'd sent them on with Mr. Burce, he just grinned and told me I was worth a million dollars."

You can tell Gladys thinks the world of "her" family, and the baby in particular. I suppose she feels she'll burst if she doesn't brag about them, and pours all her superlatives into the ears of another maid in the neighborhood, a woman named Mary. The two get together often, but whatever is said between them stays strictly that way, and Mary buttons up like a clam if anyone asks her anything at all about the Steffan family.

She forgot herself just once—the Saturday afternoon Geary drove Jane to the hospital. It was done quietly. He drove the car up to the front door and helped her in, and then headed quietly up the street. Lots of us saw them and waved, not knowing the reason for the trip. Two minutes later it was common knowledge, because once Mary had the news from an excited Gladys, she threw caution to the winds and spread the tidings like a public address system.

I GUESS most people in the neighborhood made up their minds not to throw themselves at the Steffans, but to let the newcomers start the conversation. We're all, I think, overly-conscious of the fact that movie people have trouble keeping their privacy. So it happened that the first time I saw them, I was possibly a bit rude. I was in the back yard, my hair up in curlers and a disreputable old sweater thrown over my shoulders, when I noticed Jane and Geary in their own garden. I ducked out of sight immediately, thinking they wouldn't want to recognize me that way, but I realized later that they had wanted to open a conversation that day.

Geary, incidentally, is probably the friendliest young man I have ever known. It isn't easy for a young man who has just begun a career in insurance to marry a glamorous established actress, but Geary seems to do quite well in the situation. When Janie has been tired from overwork and climbed on her high horse, her husband has been known to dampen her quite effectively. Well, now," he says, "aren't you the movie star!" And Mrs. Steffan bounces right back to earth.

After a concert which Ezio Pinza, the famous basso, sang in St. Joseph, Mo., a woman came gushing up to him and proudly announced to him: "Mr. Pinza, I certainly enjoyed your singing. Why, I stood through the entire concert!"

"I know how you feel. So did I," snapped Pinza. *H. W. Kellick*

Their son, of course, has made it even more perfect. From the beginning they were both tremendously excited about the prospect of having a baby. They took long walks every evening after dinner, stopping to chat with the neighbors. "We want six children, don't we, dear?" Jane used to say. And when Geary would look dubious, Jane would laugh and say, "Well—four, anyway." She used to sit by the side of the pool, her lap filled with yarn, knitting away on tiny things for the baby. As a matter of fact, she swam every day, at her doctor's suggestion, a thing which frightened all the older women in the neighborhood. We didn't know about it until the day one of our dogs ran into the Steffans' yard and got into a fight with Paper. The owner of the intruding dog went in to get him and found Jane in the pool, terrified of the snarling animals.

"Would you like me to phone somebody to separate them?" asked the woman.

"Oh, please!" Jane said. "I'd appreciate it—I'm afraid they'll knock me down if I get out of the pool, and I've already had my swim."

The neighbor stared at her in disbelief. "You mean you *swim?*"

Janie smiled. "Of course. It's good for me."

"Well, I never!" said the neighbor, and worriedly reported it to the rest of us.

After the baby was born Geary had a new air of authority. "It's a boy!" he announced proudly to everyone. But his enthusiasm didn't match Janie's when she came home. "I can't wait until we have another one," she said.

We've all seen the baby since that time, of course, and he's a handsome little fellow. Jane grows embarrassed when we ladle out compliments, but you can tell she's pleased. I guess it's a good thing she was given all of those seven showers, because every single garment she made with her own hands turned out to be too small by the time she tried them on. "I'll know better with the next one," she says. "I'll begin using them as soon as the baby's home from the hospital."

When Geary Steffan III was about two months old, Jane went east on a concert tour and took the baby with her. "They grow so fast at this time," she said, "and I don't want to miss a day of him. Besides, he recognizes me now, and he might forget me if I was away from him for any length of time."

Geary planned to meet her back East when the tour was finished and escort her around Manhattan on a fling, and Jane was thrilled. "I've only been in New York to work," she told me, "and this will be the first real fun I've had there."

She told us their friends were free to use the pool while they were away, and knowing the Steffan friends are legion we all anticipated many noisy swimming parties. But we were wrong once more. Not a soul showed up on two of the Sundays, and the rest saw only three or four couples spending a quiet afternoon around the pool.

I guess you could sum it up by saying that no one could ask for better neighbors. They're friendly but not overpowering, they have mannerly and considerate friends, and they have a baby that never cries—or at least we can't hear him if he does. They're quiet, but at the same time we're all provided with a show that goes on almost perpetually—handsome young couples, sleek Cadillacs, beautiful clothes, and what's more important, I suppose, the sight of a boy and girl who are very much in love. THE END

what's wrong with the grangers?

(*Continued from page 37*) Jean is used to spending her own money.

Mr. Granger, wanting to give his bride the luxurious home every girl dreams of, fell into that old Hollywood trap of shooting the future bankroll on a present palace. Stewart has $150,000, plus a new $15,000 playroom *sunk*, and I use the word deliberately, into the three-level Bel Air home, opposite the English villa *owned*, and I use that word deliberately too—by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. It is reported that MGM loaned Stewart the big down payment, to be repaid out of his salary over a period of five years. There isn't much salary left after taxes, agents' fees and down payment repayment.

So as I write this story, one year (they married December 20th) after Mr. Granger carried his bride over the threshold of the brave beautiful new home, they are trying desperately to sell the financial white elephant, for something more in keeping with the actual size of their combined motion picture incomes and pocketbooks.

"We never could afford the furniture for the five bedrooms, the enormous living room, dining room, library, den and guest rooms. We literally camp out in two rooms. What with the swimming pool and the grounds and the problem of getting help, we just don't want a big home," Jean says ruefully.

That, plus the error of attempting to keep up with the Colman, Cooper and William Powell era of stars who made their money when taxes were low, sent Jean scurrying around on her off days from *Androcles And The Lion* to find a cottage for two where they can bill and coo, she hopes, without the droppers-in who flock to the swimming pools of their supposedly wealthy friends on Sunday afternoons.

"They don't only come to swim and play," complains Jean bitterly, "but they expect to be fed and supplied with drinks. We found a cute little two-bedroom house in Benedict Canyon, we were going to buy it over the weekend, but it was gone. When I finish *Androcles And The Lion*, I'm going on a small house hunt until Jimmy completes *Scaramouche*. Then we go to Acapulco for a holiday, and to New York, where we'll stay with Glynis Johns. I hope the big house will be sold while we're away."

I hope so too. Because right from the start, the mansion was unlucky for them. When I saw them that day in the drug store, they seemed a million miles away from the honeymooning couple they were supposed to be. In addition to the sniffles, Jean had a headache. And the jollity of best man Michael Wilding, who was their house guest, failed conspicuously as an aspirin.

"Our pots and pans and linens which were supposed to arrive from England, didn't," Stewart told me while Jean leaned her head wearily on the counter. "So we can't cook a thing and have to sleep on beds without sheets, and no towels to dry our hands." Their honeymoon breakfast was a sandwich over the cold counter!

I remember Jean's delight when Howard Hughes bought her contract, which had



18 months to go, from the British producers who 'owned' her. "It means I can work in Hollywood and I won't be parted from Jimmy," Jean sighed ecstatically. The Devil who hates Cupid, must have laughed aloud at that point, because right away, Granger was sent to Idaho and Oregon to shoot scenes for *The Wild North Country,* then to Italy and Africa for *The Light Touch,* then to San Francisco for *Scaramouche.* And for all his loving wife saw of him, she might just as well have been back in England working for Rank.

To make matters much worse, she sat around for nine months moping at home, and feeling terribly homesick for England where she was rated a big star, while her *Androcles* picture waited and waited to start production. "I used to be so lonely in that big house while Jimmy was away," she said. I'm sure there would be no problem worth reporting today, if Jean had been able to start work immediately after the marriage, as her husband did. The wait nibbled huge chunks from her self-confidence, which left her wide open for Granger's constant criticism.

I want to make it clear that Stewart is fundamentally a kind man, and I repeat, he is in love with his wife. I believe this is the reason for his critical attitude toward her. It's like a mother wanting her Johnny to look his best when company comes. And, because she is over-anxious, little Johnny is a little stinker.

Jean is only 22, 17 years younger than her husband, but she is nobody's fool. She tries her darndest to live up to her husband's conception of what his wife should look like, sound like, and *be* like. But everything she does, *he* can do better. This is a fact. Even cooking. Jean makes no attempt at culinary perfection. But Stewart is a heck of a fine chef. And he tries, quite patiently, to teach Jean how—especially on weekends when the help is away.

Granger is a good athlete from way back. He swims like a fish. Jean just swims period. Jimmy has now tutored her past the breast stroke. He taught her how to drive a car. He taught her how to entertain. She is always the pupil; he is always the teacher. Jean even humbly admits she has no clothes sense, and meekly asks his advice on what to wear.

It isn't possible that one man can know so much and one attractive charming woman, so little. All Jean needs is more confidence. And I believe this will come when she makes more pictures and establishes herself with the American public. Her new RKO contract, which starts next June, calls for six pictures to be made within two years. She will be paid in American dollars, and she will co-star with her husband in at least two movies. The first, *Young Bess,* is a loan-out to Metro. They will be together 24 hours a day.

Will the perfect man retain his perfection with the proximity that has proved disastrous for other Hollywood couples? Look at these working teams that went awry—Ida Lupino-Collier Young, Deanna Durbin-Felix Jackson, Judy Garland-Vincent Minnelli.

I believe that being together will keep Jean and Stewart together. For the simple reason that they love each other. Stewart keeps an oil painting of Jean in his dressing room. She wears her wedding ring and diamond solitaire, even in scenes where she shouldn't. "I like looking at it," she explains. "I turn the diamond inside my palm, until I have to do a close-up, then I give it to my hairdresser to hold."

Always on the set with her is the miniature silver poodle that Jimmy gave her when she started *Androcles.* The pooch is called 'Young Bess.' And for her birthday, January 31st, Jimmy gifted her with a shiny Jaguar convertible, a little number that set him back another $5,400. Of course, he is teaching her how to drive it. She wrecked the first car, a Bristol convertible, that Jimmy gave her.

And this is what Jimmy says of the young wife he first dated when she was sweet 17. "She's the most completely unspoiled girl I've ever met. According to the press (and myself) she is considered one of the most beautiful girls in England. Also one of the most talented actresses, and she remained unspoiled through it all."

"I was always a fan of Jimmy's," Jean tells me. "I used to wait for him at premieres and openings and rush up to him, asking for his autograph. I think I was 14 the first time I met him, and I'll never forget the nice way he shook hands with me and signed my book—'To Jean with best wishes, Jimmy.'" Jean loves Jimmy so much, she wears his enormous dressing gown on the set between takes, to keep contact with him.

Now I think it's up to Mr. Granger to look at his mate and his marriage honestly and objectively. To ask himself, "Am I giving Jean a fair deal?" Because there is no trouble with the Grangers that a little normal understanding won't cure.

THE END

the story alan ladd never told

(*Continued from page 33*) He worried and worked, took any kind of employment, earned almost nothing and in six months landed stone broke on the outskirts of Pasadena, California, entrance to the promised land. The Model T leaned exhausted against the side of the road, with two flat tires, a ladder roped to its side and three hungry passengers (one of them very young) dolefully staring into the future.

Today, Alan Ladd lives in the splendor becoming a Grade A movie star, but his first days in California were anything but splendid. Jim Beaver got the car started, dug up a few dollars and moved the family into a tent at the rear of an auto court. Across the street was Southern California's noisiest auto speedway.

Life in a tent, Alan recalls, was often inconvenient. Needless to say, toilet facilities were not built in and bathing and other conveniences were located some distance away. Cooking, too, was a problem. In nice weather, Alan's mother would build a fire in a small wood stove in the open air and prepare dinners of sound proportions. When it rained, however, it was necessary to cook inside, and Alan's most vivid recollection of life under canvas was the haste with which his mother would prepare a meal, then grab the stove between two huge potholders and toss it outside so the fire wouldn't burn down the tent.

One day Jim Beaver came home and proudly showed a deed to a small plot of land in South Pasadena. The family loaded themselves and their possessions into the car and went to look at their land. It was just that—land. Sleeping in the car, they set about erecting a shelter. No doubt anticipating easy times the Beavers put up a garage first. But a slump in the painting business came along and they never got around to the main house. They moved into the garage.

It was at this time that Alan Ladd first came to know about motion picture studios

Jim went out into the new neighborhood looking for work. One day he wandered into Hollywood and learned that the movie studios hired painters. He got himself a job at a good wage, but the commuting distance proved too great for the little Ford and soon the family moved to Hollywood across the street from Paramount. It was real elegant living. The street was nice and to Alan's delight their home was right next to a fire station.

ALAN was beginning to grow up. He was a tough, wiry kid who loved to fight. If another boy was too big, Alan took him on anyway—and to make up for the difference in size, he'd perch atop a pal's shoulders and whale away at his opponent.

At night, after the studio workers had gone home, Alan would scale the fence and wander through the sets, dreaming of the magic that went on there. He walked the very streets he now drives over in the company's finest limousine, never imagining that one day he'd be the biggest money-making star in the history of that very company.

By the time Alan Ladd was 10 the depression hit California like a drought. Studio work, for his stepfather, was hard to get and couldn't be depended on to

Can I help it if I'm partial to girls ? ? ?

Scott Brady

support the family. Everyone had to pitch in. Alan got up at four in the morning to clean and sweep out a confectionery store in the neighborhood for a dollar a week. The job was all right, but Alan's employer made his life miserable by trying to prove he was stealing candy.

Jim Beaver tried to find other employment and often had to supply his own equipment and materials on a job that paid him as little as three or four dollars. The three immigrants found the going pretty rough and were forced to move constantly because they got behind in the rent.

A windfall came to them one day when a man offered to buy the Beavers' lot and garage in South Pasadena. It gave Alan his first contact with big money.

Mrs. Beaver and Alan went to South Pasadena to close the sale and collect the money. This accomplished, she found herself frighteningly far from home with $1,500 cash in her purse. It terrified her and this feeling was picked up by Alan. All the way home on a street car, Mrs. Beaver was positive they were being followed and would shortly be robbed and murdered. When they got off the trolley, she hit upon an idea. She took Alan into a small waiting room and stuffed the bills into the pouched knees of his knickerbockers. Now the safety of the money rested with him—and he didn't like it.

It was a mile from the trolley stop to home and, upon the advice of his mother, Alan walked ahead, whistling and kicking at rocks like a small boy at play. And so they made it to safety, alive and unrobbed. To this day Alan Ladd doesn't like to carry money.

During the trying years of the depression Alan's mother faced most of the really bad problems for the three of them. It was she who calmed the landlords when they didn't have the rent, who cajoled more credit out of the grocer. "In those days," Alan said, "you could have shaken the whole valley and not found 15 cents, but Ma always found a way to keep going." Alan, always a civic-minded boy, volunteered one Christmas to help distribute food baskets to the poor—and found one basket addressed to his own house. He wept, but didn't take it home.

Maureen O'Hara marvels at amazing new penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream!



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Alan Ladd became a bona-fide wage earner at an age when most kids are concerned only with play. He built up a regular route cutting lawns at a few pennies each. On week-ends he got his recreation at the Van Nuys public swimming pool—and in order to get in free, he raked and cleaned the pool.

His first steady job was as an apricot cutter in the Valley. His chore was to neatly remove the seed and split the fruit open. For this highly specialized work he was paid 15 cents a lug. Within two summers, Alan was promoted to carrying trays of cut apricots from one part of the plant to another. And eventually he was graduated to turning the drying fruit and then placing the meats in huge pans. He was fired because he was caught taking a nap on a blanket atop a pan of dried merchandise.

When he was 14 years old, Alan went to work for the Piggly-Wiggly chain of markets. He washed carrots, tomatoes, potatoes, etc., so they'd look good to the customers. Before closing time he carted and lugged boxes and crates until dark. He has the million-dollar muscles today to prove it.

"The only time I ever stole anything in my life," Alan told me, "was when I was working for Piggly-Wiggly. I had never tasted an avocado—and I couldn't understand why they should be so expensive—seven cents. So I stole one and took it in the back room and ate it. I still couldn't figure out why they were so expensive!"

When Alan was ready for high school, he was properly enrolled at Lankershim High and eventually became president of the student body.

Toward the end of his high school days Alan found the profession he thought he wanted to follow—the newspaper business. He met a man named Frank Hadlock who had started a throw-away paper called the *Sun-Record* and joined his staff. Alan quickly became invaluable to the paper. Being student body president, he knew everybody in town—and being a born organizer, he started balls rolling that Hadlock himself hadn't thought about.

Alan at first served in the double capacity of columnist of school activities and circulation boy. He soon became circulation manager and a very promising young journalist. He would sweat over his copy, the editor would read it, tear it up and throw it in the waste basket. This indicated to Alan that the man was interested in him and he worked like a fool to please him.

As circulation manager of the *Sun-Record*, Alan had his hands full. It was one of his duties to see that the 22,500 copies of the sheet got to the subscribers' front doors before they were out of bed one morning each week. Alan was horrified to learn that the distributors were picking up the sheets at the plant and burying all but a few hundred of them in vacant lots. So he had to turn detective and shadow his men throughout the night until the job was done.

Alan's next step forward on the *Sun-Record* came as the result of an accident. He was driving the advertising manager home one evening when a friend hailed him from another car. Alan hailed back, swerved and struck another car. His passenger hit the dashboard with such force that he broke his knee caps in 19 places. Alan Ladd became advertising manager.

But being a columnist and advertising manager at the same time soon became intolerable. Alan had to approach local merchants to buy space and nine times out of ten was obliged to put the name of the merchant's wife or kid in his column or get no ad. So he quit the paper that was paying him $35 a week and went to the *Daily News* in Los Angeles as a cub reporter at $12 a week. However, the family needed a more substantial income.

WHEN he left the *Daily News*, Alan decided to go into business for himself. He managed to borrow a few dollars and opened a small hamburger stand across from a swimming pool in North Hollywood. He knew nothing about cooking, but his mother came to work with him—and soon, Tiny's, as it was called, was a fairly flourishing business.

Jim, Alan and his mother were very happy with the new enterprise. Jim labored in the studios while Alan and his mother operated the stand. They worked hard, and, for almost the first time since they came to California, the family was on its feet and getting along fine.

Stardom in the movies was still a long way off for him, and it actually never even entered his mind. But he was a handsome lad and it was inevitable that a talent scout would one day find him. A well-dressed chap came to Tiny's one day and observed Alan carefully. When the cafe was empty, he spoke up.

"You're a fine-looking young fellow," he said. "You happy in this business?"

"Pretty happy," said Alan. "Why?"

"I got something maybe you'd like better," said the man and passed Alan a card. He was a talent scout, all right—for the National Cash Register Company. The result of this meeting was that Alan made an agreement to work days selling cash registers and nights in his hamburger stand.

The boss at National, as Alan remembers him, was a rather stuffy chap with a personal dislike for every member of his staff. He would stare stonily at the assembled salesmen each morning and begin his pep talk with something like: "Gentlemen of the Valley, we are not doing very well. . . ." After a time, Alan grew to hate the work, but he wanted the extra money for something very important. Ever since he had been wearing long pants he wanted to own a beige gabardine suit and a pair of brown suede shoes. He got them, but they were his undoing.

The day Alan showed up wearing this equipment, the Sales Manager cold-eyed him and when the meeting ended, he called Alan into a private conference.

"See here, young man," he said. "That is not proper dress for a representative of this company. Please don't wear those things again."

Alan promptly quit. It was a crazy business, he thought. And he still thinks the National Cash Register Company lost a darn good man.

Alan went back to his hamburger stand, but the taste of outside money was in his mouth. He wanted to keep the dollars rolling in. One of his customers was a grip at Warner Brothers. He knew that Alan was a diver, and he suggested that this talent could be put to good use in the studios. Alan didn't get it for a moment until the man explained that a grip worked on high parallels above the stage—and that the ability to cat walk at heights was a decided talent. Alan went to Warner Brothers and got a job.

"I'll never forget my first day in the movies," he told me. "I worked on *Green Pastures*. It was January, and in the early morning there was frost on everything. Twelve of us were 65 feet in the cold air 'boxing' the backing for the set. We had to pull on this big canvas cyclorama and when we had it up in the right position a guy yelled 'tie it off!' I didn't know what that meant, so I put a slip knot in my section—and it sagged. The boss called me down and fired me. I was pretty sore, because I had gone to J. C. Penney's and bought a pair of overalls, a hammer and a saw—and I was fired in the first 10 minutes. But when the fellow found out I was a diver, he hired me back."

Alan Ladd worked at Warners as a grip for eight months, and during that time he seldom stepped on the floor of the stages. From his high perch he learned the first things he now knows about making movies. It fascinated him, although he never really thought much about becoming an actor. Once he was talked into trying out with a small amateur dramatic group which was meeting nights at Universal, but he didn't last long. Carl Laemmle, the head of the studio at that time was an observer at one of the auditions and when Alan appeared, he turned to an assistant, and in a very loud voice cried:

"Can't hear the boy!"

So Alan was out.

But the bug had nibbled at him and all he needed was one more incident to spur him on. It came when, from atop his catwalk one day, he spotted a fellow he had met in the Universal auditions. The man was sitting in a chair, his head tilted back and his hat half across his face, sound asleep. With the exception of an hour for lunch, he reclined that way the entire day. The next morning he was back again, and the day after that—still sleeping.

At the end of the third day, Alan could control his curiosity no longer. He climbed down from his parallel and asked the chap what he was doing. The man explained he hadn't been called for a scene yet.

"How much are they paying you for this sleeping bit?" asked Alan.

"Fifty dollars a day," said the man.

"FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY!" Alan roared. "They only pay ME forty-two fifty for slaving up there all week! I'm switching rackets."

When Alan decided to become a movie actor he went about it scientifically. He got in touch with a former high school dramatics teacher and asked her if she thought he had a chance. She did—and suggested that he select a school and take some lessons. Alan searched very carefully, visited schools, looked at the ads in theatrical magazines and talked to anyone who would listen to him about the project. He finally decided on Ben Bard's, a new academy with a roster of 22 pupils. He sold his restaurant, counted his meager savings, and decided he'd give himself six months to get on a paying basis.

By the time that six months had ended, Alan Ladd's life had changed consider-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day at Cartier's in New York, where I was employed, a very lovely woman and her escort who had been shopping there started to leave. She stopped suddenly and looked at a plaque attached to the back of a chair. It stated that the Queen of Romania had once sat there during a visit to the United States.

The stunning woman turned and looked at me, then said with very naïve interest, "You know, I've always wanted to know who sat in that chair, but never read the plaque before!"

I recognized her as the movie queen herself, Gloria Swanson.

Herman Lockhart
New York, N. Y.

ably. It had been six months of struggle and sorrow. Within a matter of weeks both Jim Beaver and his mother fell ill and died. His mother had been delighted that Alan had chosen acting as a profession and she envisioned big things for him. Alan vowed then that no matter how long it took or how hard the road he would be an actor and that the hardships the three of them had withstood together would pay off. He worked night and day, with little but auditions and rejections to show for his efforts, but he kept on going, poorer than he'd ever been before with Hunger and Disappointment as his constant companions. But he became an actor—a working actor.

The road to eventual stardom for Alan Ladd was, contrary to what has been printed, a difficult one. It has been said that he slipped into a picture called *Paper Bullets,* the first movie venture of the fabulous King Brothers, was discovered by a major studio and was on his way. Actually, he played 40 *bits* and 15 *featured roles* before *Paper Bullets.* There were six other roles that could loosely be called *leads.*

If he hadn't met Sue Carol, once a screen star herself and then an actors' agent, he might never have been a star. Alan had decided that radio was his forte (after all, it was *acting*) and was picking up a miserable living playing odd bits. Sue heard him one night, liked his voice and delivery and asked him to drop in to the office. Alan was willing to drop in on anybody who might help him, so he went to Sue's office late one afternoon.

It wasn't love at first sight, but it was close. As Sue tells it, this handsome thing in a long trench coat walked into the room and she was stunned. She immediately decided he was a magnificent picture type. Alan, who had tried it, didn't agree with her. He had a number of valid reasons.

In the first place, blond men weren't leading men, according to Alan. He wasn't photogenic; he had been told not to smile because he looked awful; and his experiences in movie studios had taught him that it was a waste of time to fight precedent. Sue said she'd fight anyway.

A CAMPAIGN began to get Alan Ladd a number one spot in a good picture. Sue decided to devote most of her time to this and to let the employees in her office take care of the rest of the clients. Alan's top salary had been $150 a week, for *Paper Bullets.* Sue took him to Paramount and sold him for $250 a week for two weeks' work in *Rulers Of The Sea.* Alan's role called for him to be in the opening and final shots. The company moved to Catalina Island and Alan loafed around 11 weeks before they finally got to him. It was a windfall. It was money in the bank, but better still, the three months on the island, resting and eating his head off fattened him up and improved his already—as far as Sue was concerned—splendid appearance.

A short time later an independent company was casting an epic called *Hitler—The Beast Of Berlin.* Sue went to the producers, told them Alan had just finished 11 weeks at Paramount, a major studio, and they were impressed enough to employ Alan as the star. The entire shooting schedule was only five days, but it was a step forward. The film was made on such a shoe string, that, although Alan was the star, an assistant director made him double as a prison inmate, sweeping out a courtyard. When the film was completed, it was discovered that Alan, who had been killed three quarters of the way through the movie, was easily recognizable in the sweeping bit toward the end. However, by that time the producers had run out of

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money and couldn't reshoot—so it was left in.

Due to Sue's energy and craftiness, Alan moved ahead until he had made 62 pictures—and still seemed destined for comparative anonymity. He was, however, considered a competent actor and work came easier. He played such things as "Tennis anyone?" Englishmen and fine young American youths. Never a heavy.

During these trying times Alan stuck it out only because Sue believed in him. He was a lonely fellow and when he wasn't working he would drive Sue about on her chores. It was during this time that they fell in love. They developed the wonderful rapport that stands them in such good stead in their marriage today. If Sue got to a point in an interview where she would have to talk about Alan in glowing terms, he sensed it and casually excused himself from the room. They often laughed about this afterwards.

One day the big chance came. RKO was casting a picture called *Joan Of Paris*. Alan got the role of a soldier who died in dramatic close-ups. He did it so well, he drew raves from the critics and the town. This was the turning of the tide.

For some time previous to this, Paramount had toyed with the idea of putting him under contract. Sue, however, no matter how badly Alan needed the money, kept turning the proposition down, promising that she would talk contract any time Alan was given a part that would start him off properly.

The break came while he was still at RKO. Director Frank Tuttle was preparing a picture called *This Gun For Hire* in which there was a role for a gun-crazy killer. Sue looked at the script and suggested Alan. She brought him to the studio, but Tuttle took a look at him and said he wasn't the type. However, a test was agreed upon. Alan's hair was dyed black—and he played the part for the executives.

This was probably Hollywood's most famous experiment in what is called *off-casting*. The bosses looked at the test, saw this youthful, handsome boy play the ruthless killer Raven and, in the parlance of the movies, flipped. Buddy de Sylva, at that time head of the studio, said, "That's the boy!" Alan was in, except for the matter of negotiating a contract.

That night Alan and Sue talked the thing over very carefully. RKO was offering a contract at $400 a week. Paramount was willing to take a chance, but wouldn't pay more than $300. They looked at the script of *Gun* again—and decided to take the Paramount offer. When the picture was finished and previewed, Alan came across like nothing the executives had seen before. And the rest is movie history. He was a star. And he has been a star—a big star—ever since.

THE Ladds' home life is like that of any substantial, close-knit, well-to-do family in the country. There is Alan, Sue, Carol Lee, 18, daughter of Sue by a former marriage; Laddie, 15, Alan's son by a former marriage; Alana, an eight-year-old daughter who is the terror of the household and David, a four-year-old, who is the spit'n image of his dad.

The Ladds look upon movie stardom as a business. Alan and Sue carefully study each new project, whether it be a movie, a publicity campaign, a magazine story or any other facet of the business, as though it were their first one. And they keep working to keep Alan at the top of his profession.

Sue, married almost 10 years now, remains in the background a good deal, but she is a definite consultant member of the company. There has been talk that Sue is the boss. This is not true. One has only to see Alan Ladd in his home to know who wears the pants—and there is no doubt about it. He hates to talk on the telephone, so Sue takes most of the calls—which is what gave rise to the tales.

When they are on the road, Sue plays the wife and nothing more. She is unknown to the fans. For instance there was a time when Alan was besieged by thousands of scrambling fans in an eastern city. Sue became separated from him. She asked a policeman for help, saying she wanted to get into Alan's car.

"Look, lady," said the cop, not knowing who she was, "There are about a thousand women here who want to get into that car. You'll have to move on."

Sue did—down the street a couple of blocks, and Alan had to drive down there to pick her up.

The movie fan to Alan Ladd is supreme. Once when he was being stormed by autograph hunters a policeman complained that the kids were stepping on his corns. Alan told him to get behind him—and he buffeted a way to the car and drove off with a grateful officer waving goodbye. The fans wouldn't step on Alan.

At this writing Alan's exclusive contract at Paramount is about ended. He has the unique record in the film industry of never having made a picture that has lost money. That makes him the best bet any producer can buy—and certifies him as Hollywood's number one star.

This writer sat in his house one night when Alan's agent came in with the most fabulous contract ever drawn up for a star. It was with Warner Brothers and called for one picture a year for ten years, without options. The money is $150,000 per picture with 10% of the gross of the pictures—that means 10 cents from every dollar paid at the box-offices—and it involves millions of dollars for Alan's services. The agent sat on the arm of a chair and told Alan the details. Alan said okay.

The agent went to the telephone and called Jack Warner, head of the studio. He informed Warner that the deal was agreeable. Then he handed the phone to Alan.

"Well, we're all set, Mr. Warner," Alan said. "It will be kind of nice going back to work for you."

"Did you ever work for us before?" Warner asked in surprise.

"I sure did," said Alan. "You paid me forty-two fifty a week. And I was the best grip you had on the lot."

He grinned happily at the joke and at what had happened and he hung up the phone.

That isn't the end of his story, but you know the rest. With the making of *This Gun For Hire* he was launched on his fabulous career.

You know now that Alan Ladd wasn't born with a gold Oscar in his mouth nor the open road to success stretching easily before him. His road to his position today was filled with heartbreak, desire, even hunger. He was a winner because he was a small boy who swept out a candy store for a dollar a week; because he was a young man willing to work nights learning the newspaper business. He is a star today, maybe, because he placed the right to wear a beige gabardine suit and brown suede shoes above a steady job as a cash register salesman.

But if Alan could tell you his honest opinion, without it being prejudiced by other things, I think he would say he is what he is today because he wanted to make the journey of Jim Beaver and his beloved mother to the California land a worthy one. THE END

(The latest starring role in Alan's career is Paramount's Shane.—*Ed.)*

no more tears for judy

(*Continued from page 56*) workers on the MGM lot who knew the inside story and loved her come anything. She hid behind the front put up by this small gang and took comfort in their assurances that she was indeed a star—and nothing would ever change it. She would never really lose her fans.

Among these intimates was a song writer, a good one, by the name of Hugh Martin. He had written, among other things, "The Trolley Song" for Judy's hit *Meet Me In St. Louis.* There was Chuck Walters, a mere lad but already conceded to be top talent in the directing of musical pictures. There was Roger Edens, a production assistant and a brilliant arranger of special material. And there were a few others, costumers, technicians and just plain hard workers who became Judy's secret gang. They helped her over the rough spots—and they promised that if they were ever needed for a big project they'd be ready.

The night that Judy Garland gashed her throat in a fit of despondency was the pay-off between her and Hollywood. Dropped from the contract list, the word got out that she was too unreliable to be employed by anyone—and Judy, in a torment of shame and loss of confidence in herself, ran away from Hollywood, her friends and even her gang.

It was an accepted fact after that night that Judy Garland was through as an entertainer. It was accepted in the studios and by the fans who had been hers since she was a kid. It was a hard pill to swallow for the fans, but they faced the inevitable They didn't stop loving her, but they wept for her instead of cheering her on or comforting her. The newspapers and the magazines printed tales of her loss of position—and each carried a strong melancholy message of regret. The kid was washed up, dead in show business, and everyone went to the funeral.

The turn of the tide in Judy Garland's life, both professional and personal, came when she met a young man by the name of Sidney Luft. Although a lot has been written about him, little has been definitive. He is known as Judy's "manager" or "boy friend" or both. Beyond that, all that is known is that he, too, got into a jam with Hollywood and the police—so maybe they had something in common.

Actually, Sid Luft is very much like Judy Garland and at the time of their meeting they had a good deal in common. In a way, their lives had run almost parallel for a number of years. Judy had been a star in the movies—Luft had been a brilliant flyer, a top test pilot for a major aviation manufacturer during the war. Judy slipped in the regard of her employers and couldn't take it—and so did Luft. Judy was married and unhappy—so was Luft. Judy began to drown her sorrows in gay parties and hated it—so did Luft. They were birds of a feather. Take a look at the pictures taken of them when they first met. They wear the same harassed expressions. They were in the same fix.

They met at a party, a small intimate gathering held in Hollywood. Newly-separated, Judy was alone—so was Sid. Somebody came by and said:

"You two know each other? Judy Garland—Sid Luft. Sid—Judy."

They nodded, neither wanted to meet anyone that night. But a little later on they fell into a conversation. They began to enjoy it, so they forgot about the other people there. Later on Sid took Judy home and they talked for hours. Sid is an excellent conversationalist, a real wit, and Judy enjoyed him so much she laughed a lot that night and morning and Sid enjoyed hearing her laugh. They have seldom been away from one another since that night.

It is an admitted romance now between Sid and Judy but it wasn't at first. It was a genuine friendship between two lonely, unhappy people. Judy lived in a hotel in Beverly Hills, so they had to eat out most of the time. They went to the usual gay spots for awhile, but they attracted too much attention from the gossip columnists, so they began to frequent the smaller, cozier spots. Maybe that is where love bloomed, in the intimacy of tiny, candle-lit cafe booths, where voices are low against a background of juke box love songs.

The people who know the inside of Judy Garland's comeback triumph will tell you that it was hatched at those meetings. When Judy and Sid knew they were in love they began to plan for the days ahead. Sid had been producing pictures on a minor scale and he wasn't happy at it. He had a good knowledge of show business and some good ideas. He suggested that Judy stop mooning over a lost film career and get back on the stage and convince herself of her capacity for work and her own talent. Judy wasn't sure. She was terrified at the thought of doing a show in Hollywood—and even though she had been offered the Mary Martin role in *South Pacific* in New York, she feared she wouldn't make good before a Gotham audience.

"Look," said Sid, "that's all nonsense. But if you want to prove it to yourself, let's make it Europe. You can name your

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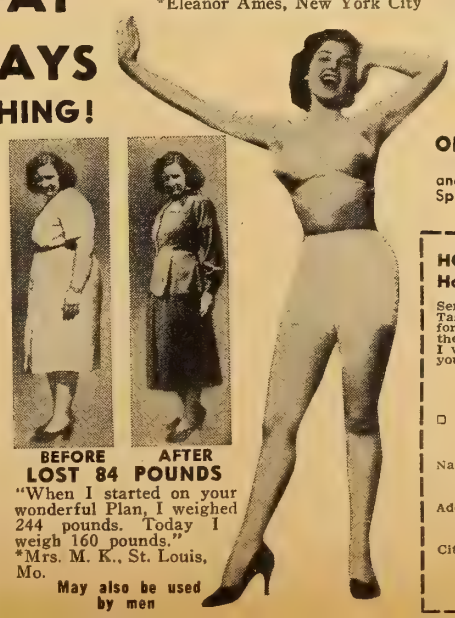
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own figure in London—and if you make good there, you can come back and do the same in New York. Give it a try."

Judy took his hand and said she'd try.

In the summer of 1951, Judy Garland went to London and Sid followed shortly after. She opened as a singing single at the Palladium, and the critics raved. Judy was a smash—the English offered to keep her over there if we didn't want her. Then, for three months, Judy traveled the British Isles singing in theaters to capacity audiences. Some of the terror left her. She was seen on Scottish golf courses and at sports events. On the arm of Sid, she began going to parties again, big, social parties where a nervous girl would have been miserable, and she enjoyed herself.

But there was still America to face. The way to do it was a problem. Maybe a Broadway show. Maybe an independent picture, to be produced by Sid. Maybe on television. Judy and Sid decided to come back to Hollywood and plan from there. They were greeted in New York by a very enthusiastic press, and nearly every reporter commented on how happy Judy seemed. In Hollywood, Judy was feted like a conquerer. There was a round of festive events—and then the reality of the decision to be made. But Sid had taken care of that.

One day, a couple of weeks after they had been home, Sid picked Judy up in the car and started to drive toward Beverly Hills.

"Where are we going?" Judy asked.

"You'll see," said Sid.

He drove to the palatial offices of the William Morris Agency and led Judy directly to the private suite of Abe Lastfogel, Judy's long-time agent and true friend. They all sat down.

"What's this all about?" Judy asked.

"Tell her, Abe," said Sid.

"You're going to open on Broadway," Lastfogel said.

"On BROADWAY?" Judy cried. "In what show?"

"You're going to play the Palace," said Lastfogel.

"But the Palace is a movie house," said Judy. "They haven't had just live acts in there for years. And besides, who would back me?"

Lastfogel got up and paced. "A lot of people would," he said, "but I'm going to. I've got it all arranged. We'll rent the theater and put in two-a-day vaudeville. Just like it was 20 years ago."

"But if that's such a good idea," said Judy, "why hasn't someone done it before?"

"Because," said Lastfogel, "there hasn't been a star big enough to bring two-a-day back to Broadway. Now there is. Judy Garland."

Judy's eyes filled with tears of gratitude for the compliment and in appreciation of the love of these two men. But she had misgivings.

"Gee," she said, "I don't know if I can do it. It would have to be done better than any other show on the street. The people who could put on a show like that have all been gobbled up by the movies. I don't know *anybody* who could do things the way they'd have to be done."

"Sure you do," said Lastfogel. "And you can be very happy, Judy, because these people wouldn't take jobs like this for anyone but you. Roger Edens will arrange and write the special material."

Judy could only gasp.

"Chuck Walters will go back and direct the show," said Lastfogel.

Judy choked up again.

"And Hugh Martin will accompany you at the piano."

Judy didn't say a word. She just sat very quietly in the big leather chair and looked at the handkerchief she clutched in her hands—and she couldn't see it.

"That's my old gang," she whispered finally. "That's my old gang."

There was a great deal of artistry put into the creation of Judy Garland's first appearance on Broadway, but it didn't compare to the love that went into the show. Edens worked harder than he ever had before, preparing the lyrics and helping the arrangers with the score. Walters never seemed to be satisfied with the presentations and routining of the act; and Hugh Martin wanted to practice the songs until it wasn't possible to make them any better. Sid Luft and Lastfogel stood in the wings and watched and felt grateful to Judy's gang.

Then came opening night. On "The Street" it was the event of the season. A movie star was coming to Broadway, they'd see what she could do. Two-a-day was back. It couldn't be done. You couldn't buy a ticket, though. The people who remembered Judy in her films saw to that.

We know an actor who tore his name out of the phone book and pasted it in his scrapbook.
Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

The theater was elegant inside, sparkling from weeks of renovating. Usherettes dashed up and down the aisles passing out programs with Judy Garland's picture on the cover and seating the restless customers. And then the lights dimmed and the overture began. One of the best vaudeville bills seen in New York in years followed, a bill that few big stars would care to follow. And then there was an intermission, the warning flicking on and off of lights announcing the resumption of the show, the scurrying back to seats, and darkness again with only two square boxes of light on either side of the stage, each with the simple card announcement, JUDY GARLAND.

Up went the curtain. The stage setting was odd because of its simplicity. A velvet back drop and teasers marking the wing entrances. A chorus of handsome young men danced out on the stage and sang the introductory number—and Judy walked out and began to sing. The number finished, she stepped to the front of the stage and was on her own. She was out of breath. She was flushed. She was scared. She stood in the cone of a brilliant spot light, unable to see beyond it, and she knew that out there were the toughest critics she'd ever have to face. The professionals and the people who wanted her to make good, but who still had to be shown. She laughed, that nervous little, scared chuckle she is noted for, then she excused herself and mopped her face with a silken handkerchief. Then she sang another song.

The applause was definite, but not thunderous. Judy was still scared. Then she did something few other performers would ever dare to do. She announced that her feet were killing her—and that she was going to take off her shoes. And she did. The audience laughed with her—and Judy knew she had them. The next song was better. It was a Garland song, sung from way down deep inside of her, full throated and brilliant in quality. This time the applause *was* thunderous. Judy was delirious, and you just knew, if you sat there that night, that she was happy.

For almost an hour Judy Garland sang for Broadway, for the wise guys, the swifties and the lads who said nobody could ever bring two-a-day back to the Palace. She sang for the critics, who had made up their minds long ago—and she sang for the folks from the other side of town, the movie-goers who had never forgotten she was a star. Her final number was the best of the lot. She wore a pair of very baggy trousers, a ridiculously huge jacket of black and garish plaids and a tramp's idea of a stiff shirt and black tie. A patch of false black hair, cut male style, came down over her forehead in an idiotic crew cut, and a couple of her front teeth were blacked out. Judy danced onto the stage behind a tall, hungry looking male partner and sang a comedy song of a happy tramp.

They wouldn't let her off the stage. Encore followed encore until Judy could hardly stand up. But each time they called her back, she laughed with happiness—and did another chorus. Finally, there were no more choruses to do, so Judy stepped to the footlights and made an announcement.

"You've been wonderful to me tonight," she said. "And I'll never forget it. Now I want to do something special just for you—for all of you."

She waved the microphone out of the way and sat down on a small patch of carpet at the top of the steps that led to the orchestra pit. The theatricals were over for the evening. The house went completely dark, but the man in the booth upstairs found the tiny figure with his spotlight.

She looked like a rag doll. No glamor. Nothing to bring more than a smile or a chuckle. She sat holding her knees, the ridiculous costume bulky about her, the silly hair piece making her look like a clownish boy. But there was something in her eyes that quieted the audience and held the first-nighters spellbound before she opened her mouth. And then she began to sing.

The song was "Over The Rainbow." It is a child's song—and a child began to sing it. No one who saw her that night and heard Judy Garland sing that song can deny it was one of the most moving experiences they have ever had in the theater. From deep within her heart she sang a plea for the happiness a little girl needed and didn't find. She sang with such sincerity that the notes poured from her as from a flute and were heard in the farthest reaches of the vast auditorium. And while she sang, tears fell from her eyes. And her eyes were closed as though she were remembering when last it was like this with Judy Garland. There wasn't a dry eye in the Palace Theater on Broadway that night—but there wasn't a heavy heart, either. It was a happy time, once again.

When the song was over, Judy got to her feet and stood, holding the battered top hat, her head bowed to the loudest noise she'd ever listened to—the applause of Broadway. And then she spoke again.

"I just want to say," she said, "that I love you."

Judy walked to the wings with those words in her heart. Sid Luft stood there and Hugh Martin and Chuck Walters and Abe Lastfogel and Roger Edens. Happy men, all of them. Then Sid took her to her dressing room and left her alone for a long time.

Sure, Broadway's a funny place, but so is the world. But on Broadway now there is a new custom. At midnight you'll find a crowd of people standing outside the front door of the Palace Theater, waiting for the star to come out. And they're never disappointed. Judy Garland wouldn't do that. She loves them—just as much as they love her.

THE END

"we finally made it"

(*Continued from page 24*) The wedding took place at the Philadelphia home of Lester Sachs, a dress manufacturer who's a good friend of Frank's. Six private detectives were hired to keep intruders out, but they couldn't stop a mob of bobby-soxers from peeking through the Venetian blinds.

Frank thought that the site of the wedding was a well-kept secret. He hired a limousine to drive him and Ava from New York to Philadelphia, but when he arrived at Sachs' home, he was greeted by a band of reporters and photographers. "How did these creeps know where we were?" he asked Ava as they got out of the car. Ava said nothing, merely smiled, and ran into the house.

One of the newspaper photographers said to Frank, "How about some wedding pictures?"

"I'm sorry," Frankie explained, "we haven't got room for all you guys. I have one photographer inside. He's going to take the wedding pictures, and prints will be passed out."

"Who wants that stuff?" the cameraman protested.

"You try to take one picture," Sinatra threatened, "and I'll let you have it."

After the wedding, Ava and Frankie flew to Miami, eluded the press in Florida, and finally checked into the Hotel Nacional in Havana where they honeymooned for an entire weekend. Then they flew back to New York where Frank staged his last TV program from the East.

By the middle of November, the Sinatras were back in Hollywood, exceedingly happy and unusually gracious to photographers at the airport.

"How was the trip from New York?" a reporter asked Sinatra.

Frank grinned sickly. "Probably the worst trip we've ever had," he said. "Headwinds all the way."

"We'd like a picture or two of you and Mrs. Sinatra."

Frank nodded and posed with his arm around Ava's waist. He looked tired, but not Ava. She looked very much in love.

Because she likes to adopt a flippant attitude about life and because she has previously been married to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw, two gentlemen who do not particularly specialize in marital longevity, Ava has sometimes been accused of being light-hearted about matrimony. This accusation is pure fiction.

Three years ago, before Sinatra walked into her life, Ava was an experienced but unattached girl of 26.

Like most single actresses in Hollywood, she found surprisingly few eligible men worthy of her favors. Not that the boys weren't making a big play for her. It was just that she was attracting the wrong kind of men—married men.

One of these, a world-famous crooner—not Sinatra—phoned a friend of his in the music publishing business, and said,

"You know Ava Gardner pretty well, don't you?"

The friend admitted he knew her.

"I'm just nuts about that dame," the crooner continued. "You've got to introduce us, Sam. I'm telling you. This is a real yen."

Sam phoned Ava. "How about having lunch at the Brown Derby with a friend of mine?"

"What's his name?"

Sam revealed the crooner's identity.

"No soap," Ava said. "He's not only married but he has two kids."

"So what?" Sam insisted. "He doesn't want to elope with you. He just wants to



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have lunch with you. Honest, that's all.

"Are you kidding?" Ava cracked. "I saw the way he looked at me the other day when I came out of NBC. The answer, Sam, is no."

A few nights later, Ava ran into Sam at a party. The talk veered towards the crooner, and Ava let loose a few words about love.

"I've been married a couple of times myself," Ava said, "but marriage isn't anything I take lightly. To me it's the biggest step any girl can take. When I was divorced from Mickey and Artie, believe me, it broke me up.

"I know what it is for a girl to be married sitting at home, wondering who's out with her husband. The last thing I will ever do, Sam, is to go out with a married man who's living with his wife. If he's legally separated or divorced, that's different. But no one's going to point to me as a house-wrecker."

Ava Gardner, in the 10 years she's been in Hollywood, has changed her mind about many things: career, education, athletics, cars, men, actresses, directors—but never about marriage.

"To me," she says, "marriage is the beginning and the end. It's not an incidental to be worked in between pictures.

Marie Wilson happened to be spending the evening at a local night spot when her house was robbed. "I don't understand how the burglar got in," a friend said later. "Where was your dog?" "Oh, honey," laughed Marie, "he was at Ciro's with me!"

Mickey Novak

It's something a wife has to work at all the time. I've always been glad to do it. All I've ever wanted out of life is a good husband and some children. If I get that, then I can say my life's been a success.

"My career's been a very wonderful thing, but I never started out to be an actress. It just happened. It was a fluke. It won't break my heart to give up my career. Not one bit."

Ava's contract at MGM expires in another year. Under the L. B. Mayer regime she was never too happy at the studio, largely because when he was head of the Culver City lot, Mayer objected strenuously to Ava's romance with Frank.

L. B. called Ava on the carpet after Sinatra had left the studio and told her that Metro had plans for her, big plans. She could be another Greta Garbo, she could be the greatest star in the world. And she was throwing away this future fame for what, for whom? Sinatra!

What Mayer didn't understand about Ava is that given the choice of a husband or a career—Ava will always choose the husband. In Ava's life, the man must always win. For here is one girl who feels her basic destiny is motherhood. To appeal to any other instinct in her makeup is a waste of time. She regards Sinatra not only as a lover but as the future father of her brood.

Wise-guys, of course, have told her that her marriage to Frank will end in unhappiness. "It won't last," a friend of Ava's recently explained. "How can it? Sinatra isn't as mixed up as Artie Shaw, but just look at his position. He's got three kids and a wife by a previous marriage to support. His television show is still not firmly established. In Frank, Ava has got herself a boy who may be on the way down. Success came to him quickly, and at an early age; maybe he still doesn't know how to handle it."

But in Frank's favor is the fact that Ava knew nothing about Mickey Rooney when she married him. She knew even less about Shaw. About Frank Sinatra she knows everything.

A little over a year ago when a reporter asked Ava if she secretly planned on marrying Frank, she said—and she meant it at the time, "I wouldn't want to marry him. I'd rather marry someone who wasn't in show business. Men in show business don't seem to make the best husbands. But for a friend, I couldn't want a better one than Frank. He's wonderful to be around."

As we know now, that friendship ripened into love.

Marriage to Ava means children, lots of children. She herself is the youngest of seven, and she figuratively worships the small army of her nieces and nephews who are scattered all over the South. She is constantly sending them her old clothes and gifts. More than anything else she would like to have a child of her own.

She'd also like to have a house of her own. She turned over the one she had in the Hollywood hills to her sister Bappie. She then rented one down at the Pacific Palisades, because she thought she'd like to be near the beach, only it gets foggy down at the beach very early in the afternoon, and Ava is quick to catch cold.

Sinatra feels the same way, if not about children, certainly about a house. Since his wedding to Ava, the only house he's owned has been the Palm Springs mansion, and he hasn't been able to get down there very frequently because of his TV commitments.

Marriage to Ava has been the one overriding thought in Sinatra's mind ever since Nancy filed for divorce last October. In order to speed up the proceedings, Frank even waived the service of any papers in the action. He asked that Nancy's case be tried as a default case as soon as possible.

Friends say that while he was working on his television show out of New York, he was amazed to read in the newspapers about Ava's going out with Richard Greene. A phone call from Ava cleared that one up in a hurry.

What had actually happened was that Ava had gone out with her business manager, Ben Cole. Frances and Van Heflin were along, and so, too, was Richard Greene. The British actor happened to give Ava a lift to a night club, and that's what started the silly rumor that Ava and Frankie had split up.

At this point, the only possibility of a break in the Ava-Frankie union lies in their own personalities. These two are deeply in love, and there are no rivals.

"People keep telling me," Ava says, "that Frank and I are bound to have career trouble. What career trouble? I have two more years left at Metro, and Frank isn't tied to anything but his TV show. If any career trouble shows up, we're pretty grown-up kids. We can work it out.

"In my book, the marriage comes first. After marriage, it's children, and then if there's any time or energy left, that's for the career.

"Frank and I have both been married before, and in a way, that's a good thing. We know how little irritations can develop into big quarrels and what to do to avoid them. I also have a pretty good idea of what demands show business makes on an entertainer—something I didn't have when I was married to Mickey and Artie.

"Marriage means an awful lot to me at this point. This Christmas, I was 29. Next year I'll be 30. Where I come from a girl who's been married and hasn't become a mother by the time she's 30 is peculiar.

"So, as far as I'm concerned, the first one can't come soon enough." THE END

(*Continued from page 44*) such literary stumpers as "The Quest for Historical Jesus," by Albert Schweitzer and "Parnassus on Wheels." One team got hopelessly stuck on "The Quest" and had to get help from the middle man. By one-thirty in the morning, the excitement of the unseen competition had worn everyone to a frazzle, and Gordon and Sheila were waving their last guest out.

"How about a swim? Gordy suggested to his slender blonde wife.

"Beat you to it!" cried Sheila, and like a pale Diana she raced across the brick patio to her dressing room, dropped her clothes, and bounced into the pool.

Lying in bed, tired but completely relaxed after the dip, she couldn't refrain from a few party post-mortems. "The turkey was good, didn't you think?"

Gordie, from the borderline of sleep, muttered, "Uh-huh."

"Weren't the kids sweet? They didn't fuss once."

"Uh-huh."

"It *is* a good house for a party, isn't it, dear?"

MacRae sleepily, "Uh-huh."

"Oh, go to sleep, you great big romantic lover."

Plainly, the MacRae house is a natural for charades, parties, children, and for getting away from all three.

After house-hunting for a year and a half, Sheila and Gordon found the only house in all San Fernando Valley that combines the triple features that their type of family life requires. It has a separate studio for Gordon, plenty of space (inside and out) for three jet-like children, and an eastern look to remind Sheila of back home on Long Island.

The MacRae house was originally built by a commercial artist named Anthony Loomis, who did most of his work at home. Mr. Loomis used a two-story guest house as his studio. The top floor is one large room with a good north window and plenty of uncluttered space. Downstairs, there are two guest rooms that also serve as dressing rooms for the pool. Gordon merely stepped into the big empty studio once, and it made up his mind for him. He says he bought the house "in order to find a place where I could work at home."

Soon after he'd moved the family into the house, Gordon told his busy wife to go ahead with her decorating plans. He'd take care of the studio. With the experienced help of one brick-layer from Warner Brothers, he added a large fireplace, book shelves and a compact bar to the room. Then he and his friend layed the Flaxtex carpet from the old MacRae house, painted one wall forest green, and papered two with a bold hunting print. The last thing they did was to move in the baby grand piano and a stack of music, and it's been the MacRae Rehearsal Hall ever since.

Sheila's enthusiasm for the house ran equally as high as she counted up its good points for rearing three children. Number one was its more than comfortable size. Their last home had one family bath. This one boasted five baths plus 12 comfortable rooms.

When it came time to assign people and purposes to the dozen rooms, Sheila set aside definite areas for the children. Because Gordon gets home too late for the children's evening meal, she turned the breakfast room into a second dining room for the youngsters. What was intended for a den, she furnished with small scale chairs, low tables and a television set. She calls this one the children's study. It's a place where they can entertain



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friends without disturbing their parents or being interfered with. About five-thirty every afternoon, the neighborhood gang gathers in this room to watch "Howdy-Doody," and at times like these, Gordon remarks that "study" is a slight misnomer and that "bedlam room" might be a good substitute.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Gordon, Jr. (Gar for short) has the room next to his parents on the first floor. It has practically no furniture because Gar is just beginning to out-grow his allergies to dust, wool, fur, and a lot of other things. In place of rocking chairs and a chest of drawers, the only furniture is his bed and a delightfully gay wallpaper called Happy Valley.

The two upstairs bedrooms and baths belong to the girls. Outside Heather's blue and white room, a balcony runs the width of the house. She keeps her pair of hamsters here. At this stage of her life, keeping her pets well-caged is her sole concern.

Meredith is a more sophisticated child. She has French hand-painted wallpaper in her room. She'd asked her parents to paper the room with butterflies, but the nearest her mother could get to that was a French wallpaper with turtles, bugs and flowers as its motif. Meredith's room opens onto a small sun deck. So far she doesn't utilize it as a beauty-aid but she will in time. At the moment she's found that it's a perfect spot to set up her water colors and finger paints. The view is inspirational, and no one complains if she spills a little.

If you ask the MacRae children why they like their new home, Meredith, who's the spokesman for the trio, says, "There are so many things to do." They have the heated pool in which all three children swim the year round. There are swings and a playground slide. The macadam motor court in front and the brick patio in back are great for bicycle-riding. And the whole family plays an improvised game of croquet on the lawn.

The house proper sits on a high rise of ground in the middle of two acres of rambling, uncultivated hillside. The land is just wild enough to appeal to children's imaginations. It's criss-crossed with woodsy paths and studded with gnarled live oak trees, that are fine for climbing. And to make the deal super the MacRaes are surrounded by a neighborhood jammed with youngsters.

Meredith, Heather, and Gar are so busy in their new surroundings that they haven't time to be problems. But, as any parent will agree, even the nicest children can be too much with you at times. When this happens, Sheila and Gordon retreat to their room. The master bedroom suite is off in a wing by itself. By disconnecting the telephone and closing the door, they can forget the rest of the family for an hour or two.

The big, square room is so comfortable with its own fireplace and door opening onto the patio that Sheila decided to furnish it as a sitting room. She used a deep, unbedroomy blue on the walls and bedspread. She had one of Gordon's favorite wing-back chairs from their former house recovered in a reddish early American print. She placed it invitingly between the fire and a table loaded with books. Whenever Gordon takes time to stretch out full-length to read, Sheila, a serious writer in her own right, rolls out her typing table and works on her nostalgic project, a narrative, historical poem about Long Island.

His wife's nostalgia for the East Coast, (New England, and Long Island, in particular) is something Gordon likes to kid her about. But after he tires of joking, it's apparent that he's an Easterner, too. Their furnishings reflect this.

The two main rooms, for example, are filled with early American antiques that they've collected during nine years of marriage. Fortunately the new house was large so that they didn't have to part with a single heirloom—not even the paintings of famous American doorways made by Gordon's grandfather, Albert Sonn. In the dining room, for instance, is a cranberry press that ceased to function long ago but is kept in a conspicuous spot because it reminds them of Cape Cod and cranberry bogs. The breakfront, filled with their dishes and linen, once held nuts and bolts in a Pennsylvania hardware store. The lazy-susan table and Windsor chairs are not genuine antiques but good reproductions. George Montgomery, Dinah Shore's versatile husband, made the furniture to the MacRae's specifications and to correspond in style, if not in age, to the rest of the furnishings they own.

Most of the pieces in the living room were also acquired over a period of years. Before he became so busy with pictures, radio, and recordings, Gordon liked to prowl around old furniture shops from Boston to Santa Barbara. He can recall where every chair, table and ash tray came from and how well it's stood the test of five MacRaes and their friends.

Until a year ago, it had always been his aim to own an authentic New England farmhouse in keeping with his collection of early American furniture. Somehow, fate interfered. Gordon left New York for a contract at Warner Brothers. The children increased in number and it looked as if the MacRaes were destined for a larger home—willy-nilly. "We discovered that a Connecticut salt box is hard to find in Southern California," Gordy explains. "But when we saw this house, we sort of closed our eyes to its New Orleans exterior. It was perfect for us so we accepted the southern facade. Now I find myself doing as Sheila does. When friends ask, I simply say we own a farmhouse."

The night of the party Sheila got one more nostalgic inspiration. She dove into their collection of unhung pictures and pulled out a Currier & Ives print called American Winter Scene and hung it over the fireplace.

"There," she pointed out to Gordon, "that's to remind us of the kind of winters we're missing." And then she kissed him because Connecticut or California, winter or summer, the MacRaes are a happy twosome, and the house they live in reflects their love. THE END

(Gordon MacRae's latest film is Warners' About Face.—Ed.)

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

what is tony curtis really like?

(Continued from page 49) look like a schmo."

That's Tony. But it isn't all of him. To understand all of Tony you have to go a long way back. Someone once said about him, "All he wants is to see his picture on the cover of MODERN SCREEN." But he wants a lot more than that.

A person's very first memory will tell you much about him. It is not what he has *experienced* in childhood that counts, but the impression that it has left on him. Tony remembers the time he was three years old and standing on a street corner crying his eyes out because he was lost. A woman saw him and knelt down to ask him his name but he couldn't remember it. He was crying so hard he'd forgotten who he was! Finally, his mother found him and took him home.

Also in his memory is the time he was going to the hospital to have his tonsils removed. He was riding in a car, although his family didn't own one, and with him was a little girl whose tonsils were headed for the same fate. Tony was crying but the little girl just sat there sucking her lollipop. Tony couldn't figure out why he was crying so hard and she wasn't—just sitting there, sucking on that lollipop. Why was he so scared? And why was he the only one? Although Tony is the best natured guy in the world there are fears and lonely places and violence in his nature. He has a high temper but he learned to control it a long while ago.

He was 13 when he got fighting mad at one kid. He doesn't remember the reason, but he can still feel the emotional impact. This other boy had said or done something that sent Tony into a wild fury. He had one big desire—to beat that kid to a pulp—but to his amazement he found that his rage had stripped him of bodily control. "There I was swinging like a mad man," he said, "but I wasn't landing a single punch. I was all out of control. I got beat up by the kid who was in control."

FRIGHT does the same thing to Tony that anger does. He remarks when he was on a submarine in the Navy. "We were in some trouble," he says. "The fear was awful. I could taste it in my mouth." (Tony is prone to understate the circumstance but never the emotion.) There was no one to turn to. In his terror and desperation he doubled up his fist and hit it hard on the bulkhead, so hard that he broke three bones. It was only later that he wondered why he had done it. "We came out of it all right," he recalls.

He got hurt in Guam; his legs were temporarily paralyzed. Tony, being the kind of wildly imaginative person he is, knew he would never walk again. Lying in the hospital he was afraid to touch his legs, he hated them so. "They were like some spider or something," he said. And always he'd dream of running, and playing football—a game he'd never played.

Tony Curtis has a loving heart and the need for love. He is so outgoing that he is hurt and surprised when he experiences a rebuff. This is an interesting sidelight on his character, for his background (his was a poor Jewish family and his playground was the streets of New York) would seem to foster aloofness and suspicion. But he can be thrown into the depths of despair when he comes on the lot and says "Hi" to someone without having the "Hi" returned. The slightest "brush" upsets and depresses him.

One of the most awful rejections of his life occurred shortly after he arrived in Hollywood. A friend he had worked with

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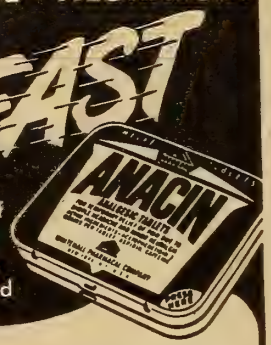
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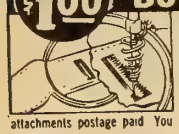
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in New York told him to look up a certain actor and his wife. Tony did and he liked them as he is inclined to like everyone. In fact, this is one of Tony's great vulnerabilities—he lays himself wide open to being hurt. He is so amazed and delighted with his career and his having, as he puts it, "good clothes, a car and someone to recognize me on the street," that he thinks everyone else should be delighted, too.

Well, the actor and his wife took advantage of Tony, although he didn't know it. They welcomed him to their home and wanted to see so much of him that the actor had to drive right out to Tony's lot to see him. Then the actor, having gained admittance to the lot, barged into producers' offices looking for a job. When asked how he happened to be inside the studio he said, "I'm here with a pass from my friend, Tony Curtis—you know, that wacky, brash kid you just signed."

When Tony realized what was happening he didn't say anything. He just kept away. But he had left some records at their place, and he went back to reclaim them. The couple had seemed nice. Perhaps he'd been mistaken. He asked to play his records, and then they let him have it. He was a boor, they told him in effect, he didn't know his way around. Didn't he know everybody in town was laughing at him? There was a fight—verbal, this time—and Tony, shocked at this betrayal, walked home, fighting back the tears.

What is Tony Curtis really like? That's a hard question to answer, because Tony is a complicated human being.

You might say that his love of shoes—he owns 20 pairs of all kinds—is an affectation. But it isn't. This is the actor fetish. Joan Crawford is mad for shoes. My daughter, Joan Evans, has 30 pairs, which is not unusual among actresses. Tony had trouble saying why he likes shoes. "Shoes knock me out. I don't know—they're so nice and crisp and neat." When I pressed him for a reason, he said, "If I said it was because I didn't have so many shoes when I was a kid that would be too easy, wouldn't it?" "Yes," I said, "that would be too easy." So I told him what I thought. Shoes symbolize going somewhere—walking, running, onwardness. And it is the actor's ambition to "go somewhere." An actor can't stand still. Tony loved this breakdown—which may or may not be right. He had never thought about it before, but his eager mind took up the idea delightedly.

The first movie star Tony met when he came to Hollywood was Ann Blyth. He was staggered by her. She talked to him! She was warm and friendly. And when he at last mustered the courage to ask her for a date, she accepted him. What luck for Bernie Schwartz! She was so nice and they talked a lot about acting. When a big role came along (*The Prince Who Was A Thief*), and the studio wanted to know if fairly inexperienced Tony Curtis could handle the title role, Ann made the camera test with him! She played the Piper Laurie part, helped him, encouraged him. He thinks Ann is wonderful.

But it was all quite different when he saw Janet Leigh. Although they met at a publicity party and although he knew she was a big star, Tony felt differently about her. She was, to him, just a lovely girl—a girl he wanted to know better. But she was going with another young man at the time and Tony is no poacher. He has been lost so many times himself that he would not—even if he could—cause loss to another human being. But when Janet and her beau drifted apart Tony was ringing her telephone asking for a date. Tony was in love, and if there was anybody in Hollywood who didn't know it that person was deaf and blind.

TID-BITS ON TONY

Tony Curtis prefers gray and blue suits . . . his dad, now a tailor, was once a well-known actor in Budapest . . . Jerry Lewis is his best pal . . . he's 5' 10½", weighs 158 . . . and resents studio publicity that says he is a six-footer . . . he calls his mother "Josephine" . . . her name is Helen . . . while in the Navy, he was injured loading a torpedo . . . he was paralyzed and hospitalized at Guam for seven weeks . . . they've called him "the baron of beefcake" . . . he thinks his barechested publicity helped him get there . . . he takes fencing, boxing and dancing lessons . . . when he works late, Janet often goes with him and sleeps in his dressing room . . . he was one of the first veterans to study acting on the G.I. Bill . . . he smokes less than a pack of cigarettes a day . . . before he got in the movies, his stage name was James Curtis . . . he's a miserable speller . . . can't tango . . . he owns 43 shirts . . . collects jazz records . . . he suggested his new name to the studio after reading Anthony Adverse *. . . now they've cut it down to Tony . . . his great-grandfather was a circus strong man nearly 8 feet tall . . . he drives a second-hand Buick . . . his eyes are very very blue.*

It was his marriage to Janet that was the first signpost on the road to finding himself. Their honeymoon was a test. They married, as you know, while Tony and Piper Laurie were making a personal appearance tour in the East. Immediately after the wedding Janet returned to California to start a movie and to find a place for them to live. Tony finished the tour, he thought, and joined Janet on the coast to prepare for *Hear No Evil* in which he plays a deaf and dumb prizefighter. The next day he was sent out on tour again and the day he returned his father had a heart attack.

Tony never left his father's bedside. He was out of his mind with worry. It helped that Janet was with him—but it didn't stop the anxiety. And it was not until his father was out of danger—completely out of danger—that he could step into his new role—Tony Curtis, husband. "But it seems to me," Janet said, "if we could survive those separations and this worry we can survive anything."

Tony is much more responsible now that he has a wife, now that his father will be unable to work for at least a year. When he didn't have money he always spent it. "When I had 20 bucks I'd blow 20 bucks," he said. "What's 20 bucks?" Now it's different. He doesn't throw money away.

But the most important thing that's happened to Tony is the release his acting has brought for his tempers, his enthusiasm, his energy. He doesn't fly off in all directions so much now for he knows that when there's something in him that's about to burst he can let it burst in front of the camera. And that's great for him.

But more than that, Tony has learned a kind of mental control. As he said, "When I first came out here everything was so new to me. There were all new things in resolution. But I have found a workable way to make things go. You get a concept or idea and you think, 'This is wild.' Now I can sit down and work 'em out. I've been able to transfer thought into a workable outlet. It's hard to explain, but I know what I mean and I've got it."

This, as far as I know, is what Tony Curtis is really like. THE END

she doesn't like her type!

(*Continued from page 34*) individual who doesn't make plans. She says, "You plan ahead and you expect too much. Too often the realization is a let down." Take, for example, what happened recently. Marty Melcher, her husband, was ready to go to work. She was bidding him goodbye when he asked, "Can you be packed in an hour?"

"Sure," Doris said. "Why?"

He explained that he thought it would be fun to go to San Francisco to see some dear friends off to Honolulu. The friends were a doctor and his wife whom the Melchers met in Palm Springs. They are from the Middle West and when Doris was plugging her records there she stayed at their home. Like almost all of Doris' friends, they are older people.

Doris packed in an hour. And as she and Marty left the house she called to Alma, "Mother, we're going." They hopped in the car and headed for San Francisco. "They were so surprised to see us," Doris recalls. "It was wonderful. We bought presents for everyone and it turned out so much better than if we'd planned it."

On the way to San Francisco something occurred which is a real tipoff to Doris' nature. Marty was discussing taxes and money. Doris hates to talk about money. "I don't like to know what I have in the bank," she says. "I never worry about money problems—just as long as there's enough for me to buy the few things I want. But I hate to talk about it."

Marty, a capable agent and business manager, just puts the income tax return in front of her and says, "Sign here."

But there was something he had to talk to her about now and, having her cooped up in a swiftly moving car, he figured she couldn't walk away from him as she so often does at home when the subject of money comes up.

So he talked. He talked for miles, and ended the talk with a question mark. Doris heard the rising inflection and knew some comment was expected of her. She, too, asked a question. "Do you think," she asked, "we should have green or yellow draperies in the den?"

She had not heard a word he'd said. For Doris can shut her ears to what she does not want to hear. Tell her she has an annoying business appointment. Tell her she must make a decision about something before she is ready to make it. She will tune you out. She will look at you with those big blue eyes, her head cocked to one side in a listening attitude, and you know you haven't made contact.

What is she thinking about when she has that preoccupied look? Doris knows herself better than she thinks she does. She realizes she is preoccupied. "I'm wondering what we'll have for dinner," she says. "Or, I'm remembering to ask the gardener what kind of flowers would look best growing in the back yard." She knows this is wrong. She often has to apologize, "I'm sorry, I didn't catch the last part of what you said," when she has not caught any of it. But she can't help it because, she says, "My mind is always buzzing."

WHAT else enters into Doris' complicated make up?

Her passion for cleanliness and neatness goes far back into her childhood and is a dominant motivation in her life. It seems connected with the way she displays a fit of temper—like a sudden storm that is gone as quickly as it came, leaving the sun to shine. It also accounts for her way of life.

When she was a little girl if she found one small spot on her dress she would change it. Sometimes she would wear as many as three cotton dresses in one day. Even now her mother is baffled by this sort of behavior. Alma says, "You take too many showers. You'll wash all the oil out of your skin." Doris showers two or three times a day and shampoos her hair daily.

When she was a little girl in Cincinnati her mother often took her to visit a certain friend. On the dining room table in this woman's house there was a large china swan. But instead of flowers floating in the bowl, as was intended, there were rubber bands and used pencils, paper clips, stubs of theater tickets and bobby pins. Little Doris had to put her hands behind her back to keep her fingers from straightening the catch-all. She has never forgotten the swan.

Now her temper rises when she sees disorder. It bothers her when someone moves an ash tray to a place it doesn't belong. She has to bite her tongue to keep from scolding a guest who absent-mindedly rearranges the objects on a coffee table. "It gives me such satisfaction to see everything in order," she explains.

Marty says, "I'm always being inspected and I love it." Before he goes to his office Doris looks him over to see that his clothes are spotless. "They always are, of course," she declares with pride. "Marty is one of the neatest people I've ever known," and this seems very important to her.

HER cleanliness goes even further. Try to tell her an off-color joke or a piece of malicious gossip and she is really preoccupied. She will not hear, she simply *refuses* to listen. As a result, people seldom tell her. She neither drinks nor smokes and no hard liquor (only beer), is ever served at their house.

Doris' heart and mind must be in order, too. A uniquely unambitious girl, she wants no more than what she has. According to Doris, she has everything. A husband she loves and who loves her; a loving mother and a devoted aunt who live with them; a darling 10-year-old son, Terry; her beautiful home. And, most important of all to Doris, she has "peace of mind."

Her home is filled with antiques. This is a new passion which she developed after she came to California. Although it is not in her character to think of the past, she contradicts herself by this affinity for the old. "Things that are old just have more charm for me, that's all," she says. "They have more beauty. Old copper, old wood—they're different from new stuff. But I never think about the people who have used the things before I did. No, it isn't that. I can't explain."

But she can explain why she loses things. She loses earrings, for example, "because I hate 'em. I always pull them off my ears." And she loses gloves "because I don't wear 'em. I just carry them."

She can shut her ears to what she doesn't want to hear and she can lose what she hates or doesn't use.

Once, before she was married to Marty, a former Warner Brothers press agent set up an appointment for an interview at her house. Interviewer and publicity man arrived at the appointed hour. Doris wasn't home. No one was. Later, she was full of apologies. Naturally, the press agent was cross. "See here," he said, "I don't know what you earn but it's a good sized sum. Why don't you get a secretary to warn you when you have appointments? That way you won't be confused."

She looked at him wide-eyed. "But I'm not confused," she said. "It's other people who are."

He had to laugh. "Don't you dare get a secretary," he said. "Anybody who figures like that must stay like that."

Only a few times has Doris got off on the



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wrong track in her relationships with people. In Doris' work she must, as can be imagined, meet a lot of strange birds. If you bring somebody to her with an apology—someone who perhaps can help her career but is on the horror side personally—she will say to you later, "Why, I thought he was rather sweet."

Once, however, she was really annoyed by someone who happened to be a fellow actor. He was pompous and pretentious. He tried to steal scenes from her, often didn't bother to learn his lines and definitely let it be known that he considered Doris an untalented little upstart.

It got under Doris' skin. "I don't like him at *all*," Doris said to a friend. But even as she said it she got the preoccupied look. This time it was her *own* words she wasn't listening to. But instead of thinking about plants for the back yard or draperies for the den she had something much more important on her mind. What she was thinking was: "There is nothing wrong with that person. It's just *my* thinking about him that's wrong." So, Doris said later, "I changed my thinking. I saw him as sweet and wonderful and that's the way he was. Now we are friends." For Doris believes that love is reflected in love.

She has never been disillusioned in people. She has never experienced what almost every Hollywood star has known—the so-called friend who loves you not for yourself but because you are a star. She has never, to her knowledge, been played for a sucker. She says, "You get out of life what you expect. If you expect people to do you dirt they will."

She always believes that if you can really communicate with another person you will never have misunderstandings.

Sam Goldwyn was scolding a newspaperman who told Sam that he doubted the veracity of a story his press department just released.

"The story isn't exactly the truth," admitted Goldwyn, "but we have the facts to prove it."

H. W. Kellick

Here is another facet of her personality. She goes to bed around ten-thirty at night so she can get up at eight in the morning. When she was traveling with bands she worked until all hours and had to sleep until one or two o'clock in the afternoon. She hated it. She felt she was wasting her life. Rather, she felt she was wasting her days and she likes days better than nights. She is a very resourceful girl and there is so much she wants to do.

She would like to have a dress shop. She loves clothes and she loves to shop, although she admits she doesn't have the imagination to be a designer. "I have to see the finished product before I know how it will look," she says. But she knows she has good taste and she believes women would be thrilled "to come into my shop and find such nice, pretty things."

Sometimes she toys with the idea of managing a hotel in a town like Carmel. When she was traveling she saw so many mismanaged hotels, and she thinks she could make a hotel comfortable, attractive and homelike for weary travellers.

She also loves houses, but she knows she could not be an interior decorator. Her son Terry knows this, too.

One night Doris came home from an upsetting day at the studio, and was tired. "I think I'll quit the movies," she said.

Terry said, "Oh no! What would you *do?*"

"Well," Doris said, "I could be an interior decorator."

"No, you couldn't," Terry said. "Your client might want modern and you'd just walk out of his house."

Knowing all this about Doris you might come to the conclusion that she isn't the type to be a movie star. Actually, becoming a star was never a big drive in her life even though she played "movie star" when she was a little girl and, later, sat enthralled when Betty Grable appeared at the Shubert Theater. Doris went trouping as a singer because she thought it would be exciting to travel all over the country, and she thought it would be good experience. Not experience for a career, but for living. "I never wanted to be *somebody,*" she says. "I just wanted to be married and have a family."

She was not the type to come to California and work in a drive-in hoping to be "discovered." It was by accident and not by design that she got in pictures. And if it ever interfered with her happiness she would give it up "like that." When she hears stories about the real glamor stars of Hollywood she asks, "How can it be worth it if you have to live like that?" And she honestly forgets that her name is in lights at Radio City Music Hall and that she is the star of many movies, including her latest, Warner Brothers' *I'll See You In My Dreams.*

She doesn't understand the girls who drive and push for stardom. "It's like this," she says. "When you're looking around to fall in love you never do. Then when you least expect it love falls right into your lap. If you try too hard for anything—love, a husband, a career—you get too tense. You must take everything in its course. What should happen comes naturally."

A SECRETARY at Doris' studio says, "I've never given a present to a star in my life. I couldn't afford anything that the average movie star would ever look at. But I just bought Doris Day a present because I knew she would like it. It cost a dollar. I saw an ad for it in a magazine and thought of her."

The present was a mystery story that could only be solved by working the jigsaw puzzle that went with it. Doris loves mystery stories. She also loves jigsaw puzzles. Doris liked that present from the secretary as much as a diamond bracelet—even more. She has no place to go to wear a diamond bracelet. She read the mystery story and worked the jigsaw puzzle at home.

Doris thinks of herself as just an average, normal person. Relaxed as she is, though, she is impatient. Her penmanship is scribbly because she thinks faster than she can write. Her mother, recounting some daily happening, is prone to relate the story in minute detail. Doris says, "Come on now. Let's get to the point."

Doris has had many experiences which she would like to forget. But she has no regrets about the past since she acquired maturity. That's why she thinks she has friends like Charlotte Greenwood and her husband who are older than she. She gravitates towards mature people because, "I try so hard to be mature in my own thinking."

She is impressed by good people—sound, normal people, and draws away from pompous ones. She is *en rapport* with people of a religious turn of mind. She believes that drinking is a "stupid escape" and she has seen a lot of drinking. She has known people who went without food to buy a bottle of hootch. "For what?" Doris wants to know.

It is because neither she nor Marty drink that they find cocktail parties dull and so have acquired the reputation of being anti-social. Same way with night clubs. They go only if there's an act they want to see. They watch it, and leave.

And they resent the money they might spend in night clubs. For every spare dollar they have goes into the house and the back yard (which Doris calls a "back yard" and not a "patio"). They love their home so much that they always return from a vacation days ahead of schedule and their parties are always given at home. They are daytime parties, by the way, with the crowd gathering at noon to play volley ball and swim. (The pool is not a concession to stardom but because they like to swim.) Terry is in charge of the soft drink and beer bar and when the guests are hungry they toss hamburgers and frankfurters on the barbecue pit. Doris loves to eat.

She is as naive as a child, but, although she doesn't realize it, there is much that is profound in her. For example, she once said, "It's not what you have, it's what you can *do* with what you have." It was a throwaway line, but when she was taxed with the reason she had come up with this truth she explained about the trailer. When she came to California she lived in a trailer. There was no hot water except what was heated over a stove that burned Butane. This so blackened the pots and pans that when Doris had finished with the dishes she was covered with grease. This was the girl who loves to be clean. She had to market every day because the trailer was so small there was no place to store supplies. This was the girl with the will for order. Yet she was happy. After she became a star and had a lovely, spacious home Doris, who seldom looks back, looked back to her life in the trailer with no regrets. "When you can be happy living like that," she said, "you can be happy anywhere."

Doris Day, looking at herself in the mirror, had observed that she didn't like her type today. But whether she liked it or not, it was Doris—for better or worse. And the interesting thing is, she has always been like this, and probably always will be. Not so many girls can be that lucky!

THE END

why shelley didn't marry farley

(*Continued from page 47*) as a fickle girl:

"I don't go out with a different fellow every night the way people would have you think. I went out with Vincent Edwards a couple of times before I left for Europe. But he and I used to go to the same school in Brooklyn—we have a lot of background stuff we share. Then, too, he looks like Burt Lancaster—he's on TV now and we talk about a medium that is new and interesting to me."

"You move fast," I told her. "You get off the plane babbling about Vittorio Gassmann, Vince Edwards meets you at the foot of the ramp. Farley Granger phones you that evening from New York. Gassmann is swinging on the telephone from Rome. And a couple of nights later you're dancing cheek to cheek with Dan Dailey at Ciro's."

"Oh *that*," Shelley said. "You know I doubt if Dan will ever take me out again. Dan and I were having a jolly time when Vince came up to our table. He was feeling no pain and I felt it might get to be uncomfortable so I asked him to dance. Then Dan asked him if he didn't want to join the party—but he didn't. And that was that."

Remember it was Shelley who once said: "Other girls collect bracelet charms, autographs, records. I collect beaus." Also don't forget it was Shelley who was voted by her class at Thomas Jefferson High in New York as "The girl most likely to get into trouble." Well if they meant man trouble, Shelley dotes on it.

Now, at 28 she has found the continental man. She has learned there is a type of lovemaking more romantic than the good old American give and take. She knows now that a European can hand you a rose and say a poetic something that makes your blood tingle, where an American sends you a box of roses with the card written hastily by the florist's clerk. It's a brand new field in a territory where Shelley was pretty much at home.

"So what's this Italian, Vittorio Gassmann, got that our men haven't? I persisted.

Shelley simply said, "You couldn't print it" and, with her, it was an understatement.

"How did you meet him? After all you were with Farley in Rome and—"

"I wasn't with Farley then. You see I had ordered some beautiful clothes in Rome and after we'd been to Israel I had to go back for the final fittings. So Farley went on to Paris from Israel and I flew back to Rome to get my dresses. Frank Lattimore was in Rome and he'd been awfully nice to us on our first visit. He took me to the ballet and Vittorio was there. He had seen me in *A Place In The Sun* because he knew someone who was working on the dubbing of the picture and they let him see it. So he knew who I was and he knew my work. When I saw him I wanted to know who he was, because he was one of the handsomest men I've ever seen—it was a very natural thing that I'd ask about him. Lattimore told me, 'he's the Marlon Brando of Italy.' Someone else referred to him as the 'Laurence Olivier of Italy'—so I guess he's the tops. They also told me he had the reputation of being a very remote man—devoted to his art and an attractive and brilliant actor. I was flattered when he paid me such attention right from the start."

I said, "But I hear he is married."

"Oh, no. He has been married but he's been separated from his wife for five years." And when I asked Shelley if he intended to get a divorce she said, "I don't know. After all, we only knew each other for one week. He introduced me to his mother and sister. He comes from a wonderful family. We weren't happy about having to be separated so soon. Vittorio wanted me to go to Paris with him but I explained that I had a picture waiting and had to come back; that my European holiday was over. But since I am home he has asked me to write to his mother."

I was surprised that Shelley tore herself away at that particular moment and I told her so. She topped my frankness with her statement:

"So am I. I ought to have my head examined. I was suspended by the studio—that's something about me that wasn't made public. I probably make less than Francis the mule. I've made six pictures for them this year—including this one I'm starting now—and they've made about $150,000 on me in loanouts."

"Well," I told her, "you always run the pictures you make and you certainly run your men. I suppose you know that European men run their women?"

"I gathered that," Shelley's voice sounded strangely meek, "and I'm prepared to be run. Vittorio wanted to go to Paris with me so we could talk the situation over with Farley. He thought Farley was my fiance and that I'd have trouble explaining things, and he was very anxious to get everything straightened out. But I



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didn't think it was such a good idea. Now that I'm home he telephones me and I get three or four letters a week."

I remarked they must be pretty hot love letters but Shelley said, "No, we talk about acting and art. We have the big things in our lives in common."

If present plans work out Shelley tells me that Vittorio will come to Hollywood to spend Christmas and New Year's with her. He is working on a picture also and everything depends on its finish date. If he cannot make the trip here, Shelley says she will try to go back to Italy after she has made *Untamed.*

At the time of this discussion Shelley had not yet told Farley all the details of her big romance. "But I think he's got an idea about it," she said. "He asked me what kept me in Rome so long and I explained that the dresses I'd ordered weren't ready."

"You'll have to face this sooner or later," I told her. "Do you think Farley will be angry?"

Shelley reflected a moment and finally said, "No. I feel that he will be happy if he thinks I am. He thinks I ought to take it easy. He thinks I ought to get to know this fellow better."

Then I put it to her straight, "You really feel you'd like to have a foreigner running your life?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "I really think I would and I certainly hope he does."

This is, in a way, the culmination of a six weeks holiday trip which was planned by Shelley and Farley in the days when Farl was head man in her life. Shelley had never been to Europe and Farley had. "He was in love with Paris the way a guy is in love with a girl," Shelley said. But she had a picture to make—*Phone Call From a Stranger*—and she fussed and fumed over it because she was afraid shooting would not be finished in time for her to catch the plane. Shelley is dynamite when an idea hits her, and this was an obsession. Right then her big idea was to get the part finished on the dot. Jean Negulesco, who was directing her, intimated that sometimes haste makes waste and when his warning rolled off Shelley's back like water off a duck, the climate on the set became uncomfortable. Negulesco, a Rumanian, has a touch of temperament to match the Viennese, Polish and Russian blend that boils in the girl who was born Shirley Schrift in St. Louis, Missouri. There were times when the director intimated that if he never saw her again it would be too soon. But people get over their tantrums with Shelley, especially when they want her to play one of those inimitable tramps. Shelley can play a floozy like nobody else. She has a theory about that: "Never forget that a floozy in love isn't just a floozy—she's something else again. It takes more than a cheap showy dress, a feather boa and the wrong kind of shoes to play a tarty part. It has to be in the heart . . . in the mind . . . love and sorrow can hit the roundheel hard, they're the elemental things, the rest is just the shell."

By the time Shelley hit Paris she'd forgotten the rough moments on the sound stage. Paris was a ball. She and Farley went to the night clubs every evening and daytimes she'd see the sights and buy clothes. They had a little Hillman-Minx and they'd drive down the boulevards top speed with much horn tooting. And after the night club sessions Farley would pile all the six-foot tall chorus girls from the Lido into his little car and he and Shelley would take off for *Les Halles* for onion soup and champagne. "I told Farl his idea of the Marshall Plan was feeding chorus beauts at dawn," Shelley said.

"I had a miserable cold most of the time," she added, "but you can't crawl off to bed the first time you hit Paris, so I carried on. They have regular little revues in the night clubs and their approach to entertainment is very fresh and diverting. At St. Germain de Pres they had Tommy Dorsey and his band and we put on a big party one night. First thing I knew I was singing 'A Good Man is Hard to Find'—it was that kind of a time."

Shelley, who got to the top in pictures the hard way and knows the value of a dollar, rebelled at some of the Paris prices: "When Dior asked me $1,400 for an evening gown I said it just wasn't worth it and walked out. We work hard for our money over here and you think twice before you spend that much on a single dress. But at Jacques Heim I found some lovely things for a whole lot less."

In London Farley and Shelley were welcomed with open arms. All the young players in the theater and screen world entertained them. Shelley loved the British way—"they go to work at noon, they dine at eight or nine or even later—they love to give parties and there is plenty of time to dress. I've never seen such parties as the English can give. They turn on the lights and make the fountains play for you. We had wonderful times. The night of the Ivor Novello memorial was the top—the most wonderful thing I've ever seen.

"That night I wore my most beautiful dress—green satin veiled in black lace. I spent a lot of time on myself because I knew all the beauties in London would be there so I wanted to look my best. Farley couldn't believe his eyes when he saw me. I really looked pretty good—you'd hardly recognize me. I told Farl that I never had time in Hollywood to go into this dressing thing in such a big way. We're always in such a hurry. You work until six and jump into a tub and then into your gown. It takes time for a real production. I wish we could slow our tempo a little . . . leisure is very satisfying."

Elizabeth Taylor was coming out of the studio when she was accosted by a very tiny fan who asked for her autograph and added: "Do you mind printing your name? I can't read writing yet."

Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

Shelley has something more valuable than mere beauty but her early experiences in Hollywood gave her a fixation on the subject. She couldn't get a job anywhere. Casting directors would say, "But you're not good-looking enough for the part." Or producers would tell her, "You're not pretty enough for leads and you're too good looking for character roles." So she fell between two types. At Metro they made her up to look like Lucille Ball and when she objected they said, "Well, you don't want to look like yourself, do you?" At Columbia they tried to make her look like Rita Hayworth. At 20th, Betty Grable was the model. Then they gave her up and told her she just couldn't make the grade. She went back to New York in disgust and got a job playing the role of Ado Annie in *Oklahoma,* which Celeste Holm had been doing. She stopped trying to look and act like other people and played straight Shelley Winters. Suddenly everyone discovered she had talent. She went after the job of the waitress in the Colman film herself and failed on the first test. George Cukor got to thinking it over and gave her a second test. When they tried to find her she was playing a walk-on at Metro for $100 to earn enough money to get back to New York. She knows now that she's got what it takes, but she still worries about not being a conventional beauty.

Then the girl who had her first Hollywood apartment upholstered in a leopard skin pattern, who bought the wrong hats and who ironically described herself as "Shelley Winters of stage, screen, radio and Schwab's Drug Store," landed in Rome, Italy, on a moonlit night.

She'll never be the same again.

"Paris was wonderful and London was out of this world, but Italy was heaven!" she says. "I was a big wheel in Rome. The people in the streets called out 'bella, bella, blonde' when I went by. And how those Italian men treat women! I'll never wonder about Ingrid Bergman any more. American men flatter you and you're pleased. But these men do something for you—they build you up in your own estimation. They called me *feminine.* Imagine, *me*—why in Hollywood everyone thinks I am an ablebodied girl who can shift for herself. They're all that way—the whole Italian nation. Right off Vittorio da Sicca said he had a film for me and we arranged for him to send the script to Greg Bautzer, my attorney, for approval. That's why I may go right back there."

I said, "Of course Vittorio Gassmann would have nothing to do with it."

Shelley has a flood of superlatives when she talks about her latest acquisition whom you may have seen in *Bitter Rice.* She says, "He's the handsomest and the most aristocratic man I've ever known. The most brilliant actor. And he has more charm than anyone else in the world. He has a fine mind and a marvelous sense of humor. We clicked from the very first moment. And the way he puts things! I was really feeling low when we parted at the plane—I didn't want to leave any more than he wanted me to. But I tried to smile bravely as I waved good bye to show that I was a good sport—chin up—and all that sort of thing. So my first cable Vittorio sent me on arrival read, 'I found your last sad smile very encouraging.' Now what American man would word it like that, I ask you.

"When he'd come to take me driving the back of the car would be full of yellow roses. He had this gorgeous brand-new Daimler and one day we drove out into the country. Something went wrong suddenly—the thing simply would not budge. But he didn't show the slightest annoyance or irritability. He fussed with it a little, then lifted his eyebrows, smiled and said, 'You know, Italians aren't a bit mechanically minded, I think we'd better find someone to drive us back to the city."

When she talks about her Vittorio, Shelley is a different girl. You'd never think she was the forceful actress who tried to direct *Behave Yourself* and was in the dog-house with everyone concerned because of it. Or the dogged character who crossed a continent to ask for a part she knew she could do superbly. She's not the tom-boy who loves to tell about the seven hours it took her and Farley to drive from Stratford-on-Avon to London because they kept getting lost and when they'd ask directions from the natives couldn't understand a word anyone was saying. Or the back seat driver to whom Farley would turn over the wheel when he couldn't stand her continuous advice.

This is quite another girl—this girl who fell in love in Italy on a moonlit night. She's meek and adoring and if her romance survives the acid test of time and distance, she may suffer a complete transformation in character and temperament. So far, being in love has not cut down the speed of her appetite for life and people. But from where I sit, this looks like love.

THE END

(*Continued from page 30*) question I'd have to be a psychiatrist. But I've known her since she was a plump happy kid starring in the beloved *Wizard Of Oz*. Without being an expert, I would diagnose Judy's trouble as this:

She is an overstimulated girl. Unlike other hard working actresses of Hollywood she could not shake off the excitement of her work and relax when she left the studio. Judy was always "on".

When she was still a little girl she sought and attracted friends who were too sophisticated and worldly for her. They lived on excitement and jazz sessions and late hours.

Even worse for her, she went through a near tragic love affair with a married man at the unbelievably young age of 15. At a time when the average girl is just beginning to date and hold hands and "neck" a little, Judy was carrying a torch a mile high for a man who couldn't marry her.

In both her marriages Judy was wed to men as highly sensitive and emotional as she. Dave Rose, musician and composer of the lovely *Holiday For Strings* among other fine melodies, is a charming man, but when he was married to Judy his career was not as firmly established as it is now. He was as young and ambitious and as self-centered as Judy.

Her second husband, Vincente Minnelli, was more mature and understanding—in fact, he was almost a nurse to her in the last two years of their marriage. No one could have been more patient than Vince.

When their daughter, Liza, was born everyone hoped that Judy's emotional upheavals might be over. And they might have been if she had not started to take on weight as do many women following the birth of a child.

To meet the rigid demands of the camera for streamlined figures, Judy dieted and dieted and became so nervous she could neither sleep nor eat.

The eventual crack-up of her nerves and her marriage were inevitable. And, perhaps, that frightful headline, JUDY GARLAND ATTEMPTS SUICIDE AS MOVIE CONTRACT ENDS was inevitable also.

It looked like the skids. Everybody said it was a tragedy. Judy, at 27, was through. She couldn't get a job in Hollywood or Broadway so she went to Europe where they do not so quickly discard favorites.

INTO her life at this time came Sid Luft, ex-husband of Lynn Bari, handsome, well-groomed, witty and a born playboy. Luft was good for Judy in that he is gusty and masculine and lends a strong masculine shoulder for her to cry on.

But, in many ways he is just as wrong for her as the other men in her life had been. He's too much of a stay-up-late boy, a "Let's go somewhere and do something" lad to be the perfect companion for a girl like Judy even after she hit the comeback trail.

Judy did not finish her performance at the Palace until nearly midnight but it was a nightly event for the cafe set to spot Judy and Luft arriving at El Morocco or the Stork at three or four in the morning as most of the owls were heading home.

"I'm not saying this is all due to Sid's influence. I know Judy well enough to believe that she could well be the one to say, "Let's go, go, go—" because she still can't sleep at night and her nerves are raw.

Yes, in spite of her stage comeback—well-loved little Judy is still a long way from being out of the woods—a tragic, lonely little figure who apparently cannot yet help herself nor be helped.

Robert Walker never thought that Hollywood was responsible for his unhappiness or for any of the troubles that beset him—even to his collapse and the five months recuperation in Menninger's Clinic which followed.

Bob would insist that he would have been a mixed up and neurotic person no matter what career he had followed or whom he had married. I can't go along with that. To me, the sensitive, repressed, emotionally taut Walker is one of the real heartbreak stories of Hollywood.

He might have weathered everything—perhaps to the point of being a completely happy person—and still have been able to stand up under the gaff, had he been thrown into a less turbulent world; and if the only woman he ever really loved had been a less beautiful, complicated and ambitious person than Jennifer Jones.

Bob used to say to his intimates, "It's wrong to blame Phyllis (he always referred to Jennifer by her real name). I gave her many bad times long before we ever came to Hollywood when we were still struggling on Broadway with two little boys to support."

This tendency to blame himself for everything, to make himself suffer in the eyes of others as he suffered in his own, was the most dangerous neurosis by which young Walker was plagued.

He was constantly belittling his work even to telling director Leo McCarey that he could not do justice to the "big scene" in *My Son John* and that the speech should be given to Helen Hayes, his co-star.

McCarey scoffed at what he believed was Bob's false modesty. Walker was reading the speech, "boning up" on it as he called it, night and day, without sleep, his nerves at the breaking point when the torrent finally burst.

He literally "went crazy" hitting walls with his bare fists, breaking everything he could put his hands on before his doctors admistered the sedative which had always calmed him in the past but which this time proved fatal. Poor Bob had demonstrated his last inner revolt against a career he was neither emotionally nor physically geared to handle.

FRANCHOT Tone is a tragedy of Hollywood because he has permitted the worst influences of the shabbiest fringes of this industry to change his personality. He came here a gentleman, a cultured intellectual man, a graduate of Cornell with a fine family background.

For years he stood for all that is circumspect and proper. Even when Franchot and Joan Crawford ended their marriage it was done with as much dignity as is ever achieved in a divorce.

When his marriage to blonde Jean Wallace began to go on the rocks it was Franchot who rated most of the sympathy and who seemed to be the "solid" foundation for their two little boys.

And then Barbara Payton entered the picture—a woman who seemed to exert an almost hypnotic influence over him and with whom he fell madly in love—and *madly* is the word.

I know that Franchot tried to break with Barbara several times before that unsavory brawl with Tom Neal which landed him in the hospital and all three of them in disgusting headlines. I know he tried to keep away from her because—before he left New York for the Coast two days before that fateful brawl, he called my office asking that we print a story that



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he had no intention of seeing Barbara while he was here fighting for the custody of his boys.

Did he keep that promise? He did not. Barbara called him at his hotel a few hours after he arrived in town and he was completely under her spell again—and on his way to a beating that seems to have permanently changed the refined appearance of the Franchot we used to know.

His merry-go-round marriage to Barbara and his subsequent brawl with a newspaper woman (she claimed he spat in her face) are events at the other end of the rope from the things Franchot Tone has always stood for in this industry.

Florabel Muir, the writer who made the charges that Franchot spit on her and kicked her, claimed that his speech was rambling and incoherent and there was a dazed look in his eyes. He was given a narcotics test, and after a medical examination it was proved that Franchot was not under the influence of drugs as had been claimed. But, years and years ago, back in the early days of the films there was no doubt that dope had ended the career of one of the greatest stars the screen has ever known—the handsome and irrespressible Wallace Reid.

Even though Wally has been dead for nearly 30 years, the memory of him has not died. If ever there was a young Greek god in modern clothes it was this wonderful-looking man who was the idol of a nation in his clean sports-inspired films.

Yet at 32, Wally Reid was dead, victim of a habit he fell prey to because of overwork. Stars today feel they are imposed on if they make three films a year.

Wally made *eight* movies a year—that is how great his popularity was. But it took an enormous toll on his strength and nervous energy. He started taking drugs at first to "pep him up" so he could fulfill the demands his popularity made on him. As always happens—he became the slave, not the master, of the narcotics that he felt were so necessary.

Because he was known and loved as an athlete, Wally took dope through the soles of his feet and through his gums so as not to mar his muscular arms. Toward the last years of his life when he was hopelessly addicted, his teeth fell out from too many thrusts of the narcotics needle, and this young man had a face as sunken as an old man of 80 unless he was wearing his false teeth.

Dorothy Reid, his gallant wife who stood by him through thick and thin, did everything in her power to combat the drug evil which had claimed him and put some of Wally's insurance money in an anti-dope film. But to this day, Wally Reid remains in memory as one of the most tragic figures ever to fall from the heights in Hollywood.

Four beautiful women—"too beautiful" women, have been great tragedies in Hollywood. I mean, Carole Landis, Jean Harlow, Barbara Lamarr and Lupe Velez.

I believe that all of them sought more from fame than fame was ever to give them. Strangely enough, all these great beauties sought security and foundations in their careers—the two things which were to be denied all of them. Nor were they ever to know the comfort of sincere love.

Jean Harlow, the glorious platinum blonde, has never been equalled for the sexy brand of glamor she had on the screen.

Yet her personal life was a series of tragedies and frustrations including a teenage divorce, the suicide of her second husband, Paul Bern, a short-lived marriage to cameraman Hal Rosson, and then a love affair which nearly broke her heart.

Jean was loved by many men but she loved only William Powell. She died suddenly of a kidney infection at the young age of 26 soon after she and Bill had broken up following a quarrel. I do not believe Bill has ever gotten over the heartache of the beautiful girl who loved him too deeply. Bill didn't want to marry anyone and Jean wanted to marry him more than anything in the world.

Lupe Velez, the fiery, laughing little Mexican girl, is another who never found happiness in Hollywood in spite of the great happiness fans found in Lupe. Lupe was constantly in love, her greatest love being Gary Cooper.

But the most tragic of all was her last love, the man she killed herself over when she found she was going to bear his child and he would not marry her. Under an empty bottle of sleeping pills which she had taken to end her life, Lupe left the pitiful note:

"May God forgive you and forgive me, too. But I prefer to take my life away and our baby's, too, before I bring him shame or kill him. How could you fake such great love for me and our baby when all the time you didn't want us? I see no other way out. Lupe.

BARBARA Lamarr was a victim of her own beauty. Alone in the world and thrust out into the world far too young in life, Barbara was only 17 when she was brought up before a Los Angeles Judge because of the company and the late hours she, a minor, was keeping. The lovely young face in front of him touched the magistrate. He spoke kindly, but prophetically, when he said:

"My dear, you are *too beautiful* for your own good!"

A group of Hollywood people were discussing the problem of reviews, and of what to tell the producer of the movie when it obviously isn't a hit. An eye-witness then reported how Greta Garbo had avoided expressing like or dislike for a Goldwyn picture she'd seen at a preview attended also by the producer. When the lights went up, she approached Goldwyn who was eager to hear her words of approval, while she was determined to be non committal. "Sam," were her words, which satisfied them both, "there is only one Goldwyn."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

Barbara, with her hair as black as a raven's-wing, her jewel-like green eyes and satin white skin, went on to be the glamor girl of her day in Ramon Novarro pictures and under the directorial guidance of Rex Ingram. But, as the Judge had predicted, her beauty was too much for her. There were too many men in her life, too much excitement and too little reality.

The gorgeous Lamarr was her own worst enemy and like these other great beauties I have mentioned, she died young. She made the fatal mistake of settling for the tinsel of fame and fortune and of burning the candle at both ends. But so great was Barbara's loveliness that I can only quote Edna St. Vincent Millay's lines about the lady who burned a candle at both ends, "It gave a lovely light"—while it lasted for this really beautiful woman.

Carole Landis, the beautiful blonde with the magnificent figure who took her life a bare five years ago, is another tragic figure of a wrecked career.

Hers is a "different" story from most of the beauties. Carole sought Hollywood not for its glitter and excitement. She sought stability and an anchor in Hollywood.

Early in life she was out on her own. She traveled around taking jobs here and there that would pay her a bare living and for the trimmings, well, there was always money—spending escorts for beautiful girls and the world she lived in was giddy and careless.

But Carole was different from other butterflies. She was intelligent and she wanted more from life than a good time and nonsense. While she was still living in San Francisco she was an avid reader of fan magazines and the stories that attracted her most were those about the home life of movie stars and their "normal" life.

So Carole came to Hollywood—and she was among the few in the thousands of girls who wanted to achieve stardom. She became a star, and Hollywood gave her everything but what she sought, security. Sometimes she thought she had found it, particularly after she married wealthy Horace Schmidlapp and had her own beautiful home in Bel Air.

But it wasn't to work out that way. Fate willed it that her career, which had been so bright for a few years, began to hit the skids just about the time her marriage went on the rocks.

Her money was going fast, few jobs were in sight and an unhappy romantic interlude with Rex Harrison proved to hold too much bitterness for the girl who had expected so much—too much—of fame. On July 4th, 1946, Carole Landis was found dead in the bathroom of her home, a pitiful martyr to the happiness she had sought in vain in "home loving" movieland.

The stories of the other three stars who round out my greatest tragedies of Hollywood are too well known (except to the youngest of fans, perhaps) to need much detailing. I refer to gamin, lovable little Mable Normand, to Rudy Valentino and to John Gilbert.

Mabel and Rudy are now fables of our town and are part of screen history. Recently you fans discovered a new young idol when Tony Dexter brought the *Valentino Story* to the screen. Through Tony's portrayal you learned much, not all (they changed many events in the script) of Valentino's flaming short career. This flashing young Italian with the smouldering eyes was loved and adored by women except, as he once told me, "the women *I* love, don't love me."

SOON Paramount is bringing the story of Mabel Normand to the screen and we will relive again the sunny first part of Mabel's story when she was a madcap star of Mack Sennett comedies. And if the scriptwriters are honest, they will bring us through the black, black days of the end of her career following the time she figured in the sensational William Desmond Taylor murder investigation and on to her death, a drug addict.

As for John Gilbert—I believe his story, too, will some day be put on the screen. He was never surpassed as a star of violently passionate and romantic stories, and his ill-fated love affair with Greta Garbo has gone down in the books as one of the most glowing of Hollywood history.

It was not a woman, however, that really broke Jack's heart. It was a mechanical contrivance called a microphone, "the talking screen" that broke the spirit of this dashing actor. He never recovered from cruelly frank reviews that the great lover of the silent screen had a "thin, high pitched, effeminate speaking voice" over the new sound tracts.

Well, there they are—my most tragic figures of Hollywood. Let us think of them kindly—those that have gone on. Let us think of those who still have a chance to come out of it, hopefully. For, one and all, they have given us wonderful moments of glamor and excitement in their screen portrayals.

THE END

(*Continued from page 29*) on her carelessness in declaring such a huge sum when it wasn't necessary.

"That was silly, wasn't it?" Liz agreed. "Would it have cost much?"

It would have cost a small fortune, but the man didn't tell her. He just muttered quietly to himself about women who had no regard for money. It was a far cry from the little girl of two years ago who had been thrifty with her small allowance.

The point of all this is that Elizabeth Taylor has probably made the most astonishing progress in growing up in the history of Hollywood. She is, at 19, a complete sophisticate, a divorcee, and well on her way to becoming the femme fatale people expected she would be by the time she reached 30.

When Elizabeth Taylor arrived in New York City and decided to stay awhile before heading for Hollywood, a romantic charade that would have done credit to Lola Montez began. And the little girl who thought she was getting too involved with men because she had been engaged twice was the center of it all.

At first there was Nicky Hilton. Liz took a flying trip to Texas to see Nicky. According to published statements, she went to talk over property settlements —something that any good lawyer will tell you was settled finally before she went into court. Then Nick came to New York. Nothing romantic, the newspapers said, just a visit to talk over a few details in the *property settlement.* Then, together, Liz and Nicky drove up to Richfield, Connecticut and spent the week-end with relatives —again to talk over *property settlement.* People who saw them on that latter trip say it was the cosiest legal huddle ever beheld.

When Nicky left for Texas again, Liz was terribly lonely—for about five minutes. Then the phone rang and it was Montgomery Clift. He came right over and was her constant companion until she checked out of the Savoy Plaza to fly to Hollywood. But Liz didn't go to Hollywood. She just went down the street and checked into the St. Regis Hotel. Michael Wilding checked into the same hotel from London the same day. Intersperse in this set-up the person of a handsome young band singer named Merv Griffin and you have quite a passel of romance.

This writer happened to be in New York at the time and was fascinated with the newspaper accounts of the affair. He called Liz and recorded certain statements and observations which he sets down here.

The first observation is that Elizabeth Taylor is entirely finished with being a child. There is nothing in her voice or manner that remotely suggests adolescence. Her high-pitched tremor that was something of a trademark is gone. Her voice is low and her speech precise. There is no uncertainty in her opinions, as there was two years ago. Despite the fact that she is quite a lady with the lads, there is no cockiness in her conversation about men—and there would be if she were still a kid.

"I would like," I said, "to talk to you about romance."

"Oh, please no," said Liz.

"But it's what everyone wants to read about," I said.

"I don't believe it," said Liz. "Most of the things that are printed about me and men are untrue and so unreal. And besides, people are getting tired of hearing about it."

"They're not," I told her. "You're a beautiful woman and you have so many men crazy about you that the public wants to know every move you make romantically."

"But why?" asked Elizabeth. "I'm only 19. I've been engaged once (*Liz doesn't consider her time with Glenn Davis an engagement*) and I've been married and divorced—something I'm not at all proud of—WHY are they so particularly interested in me?"

"Maybe it's because of the kind of men," I said. "Take Montgomery Clift for instance."

"Monty and I are just dear friends," Liz said. "We're crazy about each other—but it's just a friendly crazy."

There wasn't enough conviction in her voice to sell me.

"How about Michael Wilding?" I asked.

"Michael and I are just good friends, too," Liz said. "We've known each other for years."

"And some people tell me," I said, "that you might remarry Nicky."

"That you can be sure won't happen," Liz said determinedly. "That is all in the past. We will never marry again."

One, two, three. Down went the men in Liz's life at the moment. All just good friends—and one, an ex-husband, who was not going to get back into her heart.

I couldn't help but think back to that interview two years before.

"What I want more than anything in the world," Liz had said that day, "is to meet some nice man when I grow up and marry him and raise a family."

"I'm afraid," I had answered, "your life is not destined to be that simple. You are going to have many great and important men in love with you—and your only problem will be whether or not you will be able to handle them and yourself."

It was pretty paternal, and she took it that way.

"I hope you're not right," she had said. "And I don't think you are. Why right now I don't know a single boy I like well enough to date regularly."

The very next day she met Nicky Hilton —and married him three months later.

I observed during my talk with Elizabeth Taylor in New York that she had progressed career-wise, too. We spoke of the fact that her contract with MGM would be up in a year and she could be a free agent if she chose.

"Of course," Elizabeth said, "the decision as to whether I sign or not is not entirely up to me. But I want to do a lot of things that a contract actress is not able to do. I want to appear in a play on Broadway. I want to make pictures in Hollywood, but I also want to make them in Europe. I want to advance as an actress and do everything an actress can do."

"You're already handling your own affairs, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Almost all of them."

"And I heard you were going to buy a home of your own on the coast," I said.

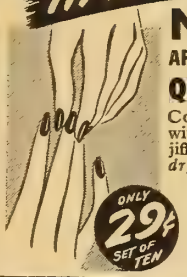
"I might sometime," Liz said. "But for the present I'll keep my apartment. I have a lease," she said as an afterthought.

All in all, Elizabeth Taylor's life and outlook have changed. She is still earnest in her ideals and anxious to improve herself continually. It seemed to me that she still has no desire to be a modern day vamp, but she is, without question, involved in a romantic triangle that might enmesh her and spoil everything.

If an outsider were to select a mate for her from among the three major men in her life, he would, if he chose wisely, pick Montgomery Clift. To see them


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together is to see a beautiful couple.

The romance between Monty and Liz began during the making of *A Place In The Sun.* Although Liz was being courted by Nicky Hilton at the time, those close to her knew that she was quite taken with the quiet, scholarly Monty. And the workers on the set thought, although they didn't voice their opinions, that the love scenes between Liz and Monty were torrid mainly because they both enjoyed them so much. This is not intended to imply that Liz was fickle when she was going with Nick. Kissing on the screen is kissing, after all, and if it can be enjoyed by the screen lovers involved it lends reality to the picture.

Monty liked Liz, but he was too busy working to pay any real attention to her while the movie was being made. When the cast was waiting around to learn what added scenes would be needed, though, he spent a good deal of loafing time in her company. Maybe then he would have liked dating her with romantic intentions, but by that time Liz's wedding to Nicky was almost at hand.

There is something more than just casual dating between them now, because they make concessions to one another that they will not make for anyone else. Monty prefers to spend quiet evenings in the company of old cronies and if a cafe is visited, it is certain to be one of the small, out-of-the-way spots that stud New York's East Side. Monty hates the pretentious places. Liz hates the "dives" but when she dates Monty she goes to these places with him and becomes a regular member of his gang.

On the other hand, in the period of a month, Monty took Liz to such chi-chi spots as The Maisonnette Room of the St. Regis Hotel and to other fashionable night spots where a beauty belongs. On these occasions he conducted himself like a real man of the world and mixed with Liz's friends grandly.

If they were not very fond of one another, neither would step out of his niche for the other. Add that to the fact that there is a good deal of affection showing when they are together in public—and Monty is a retiring man—and you have a fair case of young love.

Michael Wilding has been called "old enough to be Liz's father," but Cupid doesn't seem to care about that. No matter how much it is denied by either one of them, it is true that a love-type association exists between Michael and Liz. How deep the affection is, no one but Michael knows. As for Liz, she is fascinated by the elegant Englishman. His influence over her is almost along the Svengali order. When he snaps his fingers, Liz, they say, answers and runs to his side.

When Michael Wilding came to New York, Liz dropped Monty like a hot potato for the moment and, using the excuse that she was going back to the Coast, moved to the St. Regis. Although she denies that the interest involves romance, it is all too obvious when she is with him in public that this is not so. She glows. And they, too, make a handsome couple. They have in common, too, the fact that they both like the same things—and ignore the cost. They like to dress for dinner and they enjoy the subtle small talk of the English club set. They like swank. They like to travel. The only bug in the affair is that Michael won't be free to marry for a time.

Just how that romance will come out is a matter for sound thought because it is also a point of a triangle. It is hard to believe, but the other person involved is Marlene Deitrich. Not that Marlene is difficult to visualize as competition—it simply appears incongruous to think of both Marlene and Liz vying for the same man.

Just how Nicky Hilton figures in Liz Taylor's life is also difficult to figure. Liz is no doubt sincere in her statement—and belief—that she will not go back to Nick, but it can not be denied that she finds more than casual enjoyment in his company. Generally, when a man and woman separate in Hollywood they are not too friendly, despite the tales you have heard otherwise. Liz is fond of Nick and makes no bones about it. When she dated him in New York she was very affectionate and people who saw them in Connecticut say they were like a couple of happy kids on a holiday. And at about the same time, the Gotham papers carried a picture of Liz dancing with Connie Hilton, Nick's dad, at a gay party. There is no animosity between Liz and Nick, to say the least. Although Nicky announced his engagement to Betsy Von Furstenburg shortly before he rendezvoused with Liz in New York, it was stated in the inner circles of cafe society that he still carried a torch for his wife—and would go to some lengths to straighten things out. If he doesn't, it will not be because he didn't try. He is solid in the trio of favorite men and logical contenders for Liz' heart.

It's unfortunate that Liz can't have her wish about the magazines and papers forgetting her romantic life, but that would be impossible. Maybe the probing into her private life is necessary because, like most people in the public eye, Liz Taylor will not tell all the facts. Like her sisters in the films she may feel that it is all her business, and that evasion will serve her best. But in every interview, no matter how careful the star is, there comes a moment when something is said that may be a slip—and that may give the whole thing away.

When we had finished talking, and were about to say goodbye, I dropped the impersonal manner of the reporter.

"All right, Liz," I said. "You say they are only friends. Now don't cross me up and marry one of them before this story appears on the newsstands, will you?"

"When will it appear?" she asked.

"In the February issue," I said.

"Oh," Liz said—and there was a silence, a long silence. "My divorce," she said, "is final in *January.*"

Three men are Liz's very own, they say, if she wants them. She *could* marry one of them in January. Will she? And which one? THE END

(Elizabeth Taylor will soon be seen in MGM's Ivanhoe.—*Ed.)*

"nice girls don't wear lipstick"

(Continued from page 58) that she was bringing up her daughter not only intelligently but considerately. And she could prove it . . . or seemed to. Yet, as I analyze it now, she was wrong, and whatever her reasoning, I suffered socially.

She held that I had been born with a good complexion and nothing that came in a tube, bottle or box was going to improve it. Again and again she would swing me around to face her big mirror and there would be the following speech:

"Look! Look at that light, creamy skin and the blush on the cheeks. That blush is what women are trying for with their rouge, but they only get an imitation of what you have. Your eyes are a nice blue, you have never had a pimple or a rash so many youngsters suffer from. And do you mean to say that you want to smear a whole drugstore across that nice face and spoil it?"

She would never admit that she had made me wear my hair in curls past the proper age for it. She defended this policy by pointing out that I was small for a girl of 13 and why dress older than I looked? And as for my wardrobe, it didn't hurt me a bit not to go in for the prevailing fads. It merely gave me an air of individuality which was certainly a nice thing for a young girl, wasn't it?

I suppose that a million youngsters have miserably tried to cope with this sort of logic, logic which I now know to be both true and false at the same time. The fact remained that for all of mother's arguments I was feeling inferior at school. Whether I needed makeup or not, *using* it was part of the business of growing up at that time. The girls didn't talk history or geography when we got together. They talked makeup and parties and boys. Good skin or not, my face felt bare and over me hung a sort of stigma. When it came to my curls, being small was all the *more* reason for trying to look older, the way I felt about it. And as for being a girl with individuality, I don't have to explain how thin is the line that kids draw about this. You can be distinctive in some ways but you've *got* to go along with the crowd in a general way. Mother wasn't making me an individual, and I was just mother's girl—and not only looked it, but felt it. When, a year after I left high school, Mother died suddenly, I was still her girl. It was hard then to face the world as I would have to—an incomplete self. From that day, to the day I overcame this handicap in New York, my main job, you might say, was to regenerate what was missing.

Yes, when I was in school, it was wonderful to have a mother who could go down to the Dayton Company store or Harold's or Bjorkman's, take one look at the latest Paris imports, and copy them at home for her daughter. But this didn't help me when all the other kids were wearing sloppy joe sweaters and dirty saddle shoes or squeaky huaraches. They got something out of this that I didn't get out of my starched collars and neat pleats. I had outfits enough so I could wear something new every day for three weeks while the other girls had only twice-a-week changes, but there was something more important . . . I couldn't sport the something extra that might happen to be the current rage, so despite all my clothes I felt "out of things."

With their makeup talk and their boy talk and their party talk, the other girls got so much out of their school years that school itself was almost incidental. I just got school. If these happen to be the kind of things that count with youngsters, then I think they were important, and any youngster who acts as if they aren't is only pretending. I know . . . because I pretended. I pretended I didn't care whether I was liked or not. I pretended that I didn't care about boys. I pretended I was happy living my way. If I could have explained all this to Mother I think she would have understood, but the trouble was that I didn't understand myself what was wrong with me half the time.

There were other girls whose mothers were strict with them, even stricter than mine, and some of these undertook to lighten their situation in a much different way. They were the kids who would head for the washrooms the moment they hit school where they would really slap on the makeup. The results weren't always good because in their defiance they over-

did it. But somewhere in between no makeup and over makeup was the proper handling of this problem if they and their mothers could have gotten together.

I wasn't altogether spineless in the makeup question. I remember, when I was 15, standing at the cosmetic counter in a Minneapolis department store and dubiously studying a mild colored lipstick which I held in my hand. She leaned over the counter. "That one," she said, with a significant edge to her voice, "doesn't look like much in the stick but it changes to bright rose when it goes on."

My mouth dropped open and I stared at her. "No kidding," she went on, nodding her head. "It becomes real snappy on your lips." That was enough. I looked around, spied my mother at another counter not far away, and ran to her swiftly.

In my mind was a wild plan (wild for me). When Mother saw this pale stuff I held, which hardly looked darker than a lip pomade, she might consider indulgently that it was harmless enough to let me get it. Afterwards, of course, she would be bound to notice it and see that it was more vivid than she had supposed. But by then a precedent would have been set. Okay, so I would compromise and agree to wear a more subdued shade . . . but I would be wearing lipstick!

I got away with this, and it was only the third victory in my fight against Mother's edicts about my girlhood. That I was already dusting my nose faintly with powder was only because on my 14th birthday an aunt had given me a compact and Mother couldn't bring herself to nullify the present by not letting me use it. And just six months before that, yes, not until I was midway through my thirteenth year, had I been able, finally, to put an end to wearing my hair in long curls—with bows in them, naturally. If you don't think that hadn't been a trial!

Even my father sensed how I felt about it. Some time after my thirteenth birthday, I was invited to a party and I threw a tantrum about going in my curls. "It's too silly!" I wept. "There'll be younger girls than me there with their hair combed out. How do you suppose that will make me look?"

Mother wouldn't budge, and I was announcing broken-heartedly for the tenth time that I wasn't going when Dad shot me a certain "look." I knew it to be the kind that meant something interesting might happen if I would shut up. I did, with an inner security that my problem was solved. Dad was to drive me to the party. After he had gone some way from the house, he took a comb from his pocket and handed it to me. I pulled the ribbons from my hair, combed it out, and he put the ribbons in his pocket.

ON the day I graduated from Washburn High School in Minneapolis I received a lot of congratulations because I was salutatorian of my class with a record of A-minus for the term. But my biggest kick came not from being salutatorian, but from the knowledge that for the first time in my life I was wearing mascara on my eyelashes. Just a touch. Mother had supervised, had practically applied it herself, to tell the truth. But it was there.

Despite the fact that I practically had the rating of teacher's pet in school, and had never been one of the gang (the closest I came was when I was caught chewing gum in class and had to wear a wad of it on the end of my nose till the period was over), the kids voted me two awards in the yearbook: the girl with the most beautiful skin and the girl most likely to succeed. Mother saw it, naturally, and waved it at me as documentary proof, so to speak, that she had been right all along.

"They passed up the complexions of the girls you told me about, I notice," she said. "The ones who wore dark lipstick and rouge and bright nail polish. And as for the ones who were always talking to boys and going to house parties—you're the one they think will succeed, not them."

I was happy for Mother's sake. It hadn't been easy for her to stick to her guns through tears and tantrums and rebellions. I shall always admire her for this. But in my heart I couldn't agree with her. Maybe success was ahead of me. I don't think I was too concerned right then. All I felt was that up to that moment, in youth's business of trying its wings until there's the glow and confidence of coming strength, all those laughing, gay kids about me had already succeeded!

I felt this even more keenly when I left Minneapolis for radio work in Chicago. It is revealing, I think, that I began to pay a great deal of attention to makeup; I depended on it as a distinct personality aid. I might not *feel* I was the woman I should be, but I was determined to look like her. You see, for me, perhaps because I had been deprived of it for so long, makeup had taken on an unusual significance. And it was then that I practically set my "style" which I still follow today.

Yet, though all this helped, I was far from being a self-possessed young lady at all times. That sort of ease was still mine to attain. I was not silly, or giddy, but I was also without the ability to be just casually myself. A big six-foot-four hunk of football player from Northwestern proved it to me when he turned out to be my blind date one night. I felt woefully nothing beside him, even if I had grown up to be a tall girl by that time. But as it turned out, this same good-looking giant was to do wonders for my self-esteem.

We began to see a lot of each other and finally got so that neither was going out with anyone else. One evening we started out for what he had said would be a formal affair at the Medinah Temple. When we got there, I learned that his own parents, who were present, were giving the party, and before I could find out why, his father strode to the center of the room and announced our engagement!

Inasmuch as my blond-haired fullback had neglected to mention that he had selected me for his wife, I resented this in what I think was a normal feminine reaction. Not then, of course. He ran over to get me, we received congratulations, and it was only afterwards, when we were alone, that I told him "this can never be."

But at the same time, it was a compliment I fully appreciated. I felt like half a somebody anyway, and this good feeling went with me when I decided to move on to New York. Maybe it helped me to walk to the piano and sing that song at the cocktail party. I *know* my confidence in my appearance, the effectiveness of my makeup, was a source of great strength. And in that moment, and with that song, I became a *whole* somebody . . . at last!

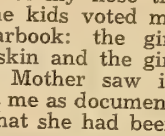
THE END

(You can see Arlene Dahl in Paramount's Caribbean Gold.*—Ed.)*

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MARIE PATTON, ILLINOIS, really enjoyed earning an average of $39 a week in one year.

MRS. CARL C. BIRCH, MARYLAND says it's easy to take in an average of $36 a week, the way she did!

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CAMEL LEADS ALL OTHER BRANDS—BY BILLIONS!

ERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

March 20¢

FEB 11 1952

LIZ TAYLOR DOES IT AGAIN!

by hedda hopper

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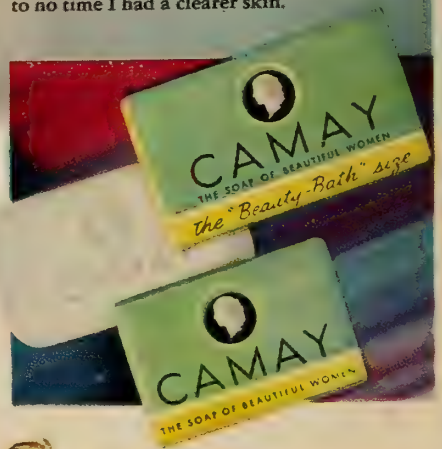
Behold! Camay can take your skin

"Out of the Shadows"

and into the light of New Loveliness!



MRS. PAUL T. CRANE, a recent Camay bride vows: "I'd be lost without Camay. Once I changed to regular care and Camay, in next to no time I had a clearer skin."



Learn from this Camay bride! See a clearer, brighter skin appear with your First Cake of Camay!

WHEN A GIRL has her heart set on love and romance, when a happy marriage is her aim and ambition, she never permits dullness to hide the beauty of her complexion.

There's no need to have your beauty clouded in shadows! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and a fresher, clearer complexion will be yours with the very *first cake* of Camay you use.

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. How gentle it is! And its lather is so rich and creamy. See your skin come "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.



New beauty for arms and legs, too!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Use the big, Beauty-Bath Size for more lather, luxury and economy.

Camay *the soap of beautiful women*

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Now! Avoid "Tell-Tale Mouth"

(BREATH NOT AS SWEET, TEETH NOT AS CLEAN AS THEY CAN BE)



Ipana keeps your whole mouth cleaner, sweeter, sparkling!



A Product of Bristol-Myers

Be confident of your smile. Actual studies by dentists prove that brushing with Ipana gets teeth cleaner. And as for reducing tooth decay effectively, NO other tooth paste—ammoniated or regular—has been proved better than Ipana.

Be confident of your breath. Brushing with Ipana after eating helps remove *causes* of unpleasant mouth odor. And refreshing Ipana instantly sweetens breath—leaves your mouth feeling fresh.

And don't forget your gums. Brush teeth from gum margins towards biting edges. Ipana's active cleansing foam helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Yes, cleansing with Ipana Tooth Paste helps keep your whole mouth healthy. No "Tell-Tale Mouth" for you! Get Ipana today.

Ipana
Tooth Paste

Your own taste warns of "Tell-Tale Mouth"



THAT STALE, FURRY TASTE—OFTEN IT'S A SIGN OF "TELL-TALE MOUTH." (TEETH AND BREATH NOT AS CLEAN AS CAN BE)...



BRUSH TEETH WITH IPANA. NOTE LIVELIER TASTE AND TINGLE AS IPANA'S SPARKLING FOAM REACHES WHERE THE BRISTLES CAN'T...



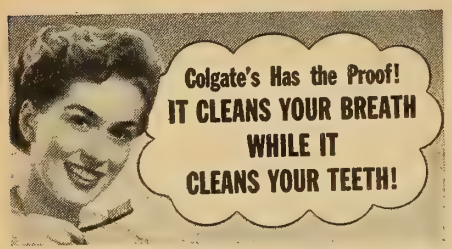
NOW YOUR OWN TASTE TELLS YOU YOUR WHOLE MOUTH IS CLEANER, SWEETER, SPARKLING. NO "TELL-TALE MOUTH" FOR YOU!

Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT

STOPS BAD BREATH*!

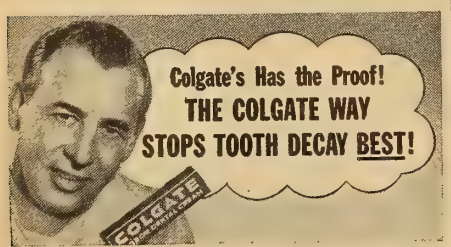
*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



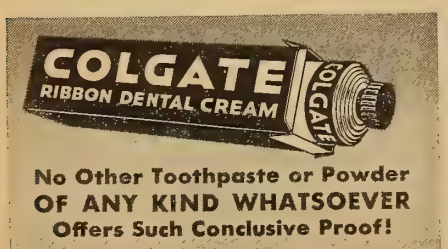
For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* it stops bad breath.*



Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



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No Other Toothpaste or Powder OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

MARCH, 1952

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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THE WILD NORTH

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STARRING

STEWART GRANGER
WENDELL COREY
WITH CYD CHARISSE

Photographed in ANSCO COLOR

FILMED ON LOCATION IN
EXCITING COLOR!
All the grandeur of the wilderness captured in breathtaking Ansco color!

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New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

• **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!

• **Softer, creamier** new Mum is gentle, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

• **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* to the last fingertipful. Get new Mum today.



New **MUM**

CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. My mother tells me she saw Joan Crawford in motion pictures 30 years ago at which time she was in love with a director named Woody Van Dyke. Is this true and with whom is Joan in love now?—E. D., New York, N. Y.

A. *Joan Crawford made her motion picture debut in 1926. Her first film was directed by Woody Van Dyke. These two were never in love. At the moment of this writing, Joan has no particular love interest.*

Q. Why did June Allyson change her name from Jan to June? Isn't it true that she's really 35 years old and once worked as Betty Hutton's understudy?
—C. T., Dover, Del.

A. *Miss Allyson thought that Jan was too masculine a name. She changed it to June when she began to look for theatrical work on Broadway. The name-change apparently brought her good luck as she was hired to understudy Betty Hutton in* Panama Hattie. *June Allyson was born on October 7th, 1924.*

Q. Is it true that Alan Ladd refuses to pose for pictures with his son by a first marriage? If it isn't, why don't we ever see such pictures in Modern Screen?
—K. F., Norwalk, Conn.

A. *See Louella Parsons' Good News in this issue.*

Q. I understand that Tony Curtis has developed a swelled head now that he's tasted a little fame. Is this on the level? —H. J., Topeka, Kan.

A. *Curtis is still extremely cooperative with all members of the press. In some quarters his new-found self confidence is being misinterpreted as conceit. Actually, it is impossible to become successful in Hollywood without undergoing some very definite personality changes.*

Q. Does Janet Leigh ever run into either of her two ex-husbands, and does she still deny they exist?
—T. Y., Merced, Cal.

A. *Janet has never denied her two previous marriages, never has run into her two previous husbands.*

Q. Is it true that child actresses last longer in the movies than child actors? If so, why is it?
—B. F., Louisville, Ky.

A. *It's true largely because it is easier to find story material for young growing girls than for young growing boys. Latest child star to have his career threatened by adolescence is Claude Jarman, Jr.*

Q. Why do so many stars hire press agents in January and February?
—U. O., Chicago, Ill.

A. *The Academy Awards are given out in March.*

Q. Does Betty Grable plan on having any more children?
——G. F., Medina, Tenn.

A. *No.*

Q. Is it true that Dale Robertson's mother gave him the family savings so that he could crash Hollywood. How much money does it take to crash the movie business?
—C. J., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A. *Dale's mother gave him $10,000. His two aunts gave him another $10,000. There is no fixed sum necessary to crash Hollywood. One needs money to live on, however, before the lucky break comes.*

Q. Before Harry James married Betty Grable, didn't he have two sons somewhere? Do these boys live in Hollywood? Who has custody of them?
—V. S., Dallas, Tex.

A. *James' ex-wife, Mary Louise Tobin James has custody of both sons in El Paso, Texas.*

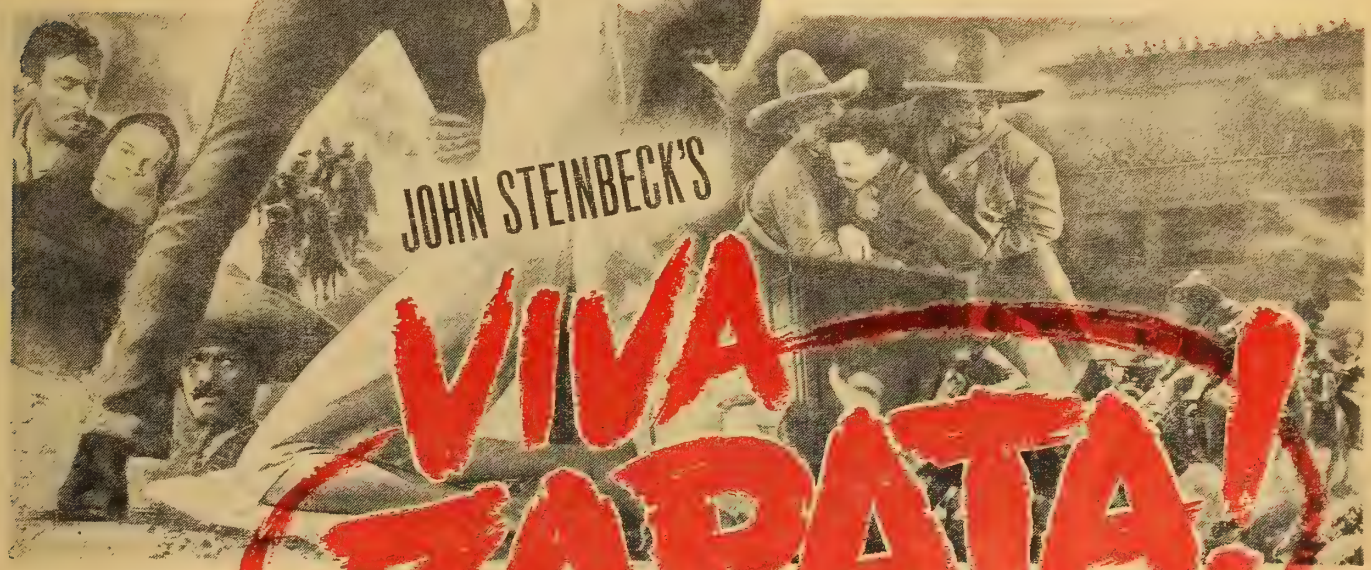
Q. What is the truth about Ezio Pinza? Did MGM drop him because he fought with Lana Turner on the set of *Mr. Imperium* or because his pictures were terrible? —B. B., Atlanta, Ga.

A. *Pinza's two films for Metro,* Mr. Imperium *and* Strictly Dishonorable, *were not box-office hits. Story material for Pinza is also difficult to obtain because of his age. Pinza was dropped for these reasons, no other.*

HIS NAME WAS THUNDER!

HIS LOVE WAS FIRE!

HE WAS THE FLAME AND THE FURY!



JOHN STEINBECK'S

VIVA ZAPATA!

20th CENTURY-FOX

Starring

MARLON BRANDO

JEAN PETERS

with

Anthony Quinn · Joseph Wiseman · Arnold Moss
Alan Reed · Margo · Harold Gordon
Lou Gilbert · Mildred Dunnock

The Sensation of "Streetcar Named Desire" and the man of "The Men" tops his phenomenal career as Zapata . . . the fabulous Robin Hood of Mexico



Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Directed by
ELIA KAZAN

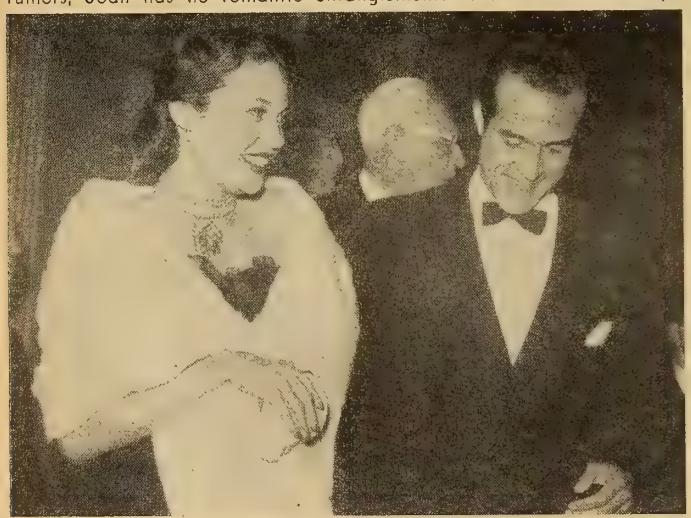
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JOHN STEINBECK



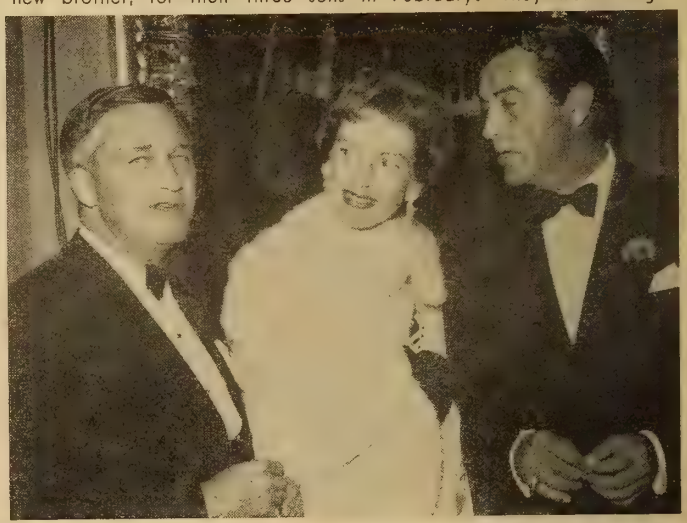
The ever-glamorous Joan Crawford poses for the cameraman on the arm of escort Mel Dinelli at the premiere of *Quo Vadis*. Despite rumors, Joan has no romantic entanglements—she's much too busy.



Jeanne Crain and hubby Paul Brinkman are proof-positive that Hollywood marriages can—and do—flourish! Will it be a sister, or a new brother, for their three sons in February? They want a girl.



Ricardo and Georgianna Montalban, also at the premiere, expect another visit from Sir Stork soon. For the full story of how Ricardo met and married Georgie, see the April issue of MODERN SCREEN.



Deborah Kerr and Robert Taylor, stars of *Quo Vadis*, hold a reunion with the movie's director, Mervyn LeRoy, at the premiere. LeRoy has reason to be proud of them—both were hits in the film.

THE EX-MRS. SINATRA AND THE EX-MR. AVA GARDNER FINALLY MEET—WOW! . . . PAT NEAL AND GARY COOPER DECIDE TO

Would you like to read an eye-witness account of the first meeting between Nancy Sinatra (the former Mrs. Frank) and Artie Shaw (the former Mr. Ava Gardner) in New York?

My favorite New York spy writes the details.

"New Yorkers hadn't seen Nancy's NEW personality since her divorce from Frank," reports my friend, "and I must say she has become a dazzler, so petite, so chic and so sparkingly pretty."

Well, on this particular night, Nancy came into Gogi's La Rue with her friends from the Coast, the William Perlbergs. They were soon joined by Judy Garland and Sid Luft and then the whole party moved into the small private room, adjoining the main dining room, where Artie Shaw was sitting with his fiancee (?), the Dowling girl, and a columnist.

Apparently, Shaw had never before set eyes on the *original* Mrs. Sinatra because I overheard him ask the writer, "Who's the little beauty with the big brown eyes?"

He was told it was Nancy Sinatra.

"What!" gasped Ava Gardner's second husband. "You mean he left THIS doll—and three children? He's gotta be crazy!"

My spy comments, "Everything considered, I think this is quite a commentary."

RITA Hayworth's suspension at Columbia lasted just five days. But they were five days of jitters for everyone concerned. Columbia had invested $500,000 in pre-production costs on *Affair In Trinidad*. And the minute she walked off the picture, Rita's $5000 weekly salary was stopped.

"She is very emotional and mixed up," said one of her friends, "The break-up of her marriage to Aly Khan took its toll of her self-confidence. Rita is a bundle of nerves and very unsure of herself."

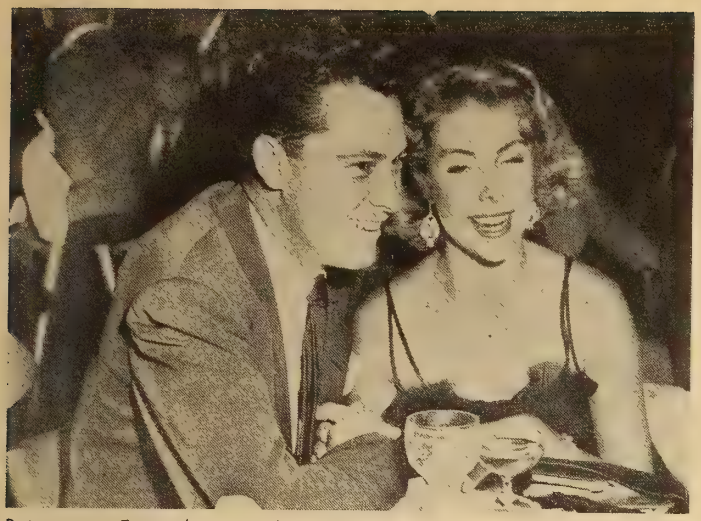
I find that hard to believe. Rita had rehearsed two dance numbers for the film and they were wonderful. And she looks radiantly beautiful these days.

Could be she is getting a Greta Garbo complex.

Ever since her return to Hollywood she has shunned her old friends even to refusing to come to the telephone when they call. On the few occasions when she has accepted a social invitation she has been heard to remark that "people aren't nice to me."

Stuff and nonsense!

To Rita, once my good friend, I say as one who is still her friend: "Think straight and act wisely. Your leave of absence from Hollywood while being a 'Princess' did your career no good. But, don't, for heavens sake, be your OWN worst enemy."



Betsy von Furstenberg and Nicky Hilton (Liz Taylor's ex) spiked rumors that their on-again, off-again romance was off-again when they announced plans to marry in 1952. But the question is, will they?



Kirk Douglas gets a big laugh out of the pigtails that Elizabeth Threatt sports in *The Big Sky*. Elizabeth, whose middle name is Coyote (she's part Indian), has her first important role in this film.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

CALL IT OFF . . . TY AND LINDA WARM THEIR HOUSE WITH A PARTY . . . FARLEY GRANGER "DISCOVERS" HILDEGARDE NEFF

I WAS with Joan Bennett within an hour after the shocking news that Walter Wanger had shot her agent, Jennings Lang, in a jealous passion over Joan. I'm not going into a dissertation on the moral angles of this tragedy one way or another.

But I shall never forget Joan—distraught, completely beside herself, and shaking like a leaf. She couldn't sit down—just kept pacing the floor up and down, back and forth. She hardly seemed to hear the words of comfort given by her former husband, Gene Markey, who had dashed to her side, or from other friends present.

Over and over she kept repeating, "To think that I should be the one to bring this terrible scandal on Hollywood. I can't believe it. It's a terrible nightmare."

THE rain, that started that Saturday morning, poured and poured all day and was drenching all Southern California by nightfall, didn't dampen the enthusiasm of the lucky guests who had been invited to the housewarming of Linda and Tyrone Power.

Their new home is enchanting and the large colorful rooms were a perfect setting for Linda, vivid and flashing in a beautiful Fontana gown of green that almost matched her eyes and the emeralds she wore.

I hadn't any more than noticed this—than I spotted Joan Crawford in a gown that just matched her stunning Topaz jewelry. I filed it away for a little fashion note.

At dinner, I sat next to Michael Rennie and he and his Maggie are two of the most attractive Britishers who have ever settled in our town. They came with their neighbors and good friends, Fieldsie and Walter Lang.

Speaking of an attractive Englishman—Ronald Colman was there and he told me Benita had been, and was still, very ill with poison ivy. "And, don't you dare say she caught it from our HALLS OF IVY," he laughed.

Evie Johnson's new shorter than short hair cut was attracting attention and she told me it had been barbered by her ever lovin' husband, Van.

Valentina Cortesa and Richard Basehart, the new mama and papa, didn't stay long and hurried home to the thin, adorable, brand new bambino.

Far be it for me to say that the "highlight" of the evening was Shelley Winters introducing her new love, Italian actor Vittorio Gassmann, to her old love, Farley Granger—but it was quite a moment. Farl seemed to weather the blow without missing a heartbeat.

He told me he had been a house-guest of the Powers for a week. "They're calling

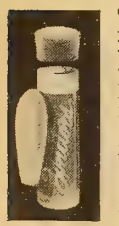
Modern Wives Excited

over these extra advantages for

Feminine Hygiene



Assure Continuous Action for Hours!
Daintier — More Convenient



Each in separate glass vial

The practice of intimate feminine cleanliness is so very important for a woman's health, married happiness and to keep her free from a most unpardonable odor of which she may be unaware. And now thanks to Zonitors, women have a far more convenient, easier, yet *powerfully effective* method of feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. When inserted — Zonitors instantly release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous ZONITE and assure hours of continuous action. *Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.* So convenient. No mixing or apparatus is required. So easy to slip into your purse if traveling.

Zonitors help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can *depend* on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ. The *modernized* method!

Zonitors (Vaginal Suppositories)



NEW! FREE!

Send coupon for new book revealing *all* about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMR-32, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

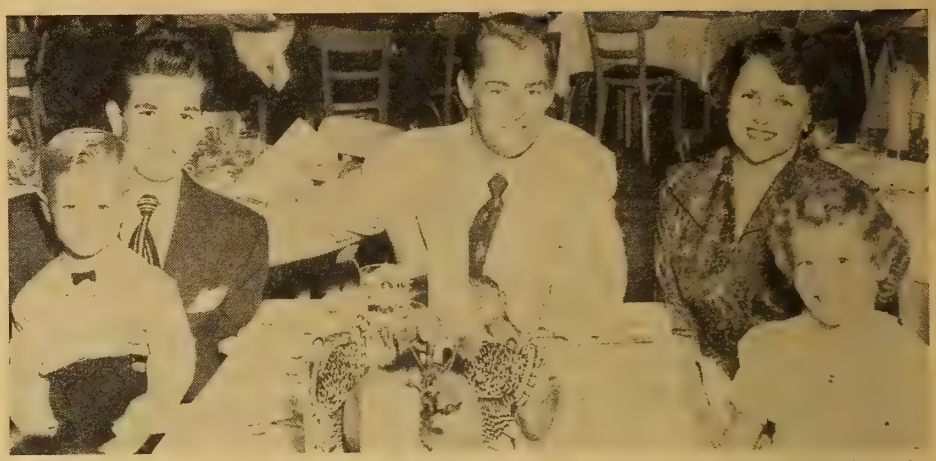
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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Alan Ladd is a busy star, but he's also one of Hollywood's most devoted family men. Here he dines out with three-quarters of his brood—(*left to right*) Laddie, his oldest son, 14; four-year-old David, wife Sue and daughter Alana. The Ladds also have a teen-age daughter.

me 'the man who came to dinner' and stayed a week," he grinned.

Farley's date at the party was Hildegarde Neff and I think he likes the lady pulenty—but her heart is supposed to belong to Anatole Litvak, her favorite director.

Mrs. James Stewart, Merle Oberon, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Rocky Cooper, Mrs. Ray Milland, Claudette Colbert and Janet Gaynor Adrian were among the other beauties in gorgeous gowns getting their "pitchers took" by Bunny Waters Greene who was here, there and everyplace snapping the festivities with her camera.

CLOSE-UP of John Wayne: He has exactly the same close friends today when he is at the top of the heap as he did when he was just "old Duke," the cowpoke. His inseparable men companions are John Ford the director, and actor Ward Bond. . . . He likes his whiskey straight and his women shy and modest. If there's anything he hates it is a "conspicuous dame". . . . He doesn't like social affairs from big to small dinners. But he has been known to drop in on a friend, talk for hours, stay for dinner and then *spend the night!* Once, he dropped in on John Ford and stayed two weeks. . . . He doesn't want anyone to know it, but he is still a little bit shocked over women smoking. Particularly, women with gray hair. . . . Way back in grade school he learned some poems and he can still recite them. Robert Service, and his poems of Alaska, are his favorite reading matter. . . . He isn't startled by the success which has made him No. 1 man on the screen because it happened so gradually he "didn't notice anything". . . . He wouldn't live anywhere but California if you gave him a worldwide choice. His next favorite spot is Mexico. He loves the lazy people, the mañana attitude and the hot hot food. . . . He's kind of a lazy guy himself. . . . He's been in the Mocambo nightclub just once and he's never dined at Romanoff's. Now and then he'll venture out to some quiet little place and listen to a good piano player. . . . He's more like an older brother to his children—seems that he just can't discipline them, no matter how hard he tries to be firm! . . . All in all, he's a very good guy to be representing us as the top actor at the box office and the popularity polls.

ALL you girls who worry because you don't have a steady fellow probably won't believe this—but it's true. Luscious Marilyn Monroe, publicized as having more sex appeal than any movie star since Jean Harlow, didn't go to two pre-holiday parties because she had "no escort"!

Have you noticed that you never read about curvaceous Marilyn dining and dancing with this-one or that-one in the various nightclubs? As beautiful and alluring as she is—she is one of our real stay-at-home girls. And she admits it.

"Maybe I'm choosy," Marilyn told me. "I don't like to be going out just to be seen somewhere. But I won't lie—I'd like someone to come along who is nice, and a good dancer and fun to talk to—just like hundreds of other girls."

Before his death last year, Marilyn was devoted to her former agent, Johnny Hyde. Johnny made no secret that he wanted to marry her in spite of the difference in their ages (Johnny was 56 and Marilyn is 25). He did everything in his power to put her over as a star and she was always grateful to him. But she realized that gratitude was hardly the basis for a successful marriage.

When Johnny was taken very ill with a serious heart attack—and Marilyn was told by the doctors that he could not live—she let Johnny give her a diamond engagement ring because it made him so happy. Everyday she was a visitor to his bedside at the hospital. She made his last days very happy.

But surely, sometime, someone will come along who will bring "dates" and romancing and real love for this girl who says her career is "everything" to her. Is that fair for a belle who, obviously, was not designed for a bachelor-girl existence?

PURELY Personal: Shelley Winters has really given me the chill since (as she says) I haven't taken her big romance with Vittorio Gassmann seriously. The gal says what she feels for the Italian actor is the real thing and that she is going to marry him. Unfortunately, he has a wife which Shelley says he will shed—and Vittorio says he won't! . . . Since he started making love to luscious Liz Taylor, Michael Wilding wears his hair piece all the time—which is more than he did when he was making love to

Happy Picture!
Happy People!

So much fun and joy and love, it bubbles over--all over you! You'll go out smilin' in your heart at the fellow who made room for the girl he loved-- and forgot to lock the door!



WARNER BROS. TAKE EXCEPTIONAL DELIGHT IN PRESENTING

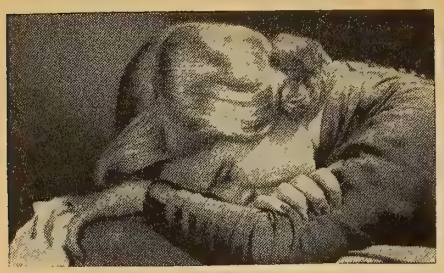
CARY GRANT
and
BETSY DRAKE
in
"ROOM FOR ONE MORE"

SCREEN PLAY BY
JACK ROSE AND MELVILLE SHAVELSON

PRODUCED BY
HENRY BLANKE

DIRECTED BY
NORMAN TAUROG

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



Why risk ruin of your marriage

with neglect of intimate hygiene creating another you!



Be the *Real* you your husband loves!

TAKE no chances with your intimate hygiene! Be the *real* you who won your husband's love . . . confident, serene . . . sure of your feminine daintiness.

Douche regularly with "Lysol." Cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Kills germ life quickly on contact. Non-caustic, will not harm delicate tissue. Recommended by many doctors.

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today. Use it *regularly!* Don't ever risk *neglect* that can create *another* you—unsure, unhappy in your marriage. Send today for *free* booklet on feminine hygiene, prepared in collaboration with a leading gynecologist. Mailed in plain envelope. Write Harriet Dean, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Box D.M.-523, Bloomfield, N. J.

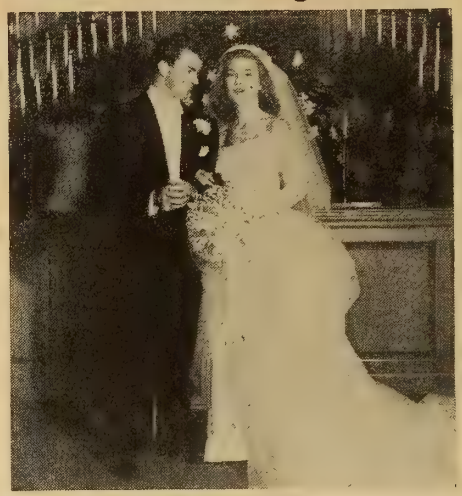
"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

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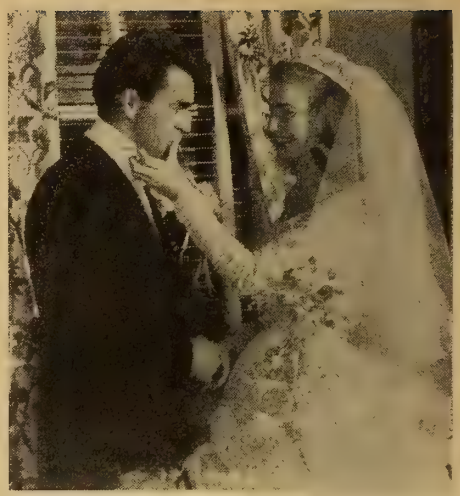
A Concentrated Germ-Killer



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Peggy Dow's dreams all came true the day she married her childhood sweetheart Walter Helmerich in an all white church wedding.



Peggy's wedding gown, fashioned mainly of heirloom lace that was in the family for many years, was designed by the bride herself.

Marlene Dietrich. . . . Esther Williams is on her way to becoming the Hetty Green of the screen. Where money is concerned—Esther knows the secrets. Everything she touches turns to cash and she's sure to clean up when she goes on tour with her Aquacade this Spring. Not since Sonja Henie, has any pretty girl shown more "cash" sense than the movie mermaid. . . . Kirk Douglas is becoming a cynical gent where the ladies are concerned. Methinks it will be a long, chilly time before Kirk gets around to marrying again.

THAT so beautiful redhead, Arlene Dahl, and her handsome groom, Lex Barker, invited their friends to their home for a Glade Jul party. Arlene, who comes of Scandinavian parentage, had all the smorgasbord, drinks and delicious things that go with such an elaborate fete.

The guests came early and stayed late. Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall had a special celebration because it was their wedding anniversary. Pretty Georgianna Young Montalban, wife of the popular Ricardo, and Jeanne Crain were discussing babies. Both have dates with the stork, and it is the fourth child for each of them. These two girls are both beauties and believe in big families. I find that this is happening with quite a few Hollywood celebrities.

Farley Granger came all alone. Maybe he couldn't coax Hildegarde Neff to accompany him, or maybe he's just tired of women. Personally, I think Farl was hit a little harder than he'd like people to believe by Shelley Winters' desertion. Not that he wanted to marry Shell himself, but just another case of a dog-in-the-manger.

Anne Baxter was receiving congratulations on having been voted the most cooperative actress of the year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

That reminds me, Tyrone Power went on the air and really took the Press Club apart for naming the most uncooperative actors, saying it was of no interest to anyone except the disgruntled girls who voted. I wouldn't know, because I don't belong to the organization, but I was surprised to hear that Esther Williams had been named the most uncooperative actress. I have always found her to be just exactly the opposite.

Naturally I was not surprised that Frank Sinatra won the dubious honor of being named the least cooperative actor. The feud between Frankie and some of the fan magazines dates back a long time.

There are very few newspaper women in this club. Most of the members are fan magazine writers with a few press representatives among them.

THE two year romance of Pat Neal and Gary Cooper is over. Pat still loves Gary deeply, but she feels his ill health is caused by worry over his daughter, Maria, whom he adores.

Pat made a break two or three times, but always went back to Coop because he pleaded with her not to leave him. But she knows there's no chance for marriage because Gary's wife will never consent to giving him his freedom.

Personally I do not think Gary wants to do anything as drastic as getting a divorce himself because of Maria. There's no feeling for Rocky any more—that Gary has said. He admits that he loves Pat, but he would never let his own feeling interfere with anything that might be harmful to his beloved daughter Maria.

The Letter Box: V. Johnson, of Winthrop, Maine, is worried that Dan Dailey's new candid camera shots are revealing signs of fatigue again. "Please, please—tell Dan to take care of himself. He is my favorite star and we who love him cannot bear the thought that he might have to suffer through another breakdown."

"Just Stephanie," of Dallas, chides Hollywood producers. "How can they permit Olivia De Havilland to stay away so long? She is the greatest of screen actresses. Don't tell me there aren't good roles for her. She could have played *The Blue Veil* or *Streetcar Named Desire* or a half dozen other great parts. What's the matter?" Olivia's been touring with *Candida*, Stephanie, and she hasn't liked the films offered her.

"Clifford," Atlanta, Ga, thinks Farley Granger has broken Shelley Winters' heart and "that's the reason she acts so flighty—just to show him she doesn't care." Can't say that I agree with you, Cliff.

Well, that's all for now. See you next month!

Don't just wish you had exciting hair,

shining like silk, even when the lights are dim; sensuous, so silken-soft to touch.

Watch your wish come true when you shampoo with gentle Drene.

(Sh! The secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.)





SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

How badly has the Joan Bennett-Walter Wanger-Jennings Lang mess hurt Hollywood? Not too badly, it's felt . . . As usual, everybody in Hollywood chose sides in the case, one of the worst scandals ever to rock Filmville. The sober-minded, however, realizing that calmness is the best course in time of panic, pointed out that the sins of a few shouldn't be placed on the doorsteps of all.



The Wangers

One of the most seriously affected when Miss Bennett's husband shot Lang in the belief that the agent was breaking up his home was Jane Wyman, who was visiting her friend Pam Lang, the agent's wife, at the time of the affray. Jane had been suffering from a serious kidney ailment, and friends said it was a nervous shock. But it doesn't appear that the publicity will affect Jane adversely . . . Joan, incidentally, had just finished her Christmas shopping when the shooting took place . . . Everybody was recalling how Joan had been named Mother-of-the-Year on a Mother's Day broadcast last year.

Metro is dusting off *Forever,* bought by the studio years ago for Norma Shearer but never produced, for June Allyson. It's about two lovers reunited in death . . . You'll see the old Ann Sheridan in *Steel Town,* with Howard Duff and John Lund. She plays a really tough babe, like she used to with Bogart and Cagney.



Turner

SEX APPEAL:

For Lana Turner's legs in *The Merry Widow,* MGM's wardrobe department turned out hand-made imported Belgian black hose worth $200 a pair . . . Sight of the month: Lana waiting outside his dressing room for Fernando Lamas to finish work in *Widow* every night! . . . But why didn't Lana list Turhan Bey among her amours in that magazine piece she wrote? He WAS one of them, as you'll no doubt recall . . . Do you think we'll EVER get used to calling her Lana Lamas? . . . Esther Williams accepted a beautiful orchid lei at the Cocoanut Grove and said, "I wish I could go around in just this!" And a man in the audience hollered, "Me, too!"



Ladd

You'll see Eleanor Parker wearing white silk tights opposite Stewart Granger in MGM's *Scaramouche.* But remember when she refused to make *The Girl From Jones Beach* (the part Virginia Mayo inherited at Warners) despite two perfectly good reasons? . . . Femme whistle department: Alan Ladd will play three bare-chested sequences in *Shane* . . . Total weight of the dozen gowns Denise Darcel wears in *Young Man In A Hurry* won't equal the weight of the ONE she wore in *Westward The Women* . . . Marilyn Maxwell was voted by Military Police at Point Mugu, Calif., as "The Girl We'd Most Like to Handcuff" . . . TV is showing its effect in Hollywood films. Wait till you lamp Angela Lansbury's cleavage in *Mutiny*—makes Faye Emerson look like a Camp-fire Girl!



Monroe

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Marilyn Monroe is boiling at a calendar company that exhumed an old photograph of herself in her birthday suit and used it on the 1952 calendars. Marilyn posed for it when she was broke a few years ago. And she can't sue because unfortunately she signed a release at the time . . . That (*Continued on page 14*)

"This 8-hour shower left me dry!"

"Again and again through the shooting of this picture, I was dripping wet. You know how drying *that* is to skin!" Happily, there was wonderful Jergens Lotion to use after every 'take'. There's no quicker way to restore softness to dry skin.



ESTHER WILLIAMS
co-star of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"SKIRTS AHOY!"
Color by Technicolor

"To get this comedy sequence, I was literally doused for hours." What a relief to smooth on soothing Jergens! It's so quick and easy to use—never leaves any sticky film.



A scene like this is worse for hands than mopping *20* kitchens. So see why Jergens helps so *fast*. Smooth one hand with Jergens Lotion — the other with any lotion or cream . . .



Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care. No wonder stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1!



"For close-ups with co-star Barry Sullivan, my skin was smooth again." Jergens makes it easy to keep skin soft in spite of chores or chapping.



Keep *your* hands lovely. Use Jergens Lotion and see why it's used by more women than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

hollywood report

continued

Monroe gal sure generates a lot of heat. She dated the entire Notre Dame football team when the pigskin lads were here . . . A tourist was snapping pictures at the Beverly Hills Hotel swimming pool. Hedy Lamarr was within camera range, sunning herself. She spoke up: "Please stop that. You are invading my privacy." Apparently mistaking her for a fellow tourist, the man said, "Look, lady, I'm just taking pictures. You wanna make something of it?" And Hedy covered her face with a towel! . . . Hedy, by the way, tells friends Hollywood is the only climate that agrees with her and she just has to stay here while hubby Ted Stauffer works in Mexico.



Lamarr

Just before she broke up with Farley Granger in favor of Vittorio Gassmann, it reached a point where Shelley Winters wasn't kissing Farl goodnight when he dropped her at her apartment after dates. They merely shook hands! . . . We've been to several Sunset Strip nightclubs lately on the same nights Shel's been on hand, and all we gotta say is we wish she'd quit snapping her gum while the floorshow's on! . . . And Farl doesn't know how close he came to losing the romantic lead in Danny Kaye's new picture, *Hans Christian Andersen*. Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, the producer's wife, has seen Henri Vidal, the big hunkaman who murdered femme audiences with his physique in *Fabiola*, and wanted Vidal for the part. But Sam was afraid Henri's thick French accent was too strong. So Farley won out.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

I sat next to Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis at the Hollywood press agents' annual Panhandle Dinner. Ronnie kept up a steady stream of conversation on everything from Hollywood's public relations to what a pretty dress his date wore, and Nancy hung on every word he said. A truly devoted couple . . . Ronnie told me, "One of the things that gave Hollywood a black eye in its early days, aside from some of the scandals, was the publication of costs for making such pictures as *Intolerance* and *Ben Hur*. The innately thrifty American public read these figures, was shocked, and resented Hollywood" . . . Remember when Ronnie broke his leg and swore off baseball? Well, now he's starring in *The Big League*, a biography of baseball's Grover Cleveland Alexander, for Warners. Proving that for a buck you gotta change your mind!



Reagan

Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson broke up, but neither shed a tear . . . And then alluva sudden Vera and Dick Anderson were a twosome! . . . Ginny Simms and Bob Calhoun may be wed by the time you read this. Their mothers have met and, to all accounts, approved. Bob—and this isn't generally known—is a former taxi driver who was left close to $1,000,000 by an aunt . . . The little invalid girl who came out from New Jersey to see her idol, Mario Lanza, wasn't interested in any of the movie stars she met or any of the events planned for her. All she wanted to do was be with Mario every minute, from six A.M. on—until she had to fly home . . . Mario's *Because You're Mine* set was closed to visitors while the child was here, and newspapermen were boiling about it. But MGM explained that the production department clamped down because the visitors had caused delays in shooting. "Mario has been wonderful," we were told, "devoting all his time to the little girl. He doesn't even eat lunch—just goes to his dressing room and relaxes and rehearses his songs—so there's little time for interviews" . . . When she finished *Clash By Night* at RKO, Barbara Stanwyck took off with pal Nancy Sinatra for a siesta in Palm Springs, came back much rested.

ODDS BODKINS:

Ironic, I thought, that Frank Sinatra gave Judy Garland such a genuine plug as "the greatest girl singer" on his television show. It was Judy's bow-out, remember, from the role of Julie in *Show Boat* that gave the part to Frankie's Ava. . . . No more talk about Rodgers and Hammerstein wanting to use little Judy in a stage musical. They probably figure she couldn't stand up under the strain of a long run. . . . The Garland family were all made up again as we went to press, following a falling-out. Judy birthday-gifted her mother, Mrs. Ethel Gilmore, with a huge basket of mums, jonquils and lilies-of-the-valley. And promised that her brother-in-law, Jack Cathcart (sister Sue's husband), will be her next musical conductor . . . La Gardner's new license number is prefaced by the letters FA, which stand for—you guessed it—Frankie and Ava. . . . Complimented on her beautiful figure, Ava said she won't have it long 'cause she wants a baby RIGHT AWAY!



Garland

Isn't it odd that Jimmy Durante is famous for his big nose, while Danny Thomas is famous in SPITE of his? . . . Judy Holliday and Annabella, Ty Power's ex, are lookalikes . . . I never realized Brod Crawford's southpaw till I saw him dialing a phone left-handed in *The Mob*. . . . They've put extra COPS on duty these nights at the drive-in theaters around Hollywood! . . . When U-I merged with Decca Records to make pictures, it was noted that the studio has only one singer under contract. Her name is Ann Blyth. This lot was un- (*Continued on page 16*)

easy money!

Once upon a time, Valentines were mostly all home-made. But now chances are you breeze into a shop and buy a lacy affair that says, "I love you" and costs you a pretty penny. We've got some pretty pennies for you, it so happens, in the form of crisp dollar bills. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste, because we're giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Here Comes The Bride (Ronald Reagan-Nancy Davis)
- ☐ Lana's Latin Lover (Lana Turner-Fernando Lamas)
- ☐ After Shelley—What? (Farley Granger)
- ☐ Bang Went The Strings Of Her Heart! (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ Liz Does It Again (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ There *Is No* Jeff Chandler
- ☐ Modern Screen's Party Of The Year
- ☐ Worlds Apart (Barbara Stanwyck-Bob Taylor)
- ☐ Too Hot To Handle (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better (Bill Holden-Glenn Ford)
- ☐ Up In Brady's Place (Scott Brady)
- ☐ A Life Of Her Own (Jane Russell)
- ☐ "Somebody Loves Me" (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Life With Lanza (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ Pretty-Eyed Bébé (Leslie Caron)
- ☐ Gary Crosby of Stanford U.
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions

Which of the stories did you like Least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone.....

State.....I am ..... yrs. old

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At important moments like this ... underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be checked and stay checked. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really checks perspiration.**

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Slim The Way She Stars Slim



• Joan Bennett spends many happy hours reading in the library of her Beverly Hills home. Here's what she says about Ayds: "The Ayds way is the really sensible way to reduce. That's why so many Hollywood stars follow it."



• Joan about to go for a drive with her French poodle, Bambi. "If you are overweight, Ayds can do wonderful things for your figure," says Joan. "I recommend it to any woman who wants to keep herself looking slim and youthful."

"AYDS Can Do Wonderful Things for Your Figure," says Joan Bennett

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Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

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The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS



hollywood report

continued

doubtedly become a major producer of musical films in which song stars will be built for Decca. . . . Spike Jones asked Margaret Truman to sing on his TV show. Don't laugh. Margaret worked with Spike and his City Slickers at the White House Correspondents' dinner. She was a hit, too!

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Scott Brady got a black eye working with Shelley Winters in *Untamed*. She turned suddenly in one of their sequences together, socked him accidentally with her head, and gave him a beautiful shiner. . . . Don Hartman is now head of production at Paramount but he was once an actor. He played the role of *Andy Hardy* on the stage in *Skidding*, the play that MGM bought and built into a series of pictures for Mickey Rooney. Well, Don is still a trifle actorish, although a nicer boss it would be hard to find in Hollywood. He met Vivian and Rosetta Duncan, the oldtime stage stars who came to a Para luncheon to wish Betty Hutton success in the film version of their stage musical, *Topsy And Eva*. Rosetta was introduced for the first time to Don, who asked pleasantly, "Are you going to do a little song and dance for us?" Rosetta looked him over and asked right back, "Why? Are you in charge of the music department here?"—hardly flattering to the man who holds the reins on pictures starring La Hutton, Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope—but it brought giggles from the luncheon guests. . . . We're waiting with bated breath to see how *Girl In White* and stars June Allyson, Arthur Kennedy and Gary Merrill turn out. They're whispering around that director John Sturges had his hands full because Gary took his dialogue home every night and came back next day with his (or Bette's?) version of how it should be done; that Dick Powell was guiding June in her lines; and that Kennedy held out for HIS version!



Brady

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Marty Melcher gifted wifey Doris Day with a flowering peach tree for doing so well in *I'll See You In My Dreams*. She planted the tree in back of their Valley home. . . . Did you know that the dreamy Day's refusal to do "live" radio shows is costing her a fortune? She'll sing only on shows that are "taped" beforehand, so that if there are any mistakes they can be fixed before going on the air. Among the shows she has nixed is *The Railroad Hour*, with Gordon MacRae . . . Maureen O'Hara's brothers, Charles and James, have been crew-cut, Brooks-Brothered and de-brogued since their arrival from Eire, adventing American film careers for both goodlooking lads. . . . Jean Simmons has been over here quite a spell but still mails back food packages to her former hairdresser, wardrobe mistress, makeup girl and eight others in food-shy Eng-



Simmons

land. . . . I was on the set when the Simmons dreampuss was doing a love scene with Vic Mature for *Androcles And The Lion.* I asked her to comment on British versus American love-making. Said she: "Well, Vic is a bit eager and enthusiastic!" . . . June Allyson broke down and cried when her daughter Pam, three-and-a-half, had to go to nursery school. It suddenly made her realize that her child is growing up and really getting along in years.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery observed their eighth wedding anniversary with a small dinner party at their Encino home. He's up to his neck with work in his furniture factory and Dinah's too busy with her new TV series for any special celebration. . . . When the Betty Hutton-Norman Krasna romance broke up 'twas whispered around Hollywood that it was because Norman wasn't exactly crazy about children, including Betty's. But the week before he married Erle Jolson, Al's widow, Erle adopted a five-month-old girl!



The Montgomerys

Dale Robertson planned a trip to Oklahoma, so that his wife, Jacqueline Wilson, could meet his many relatives. It takes a long time to meet all of the Robertsons, says Dale. And he and Jackie are expecting the stork this summer. . . . Ditto Ida Lupino and Howard Duff, although Ida has been told she must take it easy because of a spinal injury suffered in a fall some time ago. . . . While I was visiting the *Famous* set at Paramount, Bing Crosby proudly displayed a clipping from the San Jose *Monitor* that listed son Dennis as unanimous choice for the 1951 All-Catholic Prep Team in Northern California. . . . Vic Mature said, "If everybody will leave Dorothy and myself alone our marriage will be all right". . . . We cornered Glenn Ford at MODERN SCREEN'S Popularity Awards party at Ciro's but he had to tear himself away from the wonderful affair in order to pick up his wife, Eleanor Powell, at a Parent-Teachers meeting.

QUICK NOTES:

Did you notice that one newspaperman summed up Mickey Rooney's affection for tall girls by calling him "Mountain Climber Mickey Rooney"? . . . Keefe Brasselle, who used to sell shoes on Hollywood Boulevard, autographed a picture to his ex-boss: "Thanks to you, I got off on the right foot!" . . . Steve Cochran points out that the public has accepted blondes in movies as good girls. Back in the '30's and beyond they usually played "vamps." "But now," says Steve, who knows a good thing when he sees it, "look at Betty Grable, Doris Day, June Haver and Virginia Mayo!" . . . Milo Anderson, costume designer at Warners': "Jane Wyman, then a young starlet, decided to launch her social career in Hollywood with a very elegant cocktail party. We discussed the plans at great length. I promised to be on hand early, to give her moral support. I was. I walked into the living room



Haver



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DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

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hollywood report

continued

and could plainly see the pains she had taken to have everything perfect. Suddenly my eye was caught by large bowls crammed with brightly colored objects. Close inspection proved that our very thoughtful hostess had anticipated the wants of her guests with every brand of chewing gum! But Jane is today, in addition to being a great star, an accomplished hostess."



Wyman

It's Red Skelton's motto for the Red Cross: "Don't Drink That Pint—Give It!" . . . Fritz Lang, directing Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Ryan in a love scene for *Clash By Night,* told them: "Movie kissing is very complicated. You should remember all the rules but still kiss each other so that the audience will be satisfied!" . . . Helen Duryea cried her eyes out during the sad parts at the *Chicago Calling* preview. Later she said, "It's the first time in the 20 years Dan and I have been married that he ever made me cry!"... And this is Loretta Young's capsule but canny comment on fashions: "Your cover is the index to your contents."

ON THE FIRING LINE:

Leslie Caron received a fan letter from Leslie Caron! It wasn't conceit, but coincidence. The fan was Private First Class Leslie Caron, an artillery spotter with the 25th Division in Korea. . . . Sign of the times: There are 15 different war films playing in Los Angeles theaters. . . . His pal Danny Arnold was hospitalized when Jerry Lewis swung a golf club too vigorously and almost knocked Danny's left eye out. . . . Danny Kaye, since his return from the Korean battlefront, has been spending his time making phone calls to relatives of the GI's he met.

HE WENT THATAWAY:

MGM is getting an unexpected heehaw from audiences with a scene in *Lone Star* when Clark Gable, who has been palavering in an outdoor scene with a tribe of Indians, turns to his aide and yells, "Go pack my saddle bag, Geronimo!" Whereupon a little Indian kid comes out and packs it for him. It's supposed to be a dramatic scene but for some reason it's laughable. . . . Roy Rogers has made a million dollars during the last few years riding hither and yon, but he says that all he has left after taxes is $88,000. . . . Republic's Allan Lane has a colt by champ racer Reaping Reward, and will enter it at the Santa Anita track this year. . . . Guy ("Wild Bill Hickok") Madison and Gail Russell packed their bows and arrows and went boar hunting on Catalina Island. . . . The Warner Brothers are looking for a horse to play the part of Will Rogers' favorite, Soap Suds, in the late cowboy star's life story. Rogers' son, Will, Jr., is playing his father's role. . . . This is the bedtime prayer that Dana Andrews' six-year-old says: "God bless Mommy and Daddy and please make Gene Autry my uncle!" THE END



Madison



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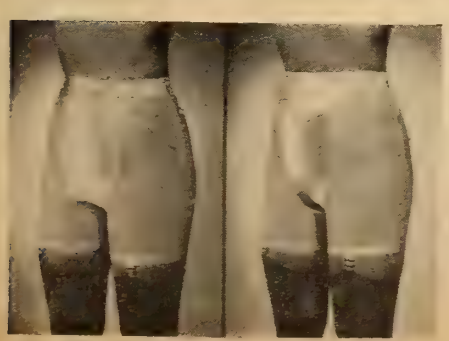
Everything in a "Perma·lift"* Pantie is perfect—even you. You're slim and sleek, and the patented leg design means your "Perma·lift" Pantie will stay put, just can't ride up. But ah—the wonder of the Magic Inset. Not a bone or stay to poke or pinch, just the soft smooth comfort that you can't find in any other pantie. You, too, can enjoy the difference.

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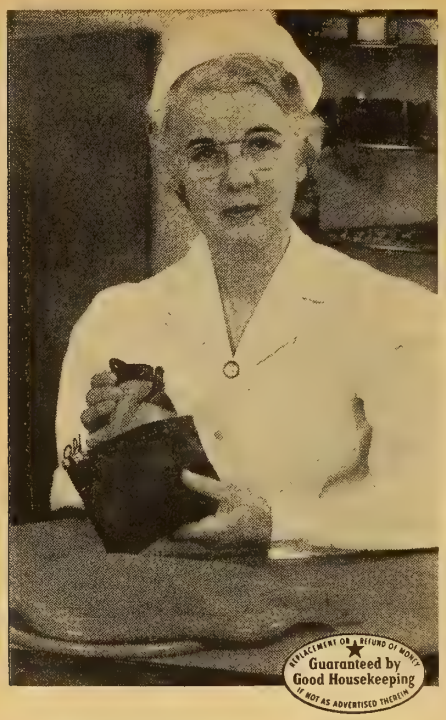


Illustrated—No. 3815—Patented Pantie—$5.95



⬅ Left—An actual photo of an ordinary pantie with uncomfortable bones. Right—Change to a "Perma·lift" Pantie with the Magic Inset, and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.

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"In my book mentioned below I have a number of suggestions about how and when to douche, sick care and feminine hygiene. One suggestion is that it's best to use a gravity-flow type of syringe as we do in the hospital, because its gentle action will not irritate delicate tissues. B. F. Goodrich syringes are available in several styles, regular fountain syringes, folding syringes and combination syringes. They all operate on the gravity-flow principle. The folding syringes are easy to use, and fold into a compact, water-proof travel kit that packs as easily as your toothbrush. All of these syringes have full 2 quart or more capacity."

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RUBBER PRODUCTS FOR HOME AND HOSPITAL

picture of the month: the greatest show on earth



Cornel Wilde, aerialist and big box office draw, joins the circus as it leaves on tour. Circus ladies (like Dot Lamour) love him.



Circus boss Charlton Heston has his hands full trying to curb the dangerous rivalry that springs up between Wilde and Hutton.



Trying to top Betty, Cornel falls and ends his career. Betty decides to desert boyfriend Heston and become Cornel's wife.



A train wreck in the night brings out the heroism and loyalty that circus troupers have. It also resolves the tangled romances.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Seymour Peck

■ Hurry, Hurry, Hurry! The circus has come to town—or rather Cecil B. DeMille's fabulous, fascinating movie about the circus, which is every bit as wonderful as the real thing. *The Greatest Show On Earth* parades before our dazzled eyes the whole gaudy, gorgeous galaxy of the big top—clowns and monkeys and bareback riders, daredevils and tigers, fat men and midgets, right down to the peanuts and popcorn. It is death-defying, breathtaking, funny, spectacular—and unforgettable as your first visit to the circus when you were only so big. Spending several months with the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey troupe in their winter headquarters at Sarasota, Florida, DeMille photographed in marvelous detail every aspect of circus life, from training and rehearsing, to loading onto trains for the tour across America, to setting up and performing in each new town. Against this bewitching background, *The Greatest Show On Earth* pictures the loves and conflicts and heartaches of trapeze artists Betty Hutton and Cornel Wilde, clown James Stewart, circus manager Charlton Heston, and showgirls Dorothy Lamour and Gloria Grahame. These players are all excellent, but the real star of *The Greatest Show On Earth* is the circus itself. Just the miraculous precision with which the circus workers raise the huge canvas tents under which the artists perform is alone more astonishing and awesome than any love story in Paramount's *The Greatest Show On Earth*.



DEATH OF A SALESMAN

Admired everywhere as one of the two or three great plays of our time, Arthur Miller's *Death Of A Salesman* has been brought to the screen magnificently—with all its emotional power and tragic sweep intact. A revelation of an average American workingman's anxieties, struggles, hopes and defeats, it is so true, so illuminating that it ties your stomach in knots, leaves you spent and limp—as though it were speaking to you of your own life, your own aspirations and failures. Yet *Death Of A Salesman* is not a totally dark and somber experience, for it soars with the beauty of its author's love and faith in mankind. Fredric March gives an intensely moving, impassioned, electric performance as the tired old salesman, Willy Loman, whose world cracks up with age, an inability to live by real values, and a bitter conflict with a son who once adored him. The way Willy Loman's shoulders stoop wearily under the weight of his sample cases, the way his face lights up with love and hope for his son and sags again with disappointment, are all conveyed heartbreakingly by March. As Willy's loyal, good wife, no actress could be better than Mildred Dunnock, who repeats her memorable stage portrayal. And an intelligent, fine-looking young stage actor, Kevin McCarthy, makes a sensitive screen debut as the son in rebellion against his father's standards. *Death Of A Salesman* may pain you, may make you weep—but you can't afford to miss it. It is too penetrating a portrait of modern life, and the way many of us live it.
Cast: Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock, Kevin McCarthy, Cameron Mitchell, Howard Smith.—Columbia.

THE MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER

Thelma Ritter, who very nearly stole *A Letter To Three Wives* and *All About Eve* away from their stars, is, at long last, a star herself. And *The Model And The Marriage Broker* gives Thelma a star-spangled opportunity to be funny, wisecracking, tough, tender and lovable all at once. Thelma's no beauty, and she's well over 21 but, like the great Marie Dressler, she radiates more down-to-earth, honest-to-goodness personality and character than a dozen younger, shapelier babes. *The Model And The Marriage Broker* is cut exactly to her pattern: as Mae Swazey, who makes her living in the delicate and slightly raffish business of finding mates for lonely hearts, Thelma can point up all the comic absurdities of the trade, while making us feel the pathos in the shy, reticent, sometimes homely, sometimes aging people who come to her, all wanting desperately the companionship that marriage affords. Jeanne Crain is a model who is

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not an oily cream—Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather—needs no special rinse!



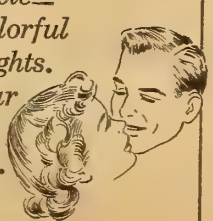
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Barbara Ellis, talented hair stylist, says: "Salon work is hard on my hands, but Noxzema has been my standby for years. This *medicated, greaseless* cream helps keep my hands looking soft, white and smooth."

Hands that work look lovelier in 24 hours*

or your money back!

Here's one hand cream made specially to help working hands look smoother and whiter!

● If your present hand cream isn't helping you much, maybe that's because it's made for lady-of-leisure hands.

But hands that go through a daily routine of cleaning-washing-cooking and hands that work in an office or shop need something special. Give them Noxzema's two-way *medicated* care.

Helps heal—helps beautify! Noxzema helps sore, chapped working hands look lovelier these *two* important ways:

1. Helps heal tiny cuts, cracks in skin with its unique medicated formula!

2. Helps hands look softer, smoother and whiter by supplying a light, protective film of oil-and-moisture to the skin's surface! And—Noxzema is *greaseless!*

Noxzema works or money back! *In clinical tests, Noxzema helped the sore, chapped hands of 9 out of 10 women look lovelier—often within 24 hours! Try it! If it doesn't do the same for *your* hands, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—your money back.

Surveys show 5,000,000 women all over America now use this greaseless, medicated hand care!



Barbara Swanson, Philadelphia career girl and homemaker, says: "I'm in business all day and do all my own housework, too. But Noxzema helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

Elaine Stewart, Upper Montclair TV actress, says: "I paint as a hobby. Since red, rough hands would show up in the camera, I use Noxzema regularly. It helps me keep my hands looking lovely."



Look Lovelier Offer!

REGULAR 40¢ SIZE NOXZEMA

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Limited time only

At any drug or cosmetic counter

sliding the wrong way into a relationship with a married man until Thelma steps in and decides to find Jeanne a good, wholesome—and single—man, without charge. Scott Brady is the good, wholesome single man and he and Jeanne go very attractively together. Nobody has ever made a movie before about this odd, precarious marriage broker business and, with Thelma to play it to the hilt, *The Model And The Marriage Broker* is a little different and a lot of fun. *Cast: Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady, Thelma Ritter, Zero Mostel, Michael O'Shea.*—20th Century-Fox.



FOR MEN ONLY

"Sleeper of the month" is this surprise picture, which plunges into the turbulent emotions of college students with an impact that has never been matched. Its motivation comes from the strangest sort of murder mystery ever filmed—the death of a dog during a fraternity hazing. Its love story is that of a medical professor (Paul Henreid) and his faithful wife (Margaret Field), whose ideal marriage is challenged by the powerhouse attractions of a Lana Turner-type student, played by Kathleen Hughes. There is not a dull moment from the time Robert Sherman, playing a fraternity pledge, turns tail and runs under the "supreme" test, until the college hero cracks up on the foundation of his psychopathic lies. An able supporting cast includes Bob Sherman (the most compelling eyes since Valentino), Russell Johnson (more sadistic than Kirk Douglas in *The Champion*), Jimmy Dobson and cute Vera Miles.

Cast: Paul Henreid, Margaret Field, Kathleen Hughes—Lippert Prod.



I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

Too many movies about songwriters—from Cole Porter to George Gershwin to Rodgers and Hart—have given us a false image of these boys who knock themselves out rhyming June, moon, spoon and tune. Now at last, a very human and tuneful and refreshing musical sets the record straight: Songwriters are NOT all brilliant, unstable, tragic geniuses. Songwriters are not all

great lovers. Songwriters do not all compose at 4 o'clock in the morning in a wild burst of inspiration after leaving Alexis Smith's penthouse. Telling the life story of Gus Kahn, whose lyrics grace some of the best songs of the last 35 years, this friendly, appealing movie shows Kahn as a plain, decent human being who works hard, loves salami sandwiches, marries and has kids, and enjoys giving his kids their bath—like all the rest of us. The only crises Kahn goes through are those the whole world goes through—a war, a depression, illness. Danny Thomas, as Kahn, is wonderfully likeable. He is perhaps a rough, homely guy and his speech isn't elegant. But he has more gentle, goodhearted humanity and warmth than a whole battalion of pretty boys. As his loyal, understanding wife, Doris Day has never been better—her singing is topnotch. Thomas and Day are naturals and with its down-to-earth good sense and good songs *I'll See You In My Dreams* is a natural, too.
Cast: Danny Thomas, Doris Day, Frank Lovejoy, Patrice Wymore.—Warners.



BOOTS MALONE

Boots Malone is the story of a lonely boy and a lonely man who find happiness and meaning in life through their friendship for one another. This friendship grows around a large racetrack where the boy, who is only 14, dreams of becoming an outstanding jockey, and the man trains him until he is good enough to achieve his dream. Written crisply and tersely, *Boots Malone* steers clear of the sentimental goo that usually fouls up stories of lonely little boys who fill an aching void in the lives of lonely, embittered men. *Boots Malone* works hard, and succeeds in capturing the proper balance of affection, manliness, straightforwardness and paternalism that may exist between a boy and man moving around a fairly hardboiled racetrack crowd. No conventional love stuff clutters up *Boots Malone*, either. It gets its color and drive and excitement from the hard, rigorous way the man shapes the boy into a prize jockey—it's rougher, you'll find out, than becoming a champion boxer—in the way the boy grows away from loneliness to self-confidence, and in the way the man, who had been down on his luck and cynical, experiences a return to pride in seeing his protegé make the grade. The usual mobsters drift melodramatically in and out, working to make the man and boy throw the big race, but you won't pay much attention to them. It's the purity of the playing of William Holden and Johnny Stewart, as trainer and jockey, and the quiet, wordless eloquence with which they express their devotion to each other, that will hold you.
Cast: William Holden, Johnny Stewart, Stanley Clements, Basil Ruysdael.—Columbia.



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TRY IT FREE. The free jar you receive when you buy a large jar of Shasta Cream Shampoo must prove that this remarkable shampoo gives *all* hair color a dazzling lift.

NOT A TINT! NOT A DYE! Shasta is a super cleansing shampoo. It creates clouds of *sparkle-giving lather* that brightens blonde, brunette, gray and red hair, so the natural color shines through.

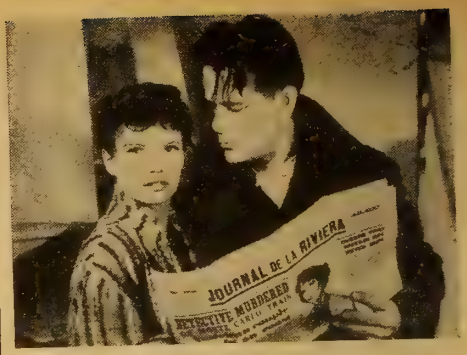
If the *free* jar doesn't prove this, then return the *unused* large jar to Procter and Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio, and get your money back in full.

ACT NOW! Buy a large jar of Shasta Cream Shampoo at regular price. You'll receive a generous personal jar *free*. Hurry! Supplies are limited!

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CREAM SHAMPOO



Look for this display at your favorite store



THE GREEN GLOVE

The worthy talents of Glenn Ford and some very handsome scenery in the south of France fight a losing battle with a bad script in *The Green Glove*. *The Green Glove* is a mystery—you're supposed to wonder who is the dead man in the church tower near Monte Carlo and how did his body get there. But the real mystery is why an American company sent a director and actors all the way to the French Riviera to shoot a story that would make any comic book look like classical literature. Amidst the general senselessness and amateurishness of *The Green Glove*, we gathered that Glenn Ford is searching for a jewelled glove worth $100,000. A gang of scoundrels, whose members include one Pepe the Crab, also wants the glove. They chase Glenn up and down mountainsides, throwing threats, bullets and boulders at him. Now and then a mad Countess darts in and out, making like Ophelia in *Hamlet*, and Geraldine Brooks stands by just in case Glenn has a spare moment for l'amour. *The Green Glove* lurches along as if nobody had bothered to direct it at all. Come to think of it, there probably wasn't any script either. Maybe everyone just made this one up as they went along. Sounded just like it.

Cast: Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks, Cedric Hardwicke, George Macready.—United Artists.



JUST THIS ONCE

"You're the most selfish, egocentric, insufferable human being I ever met," cries Janet Leigh to Peter Lawford in *Just This Once*. May you conclude from this that Janet loves Peter, loves him, loves him, loves him? You may indeed. For *Just This Once* is one of those light, frolicsome romantic charades in which boy and girl think they absolutely detest each other—until both realize they have been head over heels in love all along. *Just This Once* is more charming than most such comedies because Janet and Peter make a most engaging, attractive pair of lovers. Peter is a multi-millionaire playboy who spends money wildly on most of

the town's blonde population. Janet is the sober, sensible lawyer hired by Peter's guardian to regulate his spendthrift habits. When Janet cuts Peter's allowance to $50 per week, the bickering commences. That Peter eventually reforms and asks Janet to marry him will come as no surprise but you may be surprised by the nice, breezy touch all through *Just This Once*. It jests amiably and amusingly about love, money, earnest lawyers like Janet, and blonde-happy millionaires like Peter. "I thought that type went out with high button shoes," says someone in *Just This Once*, casting a sour eye on playboy Lawford. (So, by the way, did this reviewer.)

Cast: Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford, Lewis Stone, Richard Anderson.—MGM.

THE WILD NORTH

The Northwest Mounted Police always get their man—except, of course, when the man is rugged, stalwart Stewart Granger. Granger is the kind who gives himself up—if he's so inclined. Anyway, Mountie Wendell Corey mushes by dog sled into the icy North to catch Granger, a fur trapper wanted for murder. Corey locates Granger all right, but bringing him back to civilization for trial is quite another matter. The two men get lost in the frozen outdoors for weeks, blizzards rage, the temperature falls to 38 below, an avalanche of ice nearly buries them and finally, when a pack of wolves attacks them, Corey collapses into a numb, mindless creature, staring dully into



space. Granger could leave him there to die, but compassion moves him and, in the end, it is the man wanted for murder who brings the Mountie back, rather than the conventional other way 'round. It's a neat story twist which brings distinction to a movie already boasting plenty of tough, virile action. Granger is just the big, hardy chap for this sort of snow-swept adventure; his battle with those hungry wolves will chill your spine faster than a deep freeze. For any who may find it all a little grim, *The Wild North* provides a happy ending—Stewart Granger is finally acquitted of that pesky murder charge. Seems it was all in self-defense.

Cast: Stewart Granger, Wendell Corey, Cyd Charisse.—MGM.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND

Like *Detective Story*, *On Dangerous Ground* probes the mind and heart of a violent police detective. But unlike *Detective Story*, this movie is not altogether convincing as human drama. In fact, you can hardly believe it. Sloppily written, *On Dangerous Ground* uses up half its running time merely to establish the personality of its cruel, brutal detective, Robert Ryan. The heart of the story—Ryan's conversion into a decent, generous human being—is compressed unsatisfactorily into the last part of the movie, and accomplished too hurriedly to be taken very seriously. "Exiled" out of the city after giving someone a fierce beating, Ryan meets a blind farm girl, Ida Lupino, whose young brother is wanted for murder. In loving Ida, and in seeking to save her brother from the lynch spirit that menaces him, Ryan finds salvation from the warped, self-destructive life he had been pursuing. It's a striking, if somber theme, and director Nicholas Ray gets some strong emotion out of it, with the help of a forceful portrayal by Ryan. But Miss Lupino misses fire as the blind girl, perhaps because she is too sophisticated a woman to be playing trusting farm girls, perhaps also because, in this poorly organized screenplay, she does not come into the picture until the last 20 minutes, and then she has to work what amounts to a miracle on Mr. Ryan's extremely nasty character.

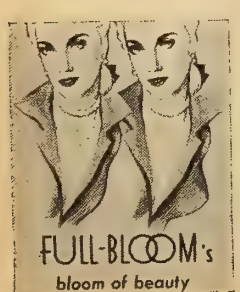
Cast: Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, Ward Bond.—RKO.





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YOUR HOLLYWOOD SHOPPER



To JULIA ADAMS, her newest Universal-International technicolor picture "Bend of the River" was no place for a glamour girl, in her opinion. For three weeks she bounced around on a wooden seat of a covered wagon, sacrificed pretty clothes for a pair of men's trousers and a lumberjack shirt, and worked ten hours daily under a grueling sun, eating dust by the ton.

"I used to dream of being fussed over by hairdressers, makeup men and stylists," commented the Little Rock, Ark., brunette wryly. "Instead, I'm fighting for my life with the reins to a four-horse team burning callouses into the palms of my hands. Who ever said moviemaking is glamorous?"

Julia, a recent bride of Writer Leonard Stern, had very little time to enjoy her honeymoon, inasmuch as "Bend of the River" took her away from the bridegroom for five weeks, then two weeks of all-night filming on the back lot continued to keep them apart after the company's return from location. As soon as she finished her part, she and her husband flew out to Nevada for a vacation, as Julia put it, "in a nice little cabin with no phone to call me back to work for awhile."

You may order by mail any of the "Buys of the Month" featured on pages 26 through 31 from Lansburgh's, 7th-8th and E. Sts., N. W., Washington 4, D. C. To order by mail, use the coupon on page 27.



#2 GOLDEN GIRL LOUNGE COAT **$5.99**

Like to linger over coffee in the morning, or look extra pretty for him at night? Then don Gingham Girl's comfy brunch coat. It's gold-dusted tapestry print cotton, with gold-toned braid and buttons for extra spice. It's guaranteed washable. Lilac, blue or rose in sizes 12 to 20 and 14½ to 22½. Order from Lansburgh's, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#20 SWIRLING SQUARE DANCER **$5.99**

A sun dress, a square dance, a charming home or on-the-go cotton you'll wear all summer. You'll love Charles Hirsch's styling—the elasticized waist, sleeve and neckline for on or off the shoulder charm. Brilliant fast colors in a charming picture print; Gold, Red, Turquoise. Sizes 10 to 20 and 9 to 15. Lansburgh's, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#6 MISS SWANK'S MANDARIN MAGIC **$3.95**

Pajamas to lounge in, to help make your dreams come true, superbly tailored by Miss Swank. Look at the coolie top, with rich piping on fashion's favorite Mandarin collar. You'll feel like you just stepped from the land of apple blossoms in these! Sleek multi-crepe, 32-38. Red and black, black and white, white and white, gold and black, white and black. Lansburgh's, Lingerie, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#1 DOUBLE DUTY DENIM DUSTER **$8.95**

Wear it a dozen ways to dozens of places, Brendelle's dream of a denim duster! Wear it around the house, as a spring coat, to the beach. For an extra dress, convert the bow to a saucy sash at the waist. Of fine washable cotton denim, in aqua or rose with matching stripes, or nile and green with brown stripes. Sizes 10 to 20; and 9 to 15. Lansburgh's, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

A SPECIAL SERVICE FOR MODERN SCREEN READERS

HOLLYWOOD GOES SHOPPING FOR YOU!

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For You—Your Home—Your Family from
LANSBURGH'S, WASHINGTON, D. C.

■ Hitch your shopping-cart to a star, and she'll lead you a merry chase. She'll ferret out the wisest buys, and the newest gadgets that you can buy in person or by mail. She'll remember budgets as she finds the right, bright thing for all the family.

The chief difference between a star on a shopping tour and the average woman is that the star's Main Street is continent-long. She can search from coast to coast for the most style-wise, budget-wise buys for your home, your wardrobe, your family and your friends. And you can buy any one of them by mail delivered right to your door!

Each month a different star shops for you—with one eye on glamour and one on the budget. She uses all her taste and know-how to choose among the newest, the smartest, and wisest buys from the finest stores in America. This month, the many attractive items featured on the following pages were found at Lansburgh's in Washington, D. C.

Spring and Easter is near, and now's the time to start shopping. Just sit back and select what you want from among the many items featured on pages 26 to 31 from Lansburgh's Washington, D. C.

To order any of these items, just use the coupon below. Order each item **by number** or clip the item you want out of the magazine and attach it to the coupon together with check or money order and mail to Lansburgh's, Washington 4, D. C.

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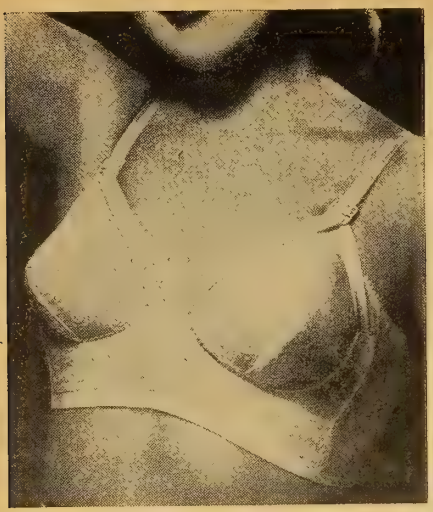
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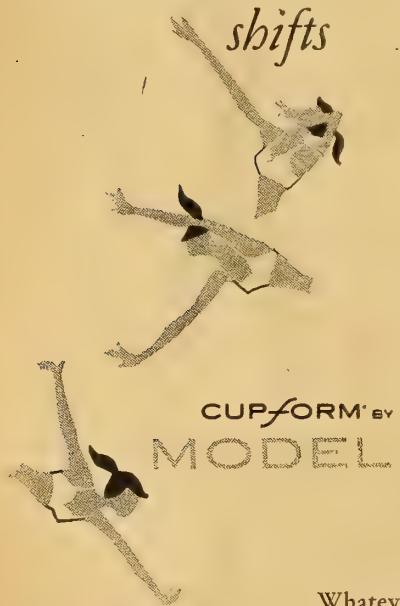
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the new action bra that lifts... and never shifts



Whatever your figure, Cupform by Model is your action bra. Boneless, wireless, your bust is molded, lifted towards the front, accents small bosoms, diminishes larger. Elastic section gives strong support, permanent separation. White embroidered nylon, A cup: 32-36; B, C Cup: 32-38; $4.00. Fine Cotton broadcloth, white only A, B, C, cups $2.50. D cup $3.00. Lansburgh's, Corsetry 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

Julia Adams Co-starring in Universal-International's "Bend of the River." Color by Technicolor.



Lansburgh's for "Shopping Finds," For you—your home—your family. And you may buy any of the items featured on pages 26 through 31 by mail. Just send letter together with check or money order to Lansburgh's, Washington 4, D. C., or use coupon on page 27.



#7 SLEND-EZE PROPORTIONATE $3.99
Choose this tattersall checked percale classic for your active life. It boasts a handy 33-inch zipper, action sleeve, deep pockets. For the shortest to the tallest, in proportioned sizes. 12 to 42 regular and tall, 14½ to 24½ short $3.99. Sizes 44 to 52 regular $4.59. Colors lavender, red or brown. Matching cap 29¢. Order from Lansburgh's, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

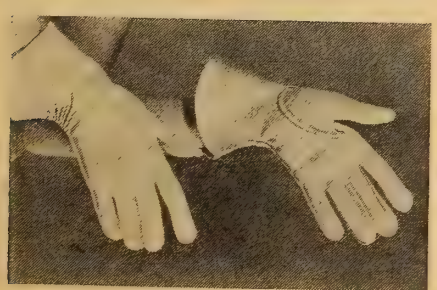


#22 SWEATER AND SKIRT DUET $3.99, $7.95
Little Miss English fashioned a cotton-rayon boucle into a sweater that does things for you! Fits flatteringly, with mock turtle neck and wing sleeves. Rose, lime, natural, white, sizes 34-40. $3.99. Team it with a full circle-skirt of rayon butcher by Junior Vues. Sizes 9-15, 10-16, in the same colors plus navy, black, dark green, $7.95. Order from Lansburgh's, Sportswear Department, 2nd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#21 ARISTOCRAFT RAYON AND NYLON $3.95
Superior styled this for a smooth fit, easy laundering. Lavishly topped and hem lace trimmed in sheer nylon. Seafoam, pink, white, sizes 32 to 40. Lansburgh's, Lingerie, 3rd floor, Washington 4, D. C.

YOU MAY ORDER
ANY OF THE ITEMS ON PAGES 26 through 31
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#17 DAWNELLE LOVELINESS ON HAND $3.00
Give your Easter outfit an extra fine flourish by wearing Dawnelle gloves. These are cotton double-woven in four-button length, with hand-sewn detail at the wrist for a flippant flare. Select from smart spring shades: pink, beige, navy, white, black, wheat, frost. Sizes 6-7½. Lansburgh's, Gloves, Street Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#3 DIANA TAPERETTE FOUNDATION $5.95
Ideal for spring affairs you'll be attending. Diana fashioned it for your formal life. Combines a strapless bra—that molds and holds—a controlling waist nipper and comfortable garter belt all in one! White or black Diamond satin ($5.95), or in nylon ($6.50). Sizes 34 to 38. Lansburgh's, Corsetry, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#14 A TREASURE IN TAPESTRY $5.98*
*What a wonderful way to carry all the doodads we have! Henry Seligman deliberately styled it for all-purpose use. Carry it casually for sport and street wear. It really goes with everything! And you knittin' kittens'll find it holds all your paraphernalia easily. You'll be glad it's a large, roomy purse without being bulky. Framed in smart gold-plate, it sports a zipper compartment outside for locating small change in a hurry. An oval gusset on the bottom helps it keep that fine stand up alone shape. What is especially nice is the elegant tapestry Henry Seligman used. You know, tapestry is the last word this early spring. Order it now. Use coupon on page 27 or write directly to Lansburgh's, Art Needle Work, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C. *Plus Federal tax 20%.*



#10 JIB SHIRT BY RHODA LEE $3.95
Heave a-ho for happy compliments when you sail forth in this merry new jib blouse! Rhoda Lee turned cotton broadcloth into the neatest bit of nautical flattery seen in a pirate's age. Just pipe that middy-styled collar you can wear up or down, and the V-neck! Those are leg o'mutton sleeves, the very latest in style. See the gay 4-button front with matching button fly back. You're sure to be seen coming and going when you wear this new jib shirt. Striped broadcloth is preshrunk, washes and irons like a hanky. In stripes of red, navy, green, brown, black or purple on white. In mellow solid colors: white, navy, jade green, red, black, pink, blue, maize or tangerine. Sizes 32 to 38. Use the order coupon on page 27, or write Lansburgh's, Blouses, 2nd floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#8 LEG LOVELINESS BY LARKWOOD $1.65
If you long for lovelier legs, then try famous Larkwood! 3-V top keeps seams straight, gives a glamorous, sure fit. Sizes are proportioned: small 8½ to 10; medium 8½ to 11; tall 9½ to 11. Spring new colors: Indo-Chime (pale taupe), Sari-Beige (pale beige), Bronze Bell (Burmish beige), 51 gauge, 15 denier, 3 prs., $4.80. Lansburgh's, Washington 4, D. C. Hosiery, Street Floor.

Julia Adams Co-starring in Universal-International's "Bend of the River." Color by Technicolor.



You will be a thrifty shopper when you buy any of these wonderful "finds of the month," in person or by mail from Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C. To order by mail write letter or use coupon on page 27.



#19 LIKE MOTHER—LIKE DAUGHTER
She wants to be the image of mother, and here is her chance. Smartly styled—look alikes by Jack Borgenicht in tissue soft chambray with tucked detail and crisp white accent. In sunset pink, seafoam green, sky blue. Mother sizes, 10-18, $8.95, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Fl., daughter sizes 7-12, $5.99, 3-6x, $4.99, Girls Wear, 4th Fl., 1-3, $3.99. Lansburgh's, Washington 4, D.C.



#5 TAM O'SHANTER BASQUES, & MATCHING SOCKS.
Your boys will look like little gentlemen in the Easter Parade in Tam O'Shanter's basques. They're color-fast cotton. Socks of fine cotton, with nylon reinforced heel and toe. The 2-button club collar shirt in navy, brown or green combinations. Sizes 3-6, 6-18, $1.99. Socks 39¢. Multi-striped crew necked basque comes in brown, navy or green combinations, sizes 3-6, $1.49; 6-18, $1.69. Socks 99¢. Lansburgh's, Girls & Boys, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#13 PARTY TIME BY TINY TOWN $4.99, $5.99
Take her to a party in this dainty frock. She'll look like a Valentine framed by the lingerie embroidered organdy Bertha collar. Tiny Town shaped it of lustrous cotton broadcloth in little girl sizes 3-6x at $4.99. Big sister sizes 7-12 at $5.99. In Bermuda coral, cypress green. Lansburgh's, Girls & Teens, 4th Fl., Washington, D. C.



#15 EVERYONE LIKES PICKWICK $3.99
For the little man around your house, it's a Pickwick poplin jacket. It's Zelan treated to guard against foul weather, your son is kept warm and dry. Faced with a colorful sanforized plaid, it's guaranteed washable. Girls like these neat-looking and practical jackets too. Girls sizes 7 to 14. Teens 12 to 20; sizes 6 to 20 for boys. Matching caps are $1.00. In vat-dyed colors: hunter green, red, royal blue, copen blue, tan, yellow, gray. Lansburgh's, Girls, Teens & Boys, 4th Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#9 WRISLEY'S BATH SUPERBE SOAP $1.25*

For a refreshed, luxurious sense of glowing cleanliness, try Wrisley's the next time you bathe. Whether you take a quick shower before an early date, or leisurely soak your cares away, you'll love the way it lathers into rich foamy suds. Smooth textured Wrisley's makes a marvelous beauty aid. You'll love the tantalizing perfume that lingers, and the delicately colored cakes of soap, pretty just to look at. With every Four Cake Box of Wrisley's Bath Superbe Soap, you receive an extra bath-size bar as a gift. Everyone likes a long lasting soap, and so will you when you discover Wrisley's never seems to disappear! That's because it's a fine, French-milled soap. It's Wrisley's if you're looking for a special gift to please. Every trip to the tub becomes an exciting event with this soothing soap. Pine, carnation, bouquet, verbena, gardenia, apple blossom. Lansburgh's, Cosmetics, Street Fl. Wash. 4, D.C.

smart coming and going!..



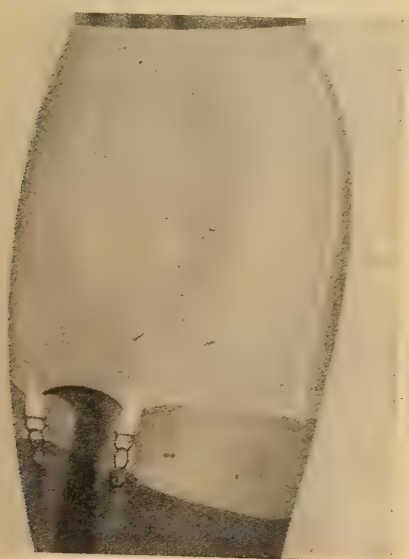
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all-purpose sheer $1.50
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short, medium, long
#18



#11 PERFUME THAT DARES TO BE DIFFERENT

Hollywood stars glitter with beauty and enchantment. And because the woman of your life must be stunning in every respect, they know the importance of a subtle, exciting perfume. That's what Suspicion is . . . alluring yet soft in its appeal. Rare and rich, it's bound to make you proud to wear it. Dab a tiny touch on your arms, throat, hair, and you'll feel like a desirable and different woman. That's what Suspicion was created to do. It's an inspiring fragrance and you'll be thrilled wearing it. Perfume: purse size $3.00; ¼ oz. $5.50, ½ oz. $10, 1 oz. $18. Eau de Toilette: 2 oz. $2.00, 4 oz. $3.75, 6 oz. $5.00. Dusting Powder $1.50, Bubble Bath, $1.25, Soap (3 cakes) $1.50 and Gift Zebra $5.50, all plus 20% federal excise tax except soap. Order from the coupon on page 27 or write to Lansburgh's, Cosmetics, Street Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#4 LOOK! NEMO-KINS FIT YOU! $3.95

Believe it or not, Nemo-Kins by Kops Brothers fit a doll, and it fits you! Yes, this doll-size girdle and panty actually fits women! Famous Nemo designed it of knitted two-way stretch nylon and elastic, with four garters to hold hose snugly. And just watch your hips whittle down to doll size with Nemo-Kins. You'll get plenty of wear from Nemo-Kins, because it moves with you. No need to tell you that it'll wash speedily and dry before you can say Nemo-Kins. Well, almost that fast. The small size fits a waist 24-25-26 inches; medium 26-27-28; large 28-29-30. And it only comes in hard to find white! Use the blank provided for making your shopping easier on page 27, or write to Lansburgh's, Corsetry, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



#12 PLASTIC SLEEPY TIME PALS $2.79

When you crawl into bed and bemoan the rumpled sheets, try this Hollywood trick for keeping bedwear smooth and clean. Cover your mattress with an attractive Tedlee mattress protector with nylon stitching. It's terrific for folks with allergies, because it keeps feather dust from flying, locks out dirt and dust. To clean, just whisk a damp cloth over the surface. It's waterproof, except for the seams, and it zips on and off with extra long 70-inch 3-way zipper. Made of heavy gauge vinyl plastic, it'll wear and wear! You can have pillow covers to match. Order both the mattress cover and pillow protector and keep your bed slick and clean. Now for colors: In blue, maize, coral, green, or clear plastic. The pillow protector is 45¢, and the mattress cover $2.79 for both double and twin size mattress. Order by coupon on page 27 or write to Lansburgh's, Domestics, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.



100% PLASTIC

Shelf-n-Edge

At long last, a clever idea for keeping shelves fresh and pretty. Water-grease-fadeproof, it's keen to keep clean with a damp cloth. Guaranteed to lie flat on metal or wood shelf without fastening. Folds easily on a permanently creased line, forming luscious looking edges. Two pretty patterns make it seem hand embroidered on sheer white organdy material! Rosebuds or polka dots in yellow, red, blue or green on white.

12 ft. roll..... **$1**
30 ft. roll.....$2.50

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don't look now, but...
here comes the bride

Nobody's going to do a double-take when Ronnie and Nancy walk down the aisle. They've had that "about-to-be-married" look for over a year.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Almost any night you care to drive down Beverly Boulevard in Hollywood and then pull into the parking lot beside Dave Chasen's fancy restaurant, you are more than likely to run into Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis. You can almost set your watch by the time they arrive in Ronnie's car—seven-forty-five—and walk through the front door of the famous cafe.

Inside there is no waiting. The lobby can be full of tourists and Hollywood big shots, but Ronnie and Nancy push right through them and are escorted to a front line table where a neat "reserved" sign is whisked away and a waiter hurries up with a menu. They dine slowly and then, for an hour or so, sit back with coffee and visit with the table-hoppers.

Yes, almost any night you will be able to observe this little scene, and, if you are like most folks, you will attach little importance to it. But you will be wrong. It is highly significant. It is very significant, indeed. *(Continued on page 91)*

The face that
Everyone is talking about—

POND'S

Angel Face

in its stunning new

Mirror Case



Delicate, sweet-tinted, incredibly flattering—this is your Angel Face by Pond's!

It's foundation and powder in-one! Incomparably becoming . . . and so beautifully *uncomplicated!* That's why more women are using Pond's Angel Face than any other complexion make-up!

—no greasy fingertips!
—no wet sponge!
—no loose, spilly powder!

Just smooth the Angel Face puff over your face and *at once,* little skin flaws hide beneath a delicate, velvety finish that *stays on—much* longer than powder! "Really, Angel Face is *unique* among make-ups," Mrs. John A. Roosevelt says.

Tuck the pretty new Mirror Case in your handbag—and you have everything you need to sweeten up *anytime!* Mirror, puff and *heavenly* Angel Face! "It's a boon to my handbag—so slim, and it can't spill," says Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. "And Angel Face gives my skin such smooth color!" In 6 pretty skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case is just $1*



Angel Face also comes in this well-loved blue-and-gold box, at 89¢ and 59¢.*

(plus tax)



Young America is finding out

The Younger Generation (the feminine half of it!) has been a powerful force in spreading a knowledge of Tampax as the sanitary protection for women during "those days" of the month. . . . Sales in women's-college towns prove the campus popularity of Tampax and the hometown circle quickly learns to follow the discoveries of Miss Undergraduate.

Every woman should understand Tampax, which is very different from the older forms of protection. But also it is *very simple*. It is made of pure absorbent cotton and designed by a doctor to be worn *internally*. Dainty one-time-use applicators make insertion quick and convenient.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax needs no belts, pins or external pads. Eliminates odor and chafing. Cannot "show through" in ridges or bulges. And you cannot even *feel* the Tampax! . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. A full month's supply will fit into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

*Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK—*I'd Like To Baby You* by Robert Q. Lewis (MGM). *Life Is A Beautiful Thing* by Evelyn Knight & Perry Botkin (Decca).
If you like Robert Q. as a TV personality you'll go for the way he handles this newly-fashioned ditty with an old-fashioned sound.

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS—*Love Is Here To Stay* by Gene Kelly (MGM); David Rose* (MGM).
Still one of the great Gershwin tunes, this opus is given a double-sided break by MGM. On one side is Gene Kelly's version from the film's sound-track; on the reverse is a handsome instrumental treatment by David Rose.

BELLE OF NEW YORK—*Oops!* by Debbie Reynolds* (MGM).
A cute little ditty by Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren, from the new Fred Astaire vehicle.

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS—title song by Doris Day** (Columbia); Leroy Holmes* (MGM); Bing Crosby* (Decca); Ray Anthony (Capitol); George Siravo (Mercury); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Hugo Winterhalter (Victor); Nick Perito (Coral). *Swingin' Down The Lane* by Bing Crosby* (Decca); Ralph Flanagan* (Victor); Lawrence Welk (Coral); Helen Forrest (MGM).
I Wish I Had A Girl by Blue Barron (MGM); Doris Day* (Columbia); Al Jolson (Decca).
We could run on for columns if we tried to list all the records that have been made of Gus Kahn's songs. A couple of dozen of them are heard in this movie based on his life, with Danny Thomas as the great tunesmith and Doris Day as his wife.
If you're curious about how close the film comes to reality, Gus Kahn was born in Coblenz, Germany, Nov. 1886, and died in Beverly Hills ten years ago last October. He went to California in 1933 to write for pictures, after his Broadway musicals *Whoopee* and *Show Girl* had scored big hits.
He wrote, in our opinion, more great songs than Irving Berlin; among them *Pretty Baby, Carolina In The Morning, My Buddy, Love Me Or Leave Me, It Had To Be You, Chloe, Carioca, I Never Knew, The Hour Of Parting, Yes Sir That's My Baby, The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else.* What a record! And, as we look through our private collection, what records!

LENA HORNE—Lena Horne Sings** (MGM).
Hope you agree with our feeling that Lena Horne would be a great and successful singer even if she weren't so beautiful. Anyway, here's the evidence, some of it from soundtracks of her MGM pictures with conductor-husband Lennie Hayton wielding a brilliant baton; and some sides with a band led by pianist Luther Henderson.
Titles include *Deed I Do* (of course!), *The Lady Is A Tramp*, and the wonderful *Can't Help Lovin' That Man.*

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY—*Manhattan* by Tony Martin and Dinah Shore* (Victor); Jimmy Dorsey (Columbia); Lee Wiley** (Columbia).
Best treatment of this great old Rodgers and Hart song is the warm, intimate Lee Wiley version; but to get it you have to buy her whole album (or LP) entitled *Night In Manhattan.* Which, come to think of it, isn't a bad idea.

POPULAR

NAT (KING) COLE—*A Weaver Of Dreams** (Capitol).
A warm and sentimental vocal job by Nat on the new ballad by Victor Young and Ned Washington (they wrote *Ghost Of A Chance*).

ALAN DEAN—*Blue Moon** (Roost).
England's No. 1 ballad singer, who's won all the polls over there, recently settled in this country. *Blue Moon* and the backing, *So In Love*, were made in England. By the time you read this his first American recordings will be out on MGM. He's a really fine singer, combining the best elements of the old Sinatra and touches of Eddie Fisher and Eckstine, plus a personality of his own.

BILLY ECKSTINE—*Take Me Back** (MGM).
A typical ballad for Billy's fans. Incidentally he can now be seen in his long-delayed first movie, *Skirts Ahoy* for MGM. Other side of this disc is another version of the tune mentioned above in the Nat Cole listing, *Weaver Of Dreams.*

RALPH FLANAGAN—*Just One More Chance** (Victor).
Harry Prime sings a fine old ballad that was a Bing favorite many years ago. Other side is an instrumental called *Dixie Jump;* a little tepid for us—we'd rather take our Dixie-cups straight.

DANNY KAYE—*There's a Hole In The Bottom Of The Sea* (Decca).
This has limited appeal unless you're under eight. Danny's humor needs stronger material when you can't see him.

JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG-GORDON JENKINS—*Sleepy Time Down South** (Decca).
Satchmo's latest version of his theme song, which he first recorded before many of his present-day fans were born, has a fine orchestral setting by Gordon Jenkins. The latest Armstrong movie, by the way, entitled *Glory Alley*, is reported to give him his best and biggest acting role to date.

ERROLL GARNER—*Fine And Dandy* (Columbia).
The nimble keyboard wizard is at his best on this, and hits his mellowest mood with the other side, *Sophisticated Lady.*

GENE KRUPA TRIO—LP record (Mercury).
The drumming ace is reunited with his former tenor sax star, Charlie Ventura, to re-record some of their old hits such as *Dark Eyes, Stomping At The Savoy* and *The Man I Love.* Pianist Teddy Napoleon rounds out the trio.

OSCAR PETERSON—*Peterson At Carnegie Hall** (Mercury).
One of our favorite pianists in some of his best performances.

COUNTRY AND WESTERN

COWBOY COPAS—*'Tis Sweet To Be Remembered* (King).

RAY PRICE—*Weary Blues* (Columbia).

HANK WILLIAMS—*Baby, We're Really In Love* (MGM)

ELLIOT LAWRENCE-ROSALIND PATTON-COWBOY COPAS—*Don't Leave My Poor Heart Breaking** (King).
Interesting combination of Elliot Lawrence's strictly Eastern swing band, his girl singer and a Western vocal favorite.

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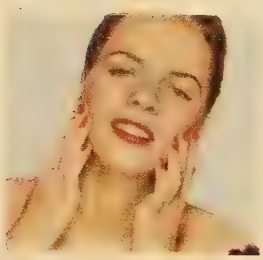


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as she looks when away from the cameras.
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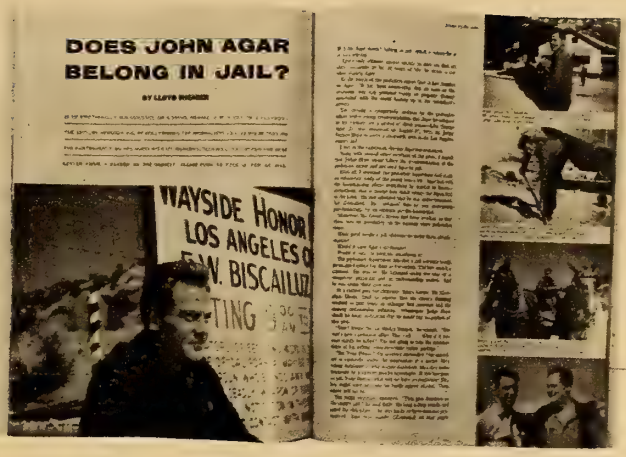
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DOES JOHN AGAR BELONG IN JAIL?

In December, Modern Screen asked its readers, "Is John Agar emotionally maladjusted, or a social menace—a sick boy or a play boy?" In that issue an accompanying article by Lloyd Shearer on Agar's imprisonment encouraged one of the greatest floods of reader mail Modern Screen has ever received. So sharply contrasted were the opinions that two letters (instead of one) were chosen for publication, and $200 will be awarded. The editors appreciate the response to this controversal article and herewith present the two letters which best reflect the most opposite points of view.



YES

Dear Mr. Saxon,

I purchased the December issue of MODERN SCREEN *solely because of the caption on the cover, "Does John Agar Belong in Jail?" Without opening the magazine, and unaware of the award for opinions, I mentally replied, "Yes."*

Having read the article, and with or without $100, my answer is, "Yes, naturally, and of course, John Agar belongs in jail." Furthermore, cheers for Judge Vernon Hunt for refusing to place the blame for the latest Agar peccadillo on Shirley Temple's slim shoulders. Poor Shirley! Will she never be free?

As to Lloyd Shearer, did Sonny or Mama Agar hire him for this whitewashing detail? Or is it all in the name of the god, Publicity? Drunkenness, arrests, and jail sentences have at least kept John Agar in the public eye since he apparently can't accomplish this by talent.

Someone should advise Mama and Lloyd Shearer that a person does not take anti-alcohol drugs because a person has been "three times in his life slightly tipsy," or by "drinking no more than other young men," that plenty of young men who are inevitably "a part of the cultural pattern of our civilization," a civilization where many people drink to excess to escape the strains of ordinary living" do not drink at all. As for "one bad break after another," didn't Mama ever hear of anyone who had real trouble (Continued on page 99)

NO

Dear Mr. Saxon,

I agree with Mr. Lloyd Shearer—John Agar does not belong in jail.

Mr. Agar is just one more victim of our society's ruling that jails are the punishment for crimes, regardless of the nature or circumstances in which the crime was committed.

It is often the case that, because we haven't learned how to deal with different levels of misbehavior, we throw them all into the same pot, making the lesser criminals into bigger ones by putting them under the influence of hardened criminals.

John Agar is not a criminal. I do not think he is even a delinquent, unless we also choose to call every young man who drives a car while slightly under the influence of alcohol a delinquent. I think it would be highly improbable that we would sentence all of these drunken driving offenders to prison terms . . . our jails would be bulging at the seams, if we did. Why, then, did young John Agar get the full treatment?

I have my own theory about that. Mr. Agar is a celebrity. Mr. Agar is a "Hollywoodite," and Mr. Agar is rather wealthy, according to layman's standards. These three reasons add up to "Who does he think he is?" in many people's opinions.

Regardless of the man involved, many people tend to want to "get even" for what one man has, and (Continued on page 105)



LANA'S LATIN LOVER

by Marsha Saunders

LANA'S IN LOVE AGAIN—BUT

■ When they're making a picture, actresses work six days a week and rest on Sunday so that on Monday the camera can accurately record their perfect loveliness.

After resting for six consecutive Sundays during the filming of *The*



HOW SOON WILL IT BE BEFORE SHE STARTS SINGING, "SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE HIM AWAY!"?

Merry Widow, Lana Turner decided that on the seventh Sunday she'd celebrate. When Turner celebrates, there is nothing halfway about it. On this particular Sunday, she chartered a DC-3 and flew her whole gang to Tijuana, Mexico, for an exciting afternoon at the bull fights.

When the last bull had been killed, Lana, logically enough, went out with Antonio Velasquez, the chief matador.

Reporters asked Lana if Antonio were her latest heart interest, and the beautiful blonde answered with a smile. "Boys," she said, "you have the wrong Bull of the Pampas."

What Lana meant was that the right Bull of the Pampas was (and is) Fernando Lamas, her tall, dark and handsome leading man in *The Merry Widow.* (*Continued on page 84*)



Girls! Girls! Girls! Whether in Paris or at New York's Copacabana, Farley just can't get enough of beautiful chorus dolls like these.

after shelley-what?

by Vicki Blodgett



He'll give you a ring anytime, but it won't be a diamond. Now that Shelley's found Vittorio, Farley's busy spreading himself around.

Night life in Paris sometimes extends to the Halles Centrales, a giant produce depot near the Louvre, where practically all the city's perishable food is brought to be sorted for distribution. Workmen feverishly busy from midnight on, usually pay little attention to the revelers who wind up their play with onion soup at one of the many cafes in the district. But one dawn, a few months ago, they stopped their stooping and hauling for a sight which was too astonishing to disregard. A huge bevy of girls seemed to be skipping and running down the street into their midst.

At second sight it turned out to be very nearly the same thing as at first sight, but now they could count eight or nine girls who were somehow crammed into, above, or around a small, English two-seater runabout driven by a boy. The springs of the car were squawking louder than the horn, the girls were screaming happily and the boy was doing a masterful job despite the legs and arms interlaced all about him. A moment later he stopped the car at one of the restaurants, and after some general untangling, accompanied by merry squealing, all of them disappeared inside. The workmen smiled at each other before going back to work. This was more like it, their expressions seemed to say. This was like the gay Paris of old.

The boy would have agreed with them—even though all he knew about the gay Paris of old was what he had read. But if this was it, it sure agreed with Farley Granger. And as it was in Paris that morning, so it was in Rome, and in London. Now that he is back in Hollywood he smiles reminiscently and hopes that he'll be having those times, with those same girls again. Farley, who loves his friends, even if as yet he's had no loves, makes no attempt to hide what he is—a young man serious about his work, but not overly serious about life.

Two years ago when June Haver and Pat Neal kidded him about forming an "Ex-Farley (*Continued on page 72*)

Farley isn't lonely. Even though Shelley's mad for somebody else, there's always someone to call. In Rome there's Helene Ramey, in London Melissa Hayden, in Hollywood Peggy Malie—and in New York, Geraldine Brooks.



As soon as Farley returned from Europe, he said he was going to spend Christmas in New York. Friends think the reason is Geraldine Brooks who deserted the movies for TV in the East.





When Shelley Winters falls, it's with a crash. Now the whole world knows she's mad about Italy's biggest heart-throb—Vittorio Gassmann.

BY JIM BURTON

BANG

went the strings of her heart!

■ Ever since her first marriage collapsed six years ago, Shelley Winters has been searching for love. Now, at last, she's found it, and it's affecting her like a super-charged bomb. She's on fire, she's ecstatic, she's breathless. The man responsible is a 29-year-old Italian actor named Vittorio Gassmann, whose mild manner and soulful brown eyes contrast romantically with Shelley's dynamic personality.

"When he's free," Shelley says, "I'm going to marry him. I really am. I'm very much in love with Vittorio. It's entirely different than it was with Farley Granger. Farley and I just played around together—like kids. After all, Farley is three years younger than I am. But what I feel for Vittorio—that's something else again. That's love.

"Just think," she says. "I sent him a cable that said I'M LONELY AND I'M SENDING YOU A KISS and then he sent me a cable that said, I'M LONELY TOO AND I'M RETURNING YOUR KISS. But I never thought that he would fly to California all the way from Italy just to spend six days with me.

"He must feel pretty strong about me to fly all the way from Rome. Think of the trouble, the expense. He's wonderful. He really is. I've never met anyone like Vittorio before."

Oddly enough, Shelley met Vittorio while she was supposedly touring Europe with Farley Granger last November.

Actually, there has never been anything serious between Farley and Shelley. They dated each other because it was good publicity, it was fun and they were both very much interested in acting.

When they arrived in Paris last winter they went their own ways. Farley remained in Paris, and Shelley journeyed on to Rome.

One night in Rome she visited the Teatro Valle, a theater run by Frank Lattimore, the English actor. He recognized Shelley when she called backstage and invited her to a party.

Shelley accepted immediately, but she didn't have a date. "Don't worry," said Lattimore, "I'll get you one."

He phoned Vittorio Gassmann, but Gassmann (*Continued on page 99*)



When Liz met Michael Wilding three years ago, she never dreamed they'd fall in love, become 1952's most publicized couple!

LIZ DOES IT AGAIN

by Hedda Hopper

Hedda knows all about Liz' latest romance, and here she tells plenty! It's the inside story about the dazzling beauty who set the film colony on its ear.

By the time you read this, Elizabeth Taylor will be Mrs. Michael Wilding. Whether Liz and Michael marry in Hollywood, in England or in Mexico, the British actor will be husband number two for our great screen beauty.

Liz to me has been the Helen of Troy of Hollywood, just as Helen must have been the Liz Taylor of Troy. Both represent Beauty in their time, plus a remarkable talent for getting into situations.

Helen started a war. If men went to battle over women today, Liz would touch off many an incident. But wars are colder things now, so she'll probably go down in history as the gal who hit top score in male conquests.

Romance, for her, has been swift, impassioned and full of ups and downs. At 19 she has two broken engagements, one divorce, an interrupted near-engagement to her credit. Now comes Wilding, the Englishman with whom she'll take a second fling at matrimony. Liz doesn't admit this in so many words. She doesn't need to; she wears a huge sapphire set in platinum and surrounded by diamonds on her third finger—it speaks for itself.

Wilding is a new type for Liz Taylor. He is balding, officially 39 but more often referred to as mid-fortyish. But he could give Casanova lessons in how to kiss a lady's hand. He is a big wheel in British movies and off-stage has tremendous personality and charm—such charm he can make his superiority in years over Elizabeth seem to be an asset. In romance, Wilding is a sophisticate—he has been married and just recently has been divorced—and he is a post-graduate of the Marlene (*Continued on page* 96)

Michael (left) and Stewart Granger are old friends—so naturally a strong bond sprang up between look-alikes Liz and Jean Simmons.



there is no JEFF CHANDLER

Take a big boy from Brooklyn and turn him into a star. Sometimes he can't believe it. Jeff can't. They keep calling him Chandler; he says, "Who, me?"

BY KATHERINE ALBERT



Louella Parsons was exactly correct when she made her 1950 radio prediction that Jeff and Debra Paget would be stars.



Jeff is happily back with his girls—wife Marjorie and daughters Jamie and Dana. During his seven-month separation from Marjorie, Jeff saw a lot of his children, even moved them into the house they all share now.

■ Most people think they can tell a lot about a person by the way he looks. You figure a small, balding guy has to be a hen-pecked milquetoast, and a big-busted, lush girl must be a sex boat. But it ain't necessarily so. The little fellow may turn out to be a lion, and the size 38 can be nothing but a mouse.

Jeff Chandler looks like a movie star, but try to convince him he is one. He thinks of himself as Ira Grossel—and that's all. Gable's a star. Crawford's a star. But Jeff Chandler? As far as Ira's concerned, Chandler doesn't even exist! Take the time a group of stars went out on the Movietime, U.S.A. show. John Wayne was in the troupe and when he was introduced everyone cheered, Jeff right along with them. Then Jeff Chandler was introduced, and the cheers were almost as great. "I felt like the pretender to the throne. I felt the way the pretender must feel," Jeff said. "It was thrilling to hear the people, but it was difficult to realize they were applauding me in the same way and for the same reasons I had applauded so many movie stars just a few years ago. And I kept thinking, 'They just don't know. They don't understand. I don't feel like a movie star.' "

There are lots of contradictions in Jeff Chandler. His eyes have the wise look of a man who's lived forever, but he's only 33. He looks as if he'd flirt with every pretty babe, but during the seven months he was separated from his wife he was lonely and miserable. He

Part of the price Jeff paid for fame was a serious break with wife Marjorie. Luckily, both realized they were still in love, are now happily reconciled.

gives off an air of sophistication, but when he meets a celebrity he's almost speechless. There was the time, for instance, when he met Clark Gable. Gable had come to the Universal-International Studios to look over the work of a certain director. Afterwards, he lunched in the commissary with a studio executive. Jeff happened to come into the commissary and when he spotted Gable he couldn't believe his eyes. He walked past the table three times to make sure. Finally, he said, "Well, won't somebody introduce us?" Somebody finally did.

Gable stood up and shook hands. "Then he smiled at me," Jeff said, remembering. "And that really did it. Then turning to the executive who introduced us, he said, 'You sure grow 'em tall over here.' "

Jeff remembers every look, every word the great man said. This is not the way you'd expect a man who has the very same appeal as Gable to act. But that's Jeff, and one of the keys to understanding (*Continued on page* 105)



Ann Sheridan was his trouble-time pal.



June Allyson, queen tor the second year, wouldn't let go of her trophy at MODERN SCREEN's annual popularity poll party at Ciro's. She was with Dick Powell, Geary Steffen and Jane Powell.



Dale Robertson and MODERN SCREEN editor Chuck Saxon inspected the silver tray Dale won as "most popular male newcomer of the year." Debbie Reynolds, who copped the "most popular" girl's newcomer prize was away on tour for MGM.



A ten-second hush tell over the party when June Haver and Dan Dailey sailed in together. Engrossed in each other, they nibbled hors d'oeuvres oblivious to the stir they were causing.



The party took on a "hearts and flowers" theme when such "happily marrieds" as the Don DeFores and the now reconciled Jeff Chandlers got together. (For more on Jeff, see page 46. M.S. guests braved a torrential rain to get there.

IT RAINED BUCKETS BUT THAT DIDN'T

modern screen's

PARTY OF THE YEAR



Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were so overcome at finding their award citations right up near Ciro's entrance that they threatened to just stand there all evening looking at them. "This is a nice family affair," said Tony to his beaming bride.



Glenn Ford stopped by to receive congratulations from Mr. and Mrs. Keenan Wynn on being one of the "top ten." Glenn wrung out his topcoat on arrival, made a beeline for food.



Dell publisher George Delacorte couldn't resist the beaming faces of Doris Day and her husband, Marty Melcher. Happy Doris had plenty to smile about. She was not only among the "top ten" but won a most popular girl singer award.



KMPC's Jim McCulla broadcast right from a table at Ciro's with Dana Andrews and Joan Evans. The informal party provided enough material for two newsreels and two radio shows.

KEEP THE STARS FROM COMING OUT TO HOLLYWOOD'S EVENT OF THE YEAR—TO SEE WHO WAS WHO IN '51.

■ June Allyson was determined. She would not let go of her silver trophy.

"But, sweetheart," Dick Powell said. "You can't take it with you!"

"Oh, no?" said June, practically wrapping it in the folds of her new velvet party dress. "This is the second time I've won it, and I'm not going to let it go."

This family squabble took place in just about the center of Ciro's at MODERN SCREEN's big (not to say colossal) party for the winners of its 1951 popularity poll. June Allyson was the Queen and she was proud enough to let the whole world know it. Even MODERN SCREEN's editor Charles Saxon couldn't wheedle her into putting that trophy down.

"But you're going to dinner now," he said. "And you don't want to lug *that* along."

"Oh, no?" said June. "This cup not only goes with me, but for a whole week you will find it right in the middle of the living room."

Editor Saxon was properly overcome. After all, he had just heard a tribute to MODERN SCREEN readers all over the world. In fact, he had just heard a summing up of all Hollywood's attitude toward the first big event of the season.

Later, Dana Andrews told a radio audience, "This is one party of the year I wouldn't miss. (*Continued on next page*)

PARTY OF THE YEAR continued

We know that MODERN SCREEN's Annual Awards are the on-the-level-result of movie-goers' opinions of us all."

"Not only that," said Van Heflin, "but in my opinion, these awards are prophetic. The winners here tonight—some of them, at least—will be taking Oscars home in the not too distant future." And Van Heflin, who has one himself, ought to know.

But to get to the party—and almost everyone in Hollywood did—it was one of those blowouts that was just for fun. There were no hour-long speeches, not a stuffed shirt in sight. And you never saw so many celebrities in your life. The few who couldn't come sent their love, and top-man John Wayne, who was in Acapulco, sent his voice. This might sound difficult, but it wasn't with Louella Parsons around.

"Hand me a phone," said Louella, and with the phone came Mexico.

"Hello, Duke," said Louella. "I want to tell you that you've won MODERN SCREEN's popularity prize for 1951, and I'm arranging to have the award sent down to you for an official presentation."

Not only was the award delivered 24 hours later—in person—but the person was Hedy Lamarr. She gave the silver cup to John amidst a gathering of high Mexican government officials.

By the way, you may have heard Louella's memorable call on her Sunday ABC radio program. And Jim McCulla's table-hopping interviews were broadcast over the Liberty network. Cameramen from both MGM and 20th Century-Fox brought the party to you via newsreel.

If you caught the newsreel you may have imagined that the party went off like a charm, but it didn't—anyway, not at the beginning. An hour before the event, MODERN SCREEN's editors sat bleakly next to a window watching the torrential rains. "That noise you hear," said Hollywood editor Carl Schroeder, "is my career going down the drain."

But suddenly in walked Glenn Ford with our publisher, George Delacorte. "Don't let that mist bother you," Glenn said. "Let's just wring out our topcoats, pull up a chair and see what happens. I had to skip lunch today, and with a little luck I can eat my way through at least half of those magnificent hors d'oeuvres."

Glenn didn't get a chance to see if he could make it, though. Hedda Hopper arrived, dry as toast under one of her huge hats, and then the doors literally burst open at Ciro's.

John Wayne's great and good friend, Grant Withers arrived, to "sit in for the Duke" as he explained it, and was promptly joined by the Forrest Tuckers, the Bill Holdens (he's one of MODERN SCREEN's almost perpetual top ten, it seems), Piper Laurie, Dorothy Lamour, the Larry Parks, the Bill Bendixes and Bill Demarest.

"I didn't come with nobody," Bill Demarest said, "but I got a reason for coming. You see, them two boys, Duke Wayne and Alan Ladd are old buddies of mine. I talked to Alan in Palm Springs this morning, and he told me I got to get dolled up and get on over here on account of he can't show up, what with his kids being sick. So he's *(Continued on page 104)*



Top winner John Wayne couldn't make the party (he was in Mexico) but Louella Parsons interviewed him by radio hook-up and later, Hedy Lamarr flew to Acapulco with Duke's trophy.



Marty Melcher, Doris Day and Chuck Saxon couldn't resist leaving fingerprints on the silver trophies. The M.S. photographers took over 50 pictures in the course of the party.



Louella Parsons and Doris Day stepped up to share the glow around Ronald Reagan and his constant companion, Nancy Davis. Nancy never took her eyes off Ronnie.




anything
you can do,
I can do
better

"No, you can't!" says Glenn Ford. "Yes, I can!" says Bill Holden. And so Hollywood's battling buddies continue to slug it out for top man.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ One morning recently Bill Holden got up from his breakfast table and casually said to his wife:

"Honey, I'm going to run into town for about an hour or so."

"Whatever for?" asked Brenda. "I thought you were going to loaf around the yard today."

"I just want to pick up a couple of things at the store," Bill said. "I won't be long." And he reached over and kissed her and was gone.

Brenda leaned over and took a look at the newspaper Bill had been reading while he ate. Then she picked it up and walked into the kitchen. The housekeeper was washing the dishes.

"You want to make me a little bet?" Brenda asked.

"What's that?" asked the housekeeper.

"I will bet," said Brenda, stabbing at a picture in the paper, "that Mr. Holden comes back here in an hour with some of those Slim Jim narrow neckties the men are beginning to wear."

The housekeeper looked at the picture. It was a shot of Glenn Ford getting off a plane, back from Europe. The camera appeared to have been focused on a fancy Slim Jim tie Glenn was wearing.

"You just wait and see," said Brenda.

An hour later Bill walked into the house and announced with a cheery yell that he was back. Brenda came to greet him.

"What have you got in the package there?" she asked.

"Oh," said Bill, "I just happened to pass a haberdashery and I saw some of those narrow neckties in the window, so I bought a few. I think I'll begin wearing them."

"That figures," said Brenda.

"What?" asked Bill.

"Nothing," said Brenda. "What do you want for lunch?"

It has always been that way, ever since Bill Holden and Glenn Ford have known each other. All Hollywood knows it, but neither Bill nor Glenn will admit it. Whatever one does—the other will do, and try to do it better. Whatever fad one starts, the other will pick it up—and claim he originated it. If Glenn Ford took up croquet tomorrow morning, (*Continued on page* 93)



Glenn and Bill flipped coins to see "who" played "what" in their co-starrer, *The Man From Colorado.* Originally Glenn was hired as an understudy for Bill back when Columbia filmed *Golden Boy.*



Bill kibitzes while Glenn struggles through a card game with Ed Buchanan. The boys are "friendly and eternal enemies"—always trying to top each other one way or another both on screen and off.



Glenn and Bill watch their sons struggle to uproot "Safoot," a very stubborn mule. The Fords and Holdens are close, but the competitive spirit is visible even among the junior members of the two families.

ROLL OUT THE BARREL, BRING ON THE POKER CHIPS — SCOTT BRADY'S MODERN SET-UP HAS EVERY-

A large Braque reproduction dominates the living room and sets the pace for the modern decor. Functional but decorative furniture lends spacious-



The dramatic effect of the soft wall-to-wall drapery is heightened by the sharp lines of the low coffee table, the two huge chairs. All the wooden furniture has a natural blond finish so as not to show dust.



Paul Fox, Scott's decorator, chose the color scheme carefully. Paul's theory, with which Scott agrees, is that a monochrome room is more masculine than one full of color. But bright touches like the burnt-orange chair add interest.

THING BUT DANCING GIRLS TO MAKE A BACHELOR FEEL AT HOME!

by Marva Peterson



ness to Scott's compact three-room apartment.



Scott calls the bedroom his "Gold Room" because of the color scheme, but the fancy name doesn't stop him from throwing clothes around.

Photos by Bob Beerman and Bert Parry



In addition to the balcony, Scott has a private patio in the back.

UP IN BRADY'S PLACE

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

■ It was six A.M. of a beautiful winter's day in Westwood Village, a small, fashionable community four miles from 20th Century-Fox.

In the low, white apartment house where Scott Brady lives, everyone was sleeping except Brady. The tall, tousle-headed kid from Brooklyn was preparing breakfast in the kitchen of his bachelor apartment. The preparation sounded like an atomic bomb somewhere in Nevada.

Pots and pans bounced off the floor, Scott's baritone voice bounced off the ceiling, towers of smoke swirled up from the frying pan, and water gushed from the taps at full speed.

The bedlam woke Scott's kid brother, Eddie, who happened to be spending the night up at Brady's place. He was sleeping in the soft, foam-rubbered daybed that serves as the living room couch. Eddie raised himself on one elbow. "For cryin' out loud," he shouted, "what's goin' on out there?"

"I'm getting breakfast," Scott shouted back.

Eddie got up and shuffled into the kitchen. (*Cont'd on next page*)



But there are drawbacks to even the rosiest set-up! Scott goes about washing windows cheerfully, however, knowing that it's a small price to pay for the independence and privacy he has.



The terrace, shielded from the sun by bamboo blinds, is a perfect place to relax, to entertain friends. Scott's especially fond of the wrought-iron railing, thinks it's very romantic.

"Hey, you don't have to go to all this trouble for me."

"No trouble," Scott said. "I do this every morning."

Eddie rubbed his scalp. "You do?" This was a surprise to the youngest of the Tierney clan, because when Gerald Tierney lived at home—that's Scott Brady's real name—he was the one Mom had to call and shake for 15 minutes before he'd even turn over, never mind get up.

Now here he was in his own kitchen, bare-foot, stripped to the waist, wearing only a pair of blue jeans and cooking like crazy. With a tumbler full of chilled orange juice in one hand, he stood in front of his stove shifting his attention from burner to burner. In one skillet a dozen slices of Canadian bacon sputtered beautifully. A chemex of coffee on the back burner sent up an appetizing aroma. And on another, Scott had set his *piece de resistance,* an omelet of eggs, chopped onions and cheddar cheese.

Eddie couldn't believe it. "You been goin' to a cooking school or something?"

Scott grinned. Like a master chef he flipped the omelet onto a platter, removed a tin of hot rolls from the oven, put the coffee on the table, and then motioned to his brother. "Sit down, kid," he said, "and have a little food."

Eddie sat, but the wonderment of it all was too much for him. "I don't get it," he confessed. "At home you never even ate breakfast."

"Gee, kid," Scott explained. "I couldn't ask Mom to fix me a big meal at six in the morning. I don't mind doing it myself, but you couldn't ask that of any woman, not even Mom. Besides, I like looking after myself."

Ever since Scott announced six months ago that he was leaving the Tierney family apartment to live alone, his folks have wondered why.

A friend suggested that perhaps Scott wanted to have a place of his own where he might entertain his friends, especially of the opposite sex. After all, there's a lot of competition in the Tierney family. Let Scott bring his date home and introduce her around, and the very next thing anyone knows, Scott's date is no longer Scott's. The girl has switched to Larry or Eddie.

When you ask Scott if this is the reason he took a bachelor apartment, he hedges and says, "Not at all. I just wanted a little privacy."

In direct contradiction to this explanation is the fact that Scott is rarely alone. In and out of his apartment, he is usually accompanied by one of his two brothers, his agent, or his stand-in.

Brady isn't particularly articulate or profound and sometimes he finds it difficult to explain things, but actually his bachelor apartment is simply part of his growing up, of going out on his own.

Scott isn't sure when the idea of looking for an apartment first struck him, but it probably coincided with Johnny Darrow's getting him a couple of big pictures at Universal and two at 20th Century. Johnny is a top agent who helped June Allyson, Gene (*Continued on page* 102)

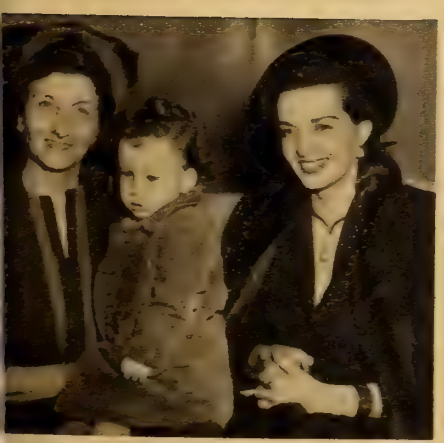
At 18, Jane was a problem child trying desperately to grow up. So fervent was her search to find herself, she ran away from home . . .

BY STEVE CRONIN



Jane was a skinny, bossy sophomore at Van Nuys High when she met husband Bob.

a life of her own



Rumor is that Jane may yet adopt the 15-month-old child she and her mother brought back from London.

■ Her mother says simply, "I lost the reins."

Jane says, "I just had to go through all that. I'm not sure why . . . but I had to learn for myself."

These are the words with which they recall the time in Jane Russell's life two years before Hollywood discovered her when her teen-age idealism mixed oddly with the world as she found it . . . and she rebelled. For three months she stayed away from home, living with a girl friend, and trying to find herself. This was a period when her whole character was to be tested and her whole life shaped into its final mold. This was to be the emotional crisis of her youth . . .

Perhaps it all began during her last year of high school when the gang she traveled with became enamored of the free-spirited poets and writers, of Edna St. Vincent Millay, of Shelley and Byron and Thomas Wolfe . . .

"We used to gather at one girl's house, a girl whose dad worked nights, and drink burgundy while we read or listened to records," Jane has recalled. "Everything was quite arty but there didn't seem to be any pretence at highbrowism. Some of the kids came out with *(Continued on page 83)*



"SOMEBODY LOVES ME"

by sheilah graham

SOMEBODY LOVES HER, BUT BETTY'S TIRED OF WONDERING WHO. SHE WANTS A MAN NOW!

■ If Betty Hutton has convinced herself that Charles O'Curran has a brain, and that he will be a good father to her kids, the handsome young dance director and the blonde tempestuous star will be man and wife by the time you read this story. But if happy-go-lucky Charlie, who had proposed to Betty every hour on the hour for the past three months, had failed on either count, there'll be a new guy reading this issue of MODERN SCREEN in Betty's beautiful French Provincial front parlor.

Having covered every eventuality—I hope—let me tell you why a guy like O'Curran and a gal like Hutton get to be an inseparable item in Hollywood.

Betty, at 30, is desperate. Somewhere in this chaotic world she wants to find peace and happiness for herself and her two children. And that means—*a man in the house.* And that, of course, means a husband. And she wants him *now.* She won't rest until she can sing those three words, "Somebody loves me," to all the world.

Charles is available. This, in Hollywood, is more potent than looks, wealth or position. There are practically *no* eligible men here. And for every man who is free and over 21, there are 20 eager movie maidens who must have an escort, or they are dead, socially speaking. Married women positively will not invite "single" stars to parties. They're afraid they might lose their husbands.

Betty loves parties. She needs a man who will take her everywhere, who won't sulk in quiet corners when she huddles with other fascinating people, who will always be there when she wants him, and happy to take her home when she is tired or bored.

O'Curran is one of the most easy-going guys I know. His placidity makes a good bouncing board for Betty's vivacity. Because of his work and contacts, he moves in the same social orbit as Betty. This is important. The unwritten code forbids a star's falling in love with a guy in a lower strata. Did you ever hear of a top actress marrying an extra?

And *this* is *most* important. Charlie loves Betty. Betty doesn't breathe right unless there is a man who loves her. "She's the most wonderful girl I ever met," Charlie told me when I asked him about marriage plans. "I'll be the proudest man in Hollywood with Betty as my wife. But because of her children, she won't rush into marriage until she's absolutely sure." I was glad that Betty was pausing despite her eagerness for a mate. She isn't exactly famous for looking before leaping.

Her desperate way of loving began 'way back when she first came to Hollywood, a frightened, insecure kid, fresh from the New York stage. If any man so much as smiled, Betty was immediately ready to swoon.

Betty isn't frightened any more. But the insecurity is almost as obvious as when she told me breathlessly, nine years ago—"I'm engaged to marry Perc Westmore." Perc gave her a big ring. The engagement lasted a month. Norman Krasna's ring was bigger. The engagement was over after five days. Betty, a lady from way back, returned both rings, but kept her longing for a man to love and cherish her—until dissatisfaction does them part.

When I asked O'Curran, "Did *you* buy Betty a ring?" he admitted, "I'd be afraid to, might scare her off." He wasn't kidding. Betty scares easily—but only in the marriage department. She'll get engaged at the drop of the question. But, when she's just shopping for romance, then it's something else. (*Continued on page 100*)







Charles O'Curran welcomed her home from Honolulu and as of now is top man.



A Lanza birthday is a big affair! Raphaelo Fasano (left) was guest of honor at one-year-old Elissa's party. Big sister Colleen Lanza, in the

■ Most cities have several quaint, quiet, little restaurants where lovers meet for a rendezvous. Even Hollywood has one or two. Romeo's Chianti is a place like that. It's an Italian restaurant—small, warm, unobtrusive—located on Melrose Avenue just a few blocks away from Paramount. The table cloths are checkered red; the food is superb, and the music on the phonograph is always operatic.

In this restaurant Mario Lanza fell madly in love. After seven hectic, exciting, incredible years, he is more in love than ever. "My Betty," he raves, "she's absolutely wonderful, too good for me, an angel. She's the best thing that ever came into my life. Without her, who knows where I'd be today? With her, I'm always in heaven."

And he was in heaven on that unforgettable August night in 1944 when he proposed to Betty Hicks, a trim, brown-eyed brunette from Chicago.

The scene, of course, is indelibly stamped in Betty's mind. She was 22 at the time, ready for romance, and it came with a speed and passion that left her breathless.

"I'd known Mario for a few months—he was in uniform all the time—and on August 29th—I will never forget that date—he came by and said, 'Honey, let's go to Romeo's.' So that's where we went."

It was a warm, clear California night, when even the smallest stars were out, but Mario was in too much of a hurry to get



paper hat, is an old hand at three.

It isn't all noise and tantrums when Mario's around. There's love in his house that came along with a starry-eyed girl named Betty . . .

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

life with lanza

The nation was touched when Mario invited ten-year-old Raphaela Fasano of Newark, N. J., to be his guest in Hollywood. Raphaela, suffering from incurable Hodgkins disease, was met at the airport by her hero and his wife.



to the restaurant to really notice them.

Romeo showed him and Betty to a side booth and quickly brought the *Chianti* and *antipasto*. The wine and the food and the music (*La Traviata*) mellowed Mario. Ordinarily, he bubbles over with enthusiasm, but now he was soulful. He poured some wine for Betty and himself then he gazed at Betty with love-struck eyes.

"Betty," he finally said, "you look wonderful tonight."

"Do you think (*Continued on page 85*)













She was the rage of Paris, the toast of all Europe. And now Leslie Caron has danced her way into the heart of America!

BY JANE WILKIE

pretty-eyed bébé

■ In the late spring of 1950, a blasé young man behind the soda fountain of New York's La Guardia Airport found himself confronted by a wide-eyed young girl. "Eef you please," she said, "I would like some of your ice creams." She twirled the seat of the stool with an experimental finger, looked down the long expanse of shining counter and sighed, "I theenk a ba-nana spleet."

To the soda jerk the French accent was no novelty—he was accustomed to dialects—but there was something about the girl that made it difficult to take his eyes off her. She was so intense, so earnest, and when she looked at him it wasn't in an offhand manner, it was a direct gaze from chalk-blue eyes, tilted at the corners, that made him wonder if she wanted to start a conversation. But at the same time he had the feeling that if he did speak, she would bolt and run in fright.

Those who've seen *An American In Paris,* were left with the same impression of Leslie Caron. She is like a fawn, her eyes seem to listen as well as see, and her lithe young body is still and intent one moment, and then suddenly moving with swift grace.

That "ba-nana spleet" was Leslie's first plunge into American ice cream. It was the way she chose to spend the 20 minutes allowed her in New York before changing planes for Hollywood, and the reason behind it was that her mother hails from Topeka, Kansas. Margaret (*Continued on next page*)



Leslie, who never had time for dates in Paris, became a social butterfly in Hollywood, wed George Hormel in September after a whirlwind courtship.

Petit Caron had spent many a charmed hour describing America to her young daughter. Often Leslie would sit by her mother's bedside in the early morning, talking for hours about the land of skyscrapers and Indians and mechanical things and the beautiful hair of the American girls. To Leslie it was like a fairy tale, but the thing that fascinated her most was the American soda fountain.

Leslie has been introduced, in the past year and a half, to a great deal more than our ice cream. She was uprooted from all the things dear and familiar to her in France and transported to Hollywood in an immense plane, then plummeted into the pink-and-white world of the movies. She improved her English, dated men for the first time, studied dramatics, visited her first nightclub, and starred opposite Gene Kelly in a film that turned out to be a masterpiece. She met and married George Hormel, heir to the Hormel meat fortune, and with the release of the movie became the toast of America as well as France. Yet Leslie feels she has not accomplished much since arriving in America. "I have no time for books, no time for attending the concerts," she says, "and that is bad."

Self-education is a driving force with Leslie, for although her schooling in a French convent was probably superior to that given a great many of the world's children, she feels that travel and music and books are the things that teach life, rather than geography and algebra. She is unaware that already, with only 20 years of life behind her, she is a cosmopolite who charms cynics right out of their boredom.

MARGARET Petit, her mother, left Kansas to study dancing and eventually became the premiere danseuse of the Greenwich Follies on Broadway. Her health broke under the strain and in order to rest she went to Paris, intending to paint. It was there she met and married Claude Caron, a manufacturer's chemist. Their first child was a son, Aimery. Leslie arrived little more than a year later. They grew up in the hilltop home of their grandparents in Neuilly, a suburb lying northwest of old Paris. Aimery, as big brother, was expected to watch over Leslie. He reacted to this responsibility by promptly introducing her to his friends, who accepted Leslie as one of the gang and expected her to do anything they could do. This included hanging on for dear life to a board set on roller skates which, laden with as many kids as it would hold, hurtled down from the top of a hill through the winding streets. Then there was the tree house, built by Aimery and Leslie, whose roof was formerly the lid of the family washing machine. The lid was sorely missed, but because the tree house was out of reach of everyone but the two children, no one ever found it. The attic of the family home yielded a small stove which the children hoisted into the tree and used to make pancakes. Later they found an old victrola, which was likewise stowed in the tree, and Leslie and her brother dreamed away many an afternoon listening to Chopin and Brahms.

Eventually, Aimery was sent away to boarding school, and his absence would have left a great void in Leslie's life, if she hadn't become interested in ballet. She was 11 at the time, and she accompanied a friend to a ballet class. Leslie sat quietly watching, wholly fascinated, then went home and announced, "I want to become a dancer."

Margaret Caron pleaded with her. "I have always said you could choose your life. You can be anything you like—an actress, a painter, a nurse—but please, don't be a dancer. It's the most difficult work in the world. It will break your health. You don't realize the hardship—"

"But I want to be a dancer," said Leslie in a firm but faraway voice.

She began with one lesson a week, increased it to two, then three. When she was 14 she saw a professional ballet for the first time and came home with stars in her eyes. "I never dreamed it was so beautiful," she said. "All the lights, the music, the costumes—"

"Well," said her mother, sounding very much like Topeka, Kansas, "I suppose that's that. We'll take you out of the convent. If you're to be a dancer, you must devote your life to it. You can study at the National Conservatory."

Claude Caron's parents were horrified. The French Catholic church frowns on dancers, and despite the popularity of ballet in France, to the Caron family it was comparable with the devil himself. Leslie's mother flew to her aid. "We haven't much money," she pointed out. "We can't give Leslie the advantages of high society. Nothing would be so dull for her as a routine education and a routine office job. If she wants to live life, she is better off in the ballet." She smiled to herself and added, "In show business."

With her mother by her side, Leslie went on and upward like a balloon caught by the wind. The war was over and the liberation of France was complete. In the past years, the family had left Neuilly to go to the south of France for a year in 1939. They returned to live on the Left Bank during the war, sent the children to Cannes during the occupation, and now all were happily settled back in Paris near the Place d'Etoile. When Leslie was 15 she joined the Ballet des Champs Elysees and soon had a bit part all her own. Her first solo performance, a dance that left her alone on the stage for 30 seconds, was given on a night when the theater was crammed with celebrities and royalty. Leslie was dressed as a clown, her face covered by a mask, and during the first ten seconds she made what to a ballerina is a disastrous error. From a difficult step she landed in the wrong position—perhaps two degrees off. Says Leslie now, "I think to myself, I miss it. People are going to scream. I better walk out. But the music goes on and I think I better stay. Afterward people applaud like—how you say—like mad—and I think they *are* mad, perhaps. Or there is someone else on the stage. But no, it is for me. My mother, she comes backstage afterward and says 'You were very good, darling'. I do not understand. I have made a most awful meestake."

However unforgivable Leslie herself considered it, it didn't seem to matter to anyone else, for soon she was on tour and doing the same solo bit part before the King and Queen of Egypt. Lebanon followed, then Greece, where the company danced for the Queen. Because Leslie was the youngest of the troupe, she was chosen to present flowers to the Queen. The very thought petrified her. "There I am so very nervous, and here comes the Queen with her pretty children. She is very gracious and presents me the children. I do not know quite what to do so I bow" (rhymes with low) "and then the little prince extends me his hand. I am so very stupid and I bow again before I am sensible enough to take the child's hand."

That faux pas didn't seem to bother anyone but Leslie, either, and soon there was a special ballet written for her, "Oedipus and the Sphinx." It was during the Paris season following the tour that Gene Kelly attended the Ballet des Champs Elysees and was struck with Leslie's talent. He went backstage after the performance to congratulate her, but Leslie had gone home. She had known he was in the audience that night—it was common knowledge via the backstage grapevine—but had no thought that he would want to see her. It is doubtful she would have stayed even if she had known, for at this point Leslie's great success was the talk of all Paris and she was perpetually swamped with compliments, congratulations and the adoration of the public. She was only 16 and found the adulation too much to bear in comfort. Some people are so constructed that they can listen to praise from sunrise till sunset and lap it up with ease, but to Leslie it was as though she was being pushed and jostled with the unceasing acclaim. Even her family could talk of nothing else once she was home, and this included her father's family who, once Leslie's name appeared in the tiniest print on a programme, had turned completely human and considered the ballet the greatest thing that ever happened to France, and Leslie the greatest thing that ever happened to ballet. The plaudits kept pouring in, building up pressure, and Leslie wished desperately she could be just a plain human being once more, sitting in the tree house and listening to music.

HER negative reaction was possibly due to her health which, as her mother had prophesied, was breaking under the strain. There had been little to eat in France during the war, during those years when Leslie was growing so fast and needed nourishment. There had been little meat, milk or eggs and only squash had been fairly plentiful. But people can't grow healthy, or particularly happy for that matter, on a diet of squash, and Leslie developed anemia, which became more serious as she pursued her strenuous career. Of necessity she stopped working for a whole year, but never once in all that time did she even think of leaving the ballet. Back with the company she went on tour through Holland, Belgium and England, where a command appearance was made before the Queen and Princess Margaret Rose. For the latter performance Leslie was honored by having her act included in the chosen four out of the possible 20. She was as excited as anyone else, for the French people feel a close alliance with English royalty, and before the performance began Leslie was flat on the floor of the stage along with 39 other girls in the cast, lifting the heavy fringe at the bottom of the curtain in order to see the Queen and Princess in their box. Excitement got the better of them and they soon became so obvious that the Queen noticed the line of faces, whereupon she smiled and waved to them.

It was the high spot in Leslie's young life until the spring of 1950, when Gene Kelly again came to Paris to find a leading lady for *An American In Paris*. He wanted a girl who could dance, act and speak a bit of English, and like a homing pigeon he went straight to the Ballet des Champs Elysees.

First he interviewed Leslie at his hotel and gave her a scene to study, then arranged a screen test which was flown back to Hollywood. "Don't count on it," he told her. "These things take time. There is only a chance you'll be chosen."

Leslie went home with mixed reactions. She didn't want to leave the ballet. It was fun, traveling around the world with the troupe. But the doctor had said her health would not stand the strain of dancing year in and year out. Because of this she had given a thought to movies—French movies—and had even taken some tests, although, as yet, nothing had come of them. But there was America to consider, too. Ever since she'd been a little

girl it was always, "when we go to America—"

Weeks passed and Leslie almost forgot about it. Then, the day before a new show opened, Gene Kelly telephoned her. It was all set, he said. His studio was so enthusiastic that a contract had already been drawn up. "You'll have to pack right away," he said. "You'll leave in three days."

"So then," says Leslie, "I am so excited I jump on my head!" She went home to the family and they almost collapsed at the news. "But should I go?" Leslie wanted to know.

"Should you *go!*" they howled in unison. "*Of course!*"

There was frantic packing, and hurried farewells. Leslie said goodbye to her friends in the ballet, kissing them on the cheek three times as was the custom. It seemed no time at all before she and her mother boarded the plane, and they left France without even knowing if the French moviemakers had decided that Mademoiselle Caron was worthy of a contract. The plane's sleeping accommodations were wasted on Leslie. She sat by the window and looked until her eyes felt they were being pulled from their sockets. England, Ireland, Newfoundland, the soda fountain in Manhattan, a stop at Chicago, and they were on their last hop to Hollywood.

The day after she arrived in Hollywood, she was invited to Gene Kelly's home, where she met his family and many people with whom she would work. Leslie was terrified and stood in a corner as often as possible. It seemed people were staring at her "with beeg eyes" and momentarily she wanted to be back in France, where everyone was not a stranger. She had little time to be homesick, however, for the next day she was introduced to all the important men at MGM and, although her hands were clammy and her heart going like a pom-pom gun, she managed to read aloud from the English script they handed her.

Mrs. Caron returned to France, where she and Claude Caron sold their home and went back to the Virgin Islands to live. Aimery went on to Hollywood, to share an apartment with his sister. With Aimery near, plus the passage of time, Leslie learned there was nothing to fear in Hollywood, that its people were warm and friendly, and she began working with enthusiasm. For two months she rehearsed dances every day and studied English on the side. Today she has perfected the language to the point where she pronounces even Paris the way we do, rather than retain the French pronunciation. She explains this is necessary, for if she lets one French word or inflection slip into her conversation, she lapses entirely into her native tongue.

She turned 19 in July of 1950 and soon was dating men for the first time. She had had many admirers in France, but ballerinas are a very close group, seldom going with outsiders, so that at home she had had no opportunity for romance. And because it is not proper for young French girls to visit Paris night clubs or even sidewalk cafes, Hollywood's night clubs were the first thing of their kind that Leslie had seen. Aimery watched his sister emerging from her cocoon and teased her about it in the evenings when she was cooking their dinner. In Paris, Aimery's friends had formed a pool, with a case of wine going to the boy who would give Leslie her first kiss. The wine was never collected, and in America, George Hormel came along before Hollywood's bachelors had much time for beginning the wine-winning project.

They met briefly at a cocktail party and young George was immediately attracted to Leslie. She noticed him for only one reason. "He has one eyebrow, you know," she says. "Very funnee." We understand this to mean that George Hormel has all the eyebrows necessary to a human being, but that there is not the usual absence above the bridge of the nose.

Not long after their first meeting, Leslie was planning to have dinner with two other girls, one of whom had a date with Jimmy Hormel, George's brother. These two were going to see Ella Logan afterward at the Greek Theater, while Leslie and the other girl friend were to follow the dinner with a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. But that afternoon George happened to ask his brother about his plans and Jimmy told him he was meeting some friends for dinner. "Who'll be there?" George wanted to know.

"Among others," said Jimmy, "Leslie Caron. At least, for dinner."

"Who's she?" George wanted to know. "What a memory! You almost melted over her the other night at the cocktail party."

In the
april issue
modern screen's
exclusive color photos
take you inside
betty grable's home
with gorgeous
betty herself
on the cover
on sale
march 7

"*That* girl!" yelled George. "Wait for me!"

He went to dinner with them and talked the girls into accompanying the rest of them to the Greek Theater. By adroit maneuvering he managed to sit next to Leslie, and Miss Logan's talents that night were wasted on George. After the show they went to Ella Logan's home, where she was charmed by Leslie and asked for her phone number. And Leslie, throwing shyness to the winds, answered in clarion tones.

"Sure I say eet loud," she says now. "I think this Geordie is pretty cute. *Veree* cute, in fact."

George Hormel used his head as well as his ears and phoned Leslie for dinner the next day. He proposed to her, before the soup was served, in French.

"Geordie is veree funnee," she explains. "He proposes in French because he knows he has such a cute English accent. Geordie," she adds, "he is funnee all over."

Leslie replied that evening that Mr. Hormel must be out of his mind—that he hardly knew her. He knew very little, in fact, other than that he loved her. A week went by, during which they dined together every night, before he learned he had been wrong in thinking she worked as an extra in movies. At the end of that week he asked if she would fly with him to his family's home in Austin, Minnesota. The trip, the chance to see more of America, may have appealed in part to Leslie, but after seven dinner dates she was more than willing to spend time with George. His parents (his mother is French-born) found her captivating and she was equally impressed with them, but Leslie returned to Hollywood without a decision. Her mind was made up for her on September 22 when the studio handed her a script and told her she would begin work almost immediately on MGM's *Glory Alley* with Ralph Meeker. She was due to go to San Francisco on Monday for the opening of *An American In Paris*, then to Florida for a publicity matter, then to begin working on the new picture on her return to Hollywood. That afternoon she told George, realizing they couldn't possibly be married for three months.

"That makes it simple," said George. "Let's get married tonight."

THEY bought a wedding ring just before the stores closed and phoned an airline for reservations to Las Vegas. George phoned his two brothers, then Aimery. "What're you doing tonight?"

"You have a party, yes?" asked Aimery.

"Well, sort of," grinned George. His mother was visiting Hollywood at the time and when Leslie and George had rounded up Mrs. Hormel and the three brothers, everybody was hysterical. Particularly Aimery, who knew little about the romance and couldn't believe his kid sister was actually altar-bound.

They arrived in Las Vegas at four o'clock on Sunday morning, and everyone headed for the hotel except Leslie and George, who took off to get their license. Finding the bureau closed, they took a taxi to get breakfast, inviting the driver to join them. The license acquired, they made an appointment with a minister for six-thirty A.M., then went to collect the family. The ceremony, replete with organ music (Bach, requested by Leslie, granted) sent both the older and newer Mesdames Hormel into tears. George wired his father in Minnesota, "YOU HAVE JUST BECOME THE FATHER OF A HUNDRED AND TEN POUND GIRL," and Leslie wired her parents in the Virgin Islands that she had changed her name, and they all flew back to Hollywood, the newlyweds speechless with happiness.

After a harried honeymoon in San Francisco and Florida, and a visit to the Virgin Islands to see Leslie's parents, they settled down in a rented house in Laurel Canyon, filled with furniture, including a piano, from George's bachelor apartment. For George plays hot piano, and has temporarily resigned his job with the Hormel Company in order to study, and make jazz recordings.

Leslie appreciates his talent—she likes the rhythm and spontaneity of jazz—and often dances as he plays. Once in a while she'll spin a record of her own, and when George makes a face at Bach, Leslie smiles in a very grown up way and tells him that one day he will learn to love it, because it is a part of her.

She wants to return to Paris only to show her city to George. In the beginning she missed France but now she loves it here, loves the country and the people. And the American people love her. They are—how you say—enchanté.

THE END



Gary seems to have inherited the Crosby tendencies for careless attire—wears jeans and short beard on campus. Known as a "regular guy," he spends most of his time studying, hasn't enough leisure for heavy dating.



Joan Benny's another Stanford frosh with a famous father (Jack). She met Gary over cokes in a campus sweet shop, thinks he's "just terrific."



The Stanford campus absorbed freshman Crosby without a ripple. Gary went out for football, but failed to make the team. Competition is rugged.

HE MAY BE A FAMOUS SON BUT HE'S JUST ANOTHER FRESHMAN NOW—THAT'S O.K. WITH GARY

Gary Crosby of Stanford U.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ One afternoon several weeks ago, an attractive little co-ed was sipping a coke at The Cellar, a well-known snack bar on the campus at Stanford University.

As soon as she put the straw to her lips, a stocky, blond male with the regulation crew cut, flopped down beside her.

"Hi," he said quietly.

The co-ed, whose name happened to be Joan, turned and looked. She liked what she saw. "Hello," she answered.

The boy grinned. "You a freshman?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you?"

The crew cut nodded. "How do you like Stanford?"

The girl's eyes twinkled. "I think Stanford's just terrific . . . By the (*Continued on page 80*)

Cecil B. DeMille's Greatest!



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Screenplay by Fredric M. Frank, Barré Lyndon and Theodore St. John · Story by Fredric M. Frank, Theodore St. John and Frank Cavett

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

after shelley—what?

(*Continued from page 41*) Granger Girl Friends Club," saying that Gloria de Haven and Ann Blyth, among others, would be invited to join, he good-naturedly agreed that something ought to be done to curb his activities. Now that his pal Shelley ("I am lonesome, Vittorio") Winters has decided to stop marking time with him and turn to earnest romance with Signor Gassmann, he is wishing her all the best. And he is looking forward to an immediate future much like his immediate past, but between Farley and his bachelorhood there is already an understanding. There must be an eventual parting.

FARLEY has always said that he likes to travel and meet the people—girls especially. So in a sense he is looking. He admits it. "Somewhere, sometime, I should meet someone who will make me feel that I don't want to meet anyone else," he says. "That's in the book for me."

The girls he took en masse to that onion soup breakfast in Paris were members of the English chorus featured at the Club Lido on the Champs Elysees. For a bachelor the safety factor in girls is to go out with a quantity of them so that there is too much distraction to particularize. But Farley takes his risks, too. When he was in Rome with Shelley, and she was getting to know Vittorio, he was getting to know Helene, despite a formidable language barrier between them.

Helene Ramy is a fascinating French ballerina turned actress. She is a brunette, and a beauty, says Farley, "that a fellow should never write home about if his mother worries easily." Farley didn't write home about Helene, but he did take notes just in case.

They met at a sort of international dinner party. Farley and Shelley were the only Americans present. Helene, of course, is Paris-born. There was also an Italian actress and two Jugoslavian actors. Incidentally, they were eating in a Hungarian restaurant.

Despite the fact that Helene's knowledge of English is scant, and Farley's French and Italian practically non-existent, he not only managed to make a date with her but went walking in the park with her the next day and had a three-hour conversation! How this could be is best explained by Farley himself:

"We discussed art, movies, ourselves, romance, Hollywood, *bouillabaisse*, dramatic technique and the stupidity of people who know only their own tongue. How did we talk? Easy—we pantomimed. If we didn't know a word, and usually we didn't, we acted it out. Sometimes it would take ten minutes to present one complete sentence but at the end we not only understood each other but applauded our acting!"

Unfortunately Farley's initial success at communicating with Helene went to his head and the next day he unthinkingly called her on the telephone from his room at the Hotel Excelsior. As soon as he heard her say, "'Allo?" he knew he had pulled a boner. How can you perform pantomime over a telephone?

But Farley wasn't stumped! He rushed to the hallway outside his room and yelled for a bellboy. The one who came running turned out to be an Italian who could talk French all right—but not English! Yet he had to do. At least he could *see* Farley.

An hilarious three-way conversation followed which someday may even become part of a Granger movie. Farley acted out his words for the bellboy who spoke them to Helene. Her answers were acted out by the bellboy for Farley while Helene waited. But it worked and at the conclusion Farley and the boy congratulated each other for wonderful performances.

The call was about another date, of course. At the appointed time and place Farley was there, and within a reasonable time, Helene showed up. With one skillful wave of her hand she managed to signal, "Hello! How are you? I am sorry I am late" . . . and the acting started all over again.

WHEN Farley says he wants to see the girls he met on his last trip, most of his friends think he has Helene in mind. But he could mean others. He could mean Peggy Malie, who worked with him in *I Want You* in Hollywood, or Melissa Hayden, who dances with New York's City Center Ballet and was playing an English engagement in London when he was there, or maybe even Betty, Madge or Caron who dance at the Lido. And there is still another for whom his admiration is unbounded—Geraldine Brooks who deserted the movies for TV in New York. Farley was no sooner back in Hollywood than he announced plans to spend Christmas in New York, seeing as much of Geraldine as he could.

The time he spent with other girls in Europe was not time he denied Shelley, who joined him there, and whom he had promised to escort around. She was ill a good deal of the time.

In London, Farley was supposed to escort Shelley to the British Festival but didn't—again she was struck down by the same malady. At this point Peggy Malie unexpectedly walked in. She had been in Paris and had suddenly decided to cross the Channel. She didn't even take time to change the plaid coat and slacks she had on when the notion struck her.

An RKO starlet was handed one of Jane Russell's gowns and ordered to assume a cheesecake pose. She turned to the wardrobe woman and queried, "Haven't you got one for a beginner?"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

Shelley immediately suggested that Peggy accompany Farley to the expedition. But while there was to be no formality about the visit you still don't make personal appearances in London in slacks. Peggy simply rolled hers up above her knees so they were hidden by the coat and she and Farley were off. An hour later she again showed her resourcefulness when someone at the festival got the signals crossed and introduced the pair to the crowd as "Shelley Winters and Farley Granger."

Farley was for straightening out the mistake but Peggy pulled him back beside her. "Forget it," she whispered. "Don't make a fuss." And very sweetly she stood up and bowed her head (which is blonde) left and right. It went over fine and when they got back to Shelley they were able to tell her that she made a swell impression that night.

In every fellow's life there is at least one girl who gets him to thinking that she would make a very practical partner. In Farley's life that girl happens to be Melissa Hayden. Melissa likes to have fun but she also keeps a sharp eye on what's happening around her at all times. When she is with a mixed group of couples dining out, for instance, and the waiter brings the bill in one whopper of a check, everyone automatically waits for Melissa to do the accounting. She can mentally "tote" up just what each escort owes, in a flash, and be so exact that nobody would dream of arguing with her . . . not even the waiter if she happens to catch him in a bit of excessive additfon.

FARLEY thinks that one of the outstanding personalities he met in England was Dame Sybil Thorndike, who is in her eighties and was starring in *Waters Of The Moon*, a legitimate play which he went to see in London. Afterwards he literally sat at her feet as they talked about the theater.

"I am so glad you young people have come to see us," she said. "You are so fresh and animated in your ways."

But as she was talking Farley felt that she herself was showing more vitality and energy than even Shelley could. He told this to Shelley later and she promptly snapped, "But I've been sick!"

Farley's parting words to Dame Sybil Thorndike were: "I'll never know what you know about acting by the time I am your age."

"My dear boy," she replied, "by the time you're my age you can have learned everything."

When he told that to Shelley she said, "And you'll need every year of it!"

This is the bantering kind of relationship he's had with Shelley that he's going to miss. And Farley knows it. "I think it is easy enough to be attracted to someone, even to fall in love," he has said. "But it is not so easy to make a real friendship.

"You know," he added, in a lighter vein, "some fellows once told me, you are pretty mixed up when you think that the more girls you know the more you'll know about girls.

"Well, it's pleasant confusion. I wouldn't want to give it up just for the satisfaction of knowing that I am a clear-headed young man. A fellow can get awfully lonesome picking up technical honors like that."

Actually he is serious about meeting the one girl of his life. He thinks that she will more likely be of the theater than the screen although this is not an absolute requirement. He knows better than to set up qualifications on this sort of matter.

"It's just that the theater seems to absorb a person less completely and permits more time for general living," he says. "In movies each picture that you make takes all your time, a whole hunk of your life, until it is finished."

Yet Farley, when he got back to Hollywood, didn't take an apartment again but a house. And soon afterwards he entertained . . . a group of married couples. He seemed to be studying them and you might imagine that he was trying to visualize himself in the role of a husband. What conclusions he came to nobody knows, but something happened which was rather unfortunate since he is contemplating taking the ultimate plunge.

First he showed everyone around in a group and there were the usual comments. Later he would find himself alone with just one of the husbands or one of the wives. Invariably, he reports, their words were rather wistful. What one fellow said rather sums up what they all said:

"It's a nice place and it's pretty wonderful to have it all alone and do what you want to do. And imagine . . . being able to pick up any time and go where you want to and do what you like."

This set Farley thinking but he is old enough to figure out that it is normal for wedded folk, to look back nostalgically to what they recall as lost liberties of single blessedness. So he doesn't think this will scare him any. It might delay him a bit though.

"But that's all right," he says. "I wasn't in a hurry anyway."

THE END



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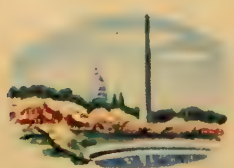
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GREYHOUND

SPRING— TIME FOR BEAU CATCHING CLOTHES

PIPER LAURIE TRIM AND TEMPTING HAS A DATE AT THE DERBY

Glamor-fare for daytime wear—McArthur's two-piece Lonsdale cotton cord frock (washable, sanforized and colorfast). The flaring ten-gore skirt flows over a rustling taffeta and crinoline petticoat by Eye-ful. Sheltering it all—a gay Storm Hero Slim-Jim sheath umbrella of acetate rayon. Wear Right gloves. *Dress:* Black and white or brown and white. Sizes: 10 to 18. About $17. *Petticoat:* about $6. *Umbrella:* about $6. Assortment of colors and plaids.

Piper Laurie, is appearing in *Has Anybody Seen My Gal,* a Universal-International picture. *Photographed at the Brown Derby.*

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

In This Issue:
Gloves—Wear Right
Jewelry—Coro
Petticoats—Eye-ful
Shoes—Capezio


The
modern
screen
fashions
in hollywood

modern screen fashions in hollywood



GADABOUTS FOR

News for a rainy day! Peggy Castle, now appearing in Columbia's *Harem Girl,* is ready for rain in a full, flared raincape with detachable hood. Made of latex-backed nylon—this cape will wear without tear indefinitely. It comes packaged in a matching envelope pouch—all weighing less than 16 ounces. The colors: red, black, kelly green, beige, powder blue, gold, brown, grey and tangerine. Sizes: small, medium and large. About $25.00. "Featherrain" by Duchess Royal.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.





TOWN & COUNTRY

Alice Kelly, appearing in Universal-International's *Francis Goes To West Point,* wears Toni Owen's novel bandana fabric ensemble cleverly designed for patio parties, beach—for casual town dates! The blouse with little cap sleeves has a convertible collar—the skirt, a soft waistband and deep cuffed side pockets. Red and white only. Sizes: 10 to 16. Blouse about $7. Skirt about $12. The clever Capezio shoes are of the bandana fabric (made to order).

Peggie Castle chooses a peach of a suit that can be worn glamorously and consistently all through Spring. Checked—and of 100% worsted yarn—the short jacket has a notched collar and cuffed patch pockets (with button trim—the skirt has six gores). The jacket has interfacing of Armo hair canvas for perfect shape-retention. Sizes: 10 to 16. Colors: bright navy and white, grey and white or gold and grey. About $50. A Bardley suit by Finger & Rabiner. Hat by Rex of Beverly Hills. Wear Right gloves—Capezio shoes.

SEPARATES— STRICTLY GLAMOR

Popcoat—the biggest little news in top fashion for Spring—is worn by Patrice Wymore, appearing in Warners' *I'll See You In My Dreams.* Wonderful, wrappy, new—pop this coat over everything. Wear it, with the hood up or down in city or country, day or night, North or South—with full skirts or slim! Patrice wears it with a full sunburst pleated skirt of faille. Textured 100% wool in powder blue, pink, gold or white. Sizes: 8 to 16. About $50. Designed by Bob Fields of Goldberg-Weissman.

modern screen fashions in hollywood



On the right, quilted "get-togethers"—party-looking and gay—are worn by Colleen Miller, RKO starlet, appearing in *Las Vegas Story.* The fabulous fabric is luxurious rayon taffeta in iridescent muted stripes, quilted to make it one of the season's "standouts." The full-circle skirt billows over a starched fishnet petticoat. The strapless bodice has a pert little peplum. Colors: quilted iridescent striped rayon taffeta with red and gold stripes or red and navy stripes predominating. Also quilted rayon taffeta in solid black, turquoise, red or navy. Sizes: 9 to 15. Camisole top, about $6. Circle skirt, about $11. By Ilene Ricky. Colleen accents her separates costume with Coro's golden chain necklace, earrings and bracelets.





On the left, Linda Douglas, RKO starlet, soon to be seen in *Marshal Of The Pecos* models a gem of a separates outfit! The 100% knitted wool sleeveless top will also match up smartly with your suit, shorts or slacks. This top is natural foil for Coro's large rhinestone shoulder pin—matching earrings and bracelets. The skirt of unpressed pleats is made of Bates cotton bedspread fabric. Linda wears her own velvet belt for added dash. Blouse: navy, black or white. About $10. Skirt: natural beige only. About $20. Both come in sizes: 10 to 16. By Toni Owen.

Photographed in the Sun Lounge, Beverly Hills Hotel, Beverly Hills, California.

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gary crosby of stanford u.

(*Continued from page 70*) way, my name's Joan. Joan Benny."

The boy looked surprised. "Are you Jack Benny's daughter?" he asked.

"The very one," Joan smiled.

"I heard you were on the campus," the husky freshman said. "My name's Gary Crosby."

They shook hands heartily as if they hadn't just met, but were old friends long-separated.

"What're you studying, Gary? Mostly football?"

"I'm out for the jayvees," young Crosby admitted, "but I'm taking a kind of business-eco course."

"So am I," Joan Benny said.

She told him she was living at Rable, and he told her he was at Toyan, then Joan stood up. "I've got a class, Gary," she said. "It sure was nice meeting you."

Gary smiled, "The pleasure was all mine."

That afternoon, Gary was boning up on his biology when his three roommates, Bob Hammond of Walla Walla, Wash., Ed Barr of San Diego and Don Wells of Oakland, straggled into room 245 of Toyan Hall.

"Who was that chick I saw you talking to?" one of Gary's roommates asked.

"That was Jack Benny's daughter," Gary admitted. "Not bad, eh?"

"Not bad at all," the roomie agreed. "Why don't you ask her to the Freshman Dance?"

Gary thought for a minute. "She probably has a date already."

Over at Roble Hall, the girls' dormitory, a similar conversation was in progress.

"I met Gary Crosby today," Joan Benny reported to her roommate, a pretty brunete whose real name happens to be Judy Garland. (Not the Judy Garland of motion picture fame whose real name happens to be Frances Gumm.)

"What's he like?" Judy asked.

"He's very nice," Joan began. "Not at all what I expected. I mean I thought he'd be shy, but he spoke right up. He has a terrific personality, and he's out for the football team, and he's really quite. . . ." The telephone buzzer interrupted Joan's conversation and she ran to pick up the receiver. "There's an overseas telephone call for you, Joan."

Joan Benny's 17-year-old heart did a somersault. She knew who was calling from Germany all right. It was Vic Damone, who'd been drafted into the Army and had spent his last furlough at her house.

Talking about the trans-Atlantic call later, Joan said, "It was Vic, and he wanted me to know that he was starting on a tour of Germany with some other soldiers. I guess to entertain the troops. He's a real sweet guy. We write to each other. But it's nothing serious . . . really."

"Since Damone is in Germany," Joan was asked, "and there's nothing serious between you two, what do you think of Gary Crosby?"

"I think he's just terrific," Joan admitted.

This, however, is not the general campus opinion concerning 18-year-old Gary Crosby.

At Stanford, Gary's considered just another freshman, and no one seems impressed by the fact that his father is famous. This suits young Crosby fine, because it would be embarrassing for him to be singled out as a chip off the old Bing or as the kid whose records have sold more than a million copies.

When Gary arrived on the campus and then right away (*Continued on page 82*)

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reported for football practice, a couple of sports photographers from San Francisco asked him to pose for some pictures. "Give me a break," Gary said. "You don't want my picture. I haven't done anything to deserve it."

In contrast to the actions of other famous mens' sons, this was a refreshing attitude. Almost at once, Gary was accepted by the other fellows on the squad as a regular guy.

"He didn't make the team," one of the coaches points out, "but he sure worked hard. We had him holding tackling dummies and scrimmaging with the varsity. He was a pretty fair sort of line-backer in in prep school, but this is the big time up here, and the kid just didn't have enough of what it takes. You can never tell, though. Next year he's liable to be a world-beater. What we like most about him is his spirit. He has a lot of fight and a lot of humility, too. In a freshman, that's a good combination."

Gary has reached that point in life where athletics count the most with him and girls the least.

"I like girls," he says, "and I've seen Joan Benny a couple of times, but I just haven't got the time for dating. This is no snap school, you know. I'm carrying a pretty full load, and I've got to keep my grades up. Besides, my Dad keeps phoning three or four times a week. He calls from San Francisco or Pebble Peach or Tahoe, and if I'm not around, he wants to know why.

"During the football season I didn't have a single date—on the level. Dad gave me a 1951 Mercury hardtop and on weekends, I drive over to San Jose and see my brothers. The twins are at Bellarmine, you know. They play football, too."

Bing has always believed in keeping a strong hand on his boys, and in Gary's case, he's been especially vigilant.

Gary's recordings of "Play A Simple Melody" and "Sam's Song" have passed the million mark. More than a hundred requests have been received at the Crosby office for permission to start a Gary Crosby Fan Club, and the youngster has been offered, via his father, fabulous sums for radio and TV appearances. He's also been written up in several national magazines, and Bing has been justifiably worried lest all this go to the youngster's head.

"You let a kid know he's making a little stir in the world," Bing says, "and he can become insufferable overnight. It's a good idea to sit on Gary for a while."

Not that Gary needs it. Another Stanford freshman, who lives at Toyan Hall, speaks for the rest of the boys when he says, "Crosby seems to be a pretty good egg. He doesn't throw his weight around, and we've yet to hear him mention his old man once. He dresses sloppily just like everyone else——denims and sportshirt—and he doesn't talk about Hollywood or the entertainment business at all.

Bob Hammond, one of Gary's roommates, says, "We do so much studying around here that we don't have time for cleaning. Besides, with four guys constantly coming and going, it's hopeless. Crosby's just about as clean as any other. He's easy to room with, never gives any trouble.

"Does he play the trombone? Not that I've seen. He used to play it, I understand, when he was a kid in grade school. But the only thing I've seen him play up here is football. Wait a minute! Last week, his old man sent him a guitar. Told him to start practicing in his spare time.

"Gosh! His old man is strict. I mean he calls Gary practically every night. Really keeps close tabs on the guy. Even if Gary wanted to play around which he doesn't, he wouldn't have much chance. That Bing is a regular old eagle-eye."

Gary, however, is more charitable where his father is concerned. "Dad," he says, "is a pretty nice guy. Just doesn't want me to step out of line."

A review of Gary's educational history reveals he's caused his parents surprisingly little trouble. Bing enrolled him at St. John's Military Academy in Los Angeles when he was a cocky 11, whereupon Gary announced that he was Bing Crosby's son. "You don't have to brag about it," a classmate told him one day. "We know who your father is. So what?"

After that, Gary never again mentioned his Dad in school.

Major Bill Warner and Major John Scanlon, instructors at St. John's, recall Gary as a lad who was always in and out of trouble, but none of it very serious. "He always seemed to have a good excuse," Scanlon says. "For example, if his shoes weren't shined, and he'd been given a detention, he'd bring along a witness to testify that originally his shoes had been shined but that the wind had been blowing very hard and had covered them with dust. He was a lieutenant at one point, I believe, but I think we had to bust him down to private."

Major Warner who coached the football team at St. John's, says, "He developed into a pretty good football player near the end, but we remember him here as a great guardhouse lawyer. That Gary could talk himself out of anything. Persuasive?

John Wayne regards anything but loafing clothes unnecessary torture. Last year when he took off for England, he thought he might need a new suit in formal London, so he called up his tailor. "How's that suit coming along I ordered a few weeks ago?" he inquired.

"Mr. Wayne," he was told, "it wasn't a few weeks ago. It was three years ago. I thought you didn't want it so I sold it."

Kirtley Baskette

He was more than that. We've had all four Crosbys here, and I think Lindsay, the youngest, is probably the sharpest. The twins, Phil and Dennis, are wonderful athletes. But Gary has them all beat when it comes to eloquence. Real good at the blarney, that one."

The twins have caused much more trouble at school than Gary ever has. And family intimates predict that when those two go off to college, Bing will look back upon Gary as a comparative angel.

Physically, Gary resembles his mother more than his Dad, but there is little doubt that he inherited his voice from Bing. Over the phone he sounds very much like him, which pleases Gary no end. He also seems to have developed his father's easy way with a tune. "I've been around singing all my life," he says modestly. "I guess it just comes natural."

Gary never knows when he's going to cut a record with his father or appear on Bing's radio show. It's always during school vacation since Dixie will permit nothing to interfere with her brood's education.

"I'll go down to a rehearsal with Dad," Gary explains, "and the next thing you know we're singing together and cutting a record."

Last Summer just before the Crosby clan took off for Elko where Bing owns the Quarter Circle S ranch, Gary was told he could accompany his father to a recording rehearsal. At the rehearsal, Dave Kapp formerly with Decca, talked Bing into doing two sides with Gary. The record was made in 90 minutes flat, and the Crosby's took off for Nevada.

En route, Gary turned to Bing and said, "How much do you think I'll make from that record?"

"Maybe a few hundred," Bing said. "But only if the public likes it."

To date, Gary Crosby's recordings have earned him a cool $25,000. Gary himself, however, hasn't seen a cent of the money. It's being held in trust for him by Jack O'Melveny, the Crosby lawyer who oversees the basic $200,000 trust fund which Bing and Dixie have given each son.

Gary claims he doesn't need very much money. "I hardly get into town," he says. "Biggest expense outside of tuition, food, and stuff like that, is my car."

Eventually, he may join a fraternity—several houses have shown an unofficial interest in him—but right now, fraternities interest him far less than football.

He very much wants to make the varsity one day and to maintain high academic standards. Bing thinks the second ambition much more valuable, and never fails to impress on Gary that he was sent to college primarily to study.

"If Gary loved books as much as he loved sports," Bing has said on occasion, "He'd wind up a great scholar. Gary's the most serious athlete we have in the family."

Last year he dislocated his shoulder, so vicious was his football tackling, and the Summer before, he refused to talk to his Dad for two days because Bing clowned around while they were playing baseball up at Spokane. "If you want to goof around," Gary yelled at der Bingle, "I'll goof around, but I came out here to play ball."

Off the playing field, Gary is modest almost to the point of retiring. In contrast to his days at St. John's, he doesn't talk very much, and if he pulls a boner, he's the first to acknowledge it.

Gary has been identified with Bing so much that most people forget it was Dixie Crosby who brought him up—and beautifully, too. Dixie imbued him with a good sense of values and the fact that he is regarded as a well-bred, regular, modest young man is a tribute to her maternal ability.

This past summer, just before Gary entered Stanford, he underwent an operation for a shoulder injury. After the operation Dixie took him to Lake Tahoe for a vacation.

"I had more fun with my mom up at Tahoe last summer than I've had in some time," Gary recently told a reporter.

Gary doesn't particularly like the Crosby ranch at Elko since it usually means hard work. Bing pays all his boys cowhand salaries, and the standard rule is: no work, no cash. Two years ago, Gary was given the job of creosoting some fence posts. He fell asleep on the job and some of the ranch posts caught fire. Bing deducted the damage from Gary's pay, and Gary hasn't forgotten it yet.

Like most college freshmen in this troubled world, he feels that sooner or later he will wind up in the armed forces. Until such time however, he plans to keep working and playing. "I'm taking business administration," he says, "but I may end up coaching or even fooling around in show business. My dad and mom don't care just so long as I choose something respectable. They've always wanted me to be happy."

Right now, he's trying to summon up enough courage to phone a certain freshman over at Roble Hall. Her name is Joan Benny, and he strongly hopes that the two of them may have a little more in common than famous fathers.

THE END

a life of her own

(*Continued from page 61*) rather good things of their own; as for me, I painted or listened. These little sessions sometimes lasted until three in the morning and Mom used to get a little unhappy with her eldest daughter."

There were other things that made "Mom" unhappy with her eldest and only daughter. A couple of years before, when Jane was just a skinny, bossy sophomore at Van Nuys High School there was a football hero senior who used to have a curious effect on her. Every time he came near her, as she has said, ". . . . the hair on the back of my head would stand up straight and I'd spit some endearing thing at him like, 'Oh, yeah?'"

Bob Waterfield went on to U.C.L.A. to play on the varsity team and Jane became a senior herself at Van Nuys at which time she wasn't so spindly any more. Her bathing suit felt right at home on her and Bob apparently decided that her sharp manner was perhaps just a cover-up for an eager heart. He came over to her on the beach, that first time, and was so nice to her that she was thrown completely off her guard. Before she knew it she wasn't nipping at him any more! That night she sneaked out of her home for the first time in her life. She and Bob had made a date to meet on the beach again. She wrote her mother a note and said that "the guy way back in my diary" had asked her to go out and that school night or no school night she just had to go.

But there were church nights, too, which he was to cause her to pass up. These were the Sunday evenings when Jane and her mom and her four younger brothers would go to a little church in Sherman Oaks. Bob, now dating her every night he could get away, would know where they were and drive up outside, purposely racing the motor of his cut-down roadster. With each acceleration the deep, unmuffled bark of the exhaust would carry to the ears of the congregation inside, particularly to Jane. Her dark head would drop and she would shift about in her seat uneasily. Her brothers would grin maliciously, and her mother would sit up, disapprovingly rigid.

Sometimes Jane would try to resist temptation, but there were other times, too, times when she had been arguing with her mother about life and about God, and was in a resentful mood. One night, as she heard Bob outside, she turned to her mother and asked, "How long must I continue this farce?"

Her mother, instinctively knowing that she was contending with a spirit as strong as her own, and indeed derived from herself, looked straight ahead as she answered, "You don't have to continue it. I will never ask you to come to church again if you think it is a farce."

Jane sat in silence for a few minutes. Then she got up and walked swiftly to the door. The minister was still talking as she disappeared outside. A moment later, a last spurt of noise came from the car, a thunderous blast that seemed to symbolize the defiance of youth as Jane and Bob sped away . . .

Sped away where? Jane didn't know. She was always speeding away from the "as is" to the "as should be." She was always being pushed by motivations she couldn't understand . . . to break loose from traces that seemed to chafe and bind.

"I don't remember just how," she has said, "but around this time, with the arts and the different viewpoints I came across, atheism crept in. I guess I figured that all the people we were reading, who had gained world-wide recognition, just couldn't be wrong, and that Mom was a little old-fashioned and that the thought of God and Jesus comforted her. But if a person were to be really honest with herself and face facts, she'd plainly see that she could shape her life the way she wanted to. Just be honest . . . that's all."

It wasn't then that she left her home, however. She was still seeking another way. After her graduation she went to visit her grandfather on a lake in the Canadian Rockies. Every afternoon she would row to the middle of the lake and sit there for hours, content just to be there. But her grandfather couldn't understand it. He wanted to take her sightseeing and fishing. Once he told her that he was a little worried about her lack of interest in her future. She could think of no future—except that she must make one for herself, and that before she could begin she must not be treated as a child. She returned to the San Fernando Valley and she talked to her mother.

"We are not a mother and her little girl anymore," she said. "I am a person and you are a person. I must be recognized as such."

Behind these words were many things. She felt restraint, she felt the weight of parental pressure at a time when she herself could not tell which way to turn and wished only to wait and see.

Her mother had repeatedly said that after her children finished high school, the boys were to go to college and Jane to a finishing school. Jane had never had sensational report cards, "except, maybe, that they were sensationally bad." She could always get A's in art, music, and drama, but English was one great big blur. Chemistry, the boys in the class did for her; when she finally passed this subject it was because she faithfully promised never to take it again. Mathematics was just an added hour of drawing as far as she was concerned. She didn't want to go to any finishing school.

And it was then, when her mother said that she was not yet grown up enough to run her own life . . . that Jane left her home.

Her mother knew where she was, yet made no effort to bring her back. Not directly. But she recalls that she prayed like this: "Lord, listen to me. You have been a husband to the husbandless and a father to the fatherless. See over this child, that the harum-scarum not use her for their glory."

With patience she waited for Jane to return. "I was certain she would," she says. "She was not a sinner. She was a girl with strong convictions. She felt she must save herself as an individual even at the risk of losing herself as one of the family."

And those who knew Jane then found it difficult to condemn her for anything but humanness—the kind of human Jane Russell happened to be. And today, hiding nothing about herself, she will tell you she stands before her God, not as an innocent but as a true penitent.

Jane racked her brain with questions while she was away from home. She wrote her thoughts down. "Why was I born?" she wrote. "Was it an accident? What is my purpose or obligation to life . . . to be a good kid and help the world be a better place to live?"

She would balance a joyful event in her own life against a tragic event in the life of someone else. She would think of how she felt in Canada when at last she made up her mind to return home and knew that Bob would be waiting for her. She wasn't allowing herself to think of marriage, yet she wrote then: "The quarterback looked mighty good to me and he even threw his arms around me right on the platform so I knew he was glad to see me, too."

The same girl would also write to herself, "The suffering in India and China makes me want to weep. Ignore it? Enjoy life? Live it to the hilt? Make things happy for the good by being strong-minded and optimistic? Maybe, but I'd get awfully tired trying and I'd have to wear blinders and never look to the right or left—never look at the guy selling pencils. And then what? Then you die—they dig a hole for you and time marches on. No thanks. That thought alone depresses me so much they can dig the hole right now."

Even at the age of 18, she was deeply concerned about all of life. She didn't give voice to it aloud because she hated, more than anything else, the curse of affection. She is uncomfortable today with people who are professionally religious in their attitude. Not long ago she went to an army hospital with a group of church workers who were insistently pious, even to the way they sat, or talked, or held their hands in folded piety. She was so uncomfortable that she notified the leader of the delegation that she simply could not go with them again. At the hospital, as a matter of fact, she spent most of her time in the company of a rough-talking soldier who was emphatic in his rejection of their message of salvation. He offended the other members of the delegation, but Jane thought he was exactly the man they should persevere with. Before the session was over she and the soldier had gone deeply into religion, and if his redemption was not obtained at least his interest in her words was sincere.

This was the sort of girl who had struck out for herself, and these were the thoughts that were crowding her mind. It isn't any wonder that she descended into sickness, both physical and mental. In addition to the worries of the future which surged through her mind, there was the pull of the ties she had broken—her brothers, her mother—and the memory of her father.

She would think of her brothers in a motherly way—the intense yet shy Tom, Kennie so bold and optimistic, Jamie always abrupt but impulsively affectionate as well, and Wally who was even then

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LET'S DANCE

One Sunday soon after they'd started to build our house, when just the framing was up, we took a portable radio along and sat on the living room floor like a couple of idiots, listening to record programs. Pat kept turning the knob for "Baby, It's Cold Outside," which was new enough so I'd never heard it. Finally he found it.

"Come on," he said, "let's dance."

"Oh Patrick! People'll see us."

"So they'll see us. We've been living in that blasted apartment, walking on eggs. Every time we breathe, somebody downstairs smacks the ceiling with a broomstick. You're in your own house now. If you can't dance in your own house, where can you dance?"

"Pat, we'll look too silly—"

He reached over and grabbed me, and away we whirled. Next thing we knew, two cars were stopped outside, with people staring—doubtless wondering whether to call the riot squad for a couple of straitjackets. But by that time I didn't care. We went right on dancing.—Mona Freeman.

showing signs of the sophisticated air which was to come to him later. She thought of them mother-wise because she had been in charge of them for so long—all through the illness which weakened her father. And no family was ever closer than they were when, just a few days after a "successful" operation, her father suddenly died. Everyone but her mother had gone to pieces. All the things which had to be attended to, her mother handled. Never did anyone ever see her cry—not until a Sunday morning sometime afterwards when they all went to church and the choir sang a beautiful hymn. The congregation was standing, and her mother just crumpled to her seat and buried her face in her hands. The music now became a background for her sobbing. Yet there was nothing to do but wait. And when she finally stopped and got up, she looked, Jane remembered, as if she had had a good cry on somebody's shoulder. Jane thought she had.

Jane's illness marked the end of her "runaway." She returned home and was not only welcomed, but, as she will always recall gratefully, she was welcomed without any fuss. And it was there, lying in bed at home, looking out at her mother's beautiful garden and up at her towering Eucalyptus trees, that Jane found the Someone she had to find before she could find herself.

She was no longer unsure. When less than two years later, in 1941, her career as an actress began she was ready for it, and as a person who knew her way she moved with sure footing. Not long after this when Bob enlisted she sensed immediately what her role should be in real life. They were married, and though she was beginning to be a name in Hollywood she was even happier to ask for leave from the studio and become just another one of the nation's thousands of army wives.

This was the strength of self and of self-knowledge she got from that Someone she found—about whom she has written: "There was no chance of mistaken identification. *He . . .* was God." THE END

(*Jane Russell can be seen in RKO's* Macao—*The Ed.*)

lana's latin lover

(*Continued from page 39*) Lamas and Lana are supposedly very much taken with each other. Fernando seems to be helping her forget about Bob Topping, and Lana is helping Fernando forget about the estranged wife he left behind in Argentina.

It's a cozy romance which began last November quite by accident. . . .

Curt Bernhardt, director of *The Merry Widow,* had signaled the sound man to play a Strauss waltz. He had also ordered Lamas to take Lana in his arms and begin to dance. Fernando executed the orders, but a little too ardently.

"Cut!" Bernhardt called. "Let's do it again. Only this time, Fernando, take it easy."

Fernando grinned, "I'm sorry," he said. He turned to Lana. "I'm really very sorry."

Lana laughed, "Think nothing of it."

So they did the scene again, Fernando behaving like a perfect gentleman, and it was a "take." Bernhardt called a break for lunch and Lana ambled off to her dressing room where two of her friends were waiting.

"Did you catch it?" she asked them.

"What?" one of her friends asked.

"That last scene," Lana said. "The Bull of the Pampas just let himself go. I guess that's the way he treats the girls in Argentine."

The treatment seemed to please Lana who realized now that Fernando was finding her increasingly fascinating. And ever since Bob Topping walked out on her and began to see a lot of June Horne, Jackie Cooper's ex-wife, Lana's ego has been in need of bolstering.

They say that nothing is better for a girl's morale than a romantic Latin lover—and that certainly is what Fernando Lamas is.

He and Lana have been going everywhere together—previews, nightclubs, private parties. Jaded Hollywood skeptics consider the romance studio-inspired, a publicity buildup for Lamas, but seeing these two in action makes you doubt it. Knowing their backgrounds convinces you that it isn't need of publicity, but need of each other that has drawn them together.

Lana fears loneliness, and Fernando fears failure.

FERNANDO LAMAS is in his early thirties. He was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and was orphaned at the age of five. He was raised by his grandparents and had his first taste of fame when he won the South American free style swimming championship in 1937. After that, he was given a job on radio and eventually got on the stage.

He made 20 films in Buenos Aires before he was brought to Hollywood to complete the Spanish version of a Republic picture. The executives at Republic didn't think too much of his talent; and in view of the fact that he could hardly speak English, he wasn't offered a contract.

His agent, though, knew that L. B. Mayer had a soft spot for singers (in any language) and took him over to MGM. Lamas sang, and Mayer reacted. Although Fernando didn't know what Mayer was talking about, he did understand about signing a contract.

"My first year in Hollywood," Fernando says, "I spent most of my time learning the language, taking lessons, singing at benefits, things like that."

When the studio felt that Fernando was intelligible, he was given a leading role opposite Jane Powell in *Rich, Young And Pretty.* Then he was cast in *The Law And The Lady* with Greer Garson. A few months ago he was advanced enough to warrant co-starring with Lana in *The Merry Widow.*

Fernando has been advised to say nothing about his wife or his South American love-life, and he sticks to this admonition.

However, he does admit having a wife and since she and he are Catholic, a divorce may be out of the question.

Fernando doesn't say much about Lana, either. He sums up the way he feels like this: "most beautiful, talented, and charming woman I have ever met. I think she's wonderful, and I'm very fond of her." All of which is nice but not very informative.

Come right out and ask him: "Are you in love with Miss Turner?" and he says, "But we are still both married."

Lana is much more secure in her fame and much more outspoken. "The Bull of the Pampas is a very nice guy," she says, "and a very good escort. But let me get over the last case of love before I start looking for more trouble. It's enough to say that Fernando and I are just going out for a little companionship."

Lana's friends say that she cares very deeply for a mysterious man at the studio who sends one yellow rose to her dressing room each morning. With the rose comes a card that bears the romantic greeting, "Good morning, Lana!"

Some people say the rose comes from Lamas. Others say it's from Curt Bernhardt. Lana herself refuses to reveal the rose-sender's identity.

Whatever romance there is for her in Hollywood, Lana seems more determined than ever to get away from the west coast.

"In 1952," she's said, "I want to spend a lot of time abroad. I want to go all over Europe. I've got to get out of this town. I was in Europe on my honeymoon, but I wasn't feeling very well, and I didn't have too good a time. Now, I really want to see the place and enjoy myself."

Actually at this point, Lana is the victim of mixed emotions. She's confused and doesn't know quite what to do at this point.

She thinks that getting away from Hollywood will take her away from her problems, but they lie within herself, and will go with her everywhere until she herself, changes.

Lana wants quite frankly to play the field, to date many men and fall in love with none. But in Lana's case this is almost impossible. If she goes out with the same man three or four times, she falls in love with him. That's why so many columnists insist that she has fallen for Fernando Lamas, the man for whom she bounced Cy Howard.

But Lamas looks like a dead end. Religion is the stumbling block.

Thus by going out with Lamas, Lana runs the risk of loving a man who can't control his own marital destiny, a situation that may bring her only heartache.

Lana has the uncanny faculty of falling in love with those gentlemen who can hurt her the most. There is no actress who has suffered more in her search for love. When Lana gives her friendship, she gives it wholeheartedly, she can't help herself. Because she is aware of her impetuous nature, she has tried to make it legally impossible for herself to marry again quickly. Instead of having her lawyers draw up divorce papers she announced that she wanted a legal separation from Topping. "I want some time," she said, "to take it easy, to think things out. Europe would be a good spot. I'd get away from all these hassels and pressures."

With Lamas as her escort she's safe in one respect: He can't talk in terms of marriage.

But what about love and happiness and career—the three most vital factors in Lana's life after the welfare of her daughter, Cheryl?

Lana's career has been foundering ever since 1948. She needs a good picture—maybe *The Merry Widow* is it. If it isn't, Lana will probably leave MGM. She has been stalling about signing a new contract until the film is released.

It may be that some wealthy lover will come along and marry her. Then Lana would probably give up her career in a jiffy. In her mind, marriage and children have always been more important than film fame, even though three husbands have brought her none of the domestic tranquillity she values so highly.

Maybe some dashing, foreign Romeo will do the trick. It may be Fernando Lamas and it may be someone else. But until she finds the right man, Lana Turner is marking time.

She may mark time for a week or two, but in the months to come when the reports of her European jaunt start filtering back, Lana will not be mentioned alone.

Somehow, wherever Lana Turner is—men of all nationalities appear in droves. Her magnetism, apparently, is universal.

THE END

life with lanza

(*Continued from page 65*) so, Mario?"

"When I sit with you I feel wonderful . . ." he said.

Then he reached across the table and took her hand. "I love you, Betty. I love you very much."

"I love you, Mario."

"Then we're officially engaged," he announced, triumphantly. And that was all they needed to be promised to each other. No ring, no formal printed announcement, just three little words.

If you travel in movie circles nowadays, you can hear many jealous females comment on how Betty snared Lanza because she knew he was a gold mine.

There isn't a word of truth in that.

"I never really heard Mario sing," Betty says, "that is, listened to his voice attentively, until we were on our honeymoon. Once before, he'd sung at a party, but it was too noisy and I was too excited to pay much attention.

"I would've married him if he'd been a ditch-digger. I married him for his love. Everything else, his voice, his career, his success—all that has been an unexpected surprise. In my eyes Mario doesn't have to sing to be great."

BETTY thought Mario was great the first time she ever met him. That was during the war. She had come out from Chicago to Los Angeles to stay with her sister-in-law. Her brother Bert, who'd worked at 20th Century-Fox, had been drafted and his wife and child were lonely living alone.

Betty wasn't in Los Angeles very long before she decided to take a job with Douglas Aircraft. It was not only the patriotic thing to do, but the salary was pretty good.

In Los Angeles, Betty took some snapshots of his family and sent them to Pvt. Bert Hicks who luckily had been chosen for a small part in the Air Forces show, *Winged Victory*.

Pvt. Bert Hicks showed some of the snapshots to his buddy, Pvt. Mario Lanza.

Lanza pointed to the girl in one of the photos and being the kind of impetuous, forthright fellow he is, said, "Say, that wife of yours is really built."

Hicks grinned. "That's not my wife, that's my sister."

"Married?" Lanza asked.

Bert shook his head. "Not yet."

"When we hit L. A.," Lanza began, "I think that you should . . ."

Bert Hicks felt that he should, too; so just as soon as the *Winged Victory* troupe landed in Hollywood, he took Mario Lanza home with him.

"Betty was wearing red slacks and one of those blouses that come down off the shoulder. I looked at her," Mario says, "and I'm telling you, it was really something. We sat down to dinner and her mother was there and I couldn't keep my eyes off her—off Betty, that is. But every now and then, I'd turn to her mother and say, 'Mom, tell Betty to stop staring at me.'"

Betty says, "I guess maybe I did stare at him. But then, Mario isn't the kind of fellow you just look at and forget. He seems to vibrate all over. The first night Bert brought him home, I said to myself, 'Betty, this guy is something special.'"

Not long after, Mario tossed a party at Roméo's in celebration of Bert's birthday. The Army had just paid Mario, so he took his month's salary, pressed it into Roméo's palm and said, "Amigo, for this party the works—cake, champagne, everything."

It was a wonderful, memorable wartime birthday party, and of course, Mario's date was Betty Hicks. After the party they drove downtown and listened to a visiting opera company present *Faust*. The music did something to Roméo, who had accompanied the party to the opera.

"Listen," he said, "the celebration hasn't lasted long enough. Bert is soon going overseas. The night is still young. I go back and open the restaurant again, and the party continues."

So back went the party. Champagne flowed again. The opera records were restacked on the turntable, and the music began anew. As the record of Enrico Caruso singing *Vesti la Giubba* came on, Mario suddenly broke out in song. He sang along with the world's greatest tenor and when he finished, his buddies were slapping his back, Roméo was kissing his cheek, and somehow Betty Hicks was in his arms. "I don't know," Mario says, "my arms seemed to belong around her. I held her and kissed her and the sensation was wonderful and in my heart I knew what was happening to Mario Lanza."

The next time he and Betty visited Roméo's, they became engaged. He was 23, and she was 22. They decided to keep the engagement a hush-hush affair until the war was over. "Then," Mario promised, "we'll have a nice church ceremony."

Mario and Betty Lanza are both Catholic, but their first marriage was a civil ceremony in the Beverly Hills court of Judge Charles J. Griffin. The date: Friday, April 13th, 1945. The witnesses: Betty's sister-in-law, Harriet Hicks, and Mario's pal, Al Gordon.

Mario was broke at the time of the marriage so that all he could pay for a

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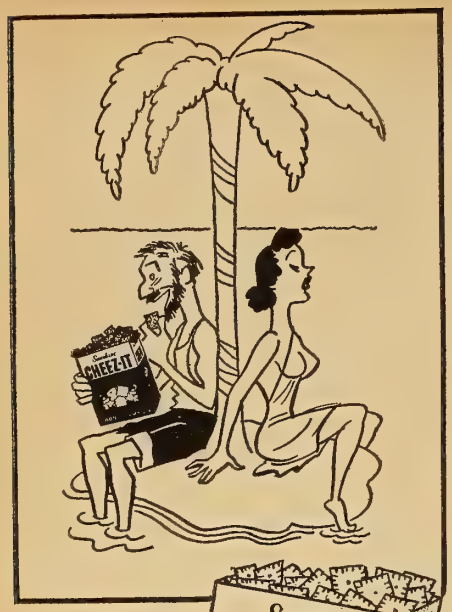
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wedding band was seven dollars, but even though he earned more than a cool million during 1951, Betty still wears that seven-dollar wedding ring. Mario has offered to replace it half a dozen times but as of this writing Betty still refuses to let it come off her finger.

Like their engagement, the Lanzas' civil marriage ceremony was a quasi-secret affair. Mario simply couldn't tell his religious family that he was going to get married in a City Hall; and yet he wouldn't put off the marriage because of that.

"The church wedding can wait," Mario insisted. He explained that the Army was about to discharge him, he'd signed a recording contract with RCA Victor, another contract with Columbia Concerts; he was scheduled to leave for New York in a few weeks. And he wasn't taking one step out of California without first getting married to Betty Hicks.

"If I go to New York," he said, "you're going with me."

So they were married and Betty went on to Chicago to tell her folks all about it. Mario went on to New York to find an apartment for his bride and to break the news of his marriage to Mama and Papa Cocozza. (As you know, Cocozza is Lanza's family name.)

By the time Betty had arrived from Chicago and they were living together in an hotel, Mario still hadn't told his parents. "You're going to have to tell them some time," Betty said.

"This weekend." Mario promised. "They're coming up from Philadelphia."

When mama and papa arrived, Betty was not in the hotel. She had gone to a movie. When the movie was over, she phoned Mario. "Have you told them?"

Mario's voice boomed over the wires. "Of course, I told them. I told them I married the most wonderful girl in the world. They can't wait to see you. Hurry!"

Betty couldn't wait to see them. In a matter of minutes, she was in Papa Cocozza's arms, and Mama Cocozza was crying with happiness; and everyone was saying yes, the ceremony would have to be performed in a Catholic Church; so they were married again, this time in the Cathedral of St. Columbo.

AFTER a hotel honeymoon, Betty decided that life in the Park Central, while convenient, was also more than the Lanza budget could bear; so the newlyweds moved into an apartment on the third floor front at 8 West 49th Street. This apartment belonged to a friend, Robert Weede of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and overlooked the skating rink at Rockefeller Plaza.

There have been an awful lot of stories to the effect that Betty and Mario Lanza almost starved in New York, they were so poor. It just doesn't happen to be the truth, even though it's romantic.

When Betty and Mario were living on 49th Street, Mario had not only received $3,000 for signing with RCA Victor, but he also had a contract with Columbia Concerts, and he was singing on the radio. He appeared on the Schaeffer Beer program and on the Celanese Hour, "Great Moments in Music." When he gave that up, he formed a trio with George London and Frances Yeend, and this outfit known as the Bel Canto Trio was booked throughout the country.

The assumption that Hollywood discovered Mario Lanza is at odds with the facts. Mario was a singer of stature long before he signed an MGM contract.

He had the courage and the good sense to give up his radio work, however, because he felt his voice needed additional training.

When Mario explained this to Betty, pointing out that voice instruction was expensive and that money would be going out of their household for months, without any coming in, Betty merely smiled and kissed him. "Honey," she said, "you do what's best. Don't worry about me." And never once did Betty complain.

Fortunately when Mario abandoned his radio appearances, he found a sponsor who had faith in his future, a patron who, because he loved music, insisted that Mario must take vocal instruction from Enrico Rosati, the voice teacher who had prepared Benjamino Gigli for the opera.

This patron was a real estate man named Sam Weiler. For 15 months, Sam gave Mario enough money to take care of his household expenses. At the end of 15 months, Enrico Rosati said to Mario, "I have given you polish. Now, go out and get experience, and don't let anyone fool with your voice."

Mario went out on tour. Betty went with him. She served him his coffee in bed the way he liked it at home. She fixed his meals, made him rest, came to understand the singer's temperament.

Mario and the Bel Canto Trio were sensational in Chicago, tremendous in Milwaukee, incomparable in Wheeling. A poster put out by the Lawrence Evans Artist Management which handled Mario in 1947, reads "Entire tour of 60 concerts during 1947-48 sold out. Make early application for your date, Season 1948-49. Available 1949."

When Mario arrived in Los Angeles and L. B. Mayer heard him sing, a motion picture contract was inevitable. But it wasn't the ordinary run of motion picture contract. Mario had talked things over with Betty and insisted on having six months off a year for concert tours. He also wanted all radio and recording rights. Metro started him off at $750 a week and agreed to his terms.

When Zsa Zsa Gabor first had husband George Sanders worried about her becoming a movie actress, Red Skelton remarked, "Tell him he has nothing to worry about."
Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

While touring the country with Mario, Betty became pregnant.

"It was kind of funny the way I told him," Betty recalls. "We were having dinner at Antoine's in New Orleans—just the Weilers and the Lanzas, and the food was wonderful. But somehow it made me sick and Mario said, 'Now, don't argue with me, I know I'm going to be a father.'"

When Colleen was born on December second, Mario was over in Culver City, making *That Midnight Kiss*. He raced down to the hospital, kissed Betty, then asked to see his daughter. They brought the little girl in. "Her name," Mario announced, "will be Colleen."

Two years later, Betty gave birth to another daughter, and again Mario supplied the name. "Elissa," he declared, "after her grandmother."

What is it like being married to Mario Lanza? Is he really as temperamental as people say? Is he spoiled and pampered? Is he really a genius? Does he like to get away from his home?

These are just a few of the questions people ask Betty Lanza.

"Life with Mario," she explains, "is very wonderful. Somehow, people think he's the kind of tenor who goes around the house screaming and beating his chest. He's nothing of the sort. He loves his home, his wife, his children. He's a real family man.

"He's emotional, of course, but that's part of his heritage just as his gentleness is and

here comes the bride

(Continued from page 32) Time was when a young man, wishing to express publicly his honorable intentions, slipped a diamond rock on the third finger of his lady's hand and they called it an engagement and everybody laughed and cried and congratulated the happy couple. It still happens—even in Hollywood. But, nowadays, particularly in Hollywood, the custom has been for the young man to slip into a panic when anybody brings up the matter of honorable intentions. Not that he's against them, of course, he just thinks, generally, that they're his own personal intentions and nobody else's business.

But Hollywood has other ways of discovering just how far a local fellow plans to carry his courtship. Watching his dining habits, oddly enough, is one of them. If he takes his girl trotting around to all the cafes, a different one each night maybe, he's probably very fond of her. But, if he takes her to the same spot each evening, that means it's more serious. And if he has a reserved table each night, and dining with his girl at that table regularly has become a habit, the Hollywood folks know they belong to one another—and they accept that little situation as being as binding as a diamond, as big as a battleship. The only logical follow-up, they know, is a wedding cake some night and the corks popping out of champagne bottles.

If you were to ask Ronnie Reagan if he is going to marry Nancy Davis he'd more than likely grin and tell you a funny story. If you were to ask Nancy, she'd make a joke and then tell you to ask Ronnie—who would tell you another funny story. So the best thing to do is not ask them. Just believe that the Hollywood custom of eating at the same reserved table each night is answer enough—and get a congratulations card ready to send them.

As far as this reporter is concerned, a casting director couldn't pick a more "married" looking couple. And in every other way you can estimate they are perfect for each other.

Ladies first, so let's start with Nancy. She is the daughter of one of Chicago's wealthiest and most socially prominent families. Her father is a famous neurosurgeon. She was reared in strict observance of the niceties of living. She attended the finest schools and when she came out she was one of the most sought after young ladies in the mid-west. She is neither star-struck nor movie-struck. She liked to act and when it came time to choose a profession she took up acting. She was good enough at it to come to Hollywood on her own, with no pull, and to make a name for herself in short order. There is no frivolity in her makeup. Fun, yes, but no nonsense—and any romance she indulges in will be a serious one or very, very short-lived. In total, she is a substantial woman.

If Ronald Reagan wasn't an actor, he would more than likely be the president of the biggest bank in the town in which he lived, or the mayor, or a senator or something important. His background is not as rigid as Nancy's. In his youth, he was a sports announcer on the radio and, when he first came to Hollywood, something of a roof-raiser. But, with marriage—to Jane Wyman—he matured and began to take an active interest in the community life in Hollywood, in politics and, most particularly, in the Screen Actors Guild, of which he is president. Today, he, too, can be called substantial.

It's excellent casting, but if that's all it took to make a marriage, people could pick mates out of telephone books and high school annuals. But Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis have something else going for them. They're in love.

Away back, three years ago, although it seems like more, they were hanging crepe on Ronald Reagan's heart. His separation from Jane Wyman was one of the biggest shocks Hollywood had received in a long time. There had never been a hint of gossip about either one of them. They seemed the happiest couple in town and, with their two children, Maureen and Michael, the happiest family. Then one day a gossip columnist hit the front pages with the story that they had parted. Because they were both big stars, the press plagued them night and day. Ronnie went into seclusion and Jane wouldn't talk. Then, when a divorce action was filed, Jane said simply—and without doubt, truthfully—that Ronnie's Guild and political activities had caused them to drift so far apart that their marriage couldn't be mended. Unlike most Hollywood divorces there was not the slightest hint of scandal.

But in the months that followed, all Hollywood began to feel sorry for Ronald Reagan. He lived alone, simply, in a small hotel and took all of his meals and minor pleasures in the company of other couples or fellows. No girl, it seemed, would ever get close enough to the Reagan heart to hurt it again.

There is no question about it. Ronnie did carry a torch—for a reasonable period of time. He was a pretty unhappy guy. Then one day he seemed to change. He showed up at one of the strip night clubs with a date—some unknown girl, pretty and good company. He began to see people he had avoided for a long time. He didn't announce it, but he was through mourn-

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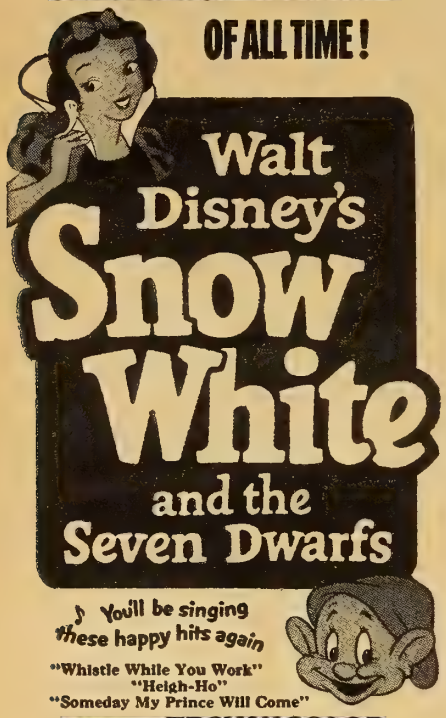
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ing and he wanted to get into the normal swim again.

However, there is nothing a gossip columnist hates more than a repaired bleeding heart. If Ronnie was observed at a party laughing while he sat up close to a doll the gossipers would state: "Ronnie Reagan isn't fooling anybody with that gay attitude he effects at parties these evenings. His heart is still breaking for Jane Wyman. Too bad."

At first Ronnie used to complain bitterly about these items to his friends.

"Why," he would cry, "don't they leave me alone? Why won't they believe that I can live a normal life?"

When they didn't leave him alone, he began to make this speech—or similar ones—publicly, with, some people think, rather disastrous effect. The press descended on him as though he had just sawed one of their group in two. They howled—and Ronnie howled back. But whether it was by accident, or design, they stopped talking about Sorrowful Reagan and began printing stories about Ronald Reagan, the foe of the press. Maybe Ronnie laughed about that privately.

Ronald Reagan's courtship of Nancy Davis began so quietly that nobody noticed it at first. Nancy, although one of Metro's brightest hopes, was not very well known and, not being much of a publicity seeker herself, she didn't get her name in the papers very much. She was not interested in any particular man, so she didn't go out often.

One evening, at a Guild board meeting, it developed that there was a temporary vacancy, due to a member's taking a leave of absence. Someone suggested that Nancy might be a good replacement. The board moved that she be called upon to serve—and it was ordered that the Guild president be delegated to ask her.

There are, in the Guild, two girls named Nancy Davis. Faced with this fact the next morning, Ronnie, as President and appointed solicitor, called Nancy's house and the conversation naturally got a little off the usual track. Not wanting to ask the wrong Miss Davis to serve, Ronnie had to ask a number of pretty personal questions, so that by the time the conversation was over there had been quite a bit of laughter. Both Nancy and Ronnie enjoyed it and before hanging up, Ronnie suggested that they really ought to get together and meet personally. Nancy agreed. They had dinner that night—and have had it together nearly every night since.

At first, not wanting to bring the gossipers down on his head with more questions, Nancy and Ronnie did things his way. They ate in out-of-the-way places and steered clear of the night clubs. The Bill Holdens, Ronnie's close friends, approved of the whole business and, it is supposed, encouraged it. Then, after a few weeks of steady dating, Ronnie took Nancy out to a well known cafe. Nobody seemed to pay any attention, so he did it again—and before Hollywood knew it, everyone was used to seeing Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis together.

When the gossipers did get wise to the fact that Ronnie had a steady girl friend they almost scared him away. All of a sudden they began to print stories of a coming marriage—all at once. Ronnie, as anyone who talked to him about it at that time well knows, was scared to death. He had honestly never even thought of marriage—and when he did, it terrified him. It is a matter of record that, although he seldom even looked at another girl, he tried to get the studio publicity people to link his name with other women—any other women—to stop the marriage talk.

When Nancy was questioned at that time, she didn't know what to say. She was in love with Ronnie and quite possibly knew she would someday marry him, but she didn't want to have her hopes set up in type. She hemmed and hawed, because she's not very good at lying, and the reporters interpreted her answers as they best suited them. For a time it looked as though it would spoil everything. But, thank heaven, it didn't.

It was just about a year ago that Ronnie and Nancy apparently decided they were going to ignore the papers and live their lives the way they wanted to, make their own decisions and their own announcements—at a time of their own choice. Nancy began to look after Ronnie, more than just a casual girl friend would. She spent as much time as she could out at his valley horse ranch, working, and she'd go home at night dog tired but happy. Although she had never had much experience with rural matters, she began to study the care and breeding of horses and soon became quite an authority on the subject.

And it was about a year ago that Ronnie began treating Nancy like his only girl. It was then that he started that table every night at Chasens.

At the present time, Nancy Davis lives in a small apartment in Westwood. She furnished it before she met Ronnie, but they say she has been changing pieces, pieces that wouldn't look just right in a big ranch-type house. Ronnie lives in a larger apartment just north of Hollywood, and people who visit it pretty often say that he seems to have lost all interest in decorating it. For a time he had big plans. Changes he was going to make that would turn his place into a real bachelor's haven. But the plans have been forgotten.

I've been living in Hollywood long enough to know that the Chamber of Commerce is embarrassed about the weather. Fact is—if you see an Angelino with a beautiful tan, it's not sunburn—it's rust!"
Victor Borge on the Victor Borge TV Show

One of the things that may have made Ronald Reagan decide that this was love was an illness that Nancy had just about a year ago. It was nothing serious, but for a time it looked as though it might be—and Nancy had to go back to Chicago where her dad had the finest specialists check her and treat her. Before she left, she was cheerful, but plainly a bit scared. She had nobody to talk to in Hollywood, really, but Ronnie—and as fast as he could get away from the sound stages at the end of the day he would be over at Nancy's apartment to cheer her up.

When she was east, he talked to her on the phone every night and it might have been then that he realized he would miss her more than he could bear if she ever left him. At any rate, when she came back, well and no longer concerned, he hardly let her out of his sight.

There are other things, beyond the obvious, that Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis have in common. Besides having a strong sense of civic duty, they are spiritually attuned. Ronnie is a devout young man, believing deeply in his faith—and Nancy is very much the same. Although they don't attend church as much as either of them think they should, they both feel that it gives them a cleaner outlook to cleave to a religious belief.

Another thing that Nancy and Ronnie have in common is their love for children—and this is very important. The future Mrs. Ronald Reagan will have to be a good mother, for there is nothing more important to Ronnie than his two kids. It would

not be fair to say that Ronnie put Nancy through a test in this matter, but it is true that she had to win her way into Maureen's and Mike's hearts on her own. When she first met them, never having been married and, of course, childless, Nancy was rather terrified of two husky healthy off-spring of the man she loved. But she soon found out what they were interested in—and made it her business to learn about these things.

At first it was horses. Nancy came through the horse stage with flying colors. She began to ride, badly at first, but later regularly and excellently. The kids admired this and Nancy scored one. Then it was animal husbandry in general. This, of course, has to do with caring for animals and cleaning sheds and barns. Nancy soon proved herself a quite capable hand at these chores—and scored two. Probably the most severe test for Nancy, however, was the fidelity test. To Maureen and Mike, as to most kids, their Dad was the boss man of the universe—and what he said went. That wasn't too hard for Nancy to go along with, for it is certain that she feels the same way about her man. But anyway, when the kids had time to observe that Nancy could take orders and execute them without mutiny she was in.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reagan" is something Hollywood never expected to see above a doorbell again, but that is in the past. The man who acted like a man during his sorrowful time of divorce, and who carried his head high when he was deeply hurt, is a whole man again—able to have a family and home once more.

So, the next time you are in Hollywood, and the dusk is beginning to settle and the lights come on, drive down Beverly Boulevard and stop at Dave Chasen's fancy restaurant. Drop in and stand in the crowd that waits for tables, and when Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis walk in through the crowd and over to their accustomed place, don't just say you saw a couple of movie stars. Say you saw Ronnie Reagan and his Nancy—and when you saw her she was wearing a diamond ring as big as the top of a cafe table. THE END

anything you can do . . .

(*Continued from page 57*) Bill Holden would have a mallet in his hand by nightfall. It is a friendly contest that includes all endeavor, but it is a real and earnest contest.

It wasn't too friendly at the beginning, though. That was before the war. Bill Holden, a youngster from Pasadena, had skipped into the movies through the back door. Columbia Studio had been searching for a Golden Boy, to play the title role in a picture of that name. The director wanted an unknown and the search for a lad with the physique of a prizefighter and the sensitive face of a violin prodigy had covered the country. Then someone brought in Bill Holden from Pasadena—and overnight he was a star.

Columbia, in those days, was not too well populated with stars and before long, Bill, although not in the big money, was one of the top personalities on the lot and was being assigned the choice young leading man roles.

The way those who remember tell it, Bill began noticing a tall, good-looking young fellow earnestly trotting about the studio grounds almost every day. He was quiet, self-effacing and kept strictly to himself. Bill was a mixer and the silent fellow bothered him. One day he decided to find out who the man was. During

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lunch he turned to an associate producer sitting next to him. He pointed out the stranger across the room.

"Say," he said, "who is that fellow?"

"His name's Glenn Ford," said the producer.

"What's he doing here?" Bill asked. "Every time I turn around I see him. Almost like he's following me."

"Maybe he is," said the producer. "He's an actor—and the company hired him to replace you, anytime you can't make a part or kick up your heels."

"To replace *me?*" howled Holden. "Why, the scavenger! He's like a ghoul!"

For the next few months Glenn Ford paid little attention to anyone he didn't have to do business with. He made pictures, some of them that Bill Holden thought he might have played if Glenn hadn't been around. There were B pictures, but some good ones. A *Blondie*, a thing called *Babies For Sale* and, finally, a good one, *So Ends Our Night*, with Fredric March and Margaret Sullavan. Holden watched the young man's career with extreme anxiety.

One day Holden was called into the front office.

"We have a fine script for you, Bill," he was told. "A real great outdoors yarn called *Texas.*"

"Good," said Bill. "What's the story?"

"Well, there are two young fellows," said the executive, "who are after the same girl, and . . ."

"Who's the other young fellow?" Bill interrupted.

"He's right outside in the other office," said the executive. "Like you to meet him." He pushed a buzzer and Glenn Ford—the other young fellow—walked in.

There was a handshake, quiet "Gladtameecha's" and Bill Holden and Glenn Ford became friendly, but eternal enemies.

During the shooting of *Texas*, the entire production company was in a panic. If a scene called for Glenn to ride up to a hitching post, dismount and walk through a saloon door, Glenn would arrive at the post like a jet plane, leap off the horse and land ten feet away and charge through the door without bothering to open it—while Bill sweated on the sidelines and muttered "Ham!" And if Bill was supposed to stage a quiet battle with two or three of a room full of stunt men, he would ignore his instructions and, quickly polishing off his assigned targets, would wade into everyone else in the room. There were some who thought they'd never live through the picture.

But something more than the birth of a rivalry started during the shooting of *Texas*. Bill Holden and Glenn Ford slowly developed a profound respect for one another, and by the time the film was completed they were fast friends. From that day to this they will try to top each other in anything, but one will not stand by and listen to a word spoken against the other.

The war interrupted their competition for awhile. Bill went into the Army and a few days later Glenn dropped by the studio to announce that he had enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps. It has to be admitted that Bill got the rank. He became a Lieutenant, while Glenn remained an enlisted man, but Glenn was always quick to explain that any enlisted man in the Marines was better than any two officers in any other branch of the service.

Back in civies, Bill and Glenn were immediately thrown back into their old competitive life. Again they were informed by Columbia that they were to be co-starred in a Western called *The Man From Colorado*. They appeared together in the office of Harry Cohn, Columbia's head man, for a script reading. When it was over, the boss asked them what they thought. The boys agreed it was fine. Mr. Cohn asked them which roles they thought they were best suited for. Bill looked at Glenn and grinned.

"I'll tell you what, Harry," he said. "I'll flip Ford to see who plays what."

And, although it is probably the only time in the history of pictures that casting has been handled that way, that is how the roles were handed out.

A few weeks before *The Man From Colorado* was due to start, Holden dropped into the office of a friend at Paramount and with a sly grin confided that he was about to show Ford up but good.

"The guy is out of condition," Bill said gleefully. "He's as soft as mush. I just signed up with a gym in the valley and I'm getting out every morning at five for a couple of hours ride. When the picture starts, I'll make him look like a bum."

Two weeks later he dropped by the same man's office, this time in a rage.

"Do you know what I just found out about that dirty rat Ford?" he cried. "He's been riding every day and working out with bar bells. He's figuring on making me look like a jerk in the picture."

When the picture started, it was a thing to behold—the two muscle men vying with one another to break their own necks. In a burst of enthusiasm, during a fight scene one day, Glenn picked a 180-pound stunt man right off his feet and flung him across a bar at a bunch of extras. Holden was goggle-eyed and mortified that he hadn't thought of it first.

It might be well to state here that neither Glenn nor Bill are what you would call actorish actors. They are not the least bit hammy, are both substantial family men, serious citizens and active in Hollywood community life. They have the usual number of rabid fans, but serious students of good acting are also among the active members of their fan clubs. Looking over the list you will find a good many celebrities, from Mickey Rooney and Joan Crawford to Thomas Mitchell and Jean Gabin. Their jousting, then, is not at all an expression of professional jealousy, but a running gag that has lasted and taken on a serious note.

Glenn Ford would rather swindle Bill Holden out of a dime than find a hundred dollars. He once let Bill sell him an old saddle, properly reluctant to buy, of course, for $25. Bill could hardly wait until he got home to tell Brenda how he had clipped Glenn on the saddle sale.

"And so," he wound up his tale all out of breath, "I dumped the thing in the back of his car and made him give me this check for it—so he couldn't change his mind."

He showed the check proudly. Brenda's face fell.

"You're probably going to want a divorce," she said.

"What for?" asked Bill.

Brenda took him out to the garage where the saddle was perched atop a saw horse. Bill's eyes bugged.

"You didn't let him return it, did you?" he howled.

"No," said Brenda sadly. "He came by a while ago and I bought it from him for you. For $35—and I gave him cash."

The arrogance of the two men becomes so intense at times it almost seems idiotic. They were talking about their kids one day when Glenn casually remarked that his son was three years old.

"No he's not," said Bill, "he's four."

"I guess," said Glenn, "I ought to know how old my own son is. He's three."

"Four," said Holden.

"Three," said Glenn.

"I'll bet you ten bucks he's four," said Holden.

"You've got a bet," said Glenn.

He walked to the phone and called his wife.

"How old is Peter?" he asked. "That's what I thought," he said and hung up. He walked back to Holden.

"Okay, wise guy," he said, "pay up. I just called Ellie and she said he's three."

"I won't pay," said Holden. "*You're both wrong.* He's four."

Competition really got rough back when Glenn married lovely Eleanor Powell and moved into a swanky house in Beverly Hills. It was on ten acres of ground—and was an admitted show place. Bill, living on a much more modest scale, couldn't stand it. He would come home from work every night and sit for hours and glare at his house. One day he went out into the San Fernando Valley, told a realtor he wanted to buy the biggest house the man could find, and a week or so later invited Glenn and Ellie to dinner in a fabulous $75,000 mansion, which he had purchased from the late Leon Errol. He really couldn't afford it, but he was happy when he saw the look of wonder on Glenn Ford's face.

It was shortly after Bill bought this house that Glenn gave him his finest trimming. They were strolling through the grounds and Bill opened the door of a lath house. Glenn spied a huge stack of boxes containing planting bulbs.

"What you got there, boy?" he asked.

"Some things the former owner was going to plant, I guess," said Bill. "I'm going to throw them out and store gardening tools in here."

Glenn, quite a horticulturist, walked over and examined some of the bulbs.

"Why don't you plant them yourself?" he asked.

"No," said Bill. "That's not my line." And then he got an idea. "Say," he said, "you've got lots of ground, why don't you buy them from me and plant them yourself."

"Well, I don't know," said Glenn. "It would take a lot of hauling to get all those boxes to my house."

"Tell you what I'll do," said Bill; "give me 50 bucks for the lot and I'll deliver them."

"Twenty," said Glenn.

"Okay," said Holden. "Cash."

And then he dashed into the house waving the bill and crowing to Brenda how he had just taken old Glenn Ford for a round 20 bucks.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When I was standing on the corner of Wilshire Boulevard one day, it started to rain. I asked the driver of a car that had stopped for a red light to give me a lift as far as the Brown Derby. The driver said, "O.K., hop in." Imagine my surprise when the woman at the wheel turned out to be Joan Fontaine.

John Becker
Miami Beach
Florida.

A couple of weeks later Glenn called him on the phone.

"By the way," he said, "remember those bulbs you stuck me with?"

"I sure do," gloated Bill. "You ought to get wise to yourself, kid."

"I thought you'd be interested to know," Glenn said, "that I just sold most of them for three thousand dollars. I'm planting a couple of acres with the rest of them."

The blow almost killed Bill, but when, a few months later, some horticultural society came out and inspected Glenn's garden and gave him a first prize, Bill wanted to drive over in the middle of the night and pull every growing thing on the acreage out by the roots.

BILL HOLDEN seldom wears makeup today and it is all due to Glenn Ford. When they were making *Texas*, years ago, Glenn appeared on the set sans grease paint. Bill noticed it in the second shot. He went to the director.

"Didn't you notice?" he whispered. "That new guy hasn't any makeup on."

"Oh," said the director, "he doesn't wear it. He has a clause in his contract excusing him from it."

"Oh, he has, has he?" said Holden. "Well, I don't like it. I think he's trying to pull something."

"No, he's not," said the director. "He just doesn't like to wear it."

"That's what you think," said Bill. "He's up to something, and I'm not going to let him get away with it. You guys can just wait for me while I go and take *my* makeup off."

And he did. And he would never wear it again when he worked with Glenn.

Then there was the time that Bill was coming home from Washington on a train, after a few weeks of fancy dining and high living. He learned that the train would pick up a Hal Wallis troupe, including Glenn Ford, at Flagstaff, Arizona. Bill glanced at himself in a mirror and decided he looked a bit bloated. That would never do, he decided. Glenn had been working hard in the sun and would be lean and tanned. So, for 36 hours, while the train sped across the country, Bill worked out. And when the train stopped at Flagstaff, he leaped off the steps to greet Glenn, several pounds lighter and looking like an athlete.

Somebody tipped Glenn off as to what had happened, so he saw to it that Bill was kept on his feet for the rest of the journey. When the train pulled into Los Angeles, they almost had to carry an exhausted Holden to his car.

There is just one place where Bill Holden and Glenn Ford bury the hatchet. Glenn is a member of the board of directors of the Screen Actor's Guild, and Bill is vice president—and at the semi-monthly meeting they are all business. They don't let personalities enter into their official duties. Glenn, as a matter of fact, is very proud of Bill's ability as an administrator and hopes to see him elected president of the Guild one day. However, there is one joke they do have around the big table. Bill has the habit of saying "Jeepers!" when he gets excited—and whenever he does, Glenn looks at him and smiles, and Bill blushes and vows he will never say it again.

Yes, there is a spirit of competition in Hollywood between Glenn Ford and Bill Holden, but they are buddies. They will do anything in the world to top, swindle or rook one another—but it is a closed shop, any outsider who tries to cut in will have *both* of them on his neck. THE END

(Bill Holden can be seen in Paramount's *Submarine Command*.—Ed.)

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liz does it again

(*Continued from page 45*) Dietrich school of romance since *"Grandma"* Dietrich was Liz's immediate predecessor. This gave rise to the waggish remark that he must really be in love with Liz since he wore his hair piece all the time for her whereas he only wore it for parties when he was romancing Marlene.

Liz will be free to marry on January 29th. Kay Young, the actress who married Michael in 1937, sued him for divorce on Nov. 15th. Since an English divorce takes only six weeks, Wilding will be back in bachelor's ranks before Liz is free. Liz will be 20 on February 27th and somewhere around these times there's a wedding date in the offing unless they jump the gun and marry over the border. Neither will make a definite admission: Liz talks around the subject while twiddling that enormous sapphire ring and Michael smiles and says: "How can I discuss marriage to Elizabeth when I am not yet free?" The sheer logic of this leaves questioners holding the bag. But word has gone out that Kay Young is all set to marry Douglas Montgomery—one-time Hollywood actor who has lived in England for many years now—so everyone is paired off as satisfactorily as the final act of a French farce.

The fly in the ointment of Liz and Michael's romance in its early days was his marriage. They met three years ago when Liz was in England making a picture with Robert Taylor. Her mother was along and Michael Wilding was working in the same studio. They fell in love when Liz went back to England to make *Ivanhoe* last summer. As Wilding was married, there was gossip, and so Metro snagged its beauty back to New York for a personal appearance at the *Quo Vadis* premiere, thinking that would be the end of the matter. But Michael followed her to Hollywood where he took up residence with his old-time pals Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons and successfully pressed his suit. Liz has been a house guest of the Grangers also—she believes in getting to know her fiances at close range. Bill Pawley was the Taylors' guest for a fortnight during that romance and Liz and her mother visited the Pawleys in Florida. At that time Liz told me: "You can't tell too much about your feelings for a man if you're just together at parties. You can think you like somebody terribly much in an atmosphere like that, but it might be just the glamor. When you're around together all day and have a quiet time you find out many important things that show each other's character and disposition."

Liz' publicity has progressed from mice to men with lightning speed. One day she was concerned only with Nibbles her chipmunk, her dogs, cats and horses; the next, she had discovered sex. The gold football which Glenn Davis, All-American West Pointer, gave her as a pledge of his affection moved rapidly in a forward pass to Bill Pawley Jr., to Hilton, to Donen, to Wilding. There was some slight interference from Montgomery Clift, and Bob Taylor's name entered and faded out again from a long list of dazzled boys who managed one or two dates but couldn't catch her interest.

THERE is a threadbare tradition that beauty and brains never go hand in hand. I say threadbare because my experience has often been to the contrary. Liz Taylor can parry questions with the skill of a lawyer. Early in life she learned the advantage of the indirect statement. She knows a denial is easier to wriggle out of than an affirmative answer. Generalizations are a favorite refuge with her and when put to it she can fall back on humor as a quick get-away.

When I asked her about Michael Wilding she was in a negative mood. She had returned from New York where she'd had a lot of publicity about dates with Montgomery Clift and about some hand-holding on back roads she'd done with her ex, Nicky Hilton. But Wilding had arrived in town, the two of them were at the Grangers and there was good reason for questioning.

We began our interview with some discussion about *A Place In The Sun* and I asked Liz if she thought she'd be up for an Academy Award.

She replied: "Are you kidding, Hedda?"

I said no, I wasn't kidding, that I thought it her best performance: "Didn't you think it was?"

"I liked it," she replied. "And I loved working in the picture. I hope it gets nominated for an award, the picture I mean."

For diplomatic modesty this took the cake: "Aren't you being *very* modest about it?" I asked.

But Liz said no, that she didn't think she was being modest. And when I asked her how Monty Clift was she came back with:

"He's just fine. You mean when I saw him in New York, don't you?"

"Yes, that's what I mean," I said. "How many dates did you have with him?"

Her answer was nonchalant: "I don't know . . . a few . . . I didn't keep count."

When I intimated there might have been so many dates she'd lost count she quickly corrected me: "No, there weren't many at all." And when I inquired if Clift was more social now than he used to be she told me: "I think he's always been social." "Well, he didn't look that way out here," I said. "Out here he gave a pretty good imitation of a hermit. Nobody ever saw him at premieres or out where there were people."

"I guess he doesn't like night clubs," Liz said with a finality that ended discussion of Monty and his notions. I wanted to know when he was coming back to Hollywood and she tied that answer strictly to business: "When he finds a good script, not before."

So we got around to Michael Wilding, a subject which had been quivering between us from the beginning of the interview. It was the main issue, and one to be handled with kid gloves. I said:

"What do all your male admirers in America think about your dating an Englishman? Aren't they crying *'unfair'?"*

"Nobody has said a thing to me about it," said Liz although the columns were full of the fact that Stanley Donen was planning an excursion to Mexico to ease his broken heart.

Fencing became monotonous so I decided to take the bull by the horns: "What has Michael Wilding got that American fellows don't have?"

Liz giggled: "An English accent."

"Is that all?"

"Well . . . he's a man."

"Your American beaus are men, too, aren't they?"

"Uh-huh," said Liz . . . then silence.

"Wilding is older than you. Is there any advantage in going with an older man?"

"I don't think of him as an *'older'* man"—her tone put my word older into quotes. "Is he more considerate of you than younger fellows?"

"I don't know. He couldn't be sweeter. He's a wonderful person."

I wanted to know what their common interests were, aside from music, but Liz was vague: "Oh, just common interests—getting fun out of life. I'm having a wonderful time. Right now, I really am."

"More fun than you've ever had before?" I said.

"Yes, I think so," she replied with great certainty. It was tough digging, trying to strike a vein. "Just why do you prefer Michael to all the others?" I asked. "Oh, I like them *all*," said the diplomat.

We then discussed Stanley Donen—another subject foremost in our minds. Liz knew I had not thought this a good romance for her. She did *not* know, however, that I had suggested to Metro they could kill two birds with one stone by sending Liz to England to work in *Ivanhoe* when Deborah Kerr became pregnant and could not do it. I felt they could get a capable replacement in Liz and, at the same time, get her away from Donen to whom she had turned on the rebound of her divorce from Nick Hilton. I asked her: "When did you fall *out* of love with Stanley Donen?"

"*What,*" cried Liz in amazement, "*is all this talk about love?*"

"Do you know how you got to England?"

"I flew," Liz said facetiously.

When I told her I was responsible for it, she thanked me prettily and hoped I would like the picture. I asked her if she knew my reasons for getting her into *Ivanhoe* and explained it was purely to get her away from Donen and she said:

"*Why?* He's such a wonderful friend."

"I'm as bad as your mother," I explained. "I didn't think he was right for you." I've known this girl since she was a sprout knee high when her mother brought her to my house to sing for me in a piping baby voice. The voice wasn't much but the child was so unbelievably beautiful

Mike Curtiz was sitting alone on the set of a new picture being made and someone said, "You look worried, Mike. What's the trouble?"

"Three things," answered Mike, "the present, past and future."

H. W. Kellick

I knew she was destined to play a big role in life. She started romancing so young that her parents took a hand in things, perhaps not wisely. Her mother did much to break up the Bill Pawley romance. Bill wasn't a millionaire, for one thing, and her mother ambitiously thought her gorgeous child should chalk up a record financially as well as in other ways. By the time Donen entered the picture Liz and her mother were not on speaking terms, so fast had been the romantic pace. She was living in her own bachelor apartment with Peggy Rutledge, a secretary-companion, and was fast becoming a night club figure with the ambitious director. As Donen's wife was in process of divorcing him, he was red-hot in print as Liz's constant escort. He drove her blue car about and friends who dropped in on her informally either found him there, or he telephoned her during their stay. If that isn't romance, Hollywood style, it'll do until the real thing comes along. But to my surprise when I suggested to Liz that she might have married Stanley Donen had she remained here instead of going to England, she said: "*Oh no!*" very decidedly. I told her I knew I was an interfering old friend but I had her good at heart. This brought out an unsolicited statement: "*Hedda, I'm not in love with anybody.*"

WELL, love was in the air in England as stories of Liz and Michael's romance were the sole topic in the letters my friends had been writing me when she was making *Ivanhoe*. When her studio brought her back to this country, she pined between dates. In fact her many dates in New York, including those with Nick Hilton, seem to have been for the purpose of keeping her mind busy and off the subject of her absent love. So when Liz made that gratuitous statement "I'm not in love with anybody," (although she was with Michael Wilding at the close range their position as house guests of the Grangers permitted) I looked at it in the logicians way of reasoning: I'm not in love with *anybody,* I'm in love with *somebody,* and came to my own conclusions. I suggested to her that perhaps she was just in love with love.

"Maybe that's it," she answered hopefully, dying to get off the subject now that she was losing control of it.

"If you were free now, this minute, would you marry?"

She slipped back into the old generality: "Some day I hope to marry."

"Will you marry in February?" I persisted.

"I doubt it. I'll still be practically married then."

I had the date of her final decree in mind —Jan. 29th—when I said: "You *will* be free by February?"

"Just," she said, and I could hear the door to her confidence swing closed.

I'd often wondered how this girl felt about her marriage to Nicky Hilton. It had begun so auspiciously. It was the perfect wedding. No one had ever seen such a divinely beautiful bride, such a proud young groom. Back from her European honeymoon floated the tales of her unhappiness—tales of tears and stormy scenes, of a little bride left to sit in a hotel room with a toy poodle while her groom hung over the gaming tables until all hours of the morning. When Liz told it all to a judge seven months after the ceremony, she was wearing one of her trousseau frocks. I wondered then if she wished she'd never left her family roof, never sat in that grey courtroom on a rainy day and told the sordid little story of those seven months while her father, her lawyers, a publicity man and four damp spectators with dripping umbrellas, looked on.

"Have you ever regretted marrying Nicky Hilton?" I asked her.

"I haven't regretted anything I've ever done," was her assured rejoinder.

"Do you think your marriage was a valuable experience?"

"Yes, I do. It helped me a lot."

"In what way?"

"It taught me a lot of things. I learned them early. Maybe it would have been a long time before I learned them . . . it was an unhappy experience . . . I'm sorry it didn't work out."

"Tell me," I said, "if you were advising a young girl, would you advise her to marry when she's 21."

Elizabeth said: "I don't think age has everything to do with it."

When I asked her if she didn't think her youth and inexperience was partly responsible for the breakup of her marriage, she replied:

"I'm sure it was: but I don't think you can put down a rule and say you should marry when you're 21."

During the course of our interview I told Liz I was happy to hear she had made up with her mother and I wanted to know if she had met Wilding. "Yes," Liz said, she met him in England, "when we were making a picture there three years ago." There was a time when her mother was convinced she and her daughter felt and thought as one person. Those were the days when Mrs. Taylor was under salary to Metro as Liz' companion and mentor and supervised her contacts and interviews. So far as I could see there was great rapport between them at that time, evidence of love and complete understand-

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ing. Often Mrs. Taylor would speak for her daughter; but Elizabeth did not make all her mother's statements come true. Mrs. Taylor had given an interview in Florida in June of 1949 in which she had dismissed the "friendship" of Glenn Davis as just that, had announced an engagement to young Pawley and allowed the press a peep at a three and a half karat diamond engagement ring, but had prophesied her daughter would not marry Pawley before the following spring. By holidaytime the newspapers were writing about Conrad Hilton Jr. "the new fiance" and Elizabeth was married in the spring, but not to Pawley. She married Hilton instead. Somewhere in between that first announcement about Glenn Davis (incidentally he had sent Liz a necklace of pearls from Korea and was en route to visit her in Miami with an engagement ring in his pocket when the Pawley lightning struck) the minds of mother and daughter moved in opposite directions. The teen-ager who had begun to think of life in terms of specially-built cars and mink coats, had developed such high frequency sex-appeal that reporters were inquiring about Stanley Donen when they crowded around her after she was handed her interlocutory decree.

As a studio property, Elizabeth Taylor has been estimated as worth anywhere from 50 to 100 million dollars to the men who make her pictures. Hers is a face with no bad angles, say cameramen. Billy Grady, Metro's casting director, defines the ingredients for stardom as "a compound of beauty and witchery." Well, Liz Taylor certainly has the beauty. She represents in terms of futures a colossal sum to any studio. Michael Wilding as an excellent actor and man of charm is far more easily replaceable to the men who guide his career.

"Do you think an actor would make you a better husband than a businessman or someone out of the profession?" I asked.

She spoke up quickly: "I don't think it matters what a man's profession is. It's what he is himself that matters."

Like other girls in love, Liz wants children but hasn't thought much about it: "I don't know how many . . . I'm not even thinking about that now, I think it's a little premature."

With her typical modesty she shrugged off my suggestion that Donen is carrying a torch for her. When I suggested that is what people are saying around Hollywood she told me: "Don't believe everything you hear." She says Donen and Michael Wilding have met ("We just ran into each other about town, there was nothing planned.") and that it went off very well.

When I asked her if Michael thought she is a pretty good actress I learned to my surprise that he has never seen the object of his affection on the screen:

"Why don't you take him to see you?"

"I don't want to take him." She had no explanation for this beyond a reiterated: "I just don't want to take him." Liz has seen Michael's work in *Lady With A Lamp*. I said: "If you went to see his picture why wouldn't you take him to see yours?"

"That was different," she said patiently. "It was a premiere. It's something you *have* to do. He had to be there so he took me along. Just going to a movie is quite another thing." But Liz finally admitted that Michael has asked to see her in a picture but she's been too busy "having fun" to take him.

I daresay professional beauties grow bored with the steady stream of compliments they must accept and recognize graciously. A girl in such a frame of mind would far rather be told she's "interesting" or "exciting." When I asked her if she found it a disadvantage being one of the most beautiful girls in the world, she said:

"I'm not, so I wouldn't know. Beauty is a matter of individual taste. I think Jean Simmons is the most beautiful girl in this country." When I suggested she and Jean look very much alike she said: "Oh no, I only wish we did." I reminded her that four years ago when she and Jean came to my house they were alike as two peas in a pod and could have passed as sisters since they have the same coloring. Liz agreed about the coloring.

Elizabeth Taylor has never regretted being a movie star. Since she's been in the limelight the greater part of her life, I suppose it would be difficult for her to imagine an existence away from it. But she admits that the fact she is a star *might* have had something to do with the break-up of her marriage, although she added, "It's hard to tell about that."

When I suggested she'd have to skip across the Atlantic if she married Michael because his work is in England, she reminded me that it was only an *"if"* and that there was nothing definite about it.

She has one more year to go on her present contract. She has thought about doing a stage play but nothing definite, thinks perhaps motion pictures are not such hard work. And she found making pictures in England no more difficult than here unless you're shooting outdoors when the weather becomes a hazard. "We brought in *Ivanhoe* under schedule," she told me as evidence of this. She doesn't know if she's good in it because she says, "I haven't seen any of the rushes."

An out-of-town V.I.P., visiting Bob Hope, asked the comedian if he didn't get upset when Bing Crosby topped his gags. "Oh, no," said Bob, "Bing's a good kid. I don't mind his beating me to the paunch!"
Mickey Novak

Although Liz admitted she and Michael and the Grangers had planned a trip to Acapulco she said she expected to spend the Christmas holidays with her family and Michael. During our talk about England we discussed "Little Swallows" the house where she was born. Liz in an impulsive mood, once wanted to buy the entire "Great Swifts" estate but was talked out of it by her advisers. Another time she bought so heavily in the Paris salons she overran her checking account. This girl goes all out when she's interested in anything. She said the Queen of Jugoslavia had her little house now and some Marquis had bought the entire estate she had dreamed of owning. English by birth, Liz loves the country and would be happy to live there: "I've always wanted to go back," she told me.

She would not admit she plans to marry in February but her "I don't imagine so," has no solidity to it. It was a diplomatic murmur by a well-trained actress.

"I bet you'll marry right off, when you're free," I said.

"I might," she conceded, "I don't know, myself, and I'm not going to wager. I'm not a betting woman."

I said: "I'll bet you marry as soon as possible after the 29th. I think you're a gone goose this time."

"You do, huh?"

"Yes, you're in love with love."

"Now that," said Liz, "is my line; I've used it before with you, if you remember."

I said: *"I hope you'll be happy when you marry Michael Wilding."*

"I'll be sure, this time," Liz said, *"I'll know when I marry and I'll be happy."*

THE END

does john agar belong in jail? (yes)

(Continued from page 37) *in his life and rose above it?*

Evidence has piled up that John Agar married Shirley Temple, a schoolmate of his sister's, in order to establish himself in the movies. Infected by the movie bug—it is now known that he was batting around Hollywood as early as 1941, trying to gain a toehold in pictures, and that before that he sang in a Chicago night spot—and probably convinced that he himself needed only the right "breaks" (notice how implicitly the Agar family believes in "breaks"), he decided not to wait the long years necessary for even qualified people to get started in films. Considering that everyone who was anyone in pictures, not to mention the Governor of California, attended his wedding, what a smart decision it must have seemed!

On the subject of his marriage, one magazine, "Shirley Temple, 21st Birthday Album, Prepared Under the Direction of Modern Screen," printed the following. The parenthetical comments are mine:

"Suddenly the question of what to do became very important. . . . It had been understood all along that Shirley would continue in pictures (I'll bet it had!) but that Jack would support the family. How? Well, there was always the meat packing business. . . . Now his mother was in the fashionable dress business, his brothers and sisters were on their own. Was it back to school at 24, and with a wife? . . . David Selznick made a couple of moves. (Goody, goody, just what Jackie was angling for!) Mr. and Mrs. of private life became Mr. and Mrs. on the screen."

As soon as Agar achieved the first iota of recognition, he became indifferent to Shirley; but nothing could hide forever the fact that he had nothing to offer. He drank, and still drinks, because he was and is no good; not the other way around. No one HAS to drink. So much for these high-sounding phrases, "compulsion" to drink, failure to understand said "compulsion," "neurosis," "illness." At the time of her divorce Shirley stated that never again would she marry anyone with movie aspirations.

As for the rest of Shirley's testimony, maybe she could have obtained the divorce saying nothing, in accordance with Standard Operational Practice in Hollywood. But why should the unpleasant facts be hushed up? If she has blazed the trail for authentic divorce complaints and truthful reporting, perhaps it will become at least a bit difficult for these leeches to make a farce and travesty of marriage in order to establish themselves in the movies or to dip into someone else's earnings. Justifiable, honest complaints and the interesting change that the truth would make in the "readin' part" of fan magazines would generate more respect and admiration from the public, too. There must be many members thereof who have washed their hands of Hollywood and its product, because of its casual husband and wife shedding.

Having married a child star for the advantages he hoped would accrue to himself, there remains now only one course open to this "boy" (!): to face the fact that he is not an actor, to get a job and go to work at something he can do, like anyone else.

I do not expect to have to thank Modern Screen *for $100. The frantic, frenzied efforts of someone, either your magazine, an agent, this "Probation Department" Lloyd Shearer mentions, or person or persons unknown, to rationalize and justify John Agar prove conclusively that only a "boo hoo, poor baby" deal will win this prize; but I am sincerely grateful for the invitation to speak. It's been a pleasure.*

Yours very truly,
Elizabeth M. Case
Indianapolis, Indiana

bang went the strings of her heart

(Continued from page 43) declined. "I'm sorry," he explained, "I have an appointment this evening."

Lattimore arranged for Vittorio to meet Shelley the following night. It was a nice meeting. Shelley was struck by his good looks and he was apparently struck dumb by her charm, but this was partly because he couldn't speak English very well.

Vittorio says, "It was not love at first sight. We are too mature for that. But there was, how you say in English, great *rapport* between us, great understanding. I look at Shelley. Shelley look at me. We know we get along. Her blonde hair, her eyes, her figure impress me very much. And her personality. So American. What is on her heart she speaks."

That night Vittorio took Shelley to the Pasetto, a restaurant in Rome, and they exchanged autobiographies. Vittorio told her that he'd appeared in 93 stage plays, that he was currently teaching elocution in the Dramatic Academy, that he'd starred with Sylvana Mangano in *Bitter Rice*, and that he would soon go to Spain to star in a new film, *Las Tratas de Blancas* (*The White Slavers*).

Shelley found herself in the relatively strange role of attentive listener. Usually the situation is reversed, but not with Vittorio. His English came slowly. He had to concentrate on every word, and as he spoke, Shelley tried to help him with his limited vocabulary.

In addition to Italian, Vittorio speaks French, German, and Spanish, but Shelley's only language is English, and they had to make that one do.

The following night they began to think they were in love, and there wasn't much talking at all. They dined at the Caballa, a restaurant on the banks of the Tiber River. They danced; they looked into each other's eyes; and then they left the restaurant. Later that night as they walked the streets of Rome, Vittorio told Shelley more of his background. He was born in Genoa of an Italian mother and a German father, he had studied at the dramatic Academy in Rome, he had developed a passion for acting.

He asked Shelley if she'd ever been married, and she told him yes, but it had been one of those hasty war marriages—not nearly a marriage at all—and when the war was over she had been divorced.

Vittorio shook his head a little sadly. It was relatively easy to get a divorce in America, he mused. After all, America was a Protestant country. But in Italy divorce was difficult, almost impossible; a man had to get an annulment.

Shelley looked up at her Vittorio. "Are you married" she asked bleakly.

Vittorio nodded slowly. "Married but separated." And then he told her the whole story. When he was only 20 he met and became infatuated with the daughter of Renzo Ricci, the great Italian actor. They were married very quickly, and two

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years later, a girl, Paula, was born. But then the marriage began to dissolve. Vittorio and his wife separated, his wife taking custody of the child. Vittorio threw himself into the theater with all his energy. He played stock, Shakespeare, radio, everything. He was drafted into the Italian army just as the war ended.

Since he hadn't fallen in love with any other girl, he saw no reason for starting long, complicated annulment proceedings. "But now," he said to Shelley, "I know I must be free."

When Shelley left Rome, she was wild about Vittorio Gassmann, and the feeling was mutual.

When Shelley reported back to Universal, she was cast in *Untamed* opposite Joseph Cotten. She tried to concentrate on her work, but Vittorio kept interfering. His letters came regularly.

A few months ago Shelley had imagined herself to be in love with Vince Evans and before that with writer Bill O'Brien, but these affairs paled beside Vittorio.

Finally, Vittorio himself went to the American Consul in Rome and applied for a visitor's visa.

On the application he wrote that Shelley Winters was a friend and business associate and that she would vouch for his financial and moral status, and that under no circumstances would he become a public charge while in the U.S.A.

Then Vittorio bought a round trip ticket on TWA and flew to New York. From New York he flew to Los Angeles and into the arms of his wonderful blonde.

Vittorio stayed in Hollywood for six days, and during those six days, Shelley wouldn't let him out of her sight. She took him on the set with her. She ate with him. She introduced him to her friends, and to most of Hollywood's socialites at the Tyrone Power housewarming. With characteristic frankness she confessed that, "Vittorio is the great love of my life."

How did Vittorio react to all this?

It was his first trip to the United States. It was eventful, exciting, and hectic but he took it in stride. "Tell me," he asked a reporter, "are many girls in America like Shelley?"

The reporter said no, that after Shelley was born, the mold was thrown away. Vittorio looked puzzled, so he and the reporter spent the whole afternoon talking French and Spanish in an effort to understand each other.

Shelley was mildly petulant. "What are those two talking about?" she kept saying. "I don't want them to wander off. Vittorio's liable to say something he shouldn't." Then she'd run up to him and kiss his cheek. "American reporters," she'd explain, "they ask very personal questions. Just talk about your career."

"Do you plan to marry Shelley?" the reporter asked.

Vittorio summoned up most of his English vocabulary. "I do not like even to talk about it," he began, "because when you talk about something very close to you, how you say—sometimes talking destroys the hope."

"But you're in love with her?"

"Si. I'm in love. I love Shelley with all my heart. She has American freshness, but I think European mentality. She has sophisticated view of life."

"When do you plan to get married?"

Vittorio shook his head. He explained that divorce was almost impossible in Italy since the Catholic Church does not recognize it. The only avenue open to him was annulment, which he had already begun to discuss with a lawyer.

"If you marry Shelley," the reporter continued, "will you move to the United States and become an actor here, or will Shelley go back to Italy with you?"

Vittorio smiled. He had spent one week with Shelley in Rome. They had just gotten to know each other, had just fallen in love. They had said very little about marriage. How could he tell truthfully what was going to happen?

"All I know," he explained, "is that I love Shelley and I must return to do a film in Madrid. After that, we see."

At this point, Shelley joined the conversation. "What've you been telling him, darling?" she asked Vittorio. He kissed her. "I have told him that you are a friend and business associate," Vittorio said, and kissed her again.

"Some business," the reporter ad libbed.

"I want you to know," Shelley volunteered, "that Vittorio's going on location with me in Arizona. Then he'll return to Europe. But the minute this picture is over I'm meeting him in Rome."

The reporter said something about the possibility of the studio objecting. After all, she was scheduled for another picture.

"The studio," cried Shelley. "All the time it's the studio. Who cares? Can't you realize that when Vittorio is free I'm going to marry him. This is love, for the first time in my whole life, real love!" She flung her arms around Vittorio's neck, and smacked him soundly on the lips.

A few seconds later, Vittorio turned to the reporter. "Tell me," he said, this time in Spanish, "are there many girls in America like Shelley?"

"If there were," said the reporter, "I wouldn't be standing here." THE END

"somebody loves me"

(*Continued from page 63*) She'll go after the guy with the ruthless enthusiasm of a predatory pirate. Like when she first met Lew Ayres. She liked him, so she asked him for a date.

And another time, when she saw a handsome man in a Chicago bar, she sent the press agent with her to ask him to join them. She married *that* one, Ted Briskin, because he seemed so SOLID. He was—in Chicago. Transplanting him to Hollywood weakened his Hutton appeal.

I believe Ted is still in love with Betty. Who wouldn't be? When this baby loves, this baby gives. And she's hard to forget. Even Norman Krasna—he was trying to re-light the fire two weeks before he married Jolson's widow. He met her at a Milton Pickman party, took her home, and was ready to renew. In fact, Betty refused to believe he was married until Norman's partner, Jerry Wald, confirmed it to her. Then she generously wired Norman congratulations.

Betty is the first to admit she is hard to live with. "I'm impossible when I'm working." But when I mentioned this to O'Curran, he gave that confident masculine smile.

So did Robert Sterling, whom Betty was mad for—for a few weeks. And Pete Rugulo. I saw her several times with Bob and Pete at Palm Springs. There was nothing secret about the rendezvous, or Betty's torrid passion for both men. Each was "The most wonderful man I ever met." But a little time and closer inspection proved to Betty that they didn't have what she was looking for—see the top of this story for what. And add, Financial Security. The latter sounds fantastic when you add up Betty's earning power—a quarter of a million dollars a year. But apart from high taxes and expenses, she's never been able to believe in her good

fortune: she is waiting for the clock to strike 12, then back to the rags and the pumpkin.

Charles has a good job. Paramount has signed him to a well-paying long-term contract. That's where he met Betty, at Paramount, directing her dance numbers in *Somebody Loves Me.* Somebody—Krasna—had just loved and left Betty. Norman—I hope Betty won't mind my telling you—reversed the usual procedure, he wasn't sure that Betty was right for *him.* Betty never talked about it, but this was pure humiliation for the emotional star who was convinced that Norman had all the attributes for the perfect husband—brains, charm, culture, love for her children, and money. I've never seen any woman as hurt as Betty was when Norman reneged and called off the five day engagement. She just naturally fell into O'Curran's anticipatory arms.

They made a romantic rendezvous in Honolulu. Betty went ahead. Charles was to follow after staging some dance numbers at Metro. "But I caught a virus, then had to do another picture. It broke my heart, but I couldn't make the trip," Charles told me, almost in tears. Instead, he met her plane at dawn when she returned, gave her a kiss that shook the airport, took her home and didn't leave her except to work and go home to catch up on sleep. In fact, when someone asked him for his phone number, Charlie said, "And if you can't reach me at home, call me here," and he gave Betty's home phone number.

It was fortunate for Charles that Betty went to Honolulu in the off season. There were positively *no* attractive male visitors on the islands and local talent was simply terrible. But what would have happened to Charlie if Betty had met another guy she could love in Honolulu?

"I slept ten-and-a-half hours every night," said Betty, disappointedly on her return. She needed the rest, was glad of it. But would have preferred a hot romance, and rushing around. So, when Krasna called her in Honolulu, she was delighted. More so when O'Curran called. And when Charles didn't call she called him, sometimes twice a day. But with no tangible male to make whoop de do, Betty was bored, even though she was able to dispense with sleeping pills for the first time in months. She wasn't looking for tranquillity, but she got pineapples instead of parties. It was healthy, but uninteresting. And so she came home.

There's one thing that bothers me with the Betty-Charles situation. I don't think she will ever be happy while she is in control. Charles is too docile. Betty needs a strong man who will take over. But how many men are strong enough for the assignment? Women, the weaker sex, my eye! I've yet to meet a man with the fight and staying power of a girl like Betty.

But like a lot of career girls I know, Betty operates like a man on the love front. I mean when she gets the man she loses interest. And even when she marries him, Betty still wants the freedom that goes with single blessedness. So it will always take a very unusual character to hold this girl's heart.

The question is, can O'Curran? I was a bit startled when I saw him with Betty at the *American In Paris* premiere. Charles wore a lace shirt front! I'm told lace fronts are the current rage in England and maybe this kind of elegance is what Betty craves, but I wouldn't bet on it.

What Betty *does* like about Charles is his lack of jealousy. She had too much of it with Briskin. When he tagged along so unwillingly to Hollywood parties, Ted ruined the fun, always wanting to go home just when Betty was getting into the spirit of things. Nowadays, when Briskin comes to town to see their children, Betty finds a good excuse to be out of town—Palm Springs, Santa Barbara, anywhere, just to avoid taking him to parties. Ted's dates with other girls since the divorce have never fooled Betty. Now he's trying to make *her* jealous.

But there is an important compliment Betty reserves for Ted—he's a wonderful father. And if only he could have supplied emotional and financial security, this marriage, in spite of his other shortcomings, would still be on.

Sometimes I think Betty only wants a father for the kids, rather than a husband for herself. She'd be willing to sacrifice herself for them but that is the wrong foundation for marriage. And any male worth his manhood would resent the abnormal substitution.

Strange, how capable career girls like Betty still want a man to lean on. I believe Betty would even give up her work if a man came along and said, "Little girl let *me* take care of you." "I want someone who can support me," Betty has often told me. "I want to feel like a girl. But the kind of men who have the money don't want someone who is as strong as me."

Krasna is the only one of her men who earned more money than Betty, and this was part of his appeal. She didn't want *his* money, she just didn't want him to want *hers!* But Norman's biggest hit with Betty was when he told her he adored her daughters. He said he wanted to adopt them and would add a wing to his house for them, that she didn't have to worry, *he* would take care of them all. So it turns out, *he* is insecure himself and married millionairess Mrs. Al Jolson!

Betty has always admired "brains" and hoped to marry one. She admits her lack of schooling. She has had to work for a living since she was 14, and one of her dreams still is to graduate from high school. "But what I didn't have myself, I want for my children," Betty states with all her heart and longing in the sentence. "I want the kids to have some roots and tradition." This is one reason why Betty recently made a clean sweep of all the furniture in her rambling house in Brentwood. She sold all the modern pieces, her earlier taste, at auction, and replaced them with beautiful antiques—"the kind of furniture that could have been inherited," says Betty respectfully.

O'Curran speaks Betty's language. The question is, does he speak any others? He's a compliant companion for her, but doesn't reveal any special mental assets in conversation. To date Charlie hasn't bought Betty any expensive gifts. But presents only represent a symbol of security to Betty, and do not weigh as much with the girl he loves as his kindness to her children, five-year-old Lindsay, and three-and-a-half-year-old Candy. He buys them puppets, teaches them dance steps, is gay and gives a "man-in-the-house" atmosphere to mama and daughters.

But even if Betty is now married to Charles, and if not Charles, to another man she believes will be good to have around, the girls will never call him "Daddy." When Briskin read in my column that Krasna wanted to adopt his children, he blew a coast-to-coast gasket, called me to say "He'll have to wait ten years after I'm dead, and not even then."

Now you can see why Betty has problems! But they'll be less if she lowers her sights a trifle. No man has everything, and the only way to get something is to compromise. Betty deserves a good guy. But a girl has to give, too. The best marriage is a partnership. THE END

(Betty Hutton is now in Paramount's The Greatest Show on Earth.—*Ed.)*



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up in brady's place

(*Continued from page 60*) Kelly, and Van Johnson all got their start at Metro. When Johnny came over to the Tierney place one afternoon and told Scott that his chances of working regularly seemed pretty fair, Scott approached Mom with the revolutionary idea of moving out.

"What would you say, Mom," he asked, "if I rented a small bachelor deal some place and gave you an extra room?"

Like the truly understanding mother she is, Mrs. Tierney smiled her consent. "Roddie, I always want you to do what will make you happy."

"I think that's it, Mom."

So they kissed and after that Scott called Joe Zboran, his stand-in, and the two fellows met and piled into Scott's convertible. They drove out Sunset Boulevard in the direction of Westwood. On his way to the studio a few weeks before, Scott had seen a group of partly finished apartment buildings in the vicinity. The one that struck his fancy was a job with wrought-iron balconies. Each apartment in the building had its own entrance so that it seemed like a small separate house. In addition, a private patio came with each apartment, and they were all large, sunny, and unfurnished.

Scott left a $20 deposit on a three-room job—living room, bedroom, and kitchen. There was also a terrace that came with the place, and Scott felt this was a necessity because where are your friends going to hang around when the living room gets jammed up?

Apparently, furnishing a home was a subject Scott had been thinking about for some time. In his indirect, half-scoffing manner, he'd been studying homes in Hollywood. The two he admired most belonged to Johnny Darrow and Chuck Walters, the MGM film director. Both places had been decorated by a versatile young designer named Paul Fox.

It so happens that Fox is one of these generous characters who spends his spare time helping his friends furnish their homes. His regular job is chief set director at 20th Century-Fox, where he's been responsible for much tasteful decor, especially in such films as *Laura, Elopement, Let's Make It Legal,* and half a dozen others.

As soon as he signed his apartment lease, Scott Brady called on Paul Fox.

"Paul," the actor began, "I've just . . ."

Fox held out his hand. "Don't tell me. Let me guess." They surveyed the apartment, and Paul agreed that the simple, open-floor plan would lend itself perfectly to modern furnishings.

"Anything you say is okay with me," Scott said flatly. "I just want you to furnish the place completely. And remember that I'm broke."

In the large main room, Paul used a lot of beige and brown. The carpet, draperies and upholstery are all beige and the wooden pieces are done in natural blond finish so as not to show the dust. Fox believes that a monochrome room is not only basically masculine but much more restful and easier to live in than one that's jumping with color.

He's not completely anti-color, however, which is why the upholstery on the dining room chairs is burnt orange, and a very vivid Braque painting hangs over the couch. Actually the Braque is a copy. It was painted by a studio man who specializes in copying famous art treasures.

Paul's reason for placing it so conspicuously is because, "Scott instinctively likes good paintings without knowing a thing about art. The room needed one important picture and since the guy couldn't afford an original at this point, I gave him the next best thing, a good reproduction."

"I like the painting," Scott says, "because it isn't too pretty. It also arouses a lot of criticism, and I like to hear what my friends think about it."

Scott also owns several small originals done by a promising local artist named John Morris. He puts on an act of not caring very much about them, and he says he hung them just to fill up wall-space, but the truth is that he chose them because basically they're abstract, and that's the sort of stuff that appeals to him.

HAVING decorated a number of bachelor homes, Paul Fox has some definite opinions about men versus women's taste in home decorating. He thinks men are less afraid to try new ideas and will follow their own predilections in the face of custom and convention. Scott, for example, chose black wrought-iron furniture for the dining room. It's tough and durable and very easy for a bachelor to maintain. And yet, relatively few single girls would approve of iron furniture indoors.

Similarly, Scott's lamp table is a piece of accoustical board set in a wooden frame. This sort of material is normally used to soundproof ceilings, but Scott didn't care. He found it stylish and practical. He also okayed two easy chairs and a foam-rubber couch without arms. "They make sense to me," he says.

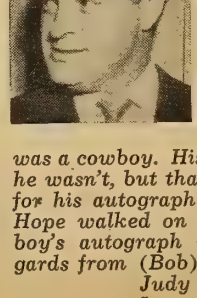
Because of the deep yellow bedspread and draperies, he calls the bedroom "My Gold Room," but this doesn't prevent him from tossing his clothes around helter skelter. Brady is the kind of man who just lets his clothes drop off when he heads for bed. He does keep his dresser drawers neat, however. "One of the nicest things about living alone," he points out, "is that there's no one to yell at me."

Just the other evening, Scott had his brothers and a couple of pals in for steaks before the Thursday-Nite poker session got underway. As the boys were sitting around, letting their dinner settle, Eddie observed that the apartment was just about perfect. "This is a pretty nice joint," the kid brother volunteered. "All it needs now is a woman's touch."

Scott shook his head. "Listen, kid," he said. "If there's anything I've learned in this racket, it's to leave well enough alone. Stop being a marriage broker, and go get the chips. You'll find them in the oven." THE END

(*You can see Scott Brady now in his latest 20th film,* The Model And The Marriage Broker.—*Ed.*)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When we were at Paramount Studios collecting autographs, we noticed a small boy collecting the cowboys' autographs. As Bob Hope came out of the studio, the little boy asked his mother if he was a cowboy. His mother replied that he wasn't, but that the boy should ask for his autograph anyway. After Mr. Hope walked on we noticed that the boy's autograph reads: "Kindest regards from (Bob) Hopalong Cassidy."

Judy Kapler
Los Angeles, California

too hot to handle

(*Continued from page 54*) 20th Century publicity department a bad case of the whim-whams. She has an utter lack of self-consciousness about her figure and she has a genius for falling into poses which flirt with the Johnston office regulations. Marilyn is perfectly conscious of her conduct in front of a camera. In fact, the five years she spent working as a top pin-up model around Hollywood gives her a big advantage over most of the starlets who are totally incapable of putting one foot in front of the other gracefully until years after they've made their mark on the screen.

Some notice has also been taken of the slinky, undulating way that Marilyn walks, even when she is hurrying across the lot to her dressing room. Secretaries watching her from their office windows might consider this walk a trifle affected. But not the men. From carpenters to top producers—they stop, turn, and watch her as she ambles down the company street.

On the set, Marilyn, with no special effort, attracts the attention of every male. Executives stop to pass the time of day with her. Grips come around frequently to make sure that her chair is comfortable and well situated. Magazine photographers visiting the set invariably make a few candid shots of Marilyn and then stand around talking as long as they possibly can. Quite understandably, this kind of popularity often irritates other women on the set. In fact, it would have taken an icepick to break the chill that existed during the filming of RKO's *Clash By Night*, which Marilyn recently completed for Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna. People on the set considered it a real talky day when the star, Barbara Stanwyck, said much more than "Good morning" to Marilyn. The most obvious reason: There was always a cluster of people around Marilyn's dressing room every minute of every day.

MARILYN'S tremendous sex appeal would have little meaning in her career if she had no acting ability to accompany it. But even her severest critics admit that she has more than acquitted herself in her first few screen roles. She gave an individual and striking performance in *The Asphalt Jungle*. In *All About Eve*, she was the memorable dumb blonde. From all advance reports, her work in *Clash By Night* promises to back up the overwhelming wave of publicity she has received during the past year. Apparently, her own studio thinks so, too. They've cast her in her first leading role, opposite Dick Widmark, in *Don't Bother To Knock*, and have plans for giving her a star buildup in 1952. At the moment, they couldn't be worried less about her frank appeal to men. There's plenty of reason to believe that if Marilyn becomes a talented and versatile actress, she will soon command a large feminine audience as well.

In Hollywood, girls seeking a film career achieve recognition in many ways. Marilyn was no overnight wonder. Orphaned when she was still a small child, she was forced to develop a hardy form of self-reliance early in life. She spent her childhood in a series of foster homes, and of necessity, kept most of her dreams to herself. At that time none of them included a film career. It wasn't until she was 17, a divorcee, and one of the busiest models in Hollywood that she thought of acting. As a model, she got lots of comment on her looks, with the advice, "You ought to be in pictures." Pretty soon she started to study dramatics.

By living at the Hollywood Studio Club and keeping her expenses down to the barest essentials, Marilyn was able to join a little theater group. For nearly two years, she paid for her dramatic lessons by doing every photographic modeling job in sight. She also modeled bathing suits, demonstrated merchandise in department store windows, and appeared on an occasional TV show. Even with this whirlwind schedule, Marilyn was unable to keep up with her expenses and for awhile she had to play a running game of hide-and-seek with the finance company in order to hang on to her inexpensive car. To be seen by the right people, Marilyn attended a number of cocktail parties and more than once, she gave the canape table a frightful working over because she was hungry and too broke to eat after she left the party.

Fortunately, Marilyn had a few staunch friends who helped her over these lean days. One of these people was Lillian Burns, drama coach at MGM, who after working with Marilyn for a few months, advanced her small sums to help with her dramatic lessons. Of all the young people Miss Burns has helped over the years, none more completely justified her faith than Marilyn, who began repaying her the week after she signed her contract at 20th. Another true friend was Marilyn's late agent and advisor, Johnny Hyde, who worked hard to get her another break after she had been dropped by Columbia and later, by 20th. When Johnny died last year, Marilyn lost one of the most influential guiding forces in her life.

BECAUSE of her intense preoccupation with learning her craft well, Marilyn frequently is the source of amusement to hardened Hollywoodites. "While Marilyn was over here," says an RKO publicity man, "she went around speaking to everyone with vibrant, pear-shaped tones. I'm sure that if a stranger had overheard her he would have said, 'What a phony blonde!' But actually, she was simply taking advantage of every off-stage opportunity to train her voice in normal conversation."

At the moment, Marilyn is studying the Stanislavsky method of acting, and she is inclined to be a little hammy when she is around people whom she likes and trusts, because she feels they will understand.

There was considerable snickering a few months back when Marilyn began showing up at the studio with volumes of poetry and philosophy tucked under her dainty arm. One day when she toted a heavy edition of Spinoza to work with her, a fellow actor took it from her, hefted it a few times, and cracked, "Isn't that an awfully heavy book to use for balancing on your head, honey?" "What're you doing with that thing—pressing flowers?" was another typical comment. The last thing anyone would have suspected was that she might be reading it. Which indeed she was, with admitted difficulty and little understanding, as a part of the philosophy and literature courses she's taking at UCLA. Marilyn recently told a columnist who asked her about her studies, "I don't mind if people think I'm a dumb blonde, but I dread the thought of *being* a dumb blonde."

MARILYN'S formal academic education ended when she left high school to marry at the age of 16, and by her own admission, her desire for learning had been pretty listless for a couple of years prior to her marriage. Now that she has won at least a toehold on economic security, Marilyn realizes that she is totally lacking in the cultural knowledge which most people in the movie industry take for granted. During the next two years, she intends to fill this gap in her life with



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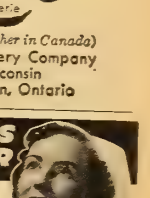


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Although she is as friendly as a pup with her studio associates, Marilyn is introverted, moody, and withdrawn in her personal life. She rarely goes out on dates or is seen in nightclubs. "I'm just beginning to get my first really good parts," she explains, 'and I don't want to spoil anything."

For the past few months, she's been living in a rented guest house in Beverly Hills, not far from the 20th Century-Fox studios. She gets up early every morning and startles the neighbors by trotting up and down the alley a few times in a pair of old blue jeans and a sweat-shirt. This morning workout, supplementing the rigorous pursuit of her career, is all the exercise Marilyn figures she has to have.

Most evenings she stays home with an album of classical music on her bedside record player and Spinoza propped up on her ample bosom. On nights when heavy reading gets too heavy, Marilyn samples a random handful of the fan mail which arrives at her house by the car-load. The majority of it comes from men and contains countless proposals of marriage, or rapturous eulogies about her beauty. Although Marilyn has been hearing this kind of appreciation most of her adult life, she never tires of it. But Marilyn will never be completely happy until the day she receives a letter which begins, "Dear Miss Monroe: I just saw your picture on the cover of the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' and I would like to tell you . . ."

Her tremendous impact as a man's kind of woman is likely to put that day off for quite some time. But if Marilyn keeps trying, anything can happen. THE END

m. s. party of the year

(*Continued from page 50*) soaking them up with sunshine, and if you'll just pass me one of those waiters, I'll soak it up too."

Right then and there, the party picked up to the tune of jalops and Cadillacs splashing their way to Ciro's front door.

"THAT was a good idea—your framing the Award Citations right at the entrance," Tony Curtis exclaimed. "I think I'll stand next to mine all evening long, and Janet can stand next to hers. Makes a nice family thing of it, don't you think?"

Photographers Bert Parry and Bob Beerman did think, so they took a half dozen pictures. Matter of fact, all together they took more than a half a hundred along with standby, Walt Davis.

No sooner had they finished with two dozen color photos of Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis, who were obviously not trying to hide the glow they felt toward each other, than the Mitchums arrived.

"Mind if we shoot?" Bert asked Mrs. Bob Mitchum. "Not at all," she exclaimed. "There are really three of us, and I may not be the perfect maternity-dressed wife of 1951, but go ahead anyway." (The baby is due in February.)

The moment June Haver and Dan Dailey arrived a ten-second hush fell over the room while everybody looked and speculated as to whether this might not be Hollywood's most exciting new romance.

June and Dan wouldn't admit a thing. "We're in a picture together," Dan explained "—and who can tell what's going to happen?" Who can? It's hard to say, but all of a sudden columnists stopped mentioning June and that Texas oil millionaire, and for a solid week afterwards, nobody saw Dan in public anywhere without June.

This year's party could certainly have had hearts and flowers as the theme song. Esther Williams, who has barely missed winning the top feminine popularity award three years running now, and by a handful of votes, held hands with her husband, Ben Gage, most of the evening.

Then there was Doris Day, who not only joined the top ten but won a special award as the most popular feminine singer of songs. She was so happy, arriving in the company of her less-than-a-year-husband, Marty Melcher, that she positively outshone the spotlights.

Some of the other "long marrieds" among the younger stars included the John Lunds, the Keenan Wynns, the Larry Parks (whose table was visited by almost everyone who showed up), the Dana Andrews, Van Heflins, Mr. and Mrs. "Reconciled" Jeff Chandlers, the Marshall Thompsons, the Rand Brooks and several dozen others who have conquered the "be a star and and stay married" problem. That die-hard bachelor, Scott Brady, brought with him an exciting new screen discovery, Suzan Ball, who's been working with him at Universal-International. Privately they admitted to friends that they both were "playing the field."

The best comment made about all the lovely girls came from Edgar Bergen whose wife is so beautiful she almost breaks the law. Said Edgar, "I'm glad I left Charlie McCarthy home. It isn't that the rain would swell his joints. I just know he'd sprain his wooden neck trying to ogle all the girls at once."

Nobody voted for the most handsome guy at the party, but you readers would have had a tough time deciding between those newcomers, Rock Hudson (who spent most of his evening talking to Joyce Holden) and Dale Robertson, who this year won the most popular newcomer award. They created almost as much excitement as Gene Autry would have if he and Mrs. Autry had arrived aboard Champion. (Even though they didn't, Gene, in the latest cowboy sartorial splendor, attracted a lot of attention.)

Well sure, there had to be a disappointment or two— Debbie Reynolds, our most popular girl newcomer, was out on personal appearances, and couldn't get home in time. Liz Taylor was heart-throbbing around New York and Mario Lanza was temporarily bedded down with a virus attack. (Although he did rise up on one elbow to accept the most popular male singer award on Louella Parsons' Sunday broadcast.)

There were so many guests we'd like to rave about. Like Ginny Simms, prettier than ever, our always favorite Joan Evans, Ken Tobey, the Pete Hansons, Yvette Dugay, Patricia Ann Harding and her lovely grandma; Joanie Taylor, the Donald O'Connors, and at least 50 others, including those wonderful dancers, Marge and Gower Champion, petite Pier Angeli, Bob Wagner, and the popular columnist, Sid Skolsky. There just isn't space in this issue.

Perhaps Sheilah Graham said it for everyone when she looked around the star-packed room and exclaimed, "One really amazing thing is that in this complete cross-section of Hollywood I don't see one bit of jealousy. Every actor in the world loves to be popular with the public. BUT, when it comes to MODERN SCREEN award time, the losers are always right there, cheering the winners."

And to that, the editors of MODERN SCREEN can only add, "You said it!" and, "Come back next year!" THE END

does john agar belong in jail? (no)

(Continued from page 37) *the things some people want, but can't obtain. I think this has been the case with John Agar. He is being made an example of. He is the symbol that has been set up to show everyone that the famous can be persecuted as well as the unfamous. The rich can be jailed as well as the poor, and that justice is equal for all.*

I have just one thing to say in regard to that. Nuts! If we are going to start prosecuting famous people as examples, why not start with some of the outstanding bad examples of Christian living that reside in the Hollywood district? If we are out "to get" the movie stars because of jealousy or petty thinking, let's start with some of the seven-time divorcees. Let's start with some of the abandoned children's parents. Let's start anywhere that there is a good cause to start. Not with a mere drunken driving charge.

Jail is not a cure for emotional upsets. If so, everyone would have to put in time at one prison or another during their lives. Some of us can face life and its disappointments better than others, and some of us need lots of help from experienced people—doctors, psycho-analysts, etc. Putting an emotionally upset individual into prison because he can't find the right way of life at the time we say he should, can't be the answer to the problem. Especially, when the individual has already made obvious efforts to start on the road to good living.

No, I for one do not think John Agar belongs in jail. Rather, I think he deserves the chance to continue his fight to gain stardom on his own merits, and to gain the happiness of life that should be his. I hope that as soon as this unhappy incident is over, he and Loretta can find that happiness, and that his memory of justice in the United States won't be too black. As for his career, I don't think that the average intelligent movie-goer would ever hold a drunken-driving charge against a fine actor, with a lot of spunk and personality.

Here's wishing John Agar lots of luck and happiness.

Sincerely,
Barbara Archer
Chicago, Illinois

there is no jeff chandler

(Continued from page 47) him lies in his analytic, introspective mind. Don't let the camera fool you, he's much more than a handsome hunk of man. In fact, his being so ruggedly tall (six-feet-four) has been a sore spot for him.

"Height and bigness are associated with strength," he says. "If a smaller guy picks on you and you don't accept the challenge, you're yellow. If you lick him, you're a bully. If he licks you, you're a schnook. And I've been taken by smaller guys, particularly when I was much younger and not so well coordinated."

One Saturday night, when Jeff was in summer stock on Long Island, the company went to a restaurant for coffee. The guy who chose to pick on Jeff was of average height. He was also quite tight. He began taunting Jeff for being a "bum actor." "He hadn't even seen the show," Jeff says, "so how did he know?" Jeff didn't want to fight, he doesn't like to, but he was talked into it. He leveled the guy and felt very sick.

The amazing thing about Jeff Chandler is that he began life with one desire—the desire to make the whole world love him. This is, he says, the reason for almost all of his mistakes. It is also why he is an actor.

Now he thinks he's growing up emotionally. He's learning that he can't devote his life to making people like him. Some people will, some won't. "When you try too hard for the love of your fellow man," Jeff says, "you do ridiculous things. You spread yourself so far with emotion that you reach the point of frustration."

Even though he realizes the truth of this, Jeff was devastated by something that happened recently. He was on location at Port Eustis, Virginia, for *The Red Ball Express*. You know about the demands of a location trip. Up at five-thirty A.M., back after sundown dead beat. So when the switchboard operators at his hotel advised him that calls were pouring in, he told them to use their own discretion about which ones to put through.

Well, one day a letter came to him at the hotel. It was from a girl who said she had tried to call him. All she wanted was to hear his voice on the telephone. That was all. It was little enough, wasn't it, since the letter said, "you mean more to me than anybody"? But she was told he was "too busy," and now she was through with him.

Jeff wanted to call her at once, but her name was not in the telephone book. He wanted to write to her, but there was no return address on the note. It bothered him all during the making of the movie. It still bothers him, because, he said, "she may be losing faith in people. She mustn't. For this reason Jeff answers his own fan mail as much as possible. "I'm way behind," he says, "but I like to do it. I like to put my own stuff down on paper."

He's the brooding kind, the thoughtful type who hurts easily and who doesn't make a move without first thinking it through. Listen to the story of his separation from and his return to Marjorie Hoshelle, the girl he met in 1941. Jeff was appearing in stock at the time. She was in a neighboring company. Five years later, after he had done a four-year stint in the Army, he married her. She is the mother of his two daughters, Jamie, four, and Dana, two.

Marge is tall and good-looking, with skin like a baby's. She is unaffected, intelligent, exuberant. They seemed, as the song writers put it, meant for each other.

Everyone thought they were completely happy until the day a publicity girl at U. I. went out on the set to see Jeff about an interview appointment. He was just sort of wandering around the set. The girl knew that Marge was in New York for a visit. "What do you hear from Marge?" she asked.

"Nothing," Jeff said. "We've separated."

The publicity girl forgot she would have to give the story to the press. She thought only how much she liked these two people. "I'm sorry," she said. Then she added, "But don't do anything hastily. If you've quarrelled or something . . . well, lots of people do . . . but wait a little while."

"It wasn't a quarrel," Jeff said. "It's been coming on a long time."

What causes a separation that has been "coming on for a long time?" It's nothing and it's everything, it's the way two personalities blend or don't blend.

Jeff underplays everything, always fear-

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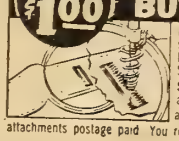
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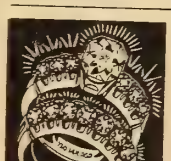
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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW

ful of too much talk about a good thing. This isn't Marge's way. When Jeff was given the role of Cochise in *Broken Arrow,* he knew it might be the turning point of his career. It was a great establishing role. And for Jeff to have the part was Marge's dream, too. Jeff came home and told her very matter-of-factly that he had the part.

"That's marvelous!" she said, spilling over with delight. "What did the director say?"

"He said he thought I'd be good for the part," Jeff told her.

Marge was disappointed. "Was that *all?*" And then, her enthusiasm returning, "Well, what did *you* say?"

"I said, 'Thank you.'"

Now this is not a story you tell to the judge. This isn't even one small ground for divorce. But it had to do with conflicting personalities, with Jeff's subconscious guilt because he was an up-coming star and Marge was not. It had to do with Marge's living vicariously through Jeff the career she might have had.

Jeff would come home at night from the studio, upset, maybe. He would sit, meditating, working out the problem. And Marge would ask, "Something wrong?"

"No. Nothing." For Jeff must figure out the deal before he can talk about it.

"Is it anything I've done?"

"No."

It all adds up day by day and the two people separate because they have placed a false interpretation upon the actions of the other.

THEY talked sensibly about the children. Would a divorce hurt them? Jeff was a child of divorce. So was Marge. What scars had his parents' divorce left on Jeff? He tried to analyze it and "didn't know for sure." He knew that he wanted his children to "be as close to normal as possible. Whatever they really need I hope they'll achieve." He and Marge had tried to bring the children up "by the book." But, Jeff said, "Marge and I are not qualified since we don't know where the norm is." He decided that a divorce would not hurt the children. It might change what they were or, rather, what they were to become, but it would not hurt them.

During the seven months Jeff and Marge were separated he saw her and the children often. He helped her move into a new house. And when it came time for the Academy Awards presentation he took her to the big event. He was advised against this. It would, his advisers said, only cause more newspaper comment. The questions would be asked, "Are they back together again?" "If not—why not?" And "What about Ann Sheridan?" But Jeff had been nominated Best Supporting Player for his work in *Broken Arrow,* and he could not, he said, take anybody but Marge. "She has shared so much with me," he said. "This will mean so much to her—almost more to her than it does to me. I couldn't take anyone else. I want to take her."

Had you met Jeff Chandler during the time he was without Marge you would not have known him for the man he really is. This guy who loves people and wants people to love him dug a hole for himself and crawled in. He lived in his dressing room at the studio—and this was almost symbolic, for it was Jeff's success and the problems encumbent upon it that had come between them. And it was at the studio where he set out to solve his most vital personal problem.

When he needed companionship he sought the company of men. Men like to be with Jeff, they like to talk with him. Howard Duff, Tony Curtis, Gordon MacRae are but a few of his men friends. And then there was Ann Sheridan. In order to understand why she filled a gap in Jeff's life you must understand Ann. She's such a good Joe, ready with laughs, ready with sympathy when needed. She's the kind of girl who talks man's talk to a man. But, except for a few parties which he attended alone, he had no social life.

Jeff had to think it out alone. He had to, as he said, "Get a re-evaluation of everything in my life. It was a period of learning. I could have gone through with a divorce and found a kind of life and achieved a degree of happiness. There is no *one* direction a life has to go in. But then I began to analyze, to draw the line between *need* and *want.* There are many things we want. There are fewer things we need. And the things we need are harder to search out."

And once he had worked this out, alone in a small dressing room in the big studio, he knew what his need was.

He and Marge went to Arrowhead Springs for a three-day celebration. There was something to celebrate. They were back together again. As they were driving toward the Springs Jeff started thinking about something that had happened. He started thinking out a business problem the way he used to before the separation. Marge grew silent, too. And Jeff realized he was doing it again. So he told her what was in his mind. And their getting together again was as simple as that.

Of Marge, Jeff says. "This is a great girl."

There are those who say that the seven months changed Jeff. But that isn't quite true. Actually, they only served to crystallize what he is. In those seven months he put his thoughts all together in one place.

Look into Jeff's eyes and you'll learn a great deal about him. They are sad eyes yet there has been no great tragedy in his life. But he has experienced tragedy since he has the power of empathy. Empathy is, according to the dictionary, "imaginative projection of one's own consciousness into another being." All good actors use this when they are playing a role. But Jeff carries it away from the set with him into life so that he has experienced emotionally much that he has not experienced actually. It is this power that gives him his sympathy for, his understanding of, other human beings.

He has great intellectual curiosity. He says, "I hate the fact that I'm not going to be here forever to watch how every-

CHAIR, I LOVE YOU

While I was pregnant, I went wacky on the subject of furniture. Before that, I'd just buy anything and do it over myself. But suddenly I craved furniture, as some girls crave food. Having nothing to do all those months, I haunted antique shops and fell wildly in love with a certain Windsor chair. The price was awful. I told Pat about it.

"Gosh," said Pat, "that doesn't make sense. And you'll find something else you'll like just as well."

It didn't *make sense. But neither did I. Every day I'd go over and just sit in the chair. When I got home from the hospital, there it stood in my room with a big pink bow on it.*

"The woman was closing out," said Pat. "Cut the price in half. Said she didn't want anyone else but you to have it."

I've got a definite hunch he'd have bought it anyway!—Mona Freeman

thing comes out." He is learning constantly and he wants to learn.

It is interesting to note that people who want to live forever, as Jeff does, do not require much sleep. Jeff does just fine on six hours. No matter how late he goes to bed he is up at seven because, he says, "there are so many things to do." When he and a friend had their own stock company he slept almost not at all from Sunday until Wednesday. They would close a show on Sunday and start preparing for another which meant learning lines, rehearsing, constructing sets and painting scenery. If Jeff managed an hour in bed out of the 24 he was lucky. Marge likes to sleep and needs sleep. This doesn't bother Jeff any more.

He used to have terrible dreams, but those awful nightmares were compensated for by the wonder of waking up. "It's great to wake up from a bad dream," he says. But the bad dreams do not come so often now, which is, of course, part of maturity and security. When his children occasionally cry out in the night he knows what they are experiencing. He knows their fear dreams are a part of every child's insecurity.

JEFF has been doing research on maturity. Take, for example, his angers. He is annoyed with people who do not do a job as well as he thinks it can be done. And that includes anybody—even the children. When Jamie was two and first sat at the table with him and Marge, Jeff expected her to use her knife and fork as well as they did and not to spill anything. He was annoyed when she behaved like anything less than an adult. "But I'm better about that now," Jeff says. "I have learned that she must learn and that I must not impose my adult ideas on her infant mind."

His angers are sudden and explosive even though it takes a lot to get the big man mad. He used to smoulder until the moment his rage caught fire. But unless he could blow his top immediately in front of the person who had made him furious he did not blow his top at all. He could not carry the anger. The difference between then and now is that he does not smoulder. He laughs and admonishes himself, "Forget it."

But the thing that still makes him wild is the person who tells him what he is thinking. "I know what I'm thinking and the other person doesn't. I can't take it when I say something and the other person says, "That isn't what you mean at all."

This really gentle man reacts so violently because this attitude has cost him friendships. (And remember, he's the guy who wants the whole world to love him.) For example, he was talking once to an older friend of whom he was very fond. They were talking about acting. Jeff was trying to explain how he felt. The other man said, "You don't mean that at all. *This* is how you feel." And he told Jeff how he should feel.

Jeff was burning. "Don't you tell me what I mean and what I don't mean. Just because I'm younger doesn't mean I don't have a mind of my own. A mind of my own and a mind I know." End of friendship. He is sorry about it, but that's how he is and he cannot change. This antipathy is one of his few violences. Marge knows this and never tells him that he may be saying one thing and meaning another.

So much for his angers. His joys? A job well done—whether by himself or by someone else. And the well done job means not only his work on the screen but the job of living a good life. His greatest joy occurs when he has learned something or conquered a fault. The other day he was beaming, "I got real happy today," he said. "The kids did everything I asked them to do not because I, the great big father, commanded, but because I asked them in an appetizing way."

Then there is the case of his procrastination. He understands it and it goes a long way back. His mother was, he says, a "do-nower." She did not nag him, but whatever had to be done had to be done at once. The boy over-reacted by rebellion. As a result if Marge says today, "You know, Jeff, you should fix that window," it puts off the chore by a week. Or he used to. He is learning to control the rebellion. "I bring some humor to bear," he says. "I remember she has asked me because the window needs fixing and not because she's trying to drive me." And this, by the way, is another thing Jeff got straight during the seven months of being alone.

It was for psychological reasons that Jeff wanted to be an actor. It was, he said, "a defense against voids. Maybe I was seeking the love I lost not being with my father when I was a boy. Ninety percent of all actors, I think, use their art as a substitution for something missed earlier."

Success has given him confidence and security. "I'd be a big schnook if I didn't have more confidence now," he says. But success almost had a bad effect on him. "It's a matter of leisure," he explained. "You've got time to think. You have the freedom to think and sometimes that can be bad. When you're not worrying about how to pay the rent you explore—looking for the things you want rather than the things you need. You lose sight of the real values and start believing you're leading an unsatisfactory life."

No, he is not a typical movie star, yet when he walked into the Universal commissary just after he was signed for *Sword In The Desert*, every woman in the place sat up and took notice. A studio executive recently summed up his appeal. "The women in the audience never feel they can mother Jeff. Women from eight to 80 realize he has sex appeal. But they never think of Jeff as 'my boy.' They think of him as 'my guy'."

You cannot mother Jeff because the core of him is strong. Yet he is not predatory. He is not detached and cold. He is not, actually, sophisticated. He has an inner warmth. He likes more than he dislikes. His and Marge's idea of a good time is to visit and be visited by friends. Lots of friends. He is not in any sense "on the make." He doesn't have to be.

His face belies his character but his voice does not. Listen to the voice and you'll know him. His voice is full of pity and sympathy for mankind. That's Jeff Chandler. It's nice to know he does exist.

THE END

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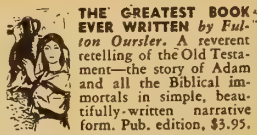
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OUELLA PARSONS: Hollywood's Problem Lovers

modern screen

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

April 19



EXCLUSIVE: How the Harry James' live

See how Camay takes your skin "out of the shadows" –how it brings New Loveliness to light!



MRS. KEITH E. MULLENGER, this stunning Camay bride, confesses: "I'd be lost without Camay! When I changed to regular care and Camay, I had a brighter, clearer complexion right away!"

Follow in this bride's footsteps! Gain a fresher, clearer complexion with your very First Cake of Camay!

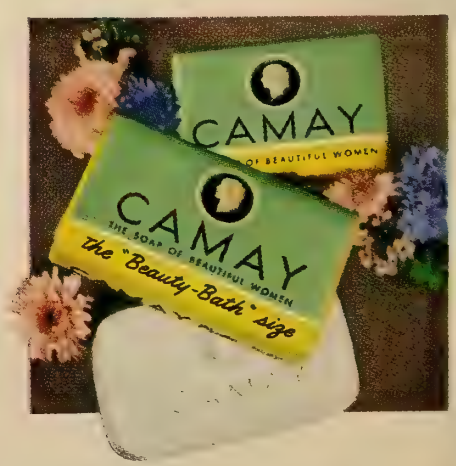
WHEN admiration and romance are a girl's dream and desire—when she looks forward to wedding bells and a happy marriage—she won't let dullness veil her complexion and delay That Wonderful Day!

Don't let *your* beauty be obscured by shadows. With Camay, you can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay alone—and a fresher, brighter complexion will be revealed . . . before your very *first cake* of Camay is gone!

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Camay *the soap of beautiful women*

MAR 11 1952

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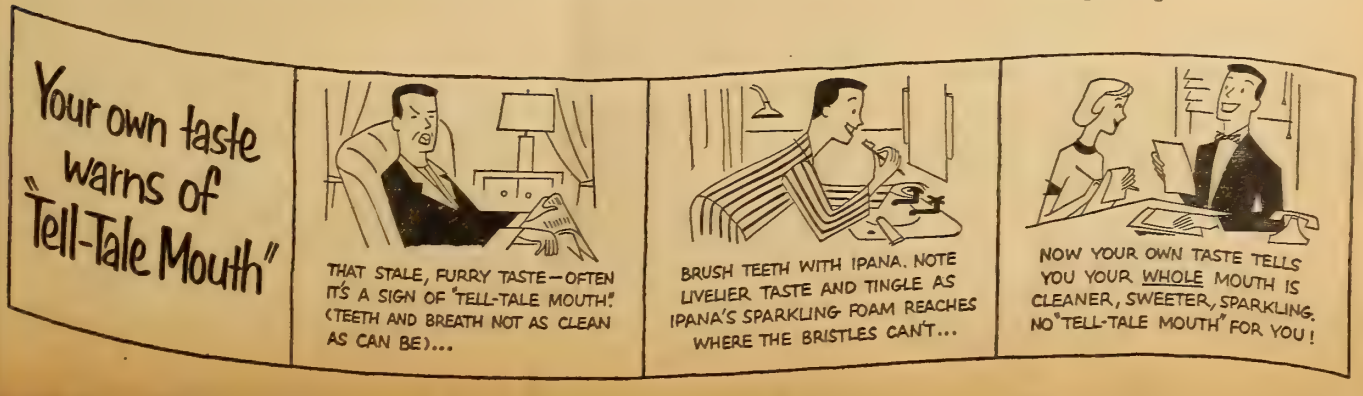
Sweetens breath instantly! Yes, when you use Ipana, you actually help remove *causes* of embarrassing mouth odor—leave your mouth feeling clean, feeling good—*sparkling* clean and fresh!

And don't forget your gums! Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges lets Ipana's *active* cleansing foam help *remove* irritants that can lead to gum troubles!

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Ipana
Tooth Paste

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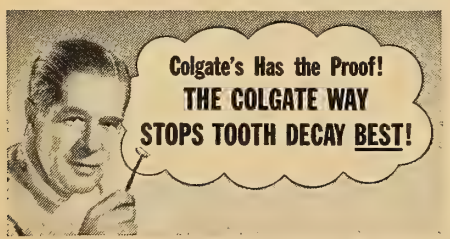
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APRIL, 1952 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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ON THE COVER: Color picture of 20th Century-Fox's Betty Grable by Bert Parry Bob Beerman. Cover designed by Angelo Grasso.
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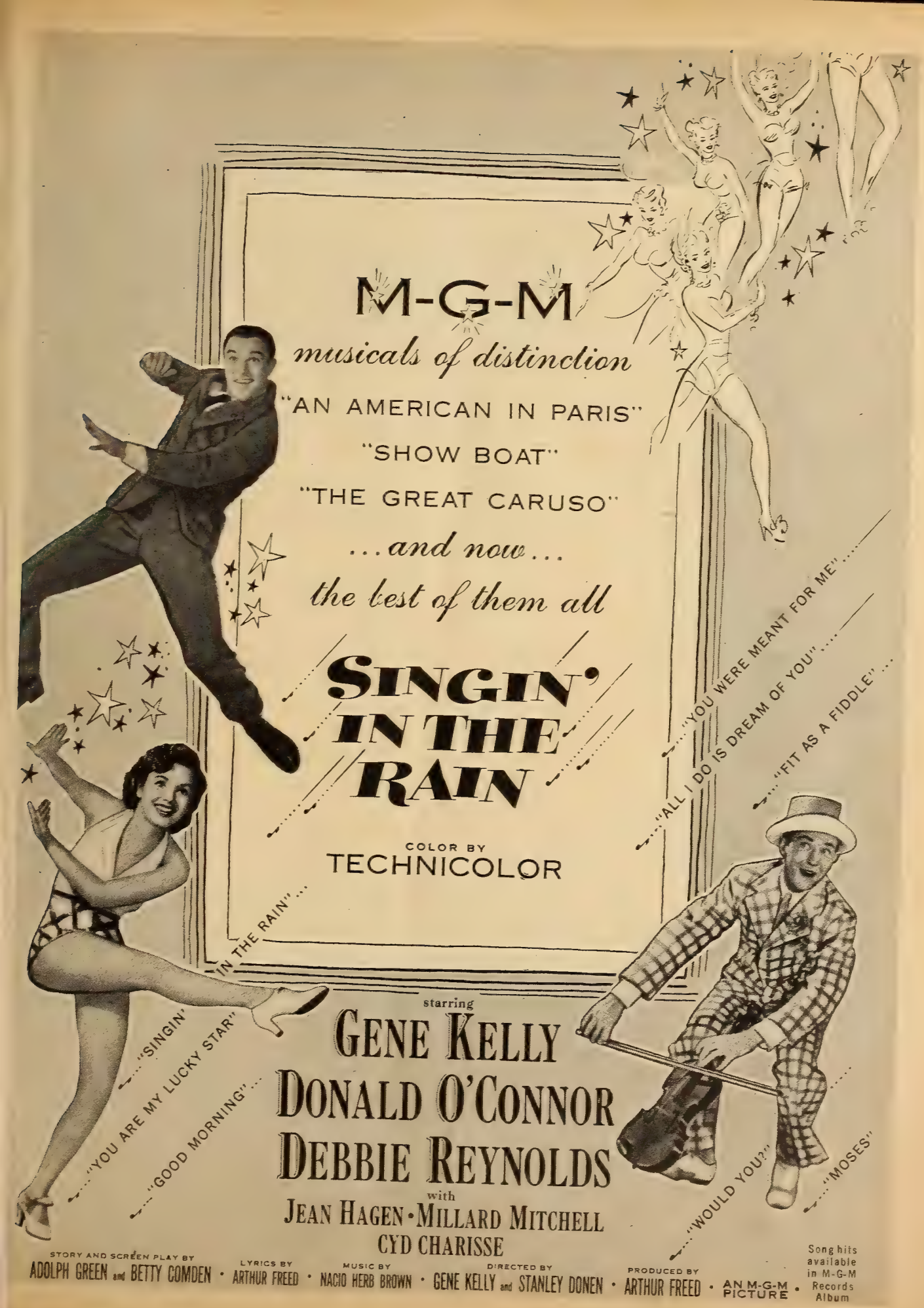
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"YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME"...
"ALL I DO IS DREAM OF YOU"...
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"MOSES"
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DEBBIE REYNOLDS
with
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that MGM threatened to sue June Allyson before she would star in her last picture, *Girl In White?* What is June's real name, and where was she born? —B. T., New York, N. Y.

A. *MGM did threaten to sue Allyson for $280,000. Her real name is Ella Geisman. She was born in the Bronx, New York.*

Q. Did June Allyson really play the piano in *Too Young To Kiss?* If not, who did?—K. C., New Canaan, Conn.

A. *Miss Allyson played the piano herself. She plays fairly well and after a week of concentrated coaching was able to perform the stint.*

Q. I've been told that Mario Lanza, Gene Kelly, and several other Hollywood stars plan to spend the next 18 months or so in Europe. Why is this? Don't they like the U. S. A.?
—D. O., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *According to a new Federal law, U. S. citizens who reside outside of the country for a minimum of 17 months do not have to pay income tax. Lanza and Kelly both love the U. S., but they'd like to save a little money for their old age.*

Q. Why did Warner Brothers cancel Joan Crawford's contract?
—B. O., Miami, Fla.

A. *The contract was cancelled by mutual consent. Miss Crawford's pictures haven't been making very much money lately. Warner Brothers paid Miss Crawford $200,000 for the cancellation. She gets $50,000 a year for the next four years.*

Q. What are the real names of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and who really runs the act? —D. L., Akron, Ohio

A. *Dino Crosetti and Jerome Levitch. Lewis runs the act.*

Q. I understand that Stewart Granger fights with nearly all of his directors. Is this true? —C. C., London, Eng.

A. *Granger is one of the toughest actors in the business to direct. He argues vehemently with many of his directors. He feels his suggestions will help make the movie a better production.*

Q. Does June Haver wear a bra? If so, what size? —J. K., Peoria, Ill.

A. *Yes, size 36.*

Q. Is Jimmy Stewart a millionaire?
—W. N., Fort Wayne, Ind.

A. *Yes.*

Q. How long have the Gene Nelsons been married, and was their second child a boy or a girl?
—E. R., Rochester, N. Y.

A. *The Nelsons have been married ten years, have one boy, Christopher, four, lost a second son in premature birth.*

Q. Isn't the Gregory Peck marriage on the rocks? —B. S., Butte, Mont.

A. *Not now—it's just rough going.*

Q. Has Paramount offered Margaret Truman half-a-million dollars to sign a contract? —C. C., Washington, D. C.

A. *No! Miss Truman has been offered $100,000 for one picture.*

Q. Isn't Elizabeth Taylor having contract trouble with her studio and personal trouble with her parents?
A. H., Santa Fe, N. M.

A. *Yes, but she's determined to live her own life, solve her own problems.*

Q. Who is the most charitable actor in Hollywood?—T. W., Kansas City, Mo

A. *There are so many it's hard to name all, but Red Skelton, for one, is up on top.*

Q. Why doesn't John Wayne pose for pictures with his four children?
—O. D., Pennsville, N. J.

A. *He does.*

Q. I understand that Betty Hutton isn't very popular with her fellow employees at Paramount. Is this true? If so, why?
—A. G., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. *It's true. Miss Hutton is incredibly ambitious, constantly driving, has never let anyone or anything stand in her way.*


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TRUE ADVENTURE IN
THE CHRONICLES
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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS





Nebraska's Governor Peterson inducts MGM's Howard Keel, Monica Lewis, Debbie Reynolds and Keenan Wynn into the "Nebraska Navy" after their recent Omaha hospital tour.

At the time that the John Waynes were having trouble a few weeks ago, John very gallantly took all the blame. But those close to the situation feel that Esperanza's continued bad health had something to do with the separation.

The story of the rift broke at a time when both the Waynes were in the hospital. She is in a Los Angeles hospital suffering with flu; John at Scripps Clinic getting a check-up.

As I write this the Waynes are on the verge of a reconciliaton, and perhaps the realization that they were so close to the divorce court may have cleared the air between them. John feels he left his wife too much alone and that is why she consulted Jerry Giesler about a divorce.

But on his side it can be said that he frequently wanted to take her on his long location trips, but she was ill, and too often in the hospials of her native country, Mexico. Just how it will all end I don't know, but I do know John is trying hard to talk his wife out of a divorce.

Although Piper Laurie still wears the ring young Universal-International executive, Charlie Simonelli, flew out from New York to put on her finger—methinks the romance is cooling.

The unhappy part is that the youngsters are still in love. But their religious beliefs are different and in their particular case this is becoming more and more of an insurmountable obstacle.

Piper and the good-looking Italian boy, who manages the New York publicity office of U-I, have decided to give themselves a year to see if their problem will solve itself.

They still talk over the telephone several times a week—Charlie sends her lovely gifts (the latest being a valuable camera)—but Piper, at this writing, is still thinking it over.

Who's Wooin' (subject to change without notice): That cute little Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner are getting serious. Most of Debbie's romances in the past have been along puppy-love lines—but this is different with a big D.

Carleton Carpenter's heartthrob seems to be Barbara Ruick, blonde starlet at 20th. They date several times a week and usually wind up at a favorite spot with Carleton at the piano and Barbara singing and dancing. Carleton's settling down to a steady girl is sure to upset the teen-agers who are real "gone" on him.

Kirk Douglas has it so bad for Elizabeth Threatt that he took her to the luncheon hosted in his honor by the New York models who hopefully (looks like *hopelessly*) voted him "the most eligible bachelor of the year."

Nancy Sinatra steps out now and then with good looking director Freddie De Cordova.

Nancy Davis and Ronald Reagan are so steady they even read newspapers over cafe dinner tables. These two are so companionable and contented together they will surprise the whole town if they don't marry.

Gene Tierney's suit for divorce didn't come as any great surprise to any of us. For months there have been whispers that she and Oleg Cassini, the dress designer, were not getting along. Gene is very close-mouthed where her personal life is concerned. I believe she talked with me as freely as she intends to talk to anyone.

"It's hard for any marriage to survive when two people are separated as much as Oleg and I. When I went to Europe last summer, he promised to fly over. He didn't. When I went to South America to make *Way Of A Gaucho* he said he would fly there to be with little Tina and me. He did not.

"We have not been together more than three times in a year. That is an impossible situation!"

Gene, who outwardly seems so cool and poised, is far more broken up over the end of her marriage than you might expect from such a self-sufficient girl.

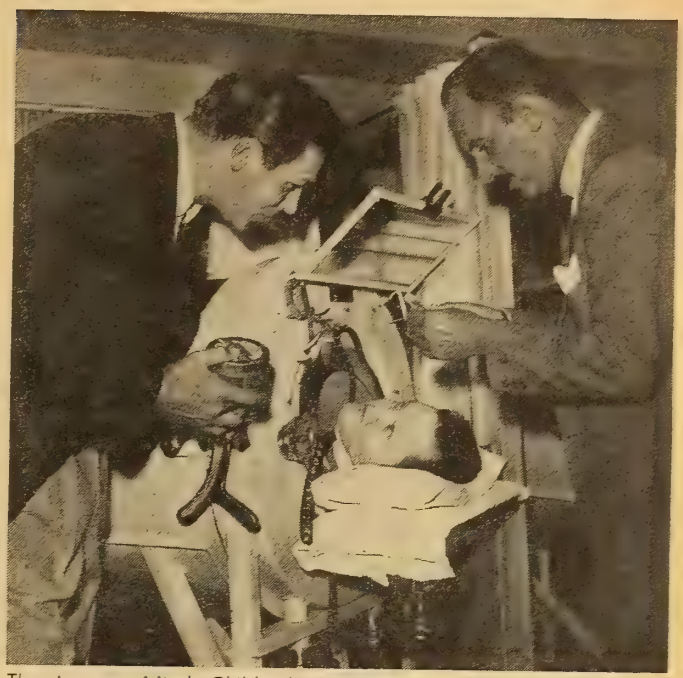
This is the second time Gene has sued Cassini for divorce. Several years ago she filed, and then they secretly reconciled and Gene bore Oleg another daughter, little Tina, who is a beauty. Gene adores the child and is seldom away from her. Their other child, eight-year-old Daria, is ill and has been for many years.

But Tina has been to Europe with Gene and to South America. She is a gay, happy laughing little girl who has the same type of beauty that makes little Liza Minnelli, Judy Garland's daughter, such a very special child.

Now that her marriage has failed, Gene told me she is going to Paris to live. She definitely wants to get away from it all—but time, I think, will change her mind. If there's one thing you cannot do—it's to run away from



Carleton Carpenter and Monica Lewis get together for some last minute script studying enroute to Omaha Air Base. Other troupers were Jim Backus, Arthur Loew, Mrs. Keenan Wynn and Eileen Christie.



The troupe visited Children's Hospital where Howard Keel and Keenan Wynn stopped to chat with this young patient, who turned out to be a photography fan. Keenan admired his snapshot collection.

your troubles. They always catch up with you.

By the time you read this—Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman, the Italian "love of her life," will probably be married and living happily after an elopement to Mexico.

Their present plans are that Gassman will divorce his wife in Mexico City (she is the Catholic—not he). Then, he and Shelley will be immediately married.

Talk about "love" changing a girl's personality! Shelley is suddenly so subdued and so diffident.

Garbo, herself, couldn't have put on a more aloof act than Miss Winters put on at the airport after she had flown from Hollywood to Rome to meet Vittorio.

She just shook hands with her Latin beau. To reporters covering the momentous event, Shelley sighed sadly, "Please do not ask us personal questions. I am very weary." Then, slightly shrugging her shoulders this usually bombastic gal said, "There is nothing we can say."

Shelley? With nothing to say?

There was a lot of whispering going on when Gloria Grahame appeared wearing a gorgeous ring. I finally tracked her down and asked, "Where did you get that ring, girl?"

She said, "Oh, it is a Christmas present from Stanley Rubin (the director)—but we're not engaged."

Gloria, who was married to Nick Raye, and whose separations from him have been off and on events for a long time, has finally made up her mind at long last that it's *off* for good.

But the lady says she "can't be engaged because I'm not yet divorced."

She didn't, however, deny that she likes Rubin very, very much and that he is head man in her life.

Gloria's stock as an actress has zoomed overnight since she played the elephant girl in *The Greatest Show On Earth.*

Scott Brady was fit to be tied over the stories that he had given Joe Cotten such a bad beating for a scene in *The Untamed* that Joe was temporarily forced out of the picture.

Brady told me, "Everybody looks at me and says 'What do you mean—a big, brawny man like you—beating up an older man like that'?

"The truth is—and anyone on the picture will verify this—that Joe threw his spine out of place when he bent over to lace his boots—and we hadn't even had a rehearsal on the fight scenes when it happened." Okay, Scott—we'll take your word.

The mid-January floods (and I mean they *are* unusual) brought tragedy, drama, thrills and some laughs to our town. Movie folk who usually confine their conversations to themselves and their career were switched to tale after tale about "my moment in the mud" or "blocked by rocks" or some other hair-raiser.

The most tragic note was the death of handsome Gile Steele, costume designer at MGM, who had won two Academy Awards for his fine artistry. He was drowned when he was trapped in his car after a 15-foot wave of debris washed his car into a torrential ditch. The whole industry mourns the loss of this talented man.

As could be expected, Humphrey Bogart had a field day (if you can call anything so *wet* by such a term) wading in the flooded streets in front of his home helping push stalled cars and diverting traffic from the danger zones.

Glamor gal Corinne Calvet and her husband, John Bromfield, shoveled a path through four feet of mud against their front door, and stayed up half the night serving hot coffee to stranded and miserable motorists.

Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin were making night scenes on a Paramount stage and Jerry was all over the place putting buckets under places spurting water.

Much damage was done, and many people suffered real privation. Luckily, my house and street in Beverly Hills was not in the path of the raving currents and I feel such deep sympathy for those who suffered loss and discomfort.

The Douglas Fairbanks, Jrs., gave one of the most charming parties of the month honoring Lord Wakehurst, Sir William and Lady Rootes and the new French consul, Count Bertrand.

Mary Lee and Douglas are such warm, cordial hosts with a gift for making all their guests feel like "guests of honor."

Walter Pidgeon, just back from the cold and storms of Iceland and Greenland, told me about the jaunt he and a troupe of entertainers had made to entertain our service men stationed in those spots. He had much to say

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Betty Hutton was right on hand when Charles O'Curran's plane landed in New York. Rumor has Charles all set to be Betty's next mate.

about the courage of these men, many of them youngsters.

Irene Dunne, in a short rose-colored gown, lived up to her reputation as being one of the world's ten best-dressed women.

It's always a pleasure to see Maureen O'Sullivan Farrow—mother of seven beautiful children—looking like a debutante. This evening she looked younger and lovelier than usual in a filmy, floating white grown.

Gene Markey was my dinner partner and I so much enjoyed listening to him and Lord Wakehurst talking about Australia. Both were there during the war years and Lord Wakehurst is just back from "down under."

PERSONALITY Pointers: Ann Blyth seems to be concentrating intensely on everything said to her. Very flattering. . . . Ginger Rogers taps you lightly on the arm to emphasize a point. . . . Joan Crawford always says "Bless you" before making a departure from a friend. . . . Debbie Reynolds hums softly when she is nervous. . . . Barbara Stanwyck kicks her shoes off immediately upon entering the house and frequently does it at the most formal parties. . . . Marlon Brando bums cigarettes. . . . Jeanne Crain blushes easily turning red right up to the roots of her hair at naughty jokes or if someone compliments her beauty. . . . When Katharine Hepburn is angry she snorts—and I mean *snorts*. . . . Judy Garland cries at the drop of a hat—even when she's happy. . . . Piper Laurie has a firm, firm handshake for such a young seemingly shy girl. . . . When Zsa Zsa Gabor thinks the spotlight is turning away from her to less interesting subjects she cries out like a child, "Look at me, look at me." . . . When Jane Wyman is deeply touched she makes a wisecrack. . . . Shelley Winters tosses her head in the air when she sees someone she does not like. . . . Even when she's dressed up fit to kill, Janet Leigh curls up in a chair. . . . Tell Mario Lanza something exciting and he hits his thigh and cries, "Zeus!" . . . Spencer Tracy can't stand to be slapped on the back. . . . Susan Hayward will not gossip even when there's a good hot scandal in Hollywood. . . . Paul Douglas keeps his head down and looks up when he talks to you. These characteristics are supposed to be revealing. What do you make of 'em, you amateur psychiatrists?


You're Gonna Love
THE HAPPIEST HARVEST
O' MUSIC, ROMANCIN',
FUN 'N DANCIN' EVER!
A Perlberg-Seaton PRODUCTION
AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK
Starring
ALAN YOUNG
DINAH SHORE
and ROBERT MERRILL
color by TechniColor
SONGS
A dozen-and-one of 'em...
and all new and ALL terrific...
by Award-winning
Livingston and Evans!
Saturday Night In Punkin Crick
The General Store
Chores
Purt' Nigh, But Not Plumb
My Beloved
Still Water
Marshmallow Moon
Why Should I Believe In Love?
I'd Like To Baby You
Life Is A Beautiful Thing
Will You Be At Home In Heaven
Step Right Up
Soda Shop
with
ADELE JERGENS · MINERVA URECAL · MARTHA STEWART
Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG and GEORGE SEATON
Direction and Screenplay by CLAUDE BINYON
Based on the play by Walter Benjamin Hare
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

I dreamed I led the Easter Parade in my

*maidenform® bra

Harvey is so proud of me today... my curve-lovely Easter outfit is giving him (and me!) a tremendous lift! Yes, I mean my Maidenform... fitting companion to a fashionable figure... the bra that puts my dreamy contours liltingly, upliftedly on parade!

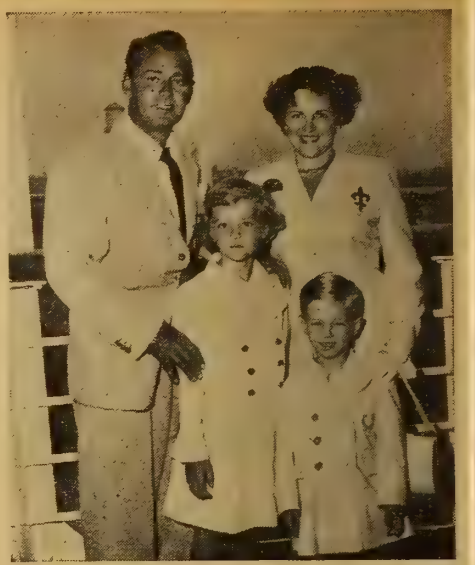
Maidenform's dream of a bra: Over-ture* in white satin; also available in nylon taffeta and broadcloth... from 1.75

There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure!



*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. COSTUME JOHN-FREDERICS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Hollywood's ideal couple, Alan and Sue Ladd, recently celebrated their tenth anniversary with the help of Alana, eight, David, five.

BLESS their little home-loving hearts. When Jane Powell and Geary Steffan become landlords in March—their new apartment unit in the Valley will be completed by then—they are instigating a set of rules guaranteed to put blackhearted landlords in a new light.

First, *only* people with children can rent the apartments.

Second, all the wallpaper will be of washable materials—ditto the coverings on the furniture.

And, in the patio, will be sandboxes, seesaws and junior workout rings and bars!

THE gossips who have been chattering that all is not well betwen Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron should have seen them the night Rory flew home after seven weeks on location in South America.

The scene of the meeting was Ciro's cafe because Lita has been appearing there in an act with dancer Billy Daniel.

Rory walked in right in the middle of the act. He tried to take an inconspicuous table where he wouldn't be spotted before she finished. But Lita saw him, stopped right in the middle of a song, let out a "Whoops!" and jumped from the stage straight into Rory's arms.

THE Letter Box: Jo Ann, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, writes that a whole new generation is growing up which has not seen *Gone With The Wind*. This teen-ager says, "I've just finished reading the novel and so have many of my girl friends. We'd sure like to see the picture."

Rosalie Morabito, Philadelphia: "MODERN SCREEN is the top movie magazine on my list. But they make the same mistake you do—don't give us enough stories and gossip and chatter about Bing Crosby, the absolute *tops* man in the entertainment world." (Are you readin', Chuck Saxon?)

All the way from Calcutta, India, "Miss S. R." writes: "My ax is out for all the people who criticize Mario Lanza, that incomparable artist. So he is temperamental? That is a small price to pay for the joy he gives when he opens his mouth and sings straight from heaven! Bravo our new Caruso!"

Do something wonderful to your hair—so it shines like silk, feels soft as silk, gleams and shimmers like silk. That something wonderful is so simple—just a shampoo with today's gentle Drene. You'll see! (Sh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.)





GET DRENE TODAY!

DRENE SHAMPOO

silkens your hair... as it cleanses!

Only Stardust gives you this DOUBLE GUARANTEE*



* Exclusive Stardust beauty-control satin Uplift Lining guarantees protection from irritation!

* Unconditionally guaranteed for a full year's wear satisfaction!

In rich rayon satin . . . A, B & C cups

"the bra that made $1.00 famous"

Stardust
Life-Insured Bra
GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

Ask for Stardust Slips and Panties too!
STARDUST, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Bing Crosby refused to make *The Road to Bali* for Paramount. The reason was simple. He told me, "It's *The Road To Zanzibar* all over again, and the fans wouldn't like a repeat, would they?" As a substitute, Bing and pal Bill Morrow submitted their own script, *The Road To The Moon.* It's about a mad scientist who whisks the Groaner and Bob Hope off into the wild blue yonder, and it has a lot of songs that rhyme moon with June. But Para couldn't see it his way. Bing again: "If the studio won't let me do my own, I won't be making movies till next fall!" . . . Anne Baxter got a parking ticket in front of Don Loper's shop. Tried to charm herself out of it but no go . . . Janis Paige plods to New York, after making some not-so-good movies, to chalk up a real triumph as a stage star in *Remains To Be Seen.* Then MGM buys her play for the screen and talks about starring Debbie Reynolds in the film version! . . . Mercury Records, boiling mad because it lost Frankie Laine to Columbia Records, is pushing a new young singer named Buddy Charles to fill Laine's shoes. Buddy is RKO producer Tom Gries' brother . . . An interior decorator threw up his hands on re-doing the Jennifer Jones-David Selznick home, claiming he was thrown into a nervous tizzy by all the temperament.



Bob & Bing



Paige

FUNNIES:

A star leaned across her table at Ciro's and let slip a real blooper while telling me all about her date: "He's very rich," she said, "and every time he phones me I get chinchillas up and down my spine!" . . . Phyllis Thaxter told me she reprimanded her little girl for using naughty language and not 10 minutes later the youngster asked her what picture she was working in. Phyllis blushed and said, *"Retreat Hell!"*

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:



Wyman

Travis Kleefeld, who used to date Irene Wrightsman, helped Jane Wyman celebrate her 38th birthday at Ciro's the night Les Paul and Mary Ford opened there, and we all turned and sang "Happy Birthday, Dear Janie" in Miss W.'s general direction. Kleefeld, now a building contractor, was playing a tuba in the Beverly Hills High School band ten years ago, when Jane was Mrs. Ronald Reagan . . . You gotta take a guy and gal's word. I saw John Payne and Lina Romay acting romantic at LaRue but both denied any big amour, although John admitted she's a "most wonderful girl." Dig that "most." Usually when I press a point the answer is just plain "wonderful girl" . . . Before she took off for Europe, a pal told Janet Leigh 'twould be cold and to take along her long woollies. Janet replied, "I've got my love to keep me warm!" . . . U-I's press agents in London told Tony Curtis to bow from the waist when he met Princess Elizabeth and Prince Phillip, but he forgot and merely gasped, "Hi!"



Curtis

Greg Bautzer gifted Ginger Rogers with a magnificent mink coat, just because she's such a sweetheart . . . Jane Nigh brought Dan Dailey a silk kimono back from her USO tour to Korea . . . Joan Crawford recommended her ex-husband, Franchot Tone, for the second male lead in her next picture, *Sudden Fear,* although he didn't get it. And Jack Palance was chosen to co-star with Miss C. when they couldn't get Jeff Chandler . . . Carleton Carpenter stepped out on Debbie Reynolds (*Continued on page 14*)

THAT WORLD-FAMOUS 'STREETCAR'!

Now! Everywhere!

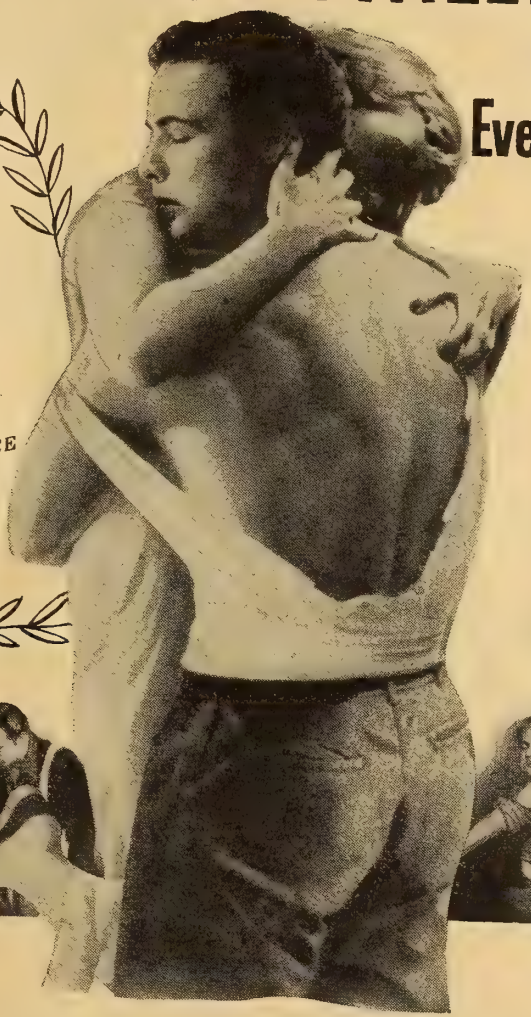
A PARTIAL LIST OF THE MANY AWARDS AND MORE COMING IN ALL THE TIME!

NEW YORK FILM CRITICS AWARDS:
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR
BEST DIRECTOR OF THE YEAR

SAN FRANCISCO CRITICS COUNCIL AWARDS:
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTOR OF THE YEAR

INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL AT VENICE
THE "SPECIAL AWARD" and BEST ACTRESS AWARD

LOOK MAGAZINE AWARDS:
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR







WARNER BROS. PRESENT

"A Streetcar Named Desire"

STARRING

VIVIEN LEIGH AND MARLON BRANDO

KIM HUNTER · KARL MALDEN SCREEN PLAY BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

From the Play that Won the Pulitzer Prize and Critics Circle Award

DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN

BASED UPON THE ORIGINAL PLAY "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE" BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS AS PRESENTED ON THE STAGE BY IRENE MAYER SELZNICK

AN ELIA KAZAN PRODUCTION PRODUCED BY CHARLES K. FELDMAN

WHITE RAIN

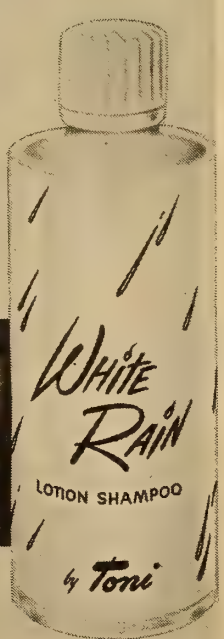
WHITE RAIN TONIGHT— SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR TOMORROW!

fabulous NEW lotion shampoo by Toni



guaranteed*
not to dull,
not to dry your hair





DON'T DULL your hair with soaps and hard-to-rinse creme shampoos.

DON'T DRY OUT your hair with harsh liquid shampoos.

NOW PAMPER your hair with gentle WHITE RAIN.

*GUARANTEE: The Toni Company guarantees WHITE RAIN to be non-dulling, non-drying. Try a bottle. If you don't agree, return unused portion to The Toni Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill., for full refund.

$1... also in 60c and 30c sizes

hollywood report continued

with Joan Evans . . . Mrs. Loyal Davis, Nancy's mother, says it's "just Hollywood gossip" that her daughter will marry Ronnie Reagan. Says Mrs. D.: "They're just good friends and matrimony is a gross exaggeration." Does mother know best in this instance? . . . There are those who say Mike Wilding used to have a big crush on Jean Simmons before she married his pal Stewart Granger, and that's why he's enamoured now of Liz Taylor, who's a little bit like Jeannie in both looks and age . . . Incidentally, Liz wants $5,000 a week, 47 weeks a year, up quite a jump over her present $1,500 weekly, to stay under contract at MGM. She has a few more months to go on her old pact.



Simmons

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Don't expect U-I to co-star Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis in too many more pictures after they finished *Almost Married.* These two just don't like to work together! . . . Shelley Gassman. Some name, huh? At press time, Miss Winters' Roman Romeo, Vittorio Gassman, was planning to hop to Mexico when he finishes his current film assignment in Italy, secure a quick divorce, presumably with his wife's okay, and then marry Shelley . . . Did you know Shelley was an extra in *Red River,* just a few months before she became a star in Ronald Colman's *A Double Life? . . . Latin Lovers,* in which Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas will re-team after *The Merry Widow,* is about a Brazilian singer discovered in a Manhattan nightclub by an heiress who makes a star out of him. Fernando sings and is from South America . . . Dale Robertson has written a screenplay about Robert E. Lee, his idol, and is twisting Darryl Zanuck's arm to let him star in it . . . Prediction: Bob Carson, Jack's brother, will go places in Filmdom. He's the ringmaster you liked in *The Greatest Show On Earth.*

Bob Taylor wasn't planning on rushing into his next marriage when this column was on its way to the printer. Bob, who has been doing the night spots solo (so looooow!), thanked me during a lunch break in the MGM commissary for not printing any of the romantic rumors a lot of other columnists have been falling for. Said Bob: "You just might turn out to be the guy Diogenes was looking for!" . . . This looks like the year that will put Taylor out in front again as the hottest male star in Hollywood. His 1952 releases include *Quo Vadis, Westward The Women* and *Ivanhoe.* Remember when Bob was fighting that "too-pretty-for-a-man" tag? . . . And Mario Lanza oughta change his tune from "The Loveliest Night of the Year" to "The Loveliest Year of My Life." He made a mint in '51, and, now that he's down to a slim 185 again, expects to repeat his boxoffice smash in '52 . . . Sue and Alan Ladd caught the photogs offguard, making one of their rare nightclub outings to catch Bill



Taylor

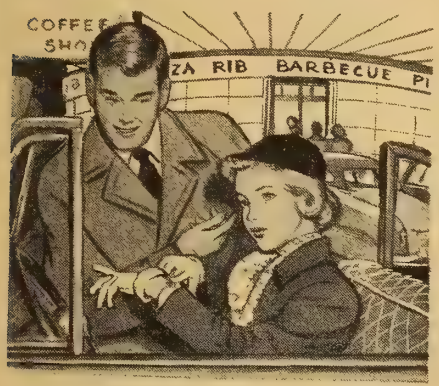


Are you in the know?

After a dance number, what's your next step?

☐ *Thank him and retreat* ☐ *Do a repeat*

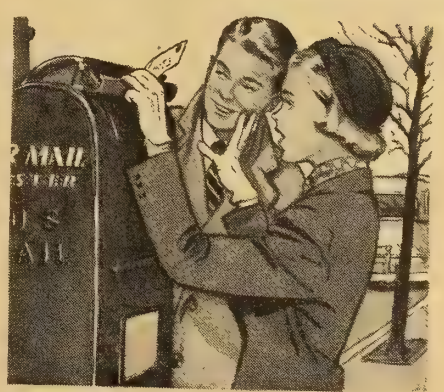
As the music stops, 'tween numbers—maybe you're plagued by a passel of doubts. Such as—might Pete prefer the next whirl with some other girl? Should you retreat to Wallflowers' Roost? Or high-sign the stag line? 'Course not! Continue with your partner 'til a gent cuts in. If *problem-time* doubts beset you, you can vanquish them with Kotex, for those flat pressed ends rout revealing outlines. So prance through the prom undismayed!



When to tell him your dating curfew?

☐ *When starting out* ☐ *Play the waiting game*

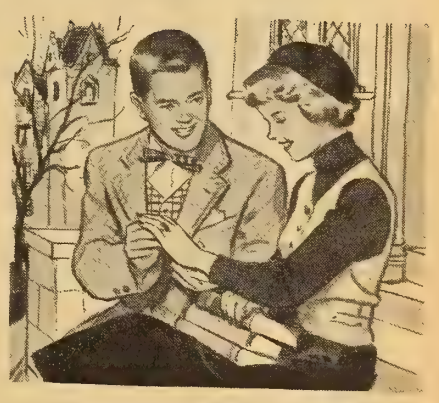
He planned to top the evening off with a real special eat-treat. But *you're* due *home*—as of now! Why wait 'til the hours dwindle down to your dating deadline? Break the curfew news when you're starting out. Likewise, when listing sanitary needs, don't wait 'til calendar time to choose Kotex. And remember, that special *safety center* gives you *extra* protection.



Does writing letters help to improve—

☐ *Your romance* ☐ *Your chatter* ☐ *Knock-knees*

Bet this stumped you! Any hoo, you *can* whittle fat from the inner knee thusly: Lying on back with leg straight up—"write" letters of the alphabet with your big toe. Repeat with other leg. Get plumpish knees in shape for summer playtogs—and for comfort on certain days, get Kotex: the napkin that *holds* its shape. (Made to *stay* soft while you wear it!)



If you agree to go steady, should you—

☐ *Forsake all others* ☐ *Try a part-time plan*

Accepting his class ring calls for a huddle as to what going steady will mean. No other bookings? H'm-m. You may miss a lot of fun. Why not try a part-time plan—dating him week-ends and for gay-lah doings? To decide what's best for *you*—when buying Kotex, you need only try *all 3 absorbencies*. There's Regular, Junior, Super . . . suited to different days.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins



How to prepare for "certain" days?

☐ *Circle your calendar* ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe* ☐ *Buy a new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait 'til the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. Why not buy *two—for a change!*



KOTEX IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY



How to LOSE Weight Without Dieting or Hunger!



● Music is one of Yvonne De Carlo's major interests. Yvonne says: "I'm grateful for what Ayds has done for my figure. It helps me to lose weight and look and feel better while I'm doing it."



● Yvonne in one of the lovely costumes she wore in a recent picture. "I have many friends—Hollywood film stars—who feel about Ayds just the way I do," says Yvonne.

Yvonne De Carlo Tells You How to Reduce!

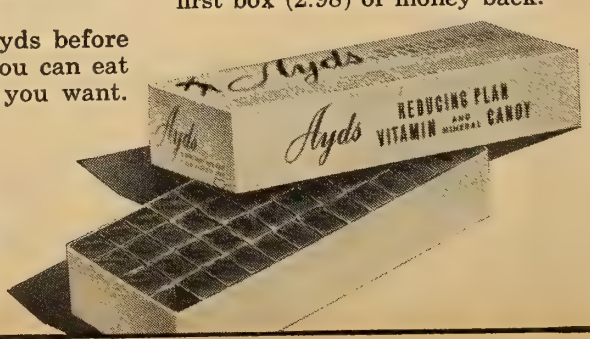
Let lovely Yvonne De Carlo tell you how to have a lovelier figure. Lose unwanted fat the safe, healthful Ayds way—without dieting or hunger.

With Ayds you lose weight the way nature intended you to. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want.

No starvation dieting—no hunger pangs ever. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. You will lose weight with your first box (2.98) or money back.



Slim the Way the Stars Slim

hollywood report continued

MacArthur's opening at the Gala. Watch for more news about this young singer.

SEX APPEAL:

Marilyn Monroe arrived an hour early every morning for her role in *We're Not Married* at 20th. It took a half-hour to squeeze her into the tight bathing suit she wears in the picture and another half-hour to get her past the gawking soundstage crew! . . . Didja know that Marilyn was once under contract to another actor—John Carroll? He saw her playing golf and signed her right there on the fairway . . . Speaking of squeezing, it took both Helen Rose and Walter Plunkett to pour Esther Williams into the wisp she wears in *One Piece Bathing Suit*. I stood by, just in case, but everything came off okay.



Williams

Toughest makeup job of the year: making Anne Francis unattractive for her role in 20th's *Dream Boat* . . . Is it mere coincidence that Jane Russell lives on ROUND Valley Road? . . . They're talking of releasing Marie Wilson's next picture in Bra-zil . . . Ava G. Sinatra wore a SHORT Gown to the *Pandora And The Flying Dutchman* preem. Last one she went to, a studio executive stepped on her train . . . And, in true musical comedy tradition, the dance team for the same preem's pre-screening stage show quarreled, left the theater, then kissed and made up just in time to go on! . . . Only star who dressed informally for the *Pandora* opening was Scott Brady, who wore a gray suit . . . Romance on the wing, same affair: Debbie Reynolds and Dick Anderson . . . And the crowd kept asking Anne Baxter where John Hodiak was.

ODDS BODKINS:

That new ruby ring Lana Turner's wearing is a gift, not from Fernando but from daughter Cheryl, who won it at a radio giveaway show here in Hollywood . . . Lee Garmes, who photographed the biggest scene in screen history—the battle sequence in *Gone With The Wind*—last month filmed the smallest: Susan Hayward taking a shower in the cramped confines of a house trailer bath for RKO's *This Man Is Mine*. The set measured 36 inches by 28 inches! . . . Susie, by the way, couldn't find a maid so her lovin' spouse, Jess Barker, minded the kids while she worked in this picture with Bob Mitchum.

Aldo Ray emerges as a new star in *The Marrying Kind*. And Judy Holliday, who vowed she'd never do it again after *Born Yesterday*, plays a dumb blonde. . . . A sightseeing company here added the MCA parking lot to its schedule. You can hear the barkers shouting: "And on your right is the parking lot where Walter Wanger shot Jennings Lang!" . . . Hal Wallis is enthused about Dean Martin's new voice. "It's deeper and sounds more virile than before," Hal told me. And Dean, on the set of *Jumping Jacks*, said, "I dunno



Holliday

TONY'S TERRIFIC!

with TWO kinds of WOMEN to tame!

FLESH AND FURY



MEN knew the fury of his fists...

WOMEN knew his lips...

Starring

the new Screen Sensation of this Generation!

TONY CURTIS

JAN STERLING • MONA FREEMAN

with WALLACE FORD • CONNIE GILCHRIST • Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY

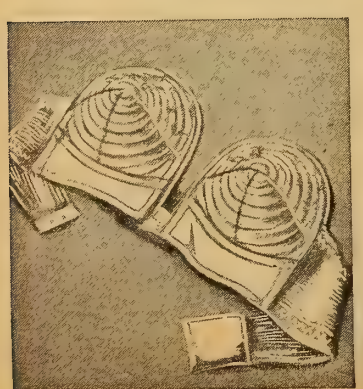
Screenplay by BERNARD GORDON • Produced by LEONARD GOLDSTEIN • A Universal-International Picture



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Emphasize Your Beauty with
"Added Attraction"

New Stitched Cup Padded Bra by Perma·lift $3.00



Complement your natural beauty with this wonderful, new—ADDED ATTRACTION—"Perma·lift"* Bra. No puffs, no extra pads or gadgets—just a lovely, dainty, figure flattering bra in famous "Perma·lift" styling with added fullness designed right in. You'll love it the first time you put it on because it's so natural—not bulky or stiff, and you can wash it again and again without affecting its flattering shape. Ask for "Added Attraction," by name, at your favorite corset department today.

Regular style $3.00 in white cotton—A & B cups.
Strapless style $5 white or black in nylon and satin.

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hollywood report continued

what happened. A few days ago I woke up and there was a new voice!" . . . Arlene Dahl made her trip to Sun Valley with Lex Barker pay off. She interviewed Gary Cooper and Norma Shearer there for her Chicago Tribune beauty column. . . . The Bell Sisters, Kay and Cynthia, who racked up a smash hit with their recording of "Bermuda," are only 11 and 16 years old respectively. They live in Seal Beach, Calif., where their father, a graduate of Ohio State University, works at an aviation plant. . . . New shop in Toluca Lake called Put 'n' Take features the used clothing of stars. You can buy a mink coat for $250 . . . Jeanette MacDonald's original fan club celebrated its 20th anniversary last month.

QUICK QUOTES:

"The only exercise some girls get," George Montgomery muses, "is jumping to conclusions" . . . Marie Wilson says she likes to read those pocket-size news magazines because she can read 'em fast and it leaves her more time to WORRY about the news! . . . Hollywood social climber: "I had dinner at the Deauville with Betty Hutton. Of course, she was in the next booth, but we DID have the same waiter!" . . . What with poodle coats and poodle haircuts, Bob Stack thinks the gals are leading a dog's life.



Stack

Character actress Sid Esppero took a long look at Warners' Mari Aldon on the set of *Distant Drums* and sighed: "The one thing I always prayed was that I would never have a beautiful daughter, because losing beauty is the worst thing that can happen to a woman" . . . Jerry Lewis thinks it's strange that when he was starting out in show business he had to work so hard for laughs. Now all he does is open his mouth and people fall on their faces. . . . Lou Holtz, whose attempt to revive vaudeville in Los Angeles was a failure, says that Judy Garland's Palace Theatre success proves only one thing. It isn't vaudeville that's made a comeback. It's Judy! . . . Warners' redecorated Pat Wymore's dressing room and asked her if she wanted a giant photo of her ever-lovin' Errol Flynn covering one wall. "No, thanks," said Pat. "When I'm at the studio I'm MISS Pat Wymore!"

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

This looks like a record year for real life action stories datelined Hollywood. Following close on the Wanger-Bennett-Lang fracas, Humphrey Bogart tossed Oscar Levant out of his home at the height of a party, Steve Cochran bopped an unwelcome guest in his home, Zeppo Marx clouted producer Alex Gottlieb and James Mason slapped Bill Saroyan. No newspaperman has to make up stories about this old town. . . . That was a fortune spent by RKO to advertise Warner star Jane Wyman for the best-actress Oscar for her work in *The Blue Veil*. Warners', on the other hand, spent another FORTUNE exploiting another gal who isn't even under contract there, and I do mean Vivien Leigh

(Continued on page 100)

Look lovelier offer!

Yes, lovelier looking skin in 10 days with Doctor's Home Facial . . . or your money back on special offer below!



Dry skin. "Noxzema has helped my skin look so much softer and smoother," says Val Lewis of New Orleans. "It's fine for rough, dry skin."



"Creamwash." "My skin looks smoother since I 'creamwash' with Noxzema," says Phyllis Riggs of Brooklyn. "I recommend it to all my friends."



MORNING:

1. For thorough cleansing, "creamwash": Apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water "creamwash" with Noxzema instead of using soap. How fresh and clean your skin looks! No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Apply Noxzema lightly as powder base. It helps protect your skin all day long.

EVENING:

3. "Creamwash" again with *medicated* Noxzema. See how completely it washes away make-up and dirt.

4. Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help skin look softer and smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It's *medicated*—that's one secret! *Greaseless,* too. No smeary face! No messy pillow!

Follow these directions for a lovelier-looking skin!



Blemishes*. "Until I started using Noxzema, I always had blemishes*," Norma Buchanan of Montreal says. "Now my skin looks so much fresher."



Make-up base. "I always use Noxzema under my make-up and I'm delighted with the way it helps heal blemishes*," says Paulette Hendrix of Savannah.

See for yourself how quickly the new Noxzema Home Beauty Routine can help your skin look smoother, lovelier.

This simple routine was developed by a noted skin doctor. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier-looking complexions—often within two weeks.

Surveys show that all over the United States hundreds and hundreds of women like those pictured here are switching to this sensible skin care, shown at the left.

Read how it helped Val Lewis of New Orleans who had rough, dry skin. Read how delighted Phyllis Riggs, Norma Buchanan and Paulette Hendrix are with the way Noxzema helps heal externally-caused blemishes and keep skin looking smooth and lovely. Hundreds report similar results.

See how it can help you. No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. It is a *medicated* formula. That's *ONE* secret of its effectiveness!

If you have problem skin and have been longing for a complexion that wins compliments—that looks softer, smoother—just give Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine a 10-day trial.

Noxzema works—or money back! If not delighted with results, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! For inexpensive trial, take advantage of LOOK LOVELIER OFFER today.

**externally-caused*

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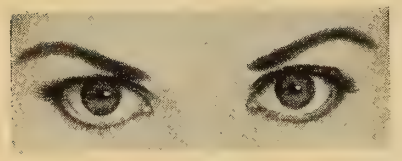
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MOVIE REVIEWS

by seymour peck



THE AFRICAN QUEEN

picture of the month

■ *The African Queen* is pure delight—an unusual, thrilling blend of high adventure and romantic love in the Congo which communicates enchantingly some of the plain, wonderful joy of living. For the woman of the movie, Katharine Hepburn is a creature who has virtually given up living—she is a narrow, prissy, cold, "psalm-singing, skinny old maid," spending her years as a missionary among the heathen tribes of Africa. And the man of the movie, Humphrey Bogart, is quite the other extreme—a coarse, slangy, easygoing, gin-swilling, warm and human skipper with an unmistakable passion for life. And *The African Queen* traces the impact of these two upon each other in a time of great danger: the year is 1914 and both are British subjects in a remote jungle territory that has just been seized by the Germans. How this man and woman flee all alone on his shaky, small boat down an almost unnavigable river, finding love, insects, wild animals, heat, leeches, malaria, Germans and other menaces along the way, is the rich, exciting substance of *The African Queen*. Filmed in Africa in color under John Huston's masterful direction *The African Queen* has all the spell-binding wonder of faraway places. And Bogart, as the man who loves life, and Hepburn, as the woman who learns from him to love life, bring out the subtleties of their relationship sometimes humorously, sometimes touchingly, always magnificently. They and their movie make you want to toss a hat or two in the air.

THIS WOMAN IS DANGEROUS

Crime has rarely been so glamorous as it is in *This Woman Is Dangerous*. Leading a life of larceny, Joan Crawford suffers for it by having both Dennis Morgan and David Brian madly in love with her, by wearing gowns that would tax the purse of a Rockefeller, and by carrying around—for pocket money—small sums like 30 or 40 thousand dollars. Having just pulled off a $90,000 robbery with partner-in-crime Brian, Joan takes herself to a hospital for a major operation on her very lovely eyes. Seems Joan is going blind in *This Woman Is Dangerous*, but doctor Dennis Morgan performs a successful operation, saves Joan's sight and decides while he's at it that Joan would be so nice to come home to after a hard day over an operating table. Will Joan marry doctor Morgan? Can she tell him about her sordid past? Will partner-in-crime Brian tolerate her leaving him? Despite the Hollywood edict that crime must not pay, things work out miraculously well for Joan, and we're really very glad—Joan deserves the best. But may we hope that all impressionable little girls who see *This Woman Is Dangerous* won't rush into a life of crime on the chance that they, like Joan, will suffer only by having both Dennis Morgan and David Brian fall madly in love with *them*? *Cast: Joan Crawford, Dennis Morgan, David Brian.*—Warners.

PHONE CALL FROM A STRANGER

Reminiscent in mood and structure of *A Letter To Three Wives*, this one might be called *A Phone Call To Two Wives And One Husband*. For *Phone Call From A Stranger* also looks in episodic style at several marriages and the effect upon each of a remarkable event—this time a phone call from a man informing two wives and one husband that their mates have been killed in a plane crash. Like *Letter To Three Wives, Phone Call From A Stranger* mixes wisecracks, laughter, tears and pathos shrewdly and effectively as it tells the story of each marriage up to the plane crash and after. It'll be tough, too, to decide which couple you find most interesting —Shelley Winters as a stripteaser who is fighting a losing battle for Craig Stevens against his nasty mother, Evelyn Varden; Michael Rennie as a doctor whose wife, Beatrice Straight, has been helping him hide a terrible secret; or Bette Davis as the wife who once ran away from her loud, boorish husband, Keenan Wynn, but found him still willing to help her and love her when she got in a bad jam. Gary Merrill is the man who has to make the phone calls, and each of the stories he runs across in these marriages manages to be vastly entertaining and not at all morbid, though death enters all of them. For this, expert writer Nunnally Johnson

(*Continued on page 22*)



As revolutionary as Playtex girdles themselves! New *Adjust-All* garters fit you all from small to tall, adjust with a touch to *your* lines and *your* liking—and they're kinder to your stockings!

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Fab-Lined Girdles
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Now, the world's most famous girdle—the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin—brings you a dramatic idea! New *Adjust-All* garters, four on each figure-slimming, freedom-giving Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!

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Don't wait another minute to enjoy this newest Playtex plus! Get your Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle with new *Adjust-All* garters today!

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES with new *Adjust-All* Garters, White Magic or Pink, **$6.95**

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At department stores and specialty shops, PLAYTEX . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. Prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

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it cleanses deeper!

Lovely motion picture star finds Woodbury's exclusive new miracle ingredient, penaten, allows rich Woodbury cleansing oils to penetrate *much deeper* into pore openings —loosen every trace of clinging make-up.



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Beautiful Ann, co-starring in "STEEL TOWN", a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor, shows how easily penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream loosens hidden dirt! Penaten takes rich oils so deep your skin feels "re-born"—satiny, supple, soft!



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A touch tells how penaten *smooths!* Five minutes prove how much lovelier the *extra-deep* cleansing of Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin! So much younger-looking, too! 25¢ to 97¢ plus tax.

rates credit, along with as smart a troupe of actors as you'll ever find together in one movie. Following in the path of *Letter To Three Wives, Phone Call* proves perhaps that lightning can and sometimes does strike twice in the same place.

Cast: Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, Michael Rennie, Keenan Wynn, Bette Davis.—20th Century-Fox.

LONE STAR

Clark Gable's still The King. In *Lone Star,* a Western recalling the turbulent days before Texas joined the Union, Gable looks trimmer, rides faster, fights harder, shoots straighter and makes love smoother than most of the boys who have come along in those 20 years since he took the throne in Hollywood. *Lone Star* is solid, fast action fare, with Gable punching away against Broderick Crawford for the heart of Ava Gardner as well as the destiny of Texas. Crawford, a selfish, power-seeking politico, has everything to gain by keeping Texas an independent nation but Gable, an agent of Andrew Jackson, maneuvers successfully to bring her into the Union. The political wrangling never grows too burdensome in *Lone Star;* there are always Comanche Indians or Crawford and his stooges to whoop it up in fisticuffs with Gable. And though Ava is at first ardently on Crawford's side in love *and* politics, time and Gable change all that, bringing about two unions —Texas with the U.S.A., and Gardner with Gable. It is worth noting that Ava looks dazzling and is a credit to Texas whatever side she is on.

Cast: Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Broderick Crawford, Lionel Barrymore.—MGM.

THE BIG TREES

Kirk Douglas, who was downright mean around a police station in *Detective Story,* and even meaner around a prize ring in *Champion,* steps into the great outdoors in *The Big Trees* —still mean. However, you can bet your last Sequoia that fresh air, the wide open spaces and the love of a pure-hearted lass will bring honor at last into Kirk's ornery heart. Kirk

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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sets out for Northern California in 1900, an arrogant, lawless, land-grabbing lumberman with his greedy eye on the forests of redwood trees there. Kirk means to push the poor settlers off the land and make his million in a flash. "Honey, we're going to be rich, rich," he boasts to blonde Patrice Wymore, his dance hall sweetie. But after a gander at brunette Eve Miller, the sweet, devout daughter of a settler, Kirk chucks Patrice and switches to the settlers' side against another mob that is trying to grab the land. Kirk is always the blazing man of action—he fights bad guy John Archer at the edge of a cliff, blows up the dam Archer is using to hamstring the settlers, and rescues Eve from a runaway train just before it plunges off a bridge. Heel or hero, Kirk is rugged as a stick of dynamite all the way through *The Big Trees*. But we can't help wondering: whatever became of the Douglas who portrayed a quiet, intelligent schoolteacher so gently and appealingly in *A Letter To Three Wives?*
Cast: Kirk Douglas, Eve Miller, Patrice Wymore.—Warners.

INVITATION

The beautiful lady with the rare, fatal disease—the doctors give her only one year to live—is back with us again in *Invitation*. Bette Davis played her in *Dark Victory*, Margaret Sullavan had her fling in *No Sad Songs For Me*, and now it's Dorothy McGuire who is hovering tremulously and tearfully on the brink of rigor mortis. We bow to Miss McGuire: in a script that is soggy and artificial as a soap opera, she acts beautifully, with passionate belief in the tragedy of the rich, sick and lonely girl in *Invitation*. Though dying, Miss McGuire brings the only note of life into the movie. For if a fatal malady were not at work here, *Invitation* might simply —and easily—talk itself to death. First Dorothy talks of her marriage to Van Johnson: she thought he loved her but discovers he was practically bought by her father to make her last year happy. Then Van unfolds his side of the marriage: he may have been "bought" at first, but he has come now to love Dorothy deeply. It makes for a powerful lot of talk and we're afraid Van is not at his happiest in this morose conversation piece. And just when Dorothy has decided she doesn't mind dying, having had Van's love for one whole year, a doctor turns up with a new kind of operation to cure her incurable illness. Miss McGuire therefore has the pleasure of being gloriously tragic all over the place, yet living happily ever after, too—and with Van Johnson. It proves, we guess, that life—and death —can be beautiful.
Cast: Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire, Ruth Roman, Louis Calhern.—MGM.

SCANDAL SHEET

Pardon us if we let out a long, slow "ho-hum" over *Scandal Sheet*. But we've had our fill of movies about newspaper life in which the hero is one of those smart, brassy reporters who always beats the police to the scene of the crime, solves murders before the law even has a clue, and seldom does anything so shockingly ordinary as sitting down at a typewriter. John Derek, the wonder boy of *Scandal Sheet*, reminds us of no reporter we have ever met anywhere in America, and that goes double for his editor, Broderick Crawford, a barking, semi-gangster type who sounds as if he might be taking bets in a

(*Continued on page 93*)



In the heart of Paris, on the Ile de la Cité,
Evening in Paris is an invitation to romance. And
because it lingers like a love song, Evening in Paris
is worn by more women than any other perfume.

Exciting things happen
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Jean is close to Pete at a critical period in his life. Mature and more settled now, he may prefer her and marriage to playboy-ing.

Is Jean Pete's Pick?

The playboy who's always been Hollywood's social lion appears to be turning into a perfect lamb for Jeannie MacDonald . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Two telegrams, delivered to Peter Lawford within a period of ten days by trans-oceanic cable, completely changed the course of the young actor's life.

The first told Pete that his close friend, Lieutenant Charles Dunne, had been killed in action in Korea.

The second brought news of the tragic death of Robert Walker.

For a man to lose his two best friends in the space of a few days is more than tough luck. It is a violent blow that is quite likely to set off an explosion somewhere in his inner being. On the surface, Peter took the news as many men would. He left his hotel room, walked to the nearest bar, and tried to steady his nerves with a stiff drink. He didn't talk about his grief. He still doesn't, but in the months that have passed, it is evident to his most intimate friends that Pete is not the same man he was, and never will be again. At 28, he has run smack into the grim realism he never before encountered during a more or less carefree existence in Hollywood, the least realistic city in the world.

Peter doesn't believe that there's any drama in his life at the moment. He says, "I know that actors are for writing and talking about, but outside of certain personal ambitions of my own in the field of my profession, I can't dig up anything startling about myself."

But, actually, Peter Lawford is at the critical point in his life. And like a gambler, staking all on a throw of the dice, he gives no indication of an awareness of this fact. (*Continued on page 96*)

Stradivari

sterling in the mood of culture

The matchless beauty of the Wallace Stradivari pattern was inspired by the perfect violins of Antonius Stradivari, whose craftsmanship has never been equalled. Here is a lovely, lilting pattern—exquisite in form, crowned by a sparkling leaf curled back upon itself and enhanced with delightful highlights and shadows. It was created by famed designer William S. Warren in sculptured "Third Dimension Beauty"—the exclusive Wallace artistry in silvercrafting. Stradivari, like every Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" pattern, is a masterpiece—beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view.

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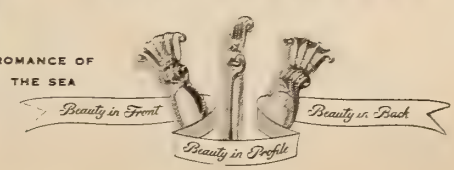




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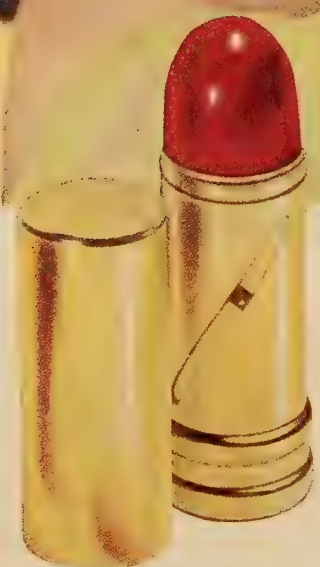


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Smooth Loveliness that lasts without drying!





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In the popular swivel case



Face Powder
Talcum Powder
Hand Lotion
All-Purpose Cream

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

On this and the following 14 pages are stories of Hollywood's lovers—the ones who get their hearts broken, and the ones who get away; the bachelors, the bobby-soxers, the gay divorcées. For each, love holds a different meaning, but always a promise . . .

HOLLYWOOD'S PROBLEM LOVERS

by Louella Parsons

■ Before we go any further—don't for a minute think that I'm against Hollywood's "problem lovers."

If it weren't for the romantic headaches of the widely conspicuous group of Hollywood honeys who can't manage their love lives, Hollywood would be a far less "human" place and probably I wouldn't be pecking out this piece, or have 30 years of a newspaper gossip column behind me—and 20 years of a radio show.

May I tell you something about *you?* You fans respect the stars who marry and stay married and who enjoy happy home lives.

But you *eat up* stories about those less fortunate glamor girls and boys who can't seem to cope with Cupid.

To even an amateur psychiatrist like myself—this seems to prove that more people have love problems than don't have 'em—so what I have to say from here on is in a purely sympathetic light—and should be so considered.

Getting down to cases, I don't know any girl in any walk of life anywhere who wants more to be in love, be married and have a happy home life than Betty Hutton. And yet love-happiness continually eludes her. Why? Because she's in love with love!

She is constantly mistaking the mirage for the real thing. Knowing her as I do, I believe she has never rid herself of an image of love as it is lived in the movies or in books of fiction.

In her childhood, she never knew a settled, happy, home life. Her father ran out on her mother while Betty and her sister, Marion, were still in pigtails. She never had an example of real love and happiness between her parents in those all important formative years of her youth.

So, Betty turned to a love ideal as it is romantically and attractively lived in musical comedies, movies and fiction thrillers where everything is constantly exciting and where affairs d'amour are lived at a colorful pace.

Everytime she falls in love, I believe Betty sees herself as a fiction heroine. When she was married to Ted Briskin her "role" was that of the wife and mother carrying a financial load and forced (by Ted) to behave in a sedate and mature manner that stifled her natural exuberant instincts.

When her marriage failed, as it was bound to do, Betty's next big romance was with Robert Sterling. Everything she had been holding back as Mrs. Ted Briskin, she let go when good-looking Bob came into her life. She danced, she sang, she "necked" openly and unabashedly with Bob as the "heroine," suddenly released from too much responsibility. (*Continued on next page*)

HOLLYWOOD'S PROBLEM LOVERS by louella parsons





Hailed as Hedy Lamarr's successor to "most beautiful woman in the world" title, will Liz find beauty a hindrance in love?

HERE ARE HOLLYWOOD'S UNHAPPY PEOPLE; THEY CAN'T STAY IN LOVE—OR OUT OF TROUBLE!

(*Continued from preceding page*) Betty's next romantic mood was a five-day "engagement" to brilliant, young producer, Norman Krasna. During this interlude, Betty dramatized herself as the little girl with "no education" who came from the wrong side of the tracks, who had no "upbringing" but who, miraculously, had attracted the love of a near genius.

All during their hectic and short-lived romance, Betty's constant comment was "How *can* he be in love with little old me?" When the excitement over the Zing Girl and the Boy Genius died down—she must have found out. It was hard to believe, but they actually *didn't* have anything in common!

Right now, Betty's love life is choreographer Charles O'Curran, a talented dance director, and the "role" is obvious: the successful star helping a clever young man up the ladder of fame. I think Betty will remain in love with O'Curran just as long as this Lady Bountiful mood interests her.

Someday, sometime, a *real* love will come into Betty's life—for she is a generous, goodhearted girl with a sincere desire for a home and family life. When that happens—she'll be glad to stop all the pretending and settle down to being a woman in love—and not a fictional character.

Elizabeth Taylor's love problem is obvious—too much spoiled youth plastered over by a heavy coating of pseudo-sophistication.

Before we criticize luscious Liz too much, we should stop and remember she's a kid just out of bobbysox who is having a you-know-what of a time kicking up her French heels along the romance trail.

Whether or not she is married to Michael Wilding, Liz and love are not through with each other. And they won't be until she is far, far more mature—not just a little girl playing at a grown up emotion.

She was just a child "dressed up" in a wedding gown when she married Nicky Hilton. It was a child "playing" grown-up who had previously announced herself as being in love with football star Glenn Davis, and later with millionaire Bill Pawley. But Elizabeth won't fool me—with all her sophistication and cigarette smoking and gay girl-of-the-world behavior—until she proves that she is *really* a mature human being by acting like one.

Women who are outstandingly beautiful to look upon—as Elizabeth—frequently have trouble with love problems all their lives. Consider the case of Hedy Lamarr who has been hailed as the most beautiful woman in the world and who, as such, should (*Continued on page 91*)



Faced with the most difficult decision of his life, Gary Cooper is torn between his love for Pat Neal, and his reluctance to break up his home. Coop says: "I love Pat and she loves me, but it isn't as easy as that."



Love problems were blamed by friends for Coop's recent illness. He recuperated in Sun Valley with daughter Maria, wife Rocky. Eighteen years of married life have a great hold on Gary.



Betty Hutton, desperately wanting a secure home life for herself and her daughters, now thinks she's in love with Charles O'Curran. But Betty has always mistaken the mirage for the real thing, and happiness keeps eluding her.



With a stormy, front-page courtship behind them, Ava and Frankie's troubles are just beginning. Most Hollywood observers feel that their pre-marital battles were a prelude to what's next.



Lana can't find a man who wants her for herself and not for her glamorous reputation. She has always been willing to give up her career for marriage, but may lose out again with Fernando Lamas who already has a wife.



Money was one of the causes for Sylvia and Clark Gable's split-up. Clark resented her careless spending, and may have compared her to his third wife, Carole Lombard, who went 50-50 on everything.





Holding hands with Liz Taylor helped dispel one of the false impressions so common about Monty. The guy really *does* like to step out!

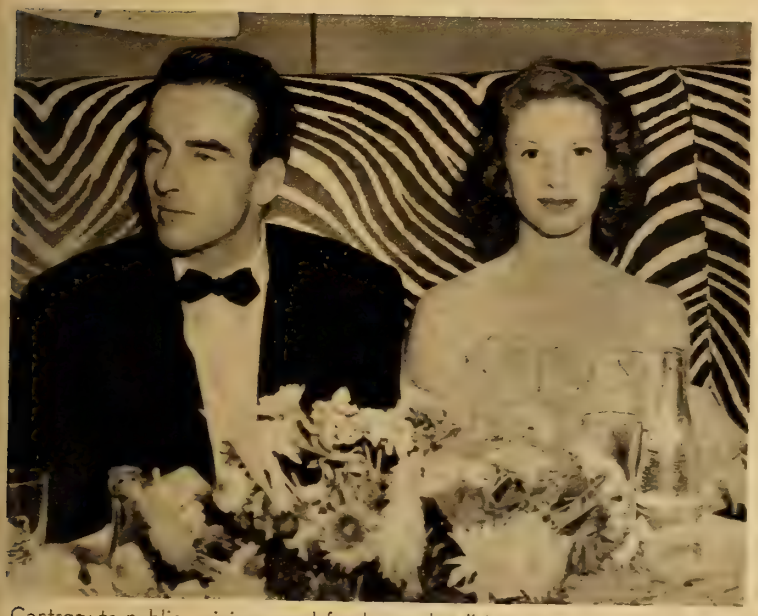
His reputation as a recluse

■ There are a couple of tales told in Hollywood that are supposed to point up the oddness of Montgomery Clift, with respect, of course, to his poverty-stricken appearance and his shy immersion in solitude.

One day, a story goes, a grip working on a Clift picture had missed his lunch and during the afternoon had slipped out to buy a sandwich and a cup of coffee. He brought them back to the set, perched on top of a property wagon and began to wolf the food. Then he happened to spot Monty Clift, slumped disconsolately in a canvas chair staring into space. The grip put the sandwich down and had trouble swallowing the bite he had in his mouth.

"What's the matter?" asked a fellow grip, "aren't you hungry any

WHO IS MONTY KIDDING?



Contrary to public opinion, good food served well is very important to Monty. When he dated Judy Balaban, he took her to midnight supper at a swanky New York night spot on the East Side where he was completely at home.



Monty *does* own a tux, and what's more, he enjoys wearing it! Co-worker Lois Chartrand is just one of the many pretty girls Monty is happy to be seen with around New York or L.A.

evaporates every time he hits the night spots or dons a dinner jacket . . . BY IMOGENE COLLINS

more? Why aren't you eating now?"

"Sure I'm hungry," he said, "but how do you think I can eat with that poor son of a gun over there starving to death?"

Then there was the time when a group at Paramount was collecting clothing for a European relief organization. A couple of employees were wheeling a hand truck down the main studio street, gleefully chattering about the haul they'd made at some dressing rooms. Montgomery Clift turned into the street on his way to makeup. He was dressed in ill-mated trousers and jacket and wore a rough shirt without a tie. Nothing seemed to fit—and the outfit was obviously beyond the stage of salvage. The collectors fell silent until Clift had passed and was out of earshot. Then one of the men halted the truck, patted the bulging bundles and turned to his companion.

"Say," he said, "are you sure we're sending this stuff to the right place?"

There are other stories, too many to record here, and they all have pretty much the same point. Poor Montgomery Clift. Some of the yarns say that he is robbed every pay day and never gets to keep a dime. Others that he is so gone on his work that he forgets to eat and buy clothes; or that he hates simple luxuries like steaks and warm coats. Much of this is believed—and much of it is tagged publicity. However, it is generally conceded that Montgomery Clift is a character with a penchant (*Continued on page 83*)



Monty likes money, he frankly admits. "It gives a guy wings," he says, and also finances his many traveling jaunts. Here's Monty in Italy.


LADY
BE GOOD



Cesar Romero, perennial bachelor-girl escort, often dates Janie—as well as Joan Crawford, Ann Sheridan.



Jane's often been rumored engaged to man-about-town Greg Bautzer, never has she even hinted it was true.



Lew Ayres (*above*) dated Jane after her divorce. Gossips cried love, said same about Manny Sacks (*below*).



Jane Wyman's getting ready for the fling of her life—and you can bet your bottom dollar that when the smoke clears away she'll be clinging to the arm of a brand new flame.

BY STEVE CRONIN

Jane Wyman strutted into a shop in Beverly Hills recently and picked a small bronze statue from the window display. She held it at different angles and a salesgirl approached her.

"What do you get for this work of art, honey?" Jane asked.

"Twenty dollars, madam," said the girl.

The manager appeared from behind a curtain leading to the back room, saw who his customer was and began to fidget with a table display.

"Stick it in a nice box and send it over to my house, will you, kid," said Jane. And after giving the address she said, "C.O.D."

"Yes, madam," the salesgirl said as she started towards the counter.

"Thanks, honey," said Jane and charged back out into the street.

"Hey, wait a minute," cried the salesgirl, dropping out of character. "Just a minute, lady!"

The manager came over. "What's the matter?" he said.

"She was in and out so fast," said the salesgirl, "that I forgot to ask her her name."

"The lady," said the manager testily, "was Jane Wyman."

"It was not!" said the salesgirl.

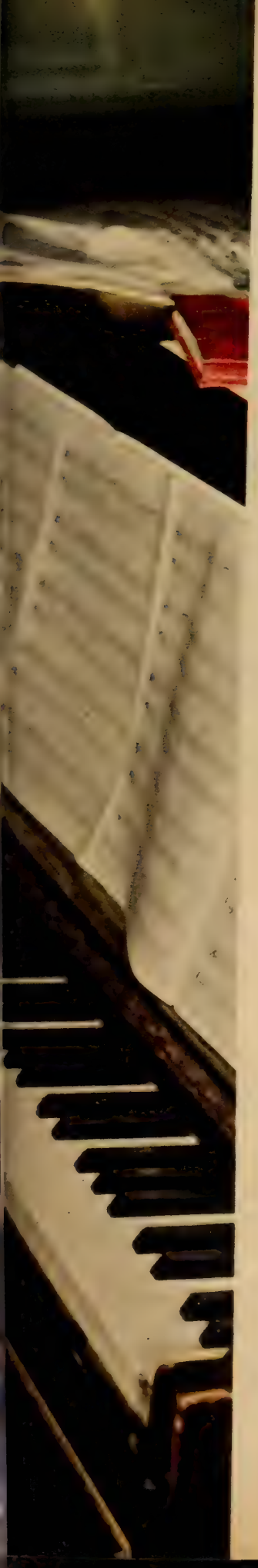
"It certainly was," said the manager. "I've waited on her before. I know her."

"Well, it just happens," said the salesgirl, "that Jane Wyman is my favorite movie star. I never miss one of her pictures. And if I saw her in the middle of the night with the lights out and my glasses off I'd know her. That was *not* Jane Wyman."

The manager won, but not without a battle. And the salesgirl wasn't alone. It is a very usual thing for people not to recognize Jane Wyman—about as common as the stories that are told about fans not recognizing their favorite movie stars. But with Jane Wyman it's different. The real, physical, emotional Jane Wyman is so far removed from the screen Jane Wyman that it's not at all odd that she is seldom recognized.

If you have seen her in *The Glass Menagerie, The Blue Veil* or *Johnny Belinda,* you wouldn't know her if you saw her. In all of those pictures she played a mouse, an unvital character with a limp, a twitch, an affliction (*Continued on page 88*)





His marriage was a tragic failure; it threw him for a loss. But now he's Happy Dan the bachelor man with a new girl every Sunday. And so he says:



Busy playing the field, Dan has his choice of dates: June Haver (*above*), Ann Miller, Jane Nigh, Barbara Whiting all love his company.

"I'LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN"

by sheilah graham

■ "I'll never marry again, Sheilah, so help me." It's Dan Dailey speaking, and I usually take such a statement with several grains of skepticism. But something final in the way Dan says it convinces me absolutely. I'll go on record and state he will not ever marry again. (Not for years and years, anyway!)

I gathered this information at the Encore Restaurant on La Cienega Boulevard, owned and run by Dan's great pal, Andy McIntyre, as newly divorced from Marilyn Maxwell as Dan is from his Liz. At the Encore we talked of love, life and Dan Dailey.

Over the hot consommé and salad, I ask Dan, "Is it true what I hear about you and girls?" Dan grins and says, "What do you hear—that I love em?" "That you rotate them," says I. He roars. "I hadn't thought of it like that. But you're right. I don't want to get too close to any girl. Why should I ever fall in love? I'm happier as a bachelor than I ever was when I was married to Liz."

I was coming to the ex-Mrs. Dailey later. First I wanted to know about Dan's dates with Jane Nigh, Shelley Winters, June Haver, Ann Miller and young Barbara Whiting, among many others. I wanted to know whether any one of these girls meant something romantically to Dan, or were they all just a part of an objective system for playing a tune without having to pay the piper. And I do mean marriage. He told me—with the frankness and lack of self-kidding I have always liked him for:

"First of all, you must know this about me," Dan said. "I'm a male. I like to support my woman, I like to pay for everything she needs. And I can. If I weren't in show business I could work as a laborer. I'm strong, I've dug ditches. I could never come home to a wife who was helping to pay for the groceries. That is why I could never marry a career woman. That rules out Shelley Winters right away. And Jane Nigh and June Haver and (*Continued on page 97*)



STILL IN LOVE WITH ALY?

The divorce waits in Reno, but Rita sits tight in Hollywood. Is it because Aly Khan is not only on her mind but in her heart as well? BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ Remember last year how determined Rita Hayworth was to divorce Aly Khan? Remember how dramatically she left her playboy husband in Africa, flew to Europe, bundled up her babies, and proceeded to Reno? Remember all the hullabaloo and headlines out of Nevada? RITA DEMANDS $3,000,000 FOR CHILD . . . ALY'S LAWYER TO FLY FROM PARIS . . . RITA WARNS ALY TO QUIT STALLING.

That was last May.

At this writing, Rita Hayworth is still Mrs. Aly Khan, and still Princess Rita to the Moslems.

What cooks? How come after establishing legal residence in Nevada, hiring attorneys, filing documents, obeying all the divorce requirements to the letter, Rita has failed to pick up her divorce?

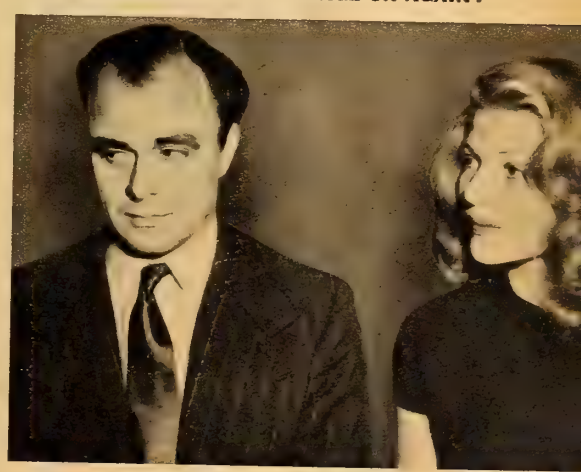
She may pick it up any day after she finishes *Affair In Trinidad* with Glenn Ford. She may even have the valuable document as you read this article —but why all the delay? And why did Rita say, "I'm holding the divorce in abeyance."?

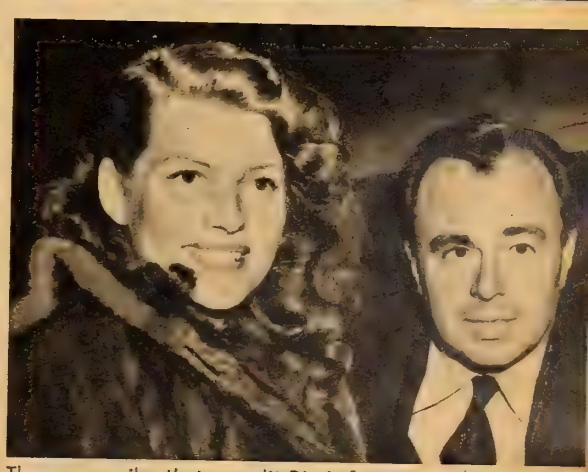
You can't get Rita to talk about the Prince these days, or for that matter, about any of the men in her life. Could it be that despite all the anguish and trouble he caused her, Rita is still in love with Aly?

On New Year's Day this year, Aly phoned Rita from Rio de Janeiro. The call lasted 30 minutes and cost $120.

When Rita slipped the phone onto its cradle, her eyes were misty. She decided at that moment to let the divorce lie. After all, there was really no hurry. Whenever she wanted she could fly up to Reno and get the decree papers in a few hours. (*Continued on page 102*)

IS THEIR ON-AND-OFF MARRIAGE ON AGAIN?





The sunny smiles that once lit Rita's face gave way to cool disdain when Aly started misbehaving. But, friends hint, he'll get the chance to make her smile again.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

LITTLE MISS LONELY HEART

Ann Blyth lives passionately—on the screen. Does she expect fiery roles to make up for a life without love?

■ Ann Blyth is driving a magnificent new Cadillac these days. Nine years ago, when she was 14 and just signed by Universal-International, she stated her two fondest ambitions. One was to have a mink coat. The other was to own a Cadillac. She didn't mention a private swimming pool.

She bought the mink coat two years ago. The Cadillac and the swimming pool—they were given to her by Howard Hughes a little before 1952.

Now if any other young star had received two such lavish gifts, gossips would be yapping all over the world and every eyebrow in Hollywood would be higher than the hairline.

But it's Ann Blyth, so everyone says, "Oh, yes, the Cad and the swimming pool are bonuses she got for going into *The Korean Story*. That's all, because everyone knows that, romantically, Ann is idealistic as a schoolgirl, and she'd rather have a lonely heart than a bad conscience. And it's true, despite the fact that the very charming bachelor Mr. Hughes has always liked lovely, talented ladies around him. (And the lovely, talented ladies have returned the compliment.) But Ann Blyth, as lovely as any of them, and twice as talented as most, fits into a separate category.

Last winter, after a few weeks shooting of *The Korean Story*, the star, Claudette Colbert, became too ill to continue. Delays were costly and Hughes looked for a replacement. He decided that Ann was the ideal girl to replace Miss Colbert.

She was immediately contacted, but for the first time in her Hollywood career, she hesitated. A change had come over Ann Blyth. Very quietly, but very confidently she was beginning to assert herself.

She hesitated. Other actresses would have argued, screamed, stalked about like tigresses, but Ann displayed a quiet resistance that could move mountains.

She hardly said a word; she knew better. She knew she'd just have to smile and look up from the depths of her exquisite eyes. So by gesture, rather than talk, Ann conveyed the idea that after all a role written (*Continued on page 68*)





"I LOVE YOU, CHATA!"

by Jim Henaghan

These were John Wayne's words when his marriage

■ This is a difficult story to write. It is difficult because the author is not sure how to write it. Should it be the story of an actor in trouble with his wife—an actor who has been chosen the greatest star in Hollywood and the happiest in his private life. Or should it be the tale of a man who has a problem and wants to work it out? Probably, because the author was, in a minor way, there at the time, it should just be a recitation of events that will tell everything. Yes, that's the way to tell it.

The reason for the story is a series of news items that



was tottering. Will they be enough to save it? MODERN SCREEN *brings you the story of a troubled man.*

appeared in the nation's press. They stated simply that John Wayne and his wife of seven years had separated, and that she had retained an attorney to handle a settlement of their joint properties. It said nothing of divorce, but it hinted that such a thing was possible. These news stories came as no surprise to this writer because he knew about it but had decided not to tell —not, at least, until it had to be told. Now it does.

I decided not to tell this story just after I heard it, in an airplane last Christmas Eve. The plane had been in the air for hours. I sat next to John Wayne, and in the comfortable peace of the giant ship, with the propellers humming a hypnotic spell around us, we talked for several hours. We talked about a hundred things as men will when they have time on their hands—and just for a moment we talked about him and his wife. But everything was said in that minute. Then the pretty little Latin hostess came along. She was carrying a silver tray on which there were two pink cocktails in long-stem misty glasses. Where they came from, at 18,000 feet in the (*Continued on page 103*)

how Betty Grable lives

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

A little imagination, a lot of red paint—and the James' gloomy, 25-year-old mansion became a home just as vivid and up-to-the-minute as Betty herself!



The solid, well-built balustrade in the front hall, made by an English craftsman years ago, could not be duplicated today.



Books and racing trophies line the walls of the library. The compact bar in the corner at right was once a useless closet.





A long-neglected, over-grown Italian garden in back of the house was replaced by this modern pool and brick terrace. Wooden benches, which made the grounds resemble a park, were removed.



Over-sized couches and an eight-foot square coffee table fill up the huge living room. Either a portrait of the James' girls or one of the new colts will go over the fireplace—but Betty hasn't decided which it will be yet!

The dark mahogany panelling of the library was brightened by vivid colors and gay fabrics. The two lamps were made from brass hitching posts.



The unique dining room arrangement was Betty's idea. Whenever she entertains, and she likes to do so often, she pushes together the three tables (only two are shown above) to make one unit.

by Marva Peterson

■ Betty Grable has one favorite household chore. She loves to pay bills! On the first Saturday of each month, she clutches a stack of statements, grabs her typewriter, sneaks into husband Harry's study, and for two whole dreamy hours does nothing but type out checks. This done, she pats them into a little pile and leaves them for the head-of-the-house to sign.

One Saturday a few months ago, Betty was ecstatically happy. She had not only made up with her studio after a nine-month suspension but here she was, living in a new house and typing out checks in Harry's new study.

She had just finished paying the gasoline bill when her two auburn-haired little daughters, Jessica and Victoria, suddenly burst into the room. (*Continued on next page*)



how Betty Grable lives

continued

Their eyes were burning with excitement.

"Mummie," cried Victoria. "Guess what!"

"Sh-h-h," Mummie cautioned. "Your daddy's still asleep."

Six-year-old Jessica shook her head sadly. "Maybe you'll have to wake him, Mummie. Something's happened."

Betty frowned and turned towards Vickie. "What is it, darling? What's happened?"

Vicki grinned. "Some people are having a picnic on our lawn."

"You're not fibbing now, are you?"

"Honest, Mummie. A whole bunch are down there. They parked their car under our trees."

"And," added Jessica, "they're eating and eating and eating. Why don't I wake Daddy? Maybe he can chase them with his trumpet."

Betty got up. "Don't dare disturb your father. I'll come and see about it."

She tip-toed through the bedroom and hurried down the steps with Vicki and Jessie close behind.

As soon as she opened the front door, Betty Grable chuckled. Sure enough, a family of five were sitting on her front lawn munching sandwiches and pouring milk out of a thermos.

Betty, dressed in her usual outfit—slacks and turtle neck sweater—walked over to the trespassers.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," she announced, "but you're on private property."

The embarrassed father jumped to his feet. "Gosh!" he explained. "We sure are sorry. We're from out of town, and we've been riding around searching for a picnic spot. When we saw those big open gates, we thought this was some sort of public park. Sure am sorry, Miss. We'll clear out in a minute." He stopped and looked down at Vickie (*Continued on page 105*)



The roomy kitchen was completely remodeled, is now as modern as anyone could wish. The gay, red table, with its permanent-finish top, is just the right size for those informal, between-meal snacks.



Victoria and Jessica helped their mother select the blue and white plaid wallpaper, and the white furniture, for their bedroom. Practical Betty bought four washable bedspreads, uses two of them as canopys.



▲ Harry objected to Betty's suggestion of red for their bedroom, so she decided on raspberry. When Harry first saw the bed pillows, he thought they looked like lollipops—but Betty's happy with them.

▼ A part of the attic was made over into a combined study and dressing room for Harry, with plenty of room for all his mementos and clothes. Betty's mother crocheted the afghan on the couch for him.

if he were only single...

GIRLS SIGH OVER RIC, THEIR "BEAUTIFUL GUMDROP"—BUT HE JUST BLUSHES AND REMAINS THE PERFECT



Ricardo and Georgie (of the glamorous Young sisters' clan) flew into marriage after a two-week courtship. She got him a long time before Hollywood did, and after seven years of marital bliss, it looks as if he'll be hers for keeps.



There'll soon be a new addition to this portrait. Four-year-old Mark, Anita, six, and Laura, two, will have a new playmate named Phillip (if it's a boy). Rick's life centers around his family. He deserts them only for work.

■ The Hurricane Bar on Broadway was not exactly the place you'd pick for a grand premiere. It was bedlam that night with a phony tropical storm beating against a pane of glass and flashes of phony lightning blazing on the customers who sat there in the murky room mainly because they had no better place to go.

But at one of the tables was an eager young guy of about 20 with blue-black hair and an olive complexion. His eyes were glued to a juke box which played jerky little movie shorts when you slipped in a dime. "Soundies," they called them. After this excited character had invested six dimes, Number Seven came up. It was his big moment. "The Latin From Staten Island," the title flickered, "starring Ricardo Montalban."

"Here I come," he breathed expectantly.

And there he was—on a cardboard ferry flashing his white teeth and bawling out Gus Van's title tune. In a minute he was off and Number Eight was on. His starring debut was over. It was big stuff for Ricardo; he'd actually earned 70 dollars for that triumphant performance, which marked a big step forward in his career. Before that he'd been an extra in "soundies" for ten bucks a picture.

A sailor, who'd been soaking himself in rye, leaned over from the next table and slapped his shoulder.

"Say," he muttered, "was zat you?"

"Yes, yes indeed," responded Ricardo gratefully.

"Buddy," said the sailor, "you really stink!"

By now Ricardo Montalban would be the last person in the world to challenge that early verdict, although at the time it didn't make him feel very happy. But by now, of course, things are a little different. The pride of the soundies is now the pride of MGM, and his efforts are definitely more appreciated.

A few years ago, Ricardo walked into

HUSBAND. • **by SUSAN TRENT**

the premiere of *Fiesta* unmolested, but on the way out he lost part of his clothes and got lipstick smeared all over what was left. After *On An Island With You* and that hot dance with Syd Charisse, he got passionate pen proposals like the one which said, "I just want to die dancing—held tight in your arms!" And as recently as *Across The Wide Missouri,* when he bared his beautiful muscles, a veteran MGM mail clerk disgustedly handed him a scented letter begging, "Lift me up on your wild horse, my darling, and let us ride away together into the sunset!"

"Listen, Rick," said the clerk, "you'd better watch it. Dames haven't gone screwy like this since Rudy Valentino made *The Sheik*—and you know what happened to him."

Ricardo Montalban is the first truly Americanized Latin to take Hollywood by storm. And to tell the truth, although he's been around Hollywood seven years now, not more than a dozen people understand him. From Valentino himself clear down to Fernando Lamas, Hollywood's exotic menaces have been cats of a different stripe—and to some selfish ladies it's a shame that Ricardo's not.

Not long ago at a big Hollywood gala, Ricardo started dancing at seven o'clock and kept it up until four-thirty in the morning, sitting down only to snatch something to eat at nine. When he finally left with his wife, Georgiana, the lining of his dinner jacket was wringing wet and the stitching in the sleeves was ripped out (he had to throw it away the next day). His hair was tumbled and his face flushed with fun. Watching him exit thus an envious doll, one of the gang who had stood in line for his dances all night, clucked regretfully and shook her carefully coiffured head in obvious dismay.

"Oh, man," she thought out loud, "What that kid would do to Hollywood if he were only single!"

(*Continued on page 62*)



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN THE WORLD

Hollywood's most famous beauty experts formed MODERN SCREEN's board of judges and chose these 12 stars as the best-tressed of the year.

■ For the second successive year, nine of Hollywood's top beauty experts were invited by the editors of MODERN SCREEN to select the 12 stars who have the most beautiful hair in the world. The job was both hard (last year's winners were automatically eliminated) and easy (lovely hair is almost a commonplace among Hollywood actresses). But the judges finally decided on these outstanding beauties, who, by combining skillful care with the most flattering coiffure, merited a place among this most select circle.

Last year's winners were June Allyson, Ann Blyth, Bette Davis, Rhonda Fleming, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, Virginia Mayo, Maureen O'Hara, Ginger Rogers, Ruth Roman, Elizabeth Taylor, Lana Turner and Jane Wyman.

There is a saying among Hollywood beauty experts that goes, "A face is a face, but a head of hair is a mop you can really do something about." Despite the fact that the stars pictured on these two pages have the kind of faces you write home about, they take that saying to heart. They know that hairstyles can make or break them glamorwise, and they pass up coiffure fads for individual cuts that always charm, never grow old. And long ago they learned a simple rule: beautiful hair is clean, shining hair. There are no secret methods for achieving that. Frequent shampooing and brushing result in never-failing loveliness. So take a tip from those who know—wash your way to glamor!

The judges who selected these top 12 stars are: Nellie Manley of Paramount; Jean Burt of Warner Brothers; Larry Germain of RKO-Radio; Irene Brooks of 20th Century-Fox; Joan St. Oegger of Universal-International; Helen Hunt of Columbia; Perc Westmore of Westmore's Salon; Myran Nolt, Beauty Salon, Beverly Wilshire Hotel; Bill Tuttle of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



ESTHER WILLIAMS depends on oil treatments to offset the drying effect of chlorine in swimming pools.



RITA HAYWORTH believes in vigorous root massage, twice a day, preferably outdoors for healthy growth.



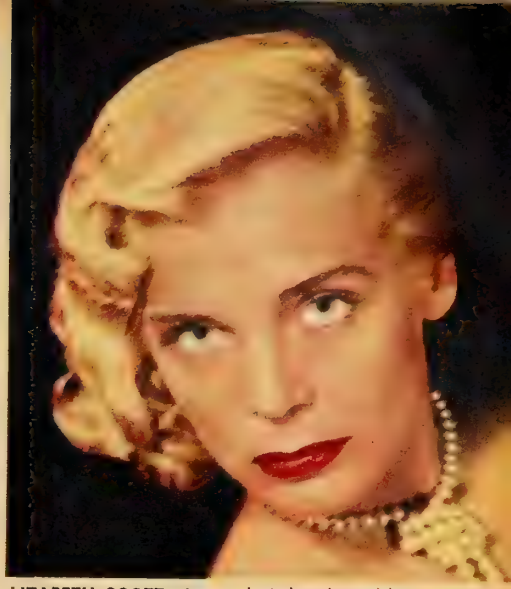
DORIS DAY gets a daily shampoo, knows that the secret of beautiful hair is perfect cleanliness.



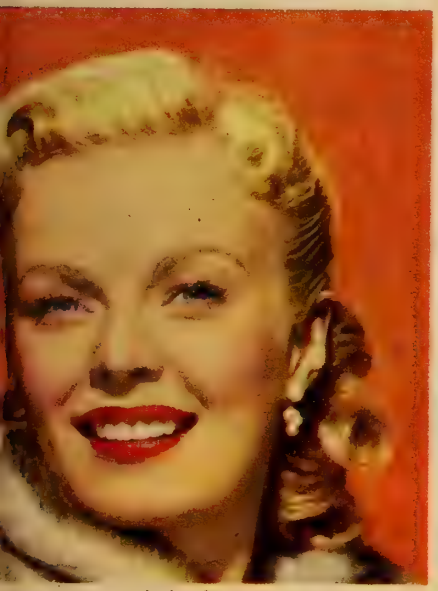
SUSAN HAYWARD's hair requires light permanents, frequent washing to give it body.



JEANNE CRAIN's fashionable short hair-do is easy to manage, stays lovely with brushing, weekly shampoo.



LIZABETH SCOTT is a hair-brush addict. She knows that a simple cut has to gleam.



JUNE HAVER's baby fine tresses call for liberal oil treatments and careful handling.



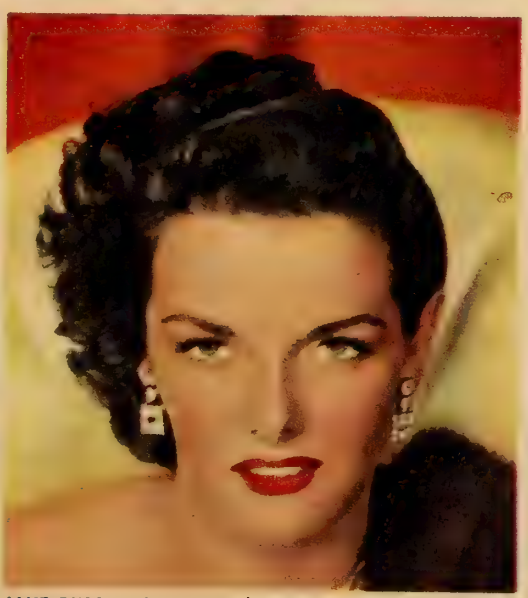
JOAN CRAWFORD says hair-care is more important than face-care, stresses importance of fine shampoos.



JAN STERLING occasionally wears her hair pulled straight back to ward off split ends.



JANET LEIGH's long bob always shines thanks to 100 strokes a night with a good brush.



JANE RUSSELL ignores style trends, once bobbed her hair, but so many fans protested she let it grow back.



ARLENE DAHL substitutes a champagne rinse for the vinegar wash of grandma's day

The Dereks live the way they like—in the hills far from Hollywood. They can't afford to entertain, avoid glamorous outings.

CALL HIM SOFT AND YOU'LL BE SORRY. DEREK PACKS A WALLOP THAT'S PRETTIER THAN HIS PROFILE!

Pretty tough

by Kirtley Baskette

John didn't have a double for his role in *Saturday's Hero*. He suffered a concussion during the filming.



■ It had been a hard day for John Derek. It was always hard for him to make a personal appearance in a theater since he couldn't sing, dance, or tell funny stories. He felt that he was making an ass of himself. But that was over now, matinee and evening, and he was ready for a steak.

So, after the *Saturday's Hero* show, he sat in a restaurant in an Eastern city and while he waited, the local Columbia representative went out to get the papers. He tossed one at John, flipped open to the drama reviews. "He doesn't love you," he grinned wryly. John started to read—and he lost his appetite then and there.

"The sports boys are right," wrote the critic. "After seeing John Derek it's obvious he couldn't play football against 11 powder puffs. A real grid squad would squash this pretty boy in five minutes . . ." And so it went on, taking him cruelly apart.

John tightened his already taut mouth and paled at the temples underneath his tan. "Who the devil is this guy?" he demanded. "Him I've got to get!"

"Sh-h-h!" warned his companion. "Here he comes now."

There was a mumbled introduction and a hand stuck out. Automatically, John took it, then the thought flashed red in his brain, "I hate this man." Suddenly he flipped his hand scornfully up in the air—and swung.

Somebody caught his arm and pushed him back in his seat and it was over. So John started to eat his steak, but without tasting it and he thought moodily about what had happened in this city; how he'd gone to an outlying theater as a favor, when he should have stayed in his hotel with that flu bug, and then, just as he was walking in, the mocking voice, "Well, well,—so this is the re-d-d-d hot quarterback, hey?" And how he'd spun, as if winged by a bullet, and stalked back through the lobby and up to three boy bullies standing there. "I'm not a quarterback," he'd said in a voice flat with anger. "I don't play football. I make pictures. I made a football picture. And does anybody here want to make anything out of that?" But suddenly nobody did and he whirled back inside the theater and was still so mad when he went on stage that he let the audience have it, told them off. said his piece—the longest he'd ever spouted—until they almost had to drag him off the stage.

What was the (*Continued on page 78*)



He's going that-a-way!

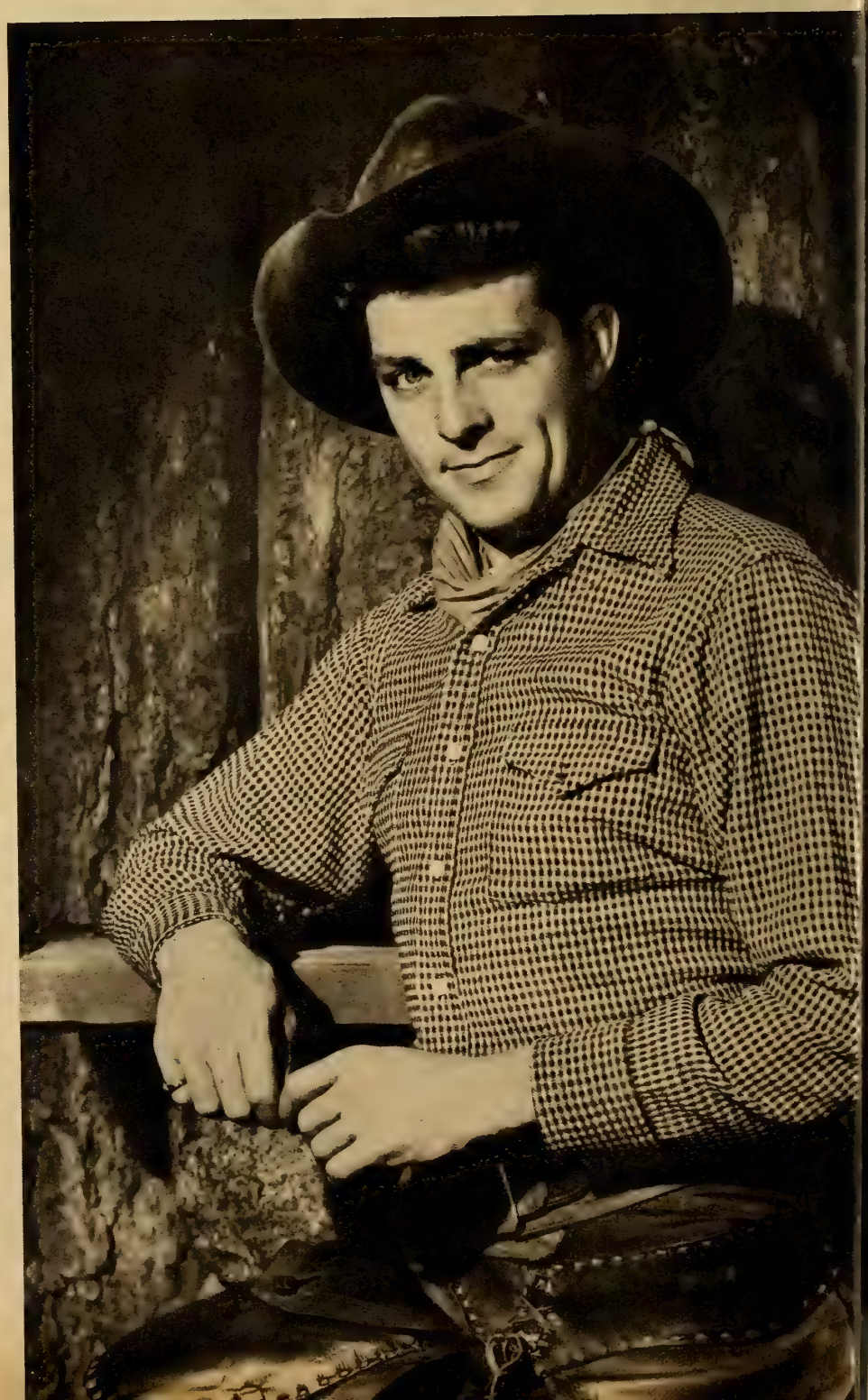
BY JIM BURTON



"I can't put on any airs," says Dale, who cheerfully donned an apron to help Mom with the dishes on his recent visit to Oklahoma.



His mother's dog "Captain" was waiting to greet Dale and "Chief" on their arrival in Oklahoma. Dale made the trip in 28 hours.



Look out—here comes Dale Robertson! This fellow with an Oklahoma drawl and a hankering for horses is galloping to fame.



Dale, who loves outdoor life, leaped at the chance to shoot quail with his brothers, Roxy and Chet, during his Christmas visit. Came home with his legal limit that very afternoon!



Showing the sights of Oklahoma City to his bride Jackie, gave Dale a big kick. It was the first time she'd met his family, (her whirlwind romance with Dale took place in Hollywood).



Caught in the act! Dale looked up guiltily when his Mom found him tasting her lemon pie. "Dale never *could* wait till I set it on the table," laughed Mrs. Robertson. "He hasn't changed in any respect."

■ There's an established ritual for success in Hollywood, and whenever an actor breaks into the big-time he usually adheres to it.

He hires a press agent as Bob Hope did. He starts buying his clothes at Brooks Brothers or Eddie Schmidt's as Clark Gable did. He makes a down payment on a yacht as Humphrey Bogart did, and he begins to drive around in a Cadillac or a Lincoln as Dana Andrews did.

Once in a while, however, an actor like Dale Robertson comes along—outspoken, rugged, stubborn, he does exactly as he pleases. And he'll explain to you in his slow, definite drawl, "I don't care if I'm making a million bucks a week. I just don't like putting on airs."

Dale Robertson means what he says. He's only 28 but he knows where he's going and his fans are taking him there faster than he dreamed.

Robertson is so hot at the moment that the studio has hired two extra girls to sort out his fan mail. Exhibitors all over the country are shouting for more Robertson pictures, and studio executives, who've placed him in six films during 1951, are trying to see if they can squeeze him into seven this year.

Despite this sudden popularity and the fact that he is currently earning a considerable salary, Robertson insists upon remaining himself.

"I have bought very few clothes," Dale says, "since I got out of the army in '46. I like nice clothes but don't wear them much. See this sport coat I'm wearing? Cost 26 bucks six years ago." *(Continued on next page)*



Dale proposed to Jackie the second time they dated, and they were married a month later. But a weekend was all the time Dale could spare for a wedding trip, so they're looking forward to a honeymoon!

he's going that-a-way! continued

Dale stays out of night clubs and fashionable hotels and wears a suit only on very special occasions such as his marriage. I'll probably wear one for the baby's baptism, too," he adds. (The Robertson's first baby is expected in June.) "Only there's not going to be any re-modeling around my house when the baby comes. We live in a tract house, one of those three-bedroom stucco jobs, kind of cocoa-colored, and I pay $58 a month rent. Bought the place under the G.I. bill, nothing down, four percent interest for 25 years. It's out in a place called Reseda, and it takes me exactly 35 minutes to get to the studio. My wife, Jackie, does all the cooking and cleaning. We have no maid, and I don't imagine we'll have a nurse, either. Biggest expense is to board the horses, but they make it back working in pictures."

Dale Robertson is an old horse-lover. He has five of them fattening up at Dick Dixon's Boarding Stable in Hollywood. And he has 24 other horses quartered on the ranch of Tex Newsome, a friend in Stillwater, Oklahoma.

"I'm in the movies for one reason," Dale explains. "Want to get enough money to buy a ranch."

Dale's mother says, "That boy isn't fooling, either. His lifetime ambition has been to own a ranch and become an Oklahoma cowboy. Even when he (*Continued on page 81*)

EVEN AS A YOUNGSTER, DALE WAS PRETTY



At 18 months, Dale bore the fancy moniker of Dayle LyMoine Robertson. The name came from a heroine, Kay LyMoine, who appeared in a novel that his mother had once read.



The snappy shoes and fashionable linen knickers Dale wears here are the result of his aunts' attempts to make a little gentleman out of him. Even at 10, Dale wanted to rebel.



Dale studied the violin for years just to please his aunts. But it finally paid off when he entered Oklahoma Military Academy and played fiddle in the band. (He's at extreme right.)

DETERMINED. HIS AUNTS WANTED HIM IN FANCY-PANTS, BUT COWBOY BOOTS HAD ALREADY WON HIS HEART.



Will Rogers, who once met Dale when he was a youngster, suggested: "Let me give him a screen test." But mother refused, thought he belonged home.



But no one could make a sissy out of him! He discarded fancy clothes as soon as he could and started acting rugged—even climbed Pike's Peak at 14.



Dale hasn't bought many new clothes since he was discharged from the army in '46. (He was a 2nd Lt. at 23.) Still wears a coat he bought then for $26.



Dale's a horse-and-dog lover, says he's in Hollywood for one reason: "to get enough money to buy my horses a ranch." His lifetime ambition has been to become a cowboy, although his fans are on the way to making him a movie idol.

Saturday night at

People used to sing that Saturday night was the loneliest night in the week—but not at Debbie's house, where everybody joins in making fudge and whoopee!

■ It was Debbie Reynolds to Bob Wagner on the phone. "Oh, lucky boy," she crooned. "I'll pick you up at half-past-eight, and don't forget to wear an apron." This invitation left Bob slightly confused, but not for many days, because that Saturday night Debbie was honking for him at the curb, and when he'd hopped into her jalopy she explained. "It's a turnabout party. You know—the men do all the work and the women have all the fun."

"I'm not coming," said Bob, but in a flash, he was at Debbie's place, staring into the woe-begone faces of Dick Anderson and Jeff Hunter. Dawn Addams, Barbara Rush (Jeff's wife) and Jeanette Johnson were grinning diabolically. "Nice to see you, Bob," said Dawn. "Got your cookbook?"

"I just remembered," said Bob. "I have a date with my dentist."

"Too late," giggled Debbie. "It's the galley for you. And while you're dreaming up something delectable we'll loll around."

The men went into a huddle. Maybe

Debbie's turnabout party got off with a giggle, dissolved into laughs. Only time the guests stopped talking was when they started eating.



Debbie's

they'd been taken (and wrapped up in white and popped into chef's caps) but they weren't beaten!

"What's easy?" murmured Dick.

"Sliced bananas," said Bob. "A snap."

"Oh," said Debbie, "I'm so hungry. I'd really go for filet mignon and Caesar salad."

"Would you go to Dave Chasen's?" asked Jeff. "I'll reserve a table."

"None of that," said Debbie. "You serve it, I'll eat it. But hurry!"

By this time Dick was halfway into the refrigerator. "I've got it!" he cried. "We'll start with ice cream. Delicious. Especially with pineapple sauce—canned."

"A mastermind," said Bob, admiringly.

"We'll *end* with ice cream," said Dawn Addams. "What's the main course?"

"Chop suey!" Dick exclaimed. "A child could make it! All he needs is a box of Chinese noodles and a little imagination."

"And a pot," added Debbie, presenting him with one the size of a bathtub.

"Dick plunked it on the stove. "Soy sauce!" he cried. "Celery! Rice! Mushrooms! Fast!" The girls scurried around following orders.

"*That* is chop suey?" asked Dawn.

"The best," said Dick. "Nothing but the best for you."

"What can no party be without?" Jeff asked suddenly.

"Guests," chirped his wife, Barbara.

"Fudge," said Jeff, "Creamy, delicious fudge. *I'll* make it. Do you have some cream cheese, Debbie?" (*Continued on next page*)



Holding her nose delicately, Dawn pooh-poohs Dick's chop suey. Once she got a taste of it, she changed her mind and cleaned the plate!



The "Philly" fudge recipe (*see next page*) was so easy that Jeff and Dick, who didn't know a ladle from a strainer, acted just like experts.



Barbara and Debbie dish out the toasted noodles while the boys give their chop suey a final once-over.



The fudge was all gone by the time Debbie's friend Jeannette Johnson got to it, but there were still plenty of laughs, and a coke or two.



After food came billiards for Dawn (see her in MGM's *Hour of 13*) and Dick (of MGM's *Just This Once*). Dick made the chop suey!



Bob (of *With A Song In My Heart*) led Debbie to drink! Her latest hit is *Singin' In The Rain.*



The fudge went like lightning when Debbie passed it around to Jeff Hunter (of *Belles On Their Toes*), his wife, Barbara, Bob, Dawn, Dick. Later, Deb ended up the turnabout party by driving Bob home in her 1929 Ford (*right*).



saturday night at debbie's continued

"Sure," said Debbie, dipping into the refrigerator and handing out a package. "From Philadelphia. Imported."

"Dick," directed Jeff, "melt some chocolate. Dawn—chop the pecans. Debbie—out of my way."

"It had better be good," warned Debbie. "That cheese was going to be my Sunday lunch."

But Jeff was concentrating—mixing, blending. "On second thought," he said, "you eat chop suey. I'll take fudge."

As it turned out, they all took everything.

"Maybe it's not chop suey," said Dawn, eating it gingerly. "Was the recipe in the original chinese?"

"Try the fudge," said Jeff.

"Go away," moaned Dawn. But Debbie was game. So were Barbara and the chefs. "Delicious," they chorused.

"I'll have some," said Jeanette. But she was too late.

After the food came billiards, music and a lot of talk. And the hours flew by. "Okay," said Debbie wearily. "I guess we'll take you guys home—or your mothers'll worry."

"Do we *have* to?" asked Dawn.

"Turnabout," grinned Dick Anderson. "And I may even let you kiss me goodnight!"

So Dawn took him home—and he did. THE END

DEBBIE'S "PHILLY" FUDGE

1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese (or 6 level tbsps. from the ½-lb. pkg.)
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
2 1-oz. squares melted unsweetened chocolate
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Dash of salt
½ cup chopped pecans

■ *Place cheese in bowl and cream it until soft. Blend in sugar slowly. Add melted chocolate. Mix well. Add vanilla, salt and pecans; mix until well blended. Press into well-greased pan. Place in refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares. (For softer fudge, blend 1 tsp. cream.) Recipe can be revised for Maple, Almond, Coconut, or Peanut Butter Philly-fudge.*





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THE BEAUTIFUL BRAIN TRUST

Hollywood likes 'em pretty and never mind the brain—so Jeanne Crain thought she'd play it smart by acting dumb. She did so well she almost fooled herself!

BY FRANCES CLARK

■ When George Nader, a young actor whom Jeanne Crain discovered, was being interviewed recently for facts about his life, he pulled an unusual switch. He didn't want to talk about himself. He wanted to talk about Jeanne. "She's so intelligent!" he exclaimed. "Bring up any subject—art, music, literature, philosophy, anything—and she'll know how to talk about it. A couple of times I thought I'd outsmart her—boned up on something obscure and sprung it on her. She sprung right back with an answer. What a woman!"

George Nader doesn't stand alone in his ecstatic admiration. Everyone in Hollywood —including those important people who cast the movies—are beginning to realize that the girl Jeanne used to be—the ever-sweet ingenue with nothing but light, gay thoughts in her pretty head, isn't there anymore. Jeanne has emerged as a beautiful, mature woman, and, as if this weren't enough, she's revealed a brain with a special glow of its own.

You may wonder how it happened, how such a radical change could occur. Well, to reverse the self-descriptive phrase of another Hollywood beauty, you can say that until recently Jeanne has outwardly appeared as little more than a charming child, while inwardly she has had the emotions of a woman. It just took a little doing to coax her hidden talents to the surface.

For a while those (*Continued on page 94*)



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(plus tax)

P. S. *For a shampoo that* gleams *as it* cleans,
try new WILDROOT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO.

if he were only single

(*Continued from page 47*) But that's just the point—he isn't.

In fact, the tall, pretty gal who smiled contentedly and whisked Ricardo off home got him before Hollywood did—and that could be one reason why Ricardo's a domesticated screen romancer, and also a conflicting blend of North-and-South-of-the-border traits.

Ricardo's Castilian Spanish is a melodiously perfect thing to hear—yet his English is slangily native. He's a typical American husband who forgets his wedding anniversary, yet if he's away from home even overnight Georgiana gets purple passage telegrams that make the Western Union girls giggle. He lets his wife buy his ties and banish him to the bathroom to plunk his guitar, yet he disdainfully refuses to step a foot in the kitchen—no place for a *caballero*. He rules his children with austere Spanish discipline, yet he dolls them out in "Hoppy" rigs and grins indulgently when they rip up the rugs. The girls, Laura and Anita, could be dusky cherubs in a Velasquez canvas, but tow-headed Mark might be a farm kid from Kansas.

Ricardo worries about the high cost of living and taxes, still he brings home extravagant trinkets like solid gold manicure sets for Georgie. He's emotionally moved to tears by a bull fight, but yells "Murder the bum!" like any home grown fight fan at a boxing bout. He greets everyone he knows—male or female—with a rib crushing *embraco*, yet he blushes like a country boy when actresses call him "Honey." He likes the correct wine with his meals, but orders hamburgers with the works when he lunches out.

This man-of-two-worlds makeup puzzles most of the people Ricardo meets in Hollywood, but it doesn't seem strange at all to Ricardo—and with good reason. He's been shuttling back and forth between Mexico and the U.S.A. ever since he was out of knee pants and while officially a Mexican citizen, he couldn't truthfully tell you which place is home, although his *afficionados* down South sure can. It was almost an international incident when he deserted Mexican films for Hollywood and they still rumble resentfully down there. As one fiery critic at the time wrote—"The *Yanquis* take everything. First the silver, then the oil and now Ricardo Montalban!"

That good neighborly piracy took place back in 1944. It was in Mexico City that Jack Cummings, an MGM producer, arrived on a very special mission hunting a very special man. He looked up his old friend, Norman Foster, who was directing movies down there.

"Norm," he said, "I want the best looking, sexiest, most graceful and dashing actor in Mexico who can play a bullfighter with Esther Williams in *Fiesta*. He's got to be—"

"Come on-a my house," interrupted Norm. "Got something to show you."

What Norm had to show were a flock of films he'd made with Ricardo—some of them bullfighters—but after a couple Jack Cummings didn't need to see any more. "That's my boy!" he said. "Where is he?"

"Oh, a few blocks from you."

"Well, call him—get him over here!" demanded Jack, but Norm shook his head.

"I can't. I mean, he's a few blocks from you—in Hollywood. He's just married my sister-in-law, Georgiana."

Norm didn't explain the *way* Ricardo had married her, which was romantically Latin. Only two weeks after they'd met they'd eloped secretly to Tijuana, Mexico. Then, taking Georgie back to Hollywood,

he raced off to Mexico City, to make a film to support her. This was after a two day honeymoon! When Ricardo headed stateside again and blessed the union properly in the Catholic church of their faiths, Georgie was pregnant and the altar boys gave the bride and groom questioning stares. "It was a little embarrassing for everyone concerned," Ricardo allows.

But even then Ricardo chased back to Mexico for another picture, came home to Hollywood again just a week before his baby, Laura, was born. And after a while he took Georgie on a belated honeymoon to—Acapulco, Mexico! Right at this moment, after a stretch in Hollywood, he ought to be down Mexico way making *Mexican Village* with his brother-in-law, Norman Foster.

All this international commuting is strictly okay with Montalban. He loves both countries and both ways of life passionately. He has strong family ties and fervent fans in both places, and a career, too, in either climate if he wants it. In fact, he can make more money today in income tax-free Mexico than he can where Uncle Sam takes his cut, although he's not thinking of reversing the deal. But sometimes he admits "I feel like a jumping bean"—the way his double track, back-and-forth life has gone and keeps on going.

It started November 25, 1920, in Mexico City where his parents, Ricardo and Jenara Montalban, had emigrated from Castile. The Montalbans are of aristocratic lineage, descended from the Conte de Montalban, which means roughly "White Mountain." Being a textile man, *Senor* Montalban soon gravitated to what Mexicans call "Land of the White Gold"—the cotton country around Torreon farther North. That's where Ricardo, the baby of the family, grew up—a brown-eyed, sensitive almost too-beautiful boy.

At the Torreon school, where he went until he was 14, it was all right, but when he came to the States to school, Ricardo was a tempting target. He spoke the elegant Castile brand of Spanish, unlike his schoolmates, and his parents togged him out in traditionally tailored Spanish outfits—short pants, wool hose, coat, white collar, and beret. After getting them ripped off a few times Ricardo begged his folks for a change but it was no go.

"They were traditional people," he explains, "And I was like the American boy beginning his school days and a friend told his father, 'Now that your son's starting school, you ought to buy him an Encyclopedia.' 'The hell with him,' replied the father. 'Let him walk to school like I did!' "

So he had to take it, but summers, on his dad's *rancho*, he practically grew up on horseback, and spent his days hunting rattlesnakes. He bagged and skinned about 30, and finally grew into a wiry, muscular kid who could rattle off the local lingo and handle himself in a scrap. He still can, as you know if you saw him throw leather in *Right Cross*. But when he was packed off to the *Ecole Francais* in Mexico City, all this country culture made the city kids size him up as a hick. And because he had a high uncontrollable cowlick which made his noggin shape up like a dirigible, they tagged him "Zeppelin."

"Zep" Montalban wasn't too happy as an *Ecole internado*. In fact, most of his life, Ricardo's been some kind of a Displaced Person, until now he's used to it. "All my life I've had to go all out to make friends," he says a little wistfully. But before he really had a chance to get adjusted at the Catholic *Ecole Francais*, the church-baiting Cardenas regime closed it down.

Back in Torreon, Ricardo was placed in a business school and because he was sharp

(*Continued on page 66*)



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During the dark hours of war in Italy, faith walked beside me like a devoted friend. I learned then to live without fear.

I live with prayer

by Pier Angeli



■ If it were not that I had within me a comfort, a way of knowing what my life is and what I must do with it, I would be in much trouble now with my family.

Supposing in Italy I wrote that I was 19 and had never been on a date without a chaperon—it would not be considered unusual at all. This would be true of a lot of unmarried girls there of that age. In this country I know that it will be a little hard to believe and many girls will feel sorry for me. I know they consider me something like a freak—it comes out in their eyes, and in the eyes of boys, too, when they meet me and hear about it.

I watch from my windows and I can see how here the boy drives up in front of a girl's house and blows his horn . . . and pretty soon she comes dancing out and they drive away to the beach to spend the whole day together. I see them in cars at night, the boy in tuxedo and the girl in something special. That's pretty nice. Don't think I wouldn't like it. But I do not let myself get desperate and defy my mother. To want something is not sufficient reason for having it in the way I have lived . . . and I have long ago chosen to live in the church.

The church does not say I must agree with my mother. I do not in this instance. I say to her that 25 mothers would not keep a girl proper if she did not want to be proper. And she could live in the middle of an army camp and not be bad if she were really good. But the (*Continued on page 85*)

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(*Continued from page 63*) at mathematics, headed for an accountant's career in commerce. But that didn't take, so his dad planted him in a dry goods store owned by a friend. "For 40 pesos a month," Ricardo remembers, "I almost went nuts, taking inventories, filling orders and pasting labels on packages." A year and a half later he was up to 75 pesos, but the letters he wrote to his big brother, "Chu-Chu," in Hollywood grew increasingly desperate. And Chu-Chu was a kindred rebel soul.

At that point, Carlos Montalban, as the family knew Chu-Chu, was plugging Carta Blanca beer in Hollywood. But before that, he'd tried a fling at a movie career himself, although he never got the real break he wanted and was a little bitter about it. When he drove down to Torreon and brought his little brother up to live with him and try some American schools, the whole idea was like Heaven opening up to Ricardo. He didn't have his eyes on Hollywood fame, exactly, but "I was a terrific movie fan," he confesses "and everything I saw about America I worshipped—the streets, the houses, the people, the pretty girls—ah, those girls!"

He met them at Belmont High and then Fairfax High in Los Angeles, where he also picked up the American language and customs and something else just as important—a crystal clear idea of what he wanted to do. That happened through some school plays, one of which, *Tovarich*, moved an MGM talent scout to offer a screen test. But Carlos vetoed that idea pronto, clear from New York, where he'd gone with the beer business, leaving Ricardo with a family friend.

"Over my dead body," Chu-Chu replied to the news. "They won't do to you what they did to me in Hollywood. Get graduated and then come back here where I can keep an eye on you." Which is what Ricardo did, dutifully, although packing an idea along that his brother didn't know about, but soon discovered. It was Broadway and acting, of course, and when Ricardo tearfully spilled his ambitions, Chu-Chu remembered the same youthful symptoms and relented.

But Broadway wasn't such a soft touch. It never is. And Ricardo Montalban's saga there was the same old story. A good-looking, eager-eyed guy, like a thousand others, with nothing to sell but youth and those looks—and him a foreigner besides. Luckily, he had a place to sleep and enough to eat but his feet got sore and his pants glossy just the same, pounding the pavements, climbing stairs and sitting hours in offices until people barked "Goodbye, now. Don't call us—we'll call you"—but never did. That's when he took those extra jobs in "soundies," at the Edison Studios on Long Island, "which," Ricardo points out, "is just about as low as you can get in show business, isn't it?"

He promoted a few stage bits at last—one as a butler in *Nancy's Private Affair* and another in *My Sister Eileen*. Then one day an agent lifted the telephone receiver in his office where Ricardo was parked, "at liberty" as usual.

"Yes," he said. "I see—I see. I'll be right over." He turned to Ricardo, "Come on," he said, "you go, too." He didn't say where but when they opened the door in a swank Eastside apartment building there was Tallulah Bankhead with a long cigarette holder, a frown and a pet lion cub.

"Dahling," she cried, slapping her brow. "You've got to get me a new man. I tell you, the boy you sent is horrible. He can't even remember his lines. Get me somebody else—anybody and right now."

"How about Montalban here?" suggested the agent, motioning to Rick.

"Sit down," waved Tallulah and Ricardo did. The lion bounded over and bit him on the foot, tearing his shoe, which was a touch of tragedy, because it was the only pair he had. La Bankhead ignored this and so did Ricardo—he smelled a job. "Can you remember lines?" she demanded. "Dahling—all I ask is that you remember lines!"

He got the job—a croupier in *Her Cardboard Lover* starting the next night. So he went home with his "sides" and stayed up all night, swilling coffee to learn them. Then he slept through the day and hustled over to the theater—no rehearsal, and he'd forgotten to shave. They practically pushed him out on the stage when his cue came, with Tallulah frowning in the other wing. On stage, Ricardo blanked out in terror. Maybe it was all of 15 seconds, but it seemed like an hour to him. He stared at the audience, they laughed. Then the lights flashed on again in his brain. There wasn't anything to it. "Very nice, Dahling," said Tallu, "but don't try to pinch my scenes with those goo-goo eyes again. And, by the way, tomorrow night—would you like to borrow my razor?"

She was nice to him from then on, gave him tips, polished him up, even took him out to Coney Island for some lovey-dovey publicity poses. Next summer Ricardo did stock in Maine, came back to Broadway for a nice comedy hit in *Our Betters* and made a test. But he never learned how it came out and still doesn't know. Because about then there was a call from Torreon. "Mother's very ill, an operation. Get packed," said Carlos. And Ricardo was back where he started from.

WELL, to tuck up a tale, that anxious homecoming is why Ricardo is where he is and what he is today. After his mother was out of danger, he went down to Mexico City for a look at the new movie industry which was having a boom. The minute he stepped on a set he was snapped up for a part in *Five Were Chosen*, playing a soldier boy with Maria Elena Marques, later Gable's Indian girlfriend in *Across The Wide Missouri*. In his very first screen job Ricardo made the senoritas swoon. But it was *Santa*, the second, that really counted—in more ways than one. Because Norman Foster directed that and Norm's wife is Sally Blane, one of the beautiful Hollywood tribe of young sisters which includes Loretta Young—and Georgiana.

"I'd never seen anything like Ricardo," Norman recalls today. "He had the boyish charm and beauty that Ty Power started with and the sex appeal of a young Gable. He was all I had dreamed of being when I was an actor—and I wanted to make him be what I never was." After *Santa* they teamed up for a parade of Mexican hits until *muchachas* actually slept on the doorstep of his apartment and pelted him with flowers in the street. Norm thought this was wonderful but his wife, Sally, thought it was a shame. She had a better idea which she sat down and wrote to Georgiana back in Hollywood.

"I have your husband all picked out for you, Darling," she scribbled. But Georgie wrote back, "—no thanks, no romantic Spaniards for me. I've already got me a nice solid American guy." So Sally worked it the other way round. She told Ricardo, "Look—I've got only one unmarried sister left—and you've just got to be in the family!"

"I would love to meet her," Montalban replied gallantly.

"You will," grinned Norm Foster. "Sally'll see to that. You haven't got a chance with that Young gang." Which was very true talk, because if ever a Cupid levelled down with dead aim, Sally did.

Next time the Fosters went North, Ricardo went too and Sally didn't even risk letting her prize run loose at a hotel—she routed him right to the guest room of her sister Polly Ann's house, set up a date with Georgie the first day and kept a sharp eye on the proceedings. It looked pretty good when, after their luncheon date, Ricardo strolled Georgie over to Saks Beverly and bought her two cashmere sweaters. But there were some hitches. Georgie still had that nice solid American guy. Sally thought she knew how to break that up. She knew what a wonderful dancer Georgie was and how she loved it. She made reservations for two at Mocambo. When you dance with Ricardo Montalban and your heart's not completely lassoed, something's bound to give. Georgie's heart did, faster than Sally suspected. In fact, Sally didn't even know they'd gotten married until both she and Ricardo were back on a set in Mexico City, and then her match-making triumph was tarnished somewhat by an interesting tale Ricardo told and still tells—

He says that years ago in New York he clipped a picture of Georgie out of Harper's Bazaar (she was a model) and carried it next to his heart all those years not knowing who she was. Ricardo swears it's true but Georgie still has some doubts. When she asked for the cherished clipping, Ricardo produced all right, but another tumbled out of his wallet at the same time.

"Ginger Rogers," smiles Georgie. "I think he had an album of dream girls, if you ask me."

In any event, today the Montalbans, seven years married, are still one of those blissful couples who restore your faith in Hollywood marriages, although that marriage got off to such a crazy start. And even the second time, after doing it right

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Gertz, Jamaica, Long Island	July 6-12
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religiously, there was a slight complication.

Georgie's mother, Mrs. Belzer, gave them her apartment in Westwood to start housekeeping. She's a busy decorator and inclined to move things in and out. So when they came home that night—well—there wasn't any bed.

"A fine thing," cried Ricardo. "Even after I marry you in the church your mother moves out the bed!"

By now Ricardo and Georgie have a big Monterey style house—with beds, and with children—Laura, Mark and Anita, six, four and two. And there'll be another Montalban (Phillip, if it's a boy), sometime in April. Most of Ricardo's private life revolves around his home and children.

In some ways, the protracted holidays between film assignments are a blessing to the private life of the Montalbans and in others an ordeal. Ricardo is wound up like a two-dollar watch. As his pal, Jimmy Whitmore, puts it, "He always acts as if he's running a temperature of 102!" When he isn't working to earn his pay, Ricardo growls, "I feel like a kept man!"

To ease his conscience and calm his ambition to "grow as an actor" Ricardo shows up every day at the studio, work-or-not, still ironing out traces of accent with coach Gertrude Fogeler, or rehearsing with the new kids on the lot. There isn't a starlet signed at Metro in the past two years that he hasn't helped with a test, just because he likes to. With Jim Whitmore and some of those young actors and actresses he's formed an experimental group to cook up plays for their own amusement and training. But that leaves a lot of Ricardo's nervous energies still to burn.

So if he isn't splashing in some friend's swimming pool or lacing a tennis ball, he's banging his guitar or restlessly snatching any loose gadget he can get his hands on around the house to take apart and put together again. He grinds out Spanish music constantly—he has his set of Mexican records and Georgie hers, the Yankee swing kind. But in either case, like as not whatever Mrs. Montalban finds herself doing, she'll be swept soon or later into a rhumba or tango right in the living room even if she has a broom in her hand.

At such times, in self-defense, she suggests a movie—even in broad daylight, knowing perfectly well that it might wind up three movies, or maybe four, as happened not long ago, starting at 11 in the morning and carrying through the night. Then there are drives and picnics to fall back on with the kids and if the family can't join him Ricardo roars off to the beach and storms up and down the surf alone to work off an explosive energy that as Georgie laughs, "leaves the Montalbans without fear of an atomic bomb. We've already got one."

What works best to relax Ricardo is a strenuous physical exercise, and curiously now that's doctor's orders—ever since a bronco he was riding on location for *Across The Wide Missouri* bucked and slammed him down with a rock under his spine. It raised a painful bump and right after that Ricardo's left leg began to act up. It's still partly numb here and there and he can't use it in some postures. What's more, the doctors have told him unless he exercises it faithfully and long every day, it might wind up paralyzed. So now there's a weight lifting session at the gym, and corrective calisthentics, working or not. That takes care of some excess steam, besides keeping every one of that beautiful "symphony of muscles," as one smitten fan describes them, oiled and in top trim.

However, the accident hasn't kept Ricardo and Georgie from their favorite family sport—dancing—although with the multiplying brood they don't get around much

VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring in Warner Bros. "SHE'S WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE"—Color by Technicolor



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Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

with the gay set these days. Usually it's dinner and an evening of canasta (they introduced that Argentine card craze to Hollywood and are experts) with the friends they see most—Jim and Nancy Whitmore, Marsh and Barbara Thompson, and Geary Steffen and Jane Powell. And then there's the clannish, close knit Young family, five couples and 15 kids, with birthdays, anniversaries and something going every holiday of the year and in between.

At a recent Thanksgiving dinner, Loretta wrote out the place cards for all of the clan: "Dear Lord, thank you for Sally and her sympathy." And another "Dear Lord, thank You for Georgie and her humor." But for Georgie's husband Loretta wrote, "Dear Lord, thank You for Ricardo and his wonderful warmth."

That's one way, and a sincere one, of saying what Ricardo Montalban does to everyone who catches a spark of his charm, close at hand.

Last year, down in Puerto Rico, on a flying Film Festival jaunt, Ricardo and Georgie were riding through the streets of San Juan and most of its population turned out to see the famous Hollywood stars. There were cheers for them all—but when Ricardo rolled by a girl screamed a remark in Spanish that set the crowd roaring.

"What did she say?" Georgie asked Ricardo.

Ricardo grinned, "You really want to know?" Georgie really did.

"She said," Ricardo blushed, " 'Oh, you beautiful gumdrop, you!' " THE END

(Ricardo Montalban can soon be seen in MGM's The Story Of Three Loves.—*Ed.)*

little miss lonely heart

(*Continued from page 38*) for Claudette Colbert wasn't one that she could step into overnight.

Ann was too gentle to announce that for her, the part had to be younger—but presto, it was rewritten younger.

The film, with Robert Mitchum in the male lead, was shooting up in cold, mountainous country. Ann murmured something about its being inaccessible. Immediately a Hughes plane was at her service, with Mr. Hughes standing by to fly it.

Ann smiled gratefully. This was all so charming and thoughtful but the truth was that she was tired. She'd been working steadily. The "loanout" money she would earn from *The Korean Story* wouldn't come to her but to her studio, Universal-International. This extra picture, therefore, would mean no profit.

So Mr. Hughes gave her a swimming pool. Then it seemed she'd be needed a week earlier than she'd thought—so she got the Cadillac.

Then, of course, as Ann always does, she went in and gave a great performance. She has never been a veteran's wife, but then, she has never been a suspected murderess which she played in *Thunder On The Hill* or Caruso's wife, or anything at all like Veda Pierce, who chopped up life so terribly for her mother, Mildred. But Ann, always sensitive and very wise can portray other people's emotions, and she can transmute some of the unhappiness she felt as a very little child, into a flawless acting job.

ROBERT MITCHUM, came away from the production full of respect for Ann, and few people really earn his respect. Hughes came away singing her praises and so did the director. As for Universal-International—who got her when she was 14, with nine solid years of acting triumphs behind her—they were prouder than ever. Yet this time their pride had a new basis; they realized that this "loanout" represented a new side of Ann. To put it bluntly, it was the first time Ann had shown that she was aware of herself as an important star, and had negotiated in a most ladylike way, a very smart deal for herself.

Now, if to top this, she would just fall in love with a millionaire, or even a hundred-thousand-dollar-man, her studio would go berserk with happiness. But there's the rub. Ann doesn't fall in love with anybody. On-screen she is fiery, passionate and beautiful. Off screen she is spiritual, unaffected, and virtuous.

This is a little baffling to Hollywoodites. She could be out every night of her sweet young life, if she chose. Plenty of nice boys constantly telephone her. Plenty of not-quite-so-nice boys have telephoned her, too. Ann gives them all the same treatment. She says that she and Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat are going to be home all evening. Would the caller like to come over for some good talk, and a few records, and some especially delicious ice cream?

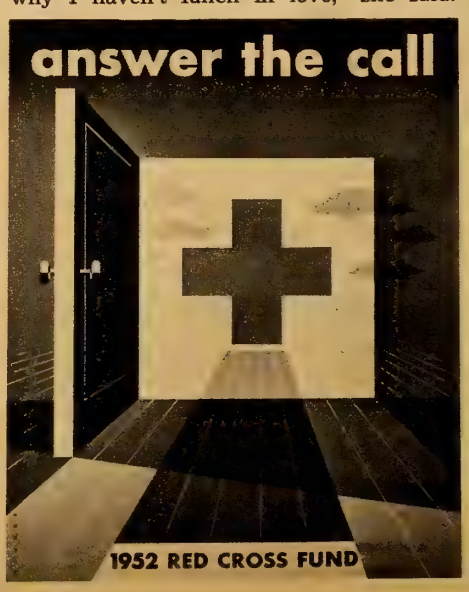
One evening a particularly bold young man-about-town turned up at her house, unannounced and definitely uninvited. He bore long-stemmed roses, and his convertible, at the curb, was nearly as long as Ann's whole house. But her Uncle Pat told him off so fast that he left in ten seconds flat. With the roses.

When Ann does date it is with Dick Clayton, whom she has known since they were both kids in the Professional Children's School in New York. Or whenever he's in town on furlough, she goes out with Dick Long, her friend of nine years' standing, or Roddy MacDowall, who was a child star when she was. Even Scott Brady, with whom Ann went to the Press Photographers' Ball as Sadie Thompson, the shady lady, was driven to writing high-flown poetry about her. Ordinarily, as Scott would be the last to deny, he just has that certain gleam in his eye when he looks at a beautiful girl. With Ann, he became reverent.

Add all that together and you haven't even the vestige of romance. Yet to be 23 and beautiful and visibly emotional and not have romance . . . what goes?

I put the question bluntly to Ann one rainy, spring day recently. She had just finished *The World In His Arms* with Gregory Peck.

She said, speaking thoughtfully, as she always does, "I don't blame Hollywood for hunting a romance in my life. Any girl like myself, who's become a public character through her work, gets dreamed into a plot." She smiled. "I do want to be a typical heroine in real life, eventually. Sometime, and soon, I hope, I want to marry and I very much want children. But now. . ." she paused, thinking it through. Then after a long silence, she burst out laughing. "I never realized this before but maybe I've got the answer to why I haven't fallen in love," she said.



"It isn't that I put my career first. I've been working ever since I was five, so I'm used to that. But through my work, I get the chance to blow off all the emotions that many girls store up in day dreams.

"Take the dream of traveling, for instance. My work sent me to England, and gave me the chance to go to Ireland. It let me meet President Roosevelt and gave me the opportunity to get to Rome and have an audience with His Holiness, the Pope. My whole life will be enriched by those meetings."

She paused again, thoughtfully. "I know that the emotions I experience in love scenes are vicarious," she said. "I even realize it is learning about life vicariously, but still for the moment I *do* experience emotion, and through script writers and the like I certainly have encountered some extraordinary points of view."

"Lately you have been wildly vicarious then," I said. "To jump from that undressed lady of the Crusades in *The Golden Horde* to anything so modern as a young veteran's wife in *The Korean Story* and then to being a Russian Countess in Gregory Peck's arms takes a bit of doing."

"A bit of dressing, too," said Ann. "Those clothes I wore in my scenes with Greg really thrilled me."

"And heaven help the average boy," I said, "who, on a date with you, has to compete with the polished speeches that Greg or Mario Lanza or Bob Mitchum make to you in your love scenes."

"Oh, now," said Ann, in gentle reproof. Then she grinned. "I would like to meet the man who could compete with all that." Again she paused, and her mood changed. "Something seems to hold me back," she said. Could it be the lack of a very superior, intelligent, subtle, handsome man? Until such a man (if such a man exists) comes along Ann will go on being warm—but impersonal. This seems likely, for Ann Blyth is Hollywood's true "good" girl and the whole town loves her for it.

One day recently a gown had been designed for Ann which she didn't like. Typically, she didn't rant or make faces. She just walked quietly away from wardrobe, visibly downcast.

Immediately the whole place was in an uproar, and two days later, she has a newly-designed gown. This time, when it was shown to her, Ann beamed, "Oh, aren't you good to me? Aren't you good to me?"

The difference between Ann Blyth of today and the child of yesterday is that now she is mature enough to know that her consideration produces this result with people. Her strength is that she is wise enough not to use this power except subtly.

For the moment, her life is full but not fulfilled. But when a man comes into her life, who is neither wolf nor saint, but very strong, richly human and understanding, then watch this Little Miss Lonely Heart! She'll know how to turn romance into a wonderful, real-life story.

THE END

"Longest split-second of my life!"

"I had to hold this 'fast action' trapeze shot for what seemed hours," Betty Hutton explained, "and repeat the pose again and again with the ropes chafing my hands. You can easily imagine how red and raw and sore that left them!



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PENNY-WISE, GLAMOR-MAD!

JOAN EVANS GREETS SPRING IN THE NEWEST HIT OF THE SEASON

A "flight of fancy" was the inspiration for this Henry Rosenfeld gold pima cotton dress* with red chevron embroidery—it was inspired by the gay and ingenious packaging of the Bristol-Myers gold and red Ipana toothpaste carton. Sizes 10-18. Gold and red only. About $15. By Henry Rosenfeld. Joan accents the dress with a red handbag and red gloves (held securely in Abon's clever glove ring—$1). The one-strap red kidskin shoes with Little Louis heel are by Valentines. About $11. Joan, a Samuel Goldwyn star, is now appearing in MGM's *Skirts Ahoy!*

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

In This Issue:
Gotham Gold Stripe Hosiery
I & M Petticoats
Ledo Jewelry

**See this dress on CBS-TV's Break The Bank*


modern
screen
fashions
in hollywood



modern screen fashions in hollywood

Sally Forrest, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, wears a lively, lovely one-piece halter-top dress of "zebra" striped cotton (an exclusive fabric design with McMullen). A wide patent leather belt is striking contrast to the muted grey and white stripes of the dress—a full separate organdy petticoat gives the gored skirt the new bouffant look. The dress, wonderfully washable, buttons down the front for easy ironing. Sizes 10-18. Available in grey and white stripes *only*. About $40. By McMullen.

Penny-Wise, Glamor-Mad!



White, beloved dazzler of fashion, exquisite in a button-down-the-front sleeveless McMullen dress of Birdseye piqué worn by Nancy Gates, starred in Paramount's *Atomic City*. The full, sweeping skirt is exaggerated by a separate petticoat. Sizes 10-18. White—also in navy. About $40.



One, two, three "zip"—and you're all dressed up for sports or leisure hours in this "Jiffy-Zip", one-piece coverall of combed-yarn poplin worn by Marta Toren, appearing in Columbia's *Assignment-Paris*. Royal, gold, turquoise or coral—contrasting belt. Sizes 10-16. About $11. By Wedgewood Sports.



Vanessa Brown, now starring in the Alex Gottlieb production *The Fighter*, models a short-sleeved frock of Egyptian cotton chambray with jewel-centered buttons and a parasol skirt—vertically tucked, horizontally double-corded. Sizes 10-18. Colors: Aqua, wine or grey. About $15. By Surrey Classics.

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Penny-Wise, Glamor-Mad!



Good mixers—a Botany flannel skirt featuring unpressed pleats, a wool lace knit blouse and a checked flannel waist-length jacket—worn by Nancy Davis, appearing in MGM's *Talk About A Stranger*. "Mix and match" these separates with other favorites in your wardrobe. Sizes 10-16. Skirt—Navy or white; about $15. Blouse—Navy, white or red, about $8. Jacket—checked with navy revers or navy with checked revers, about $25. By Ciro Sportswear.



modern screen fashions in hollywood

A bright idea—this pert little 100% wool fleece shrug bolero jacket worn by Nancy Gates, starred in Paramount's *Atomic City*. Pop it over Spring suits and frocks—wear it all summer long, too. In pale-to-deep pastels—pink, blue, white, coral or skipper blue. Sizes 10-16. About $13. Tailored by Wedgewood Sports.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

modern screen fashions in hollywood

Penny-Wise, Glamor-Mad!


1.

1. CLEO—tab vamp sabot sling pump of elk with medium or high wedge (also available in linen/elk combination). Solid colors or color combinations such as Smoke/turf, white/navy. $4.99. Bailey Co., Cleveland


2.

2. VENUS—a "mudguard effect" sling pump of imported linen (with medium or high wedge). Combinations such as Toast/wheat, black/white, wheat/toast, navy/white, red/navy. $3.99. May Co., Los Angeles


3.

3. SUNNY—side-strip vamp sandal of elk (ankle strap or wrap around quarter) with medium wedge. Mexican multi, brown ombre or solid colors. $4.99. J. L. Hudson, Detroit


4.

4. CARMEN—a knotted medium wedge vamp sandal in combination of elk and cape (also available in imported linen). Solid colors or combinations such as Smoke/turf, Mexican multi, light blue/navy, $4.99. Gimbel Bros., New York


5.

5. TONI—ankle strap sandal of imported linen with wide band of Milan straw trim. Medium or high wedge. Wheat/toast combination or solid colors with trim to match or contrast (Brown ombre on beige group, Mexican multi-colors on all other solid colors). $3.99. D. H. Holmes, New Orleans

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Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
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Pasadena, Calif.—I. Magnin
Phoenix, Ariz.—Goldwaters
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel

SURREY CLASSICS—Pg. 73

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Houston, Texas—The Fashion
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
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pretty tough

(*Continued from page 51*) matter? Was it true that his skin was as thin as an onion's, was he really hot-headed with a chip on his shoulder big as a house? Some people said he was; maybe these things proved it. But—didn't they know that for two punishing months he'd been mauled by a squad of gridiron bruisers from UCLA and Southern Cal, got a concussion and a black-and-blue body that finally earned their respect by saying nothing and taking it? Didn't he have a right to get sore at such cracks?

Most people would say that, being a movie star and a public celebrity, John Derek didn't; that he should have grinned and taken it, risen above it, brushed it off. But most people couldn't possibly realize, of course, that *Saturday's Hero* wasn't just a picture job to him. It was a painful chunk out of his life. Most people just don't know John Derek, or how he figures himself in the ride to fame that his fabulously handsome face has handed him. And that includes the people in his home town of Hollywood, who live around him and work with him and who should know better by now.

"Look, John," his drama coach, Benno Schneider, will tell him sometimes. "Take it easier. Go ahead and ham it up now and then. Don't tear yourself to pieces being so intensely honest all the time. . ."

But he can't. He's not built that way. "I can't play a part unless it's honest."

"Now this is easy—there's nothing to it," a publicity man will assure him on entering a theater. "Just go out there, say hello and talk to the folks." But suddenly he'll have a sore throat, a very real sore throat. "Are you sure they want me?"

"Of course they do!"

"Billy Eckstine's on the bill, too. They came to see him, not me." And only when they've mobbed and hugged him and roared his name does he finally believe they like him. Then he feels okay. His sore throat's gone.

"Come on, John, give us a smile," says the studio still man. "Got your curls in place?"

"Yeah—I just had my Toni," answers John, smiling obligingly. But there's no laugh in his voice. It's not really funny.

NICK RAY, the director, took him aside when he made *Knock On Any Door,* almost four years ago. "This is the scene that makes or breaks your performance, John," he said. "When you choke the D.A. I want you to fly into a rage, scream, go to pieces—cry."

"Nick," John protested, "I don't know acting tricks. I can't cry."

Nick knew what to do. He took John aside in a quiet corner of the set and relentlessly intoned, "You hate cops . . . you hate cops . . . you hate cops. . ." And each time he said it, for a half hour or more, he slammed John hard in the back with his fist. Nick's a big man; the blows hurt, and so did the indignity. "All right," Nick finally signalled the camera crew, "move in. John's ready." His eyes were flooded, his voice wild. He went into the scene and it was great. But then he couldn't stop. He sobbed for an hour and Nick had to lead him to his dressing room and calm him down.

"Acting with me," John Derek will tell you, "is rough."

That's an understatement. Acting with John Derek is living the hard way. He's psychologically unprepared for it. That's why he's touchy. All his life he's been a fiercely independent, dead honest guy—and still is. Yet there he is making his living in the stereotyped, artificial world of Hollywood. Any psychiatrist could tell you that's what's eating John Derek. That's why being a movie star is rough on him—and maybe always will be.

Let's start at the beginning. . . .

John Derek never wanted to be an actor, even though he was born in Hollywood, and his mother was an actress. She called herself Dolores Dorian or sometimes Dolores Johnson when she worked for Cecil B. DeMille and Hal Roach and his dad, Lawson Harris, was a promoter mixed up in everything—acting, directing, writing—but mainly animated cartoons. His fortunes went up and down and so did his wife's. But about all of this their son, Derek Harris (for that was his name) knew practically nothing and cared less.

Once when his mother took him along to a Paramount set, he blinked uncomfortably at the bright lights, hated the noise, the stuffy stage and all the glamorous people. "Let's get out of here, Mother," he begged, "let's go home."

What Dare Harris wanted to be was just one thing; he wanted to be an all-male man. He wanted horses and guns and dogs and a lot of room around him. He wanted to be physically tough and capable and strong. Maybe he wanted to be that more than most kids. Because his mother, who was almost a blonde copy of Dolores Del Rio, and his dad, who had lean chiselled features and a debonair air, were both beautiful people. "I knew I was pretty," John will tell you. "People told me so. And I guess that's the reason I reached for everything rugged around me to prove to myself and everyone else that I was no sis."

He had every opportunity for that. A lot of tears have been spilled over John Derek's insecure childhood. His father and mother were divorced when he was five

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and home for him was a shifting, unstable place. Part of the time he lived with his mother, part with his dad. Sometimes he was on his own, at a private school or a camp or at the ranch of Russ Harlan, an old friend of the family. But in a lot of ways his was an enviable boyhood, at least from his own viewpoint. His folks treated him like a grownup, and he usually got what he wanted.

He got a .22 rifle when he was hardly big enough to pack it. But he was the kind of kid you could trust with a gun and he learned to be a dead shot. He could pick off hawks in the air and drill quail on the rise. He got a pistol later and a horse, and he would hang tin cans up in the eucalyptus trees on his dad's place and thunder by on his horse, shooting under its belly like an Indian, and knocking them down.

He hated school; it was too confining. He'd show up the first day, then stay away two weeks, until they caught him, and expelled him. He went to eight private schools in all and four public ones. He wasn't a troublemaker—unless you objected to his trait of hauling his schoolmates home and boxing their ears off—but he just wasn't interested in classes. His mother would promise him a summer at Catalina, or Big Bear, or Lake Arrowhead if he'd buckle down to math. And she always delivered, whether he did or not. He climbed Sierra cliffs that would make him dizzy today, and dived for pennies when the tourist boats pulled into Avalon.

For a year or so he had a tutor and just traveled around in a car and that was perfectly swell. The tutor, "Mister Dean," as John remembers him, was a kindly soul, more of a companion than a master. They rolled all over California with the school books. They went to Palm Springs, camping in the canyons, and Dare killed hundreds of rattlesnakes with his .22 and shot eagles with a bow and arrow. They rambled to all the scenic spots with their sleeping bags and down to Russ Harlan's ranch where there were horses. He learned to break them in and gentle them. He got tossed more times than he can remember—and there was a thing about that: If anyone saw him tumble—especially if they laughed—he'd turn purple with anger and hate them.

So that's the way Dare Harris grew up. He loved that name, by the way; it suggested "I dare you." He welcomed every dare and every scrap, win or lose, because it gave him an exultant feeling to test his strength and skill. But for what end he had absolutely no idea. Sometimes he'd think he wanted to paint. Other times, he thought it was a ranch he wanted to run. Never once did he think about Hollywood or anything as exhibitionistic or unreal as acting.

How it happened has been well told. Dare was riding in the Santa Monica hills one day near his dad's ranch when Tom Moore, the old silent star, then drama coach at Fox, saw how he looked in levis, flat sombrero and high heels and recognized a potential movie hero. He talked him into a test and nothing came of that, but then Henry Willson, David Selznick's talent scout, caught Dare bowling one night in a Westwood alley and offered him $150 a week, just to join Selznick's Cinderella gang—Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun. That was a fad of Selznick's then, rounding up good-looking unknowns and processing them to fill the young man shortage of wartime Hollywood.

"Sure," said Dare, not stopping his game, "why not?" That was a lot of money at 17; he could use it. He had his eye on a brace of expensive setters and a new shotgun. "Why not?" was as good a reason

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as any why Dare Harris took a crack at the movies in the first place. He didn't earn it, didn't want it, didn't know anything about it, but he did know, rather resentfully, that the only reason in God's world it happened to him was because of his face, which he happened to hate.

So the whole thing began as an easy dodge. Oh, he showed up at acting classes with Helena Sorrell like the rest of the new kids but he wasn't interested. The big day for Dare was payday. Then he and his pal, Tom Devlin, would round up a few girls and go out for some fun—without leaving a thought behind at the studio.

It wasn't a big thrill to him, only mildly annoying, when they called him for a job one day in *I'll Be Seeing You.* He sat at a table feeling silly and self-conscious. Togged out in an Air Corps lieutenant's uniform but still looking like the high school kid he was, he was told to watch Shirley Temple come into the room and sigh "Beautiful!" It was the first acting job of his life. And he was terrible.

He tried again and again. "Look at her!" screamed his director, teutonic William Dieterle. "She's beautiful, isn't she? You think she's beautiful, don't you?" . . .

"I guess," said Dare. He thought she was pretty. He knew her and liked her. In fact, he was dating Shirley then and he didn't know a nicer kid. But he couldn't honestly feel she was beautiful. The director threw up his hands. By now he'd been at it three hours. One simple word. And this stubborn, stupid kid couldn't say it right.

"All right," he thundered, leaning heavily on the table. "Say 'keen'—say 'swell'—say 'nice'—say any of your *childish* expressions—but mean it, mean it!" Then he stalked across the set shaking his fists in the air. "Why," cried the director for all the set to hear, "why do they give me this awkward amateur and hold up my whole picture—just to start his career?"

William Dieterle has probably forgotten that incident long ago, maybe that very afternoon. Probably he had a right to his rage, he had to come up with a picture. But John Derek hasn't forgotten. It reels through his memory still, and everytime he steps before a camera he says to himself, "This has got to be real, you've got to feel it, you've got to believe. . ." And that can tear a guy's insides to pieces if he can't believe it and he's not the kind to make false faces.

But back then—and that was eight years ago—it only made him burn inside with shame and resentment—mostly at himself, although he didn't know it. He wanted to shake the whole racket, clear out. And soon, of course, he did. Uncle Sam saw to that. For the next couple of years Private Harris rattled around Japan, Korea, the Philippines and Burma as an airborne trooper, six months in combat, the rest in occupation.

He loved army life, the action, the physical exertion, the rough clothes. Nobody eyed his looks, his curls were butchered and he usually was sweaty and mussed. But when the war was really over and all the GIs started worrying about their jobs and getting them back, Derek knew it wouldn't be rough for him—not with that face. He signed a contract at Fox the day after he got home. There was nothing to it, not even a test. He got $200 a week and he hasn't missed a paycheck in Hollywood since.

For the record, Derek Harris did nothing constructive at Fox, except attend some drama classes, lose a few inhibitions, wise up a little—and coast along on his good looks, as usual. But actually the two events which were to change and complicate his life happened to him the year he spent there. He met a girl and he read a book. The girl, of course, was Patti Behrs, a European dancer in his drama class, who's now his wife. The book was *Knock On Any Door.* It made him want to be an actor for the first time in his young life.

That he got the chance is just one of those incredible things that happen sometimes in Hollywood. He quit Fox and tossed aside another easy meal ticket MGM offered him. He had his agent, who thought he was nuts, take him to Max Arnow's office at Columbia, and Max is as hard-cooked a casting director as you'll find anywhere. This kid had no experience, no credits, no anything as Hollywood ratings go. And all he wanted was the prize dramatic part in a big budget production—like that. And all he could say was, "I know that's for me. I'm the guy. . . I don't have to act. I know him. I'm pretty like he is but tough underneath. . ."

"Well," said Max tossing him a script. "I don't know. I don't think so. But, take this home."

"I don't have to. I can do it now."

"Take it home," said Max.

He took it home, but he didn't even study it. He already knew it. Next day he read it, the first time he had ever read aloud to anybody. And of course when he did, for Max and Bob Lord and Nick Ray and Humphrey Bogart, that was all there was to it. Bogie jabbed him in the ribs and winked an okay. His agent said, "If you want this boy you'd better talk fast. MGM's after him."

"Nobody's after me," said John Derek. "I'm after that part." So he got it and he did it and he was great.

It's an old Hollywood story. He was nobody and then suddenly he was the fair-haired boy. No one had ever heard of John Derek, then—boom—his name was on everybody's lips. Important people called him "pal," flattered him, told him he was the greatest young guy in the business. Twenty-two years old and suddenly the world was his oyster cocktail. It was all as strange and as deceptive as his new name, but he thought it was real, that he'd go right on from there—to the top. "I got the fat head," he'll tell you, a little bitterly, today. "I was sure the whole thing was a hundred per cent my doing. Actually, of course, it was a hundred per cent Nick Ray's. You know what I told myself? In three years, I said, I'll be on top of the heap, I'll be the biggest name in Hollywood. With that start—my first picture? How could I miss? Well—it's been three years and more. It's almost four—"

Let's see what's happened to John Derek in those four years—

He's had some surprises, not all pleasant ones. For one thing, the same people who found his handsome face exciting soon leveled off to outline it with knives.

There was the night when he walked into Christian's Hut down in Balboa, hungry from surfing and set for a curry dinner. A middle-aged movie producer at the bar spotted John as he passed. "Godalmity!" he bawled, "ain't he pretty!" John bit his lip and moved on to the juke box. The joker followed him over. "If I was as pretty as you, Baby, I'd own the world." He escaped to a table, but only briefly. The pest pursued him, leering. "Tell me, Kiddo—how does it feel to be so beautiful?" John got up and left. If the man had been younger he'd have socked him. But he wasn't hungry any more. He was sick. That's just a sample. It's happened right along.

Sometimes, though, he's had a chance to talk back. On the radio recently the sportscaster, Bill Stern, asked him stunningly, out of the blue. "How do you like your looks? How do you *really* feel?"

John paused a minute. It was unfair. "I like them," he came back truthfully. "I think they're good—I had good-looking parents. I'm proud of my looks and I like to think that underneath them I've developed the assets that make a man."

"I apologize for a vicious question," said Bill Stern. "You're all right and all man in my book, John."

Today if you drive far out in the San Fernando Valley, beyond Encino, up a curving drive to the top of a tree-studded knoll, you can see the good things that four years have given John Derek. And you can see John himself, as he is and really wants to be.

He'll be there, for sure, unless he's off on a trip or making a picture. In dungarees or jeans, always, and usually out on the three-acre place chopping cypress, sawing eucalyptus logs, building a wall or herding a tractor. It's his home, the kind he wants, out away from everything—including Hollywood—and he knows that the things there are his because he's making them with his own hands.

Inside the big Spanish style house will certainly be his pretty wife, Patti, and their two-year-old boy, Russell Andre. These are the real things in his life and John Derek knows he couldn't have had them if it hadn't been for *Knock On Any Door,* and the pictures he's made since.

John hasn't any wardrobe to speak of and neither has Patti. They haven't been to a night club since they were married. If they went to a formal affair tomorrow night (which they won't) he'd have to rent a tuxedo and she'd have to make over an old dress. None of the excitement and glamor of Hollywood enters their lives although both are young and certainly attractive. They never go to parties, seldom see friends. They're chronically broke. They can't afford to entertain. This is it—his home and his family—and it's what he likes. John Derek tells himself he should be completely happy—and sometimes he is. But sometimes, too, he's not. That's when he gets to thinking about himself and the life's work he was handed on a silver platter and then he says to himself, "The start was easy. But now the job's just beginning. The rough part is staying. And how do you do that?"

Right now there's nothing wrong with John Derek that one terrific picture couldn't cure—but that's the trouble. Although he's made six since *Knock On Any Door,* nothing he's done has satisfied him. "Whether it's an Englishman in green tights, an Italian in black tights or a Pole in a football suit," he reproaches himself, "it isn't me. So my first picture is my best picture—what do you think of that?" he'll say, really talking to himself. "What am I anyway—a morning glory?"

Brod Crawford is one who doesn't think so. "John," he told him the other day, after *Scandal Sheet* wound up, "you know I didn't used to like you. When you made *All The King's Men* with me I thought you were a swell-headed, selfish kid who needed a kick in the pants. But now," he grinned, sticking out his hand, "I want to say I like you, I like your work and I like to work with you, too."

From reports, *Scandal Sheet* is a pretty fair picture for John Derek. But meanwhile he suffers keenly from every jab at his ability—far more than he does from the cracks at his curls. A Hollywood columnist sized up a new script just the other day: "John Derek would be great for the part," he wrote—"if he could act." If he could act! How can you act unless you believe it? How can you ever be great again unless you go all out? Some seasoned stars wouldn't grant that a wrinkle. But with John it's so different.

He has read another book lately—and again he's fallen in love with it. It's the life of Joaquin Murietta, the California bandit of the Gold Rush days. If you mention it to Derek you're off for an hour or two's excited talk. He wanted to do it more than anything he's ever thought about. Why, Joaquin is himself—young, dark, dashing, intense, emotional or mixed up. He's pestered his Columbia bosses for months with ironclad arguments. He'd do it free. He'd make it himself in Mexico. He'd do anything. "Wel-l-l," they say, "we don't think so."

Sometimes he thinks they haven't looked inside the covers. So he takes the book around to their offices with gum stuck inside the pages. And it comes back—with the gum uncracked. He's getting the reputation for being off his trolley on the subject, but he doesn't care. "It's an obsession with me, sure," he says, "but I've got to play it. I've got to do something big, something great. I've got to make good like I said I would."

Last Christmas, John sent Charlie Feldman, his agent, a greeting card that he'd drawn himself. It showed a big, sparkling tree with an oversized, shining star at its peak. Leading up was a ladder, a tall, tall ladder with all the rungs broken and dangling. At the bottom was a tiny man, groping blindly. John Derek, of course.

"How do you get to the top of this thing?" he wrote.

Nobody can give John Derek the answer to that. He'll have to find out for himself. But one thing is certain: For him the climb will never be painless or smooth. He'll do it the hard way—all the way.

THE END

he's going that-a-way!

(*Continued from page 55*) was a wee tyke back here in Oklahoma City, horses and dogs were the great loves of his life. 'Someday, Mama,' he used to say, 'I'm going to own a slew of 'em.'"

Robertson owns a German shepherd, Chief, as well as a pointer named Radar recently given to him by his business manager, Morgan Maree.

"Tell you why I have a business manager," Dale explains. "When it comes to money I'm just not very interested. It seems to slip through my fingers.

"Take this money I'm making now. I couldn't rightly tell you if I have one cent in the bank. I don't drink. I don't go to nightclubs. I don't buy any clothes, but left to myself I couldn't save a penny.

"That's why I got me a business manager. I don't know how much I pay him, but he's sure worth it. He takes care of all the bills, all the taxes, all the expenses.

"He used to give me $35 a week for spending money, but the office figured it was too much, so now I'm down to ten bucks a week. They give my wife $25 a week for her pocket money. We seem to be making out okay. At least I got a 1951 Pontiac convertibile last year, and I think all the stuff we bought to furnish the house—it's modern furniture—has been paid for."

As you probably know, Dale Robertson mortgaged himself for $20,000 to get into pictures.

After the war he'd tried crashing Hollywood the hard way. He supported himself at odd jobs, and during his free time he begged for screen tests and interviews. Nothing happened.

"Then it came to me suddenly," he explains, "that trying to crash Hollywood was a full-time job. A man couldn't pull it

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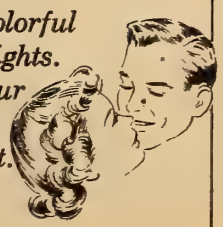
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off in between stints at filling stations. So I went back to Oklahoma City.

"I got my mother and my two aunts together, and I said, 'I believe I can make a success of it in Hollywood. Only I need a stake.'

" 'How much?' one of my aunts asked.

" 'About $20,000,' I said. 'That should keep me going for a few years. If I can't make it with that, I'll call it quits.' "

His aunts, Lillian and Ruth Queenan, thought it over. Dale was responsible to them for a lot. He was three years old when his father and his mother were divorced so he spent a good deal of his youth with them while his mother tried to make a living in the state banking department. Mrs. Robertson had two other sons to support in addition to Dale. There was Roxy, who is now private pilot for Bill Likins, one of the wealthiest oil men in the world, and there's Chester, a real estate man.

"Originally," Mrs. Robertson says, "I planned on having Roxy become a doctor, Chester a lawyer, and Dale a minister. Dale had a real fine voice as a youngster, still does, and he studied the violin for seven years. But he really hated it. Only reason he took violin was to please his aunts."

Ruth and Lillian Queenan were sure, even when Dale was four years old, that one day he'd end up on the stage. In fact, Will Rogers once saw the boy in Oklahoma and said, "Why don't you let me take him out to Hollywood and give him a screen test?"

But Dale's mother refused the offer. "Sure do appreciate it, Mr. Rogers," she said. "But Hollywood is no place for a four-year-old. He belongs here with his folks."

Dale's aunts thought so, too. They were also determined to make a gentleman out of their nephew, who was equally determined to grow up and become a cowboy. They bought him fancy dress clothes, artistic berets, long-flowing ties, black patent-leather shoes.

"When I stayed with my aunts," Dale recalls, "I wore all the fancy clothes. When I stayed with my mother, I wore my blue jeans. It was a question of indoor life versus outdoor life."

When Dale showed up in Oklahoma City in 1946 and asked them for a $20,000 stake, his aunts were convinced that the young man's cultural and artistic nature had triumphed over his love of the outdoors. They gave him the money and Dale headed for Hollywood.

"He was so homesick out there," his brother Roxy recalls, "that everytime he saw an Oklahoma license tag, he'd chase the car like a dog chasing a rabbit just so's he could tell the driver, 'I come from Oklahoma myself.' "

Homesick or not, Dale knew that he had to make a go of it in motion pictures. He had to satisfy his own ego and he couldn't fall down on the folks back home.

He sat down with his $20,000 and he figured out his plans. "I realized right from the start," he says, "that drawing-room dramatics weren't for me. I took a couple of night courses in motion picture production at the University of Southern California to get an idea of how the movie business worked.

"I also learned that if you want to get anywhere, especially if you're a newcomer, you'd better get yourself an agent."

Ordinarily, top-flight Hollywood agents shy away from newcomers who've had no dramatic training. Luckily for Dale, he was introduced by a producer to Ned Marin, who works for Charley Feldman's Famous Artists, Inc. Ned Marin took him out to MGM. "I'll show him to Billy Grady," Marin said, "he looks the Metro type."

Billy Grady, MGM's famous casting director, told Dale, "You have a good face. Let's see if we can find something for you."

That sounded great to Dale, but the months winged by, and he was still haunting the sound stages.

In the interim, however, he made friends with the studio secretaries and messenger boys. "These kids," he says, "would sneak scripts of forthcoming productions out to me. I'd read 'em, then call my agent and say, 'Hey, Ned, Paramount has a Western coming up and I think I'm right for such and such a role.' Ned would go around the next day and get me a reading.

"Lots of folks think the best way to crash Hollywood is to give parties for actresses and big shot producers. Not true. Much better to use the time for study and the money to live on.

"One office boy, I remember, worked for Nat Holt and slipped me a copy of *Fighting Man Of The Plains*, a movie Nat was planning.

"I read the script and there was a wonderful Jesse James role in it. I picked up the phone and called my agent. 'You've got to get me an interview,' I told him. He did, and it wasn't too hard, either. His brother was directing the picture.

"They asked me if I could ride and I said, 'Sure.' Then they asked me if I had any acting experience, and I said, 'None.' Then they said, 'Go ahead and read the part.' I'd read it before and I knew it pretty well. I got the job."

Studio boss Harry Warner's hobby is building and selling homes. Recently he erected a beautiful place at Malibu Beach and tried to interest writer Everett Freeman in buying it. "The beach air's bad for my sinus condition," Freeman said. "But I know you'll love this house, so I'll tell you what I'll do for you," Warner offered. "You pick out a lot anywhere in town and I'll have the house moved onto it, free of charge." Freeman considered the proposition a moment, then: "I'll be home all day Sunday. Why don't you drive the house by and let me look at it?"

Mickey Novak

When the picture came out, Dale got fairly good notices, and various studios began looking up their files on him.

Over at 20th they discovered that Dale had been tested three weeks before he got his first job in *Fighting Man*. The test was run again. It was horrible.

While 20th was wondering whether or not Dale was worth another test, Nat Holt put him in *Caribou Trail*.

Since audiences seemed to understand his Oklahoma drawl and like his sagebrush personality, Zanuck called Dale back. One more test, and he was signed to a seven-year contract.

That was on November 9th, 1949—a little more than three years after Dale had borrowed $20,000 from his aunts, and spent it.

In the two-and-a-half-years that have elapsed since he signed his contract, Dale has acted in *Two Flags West*, the only film he made in 1950, and *Call Me Mister*, *Take Care Of My Little Girl*, *Golden Girl*, *Lydia Bailey*, *Return Of The Texan*, *Outcasts Of Poker Flat*, all made in 1951.

And last year he was married, exactly 34 days after he met the girl. Her name was Jacqueline Wilson, and they met on April 15th at a dinner party hosted by producer Andre Hakim.

Five nights later, on their second date, he said to Jackie, "How about you and me getting married one of these days?"

Jackie smiled, and they were married on May 19th at her parents' home.

They spent a week-end at Santa Barbara then Dale had to return to the studio. They've yet to enjoy a honeymoon.

But Dale had two weeks off between the completion of *The Outcasts Of Poker Flat* and the start of *The Full House*, and since it was Christmastime he decided to take Jackie back to Oklahoma City and show her off.

Dale was so anxious to get home that he made the trip in 28 hours. "Coming back to Hollywood," he says. "I wasn't that anxious. Took me three days."

Among the 40 members of the clan who gathered to spend Christmas at the Robertsons was Dale's cousin, Fenny Wilson, who says:

"Hollywood may change most people, but it sure hasn't done anything to Dale. He looks the same, acts the same, talks the same, eats the same. When he was a little kid, he was wild about hot biscuits and grease gravy. He still is, also lemon pie."

His mother, Mrs. Varvel Robertson says, "About that lemon pie. Dale never could wait until I set the pie out on the table. He was always sticking his finger in. He did the very same thing at Christmastime. Matter of fact, he hasn't changed one bit, not only in little things but in outlook as well.

"To my boy, Hollywood is just the means to an end. He loves the outdoor life. That's what he wants more than anything else. People tell me that sooner or later acting gets into your blood, that it will get into Dale's blood. I don't know. Maybe it will. Right now it hasn't."

Dale says that this last Christmas at home was one of his best not only because he introduced his wife to the folks and she got along with them beautifully, but because it gave him an opportunity to spend some time with his brothers.

Three days after Dale arrived, his brothers showed up with three shot guns and a bird dog. That night the three Robertsons came home with their legal limit of quail.

A day later, Dale and his wife rode out to inspect the six fine saddle horses his mother owns on a farm 15 miles northwest of Oklahoma City. There was also much play with Captain and Chief, two German shepherds.

It is incredible how little of Hollywood has rubbed off on him. His best friends are people like his stand-in Kit Carson, his double Tom McDonough, and Kit's brother-in-law, Charley James. He keeps away from flashy personalities, and he keeps his head. "I'm not much as an actor" he drawls, "but maybe I can make a go of it. And by the time I wear on the public maybe I'll have enough put away to start my own production company.

"I want something working for me so that I can have a ranch and plenty of horses. I'd like to go fishing for maybe three months out of the year. I'd like to have three sons and a daughter. But I'll take what I get. I'd also like a ranch house with a lot of land. A man needs space and lots of air."

There is never any talk from Dale Robertson about plush Hollywood nightclubs or the latest stage hit in New York. Neither is he interested in local gossip or the publicity handouts which describe him as "the bobby-soxers' Western delight."

"He likes Hollywood very much," his mother says, "and he's set his mind on becoming a big success. But his thoughts will alway be in Oklahoma."

"On horses," Dale adds. THE END

who is monty kidding?

(*Continued from page 31*) for hovels and a hatred for money and all that it buys.

It is a very interesting situation, and makes for a very interesting character. The only trouble is that it is not true. None of it. And it is not, in the truest sense, a lot of manufactured hot air stormed up by press agents. It has a basis in fact—in the fact that Montgomery Clift *looks* poor and hungry and alone. He is really none of these things.

Clift lives like a spirited young millionaire plagued by notoriety and, while he avoids crowds, has a decided respect for the finer things in life, like good food, expensive clothes and swanky places to live.

The beginning of the legend of Montgomery Clift took place in the office of the late George Evans, a famous publicist who was responsible for the Sinatra panic some years back. It was shortly after Montgomery Clift had appeared in *Red River*. One of the employees in Evans' office was pasting clippings in a huge new album when a friend dropped by.

"Say," said the friend, "that's a mighty big press book. Got a new client?"

"Yeah," said the Evans man, "Garbo."

"Garbo!" said the friend. "I thought she was retired."

"Not this Garbo," said the press agent. "This one is just starting."

And he held up a shiny new picture of Montgomery Clift.

To anyone in the trade, the conversation was entirely understandable. It meant that the Evans office was about to launch a campaign for Monty's sake, based on the "I want to be alone" idea. And it worked.

During the first year of his stardom, which came very quickly after the release of *Red River*, Montgomery Clift rose to the heights on publicity which extolled his love of solitude and sack cloth. He had just the face for it, too—a long, lean profile stamped with quiet melancholy. His physique, thin and rather stooped, helped the picture.

It was necessary, in a campaign of this sort, to have the principal appear more than just regularly in the public prints. And, as a matter of fact, Clift appeared more regularly than any other actor of that day. During his first couple of years of fame, all the writers of stories on Monty claimed that they had finally smoked him out of his secret diggings to talk and pose. Monty was unearthed more times during that period than other actors who devote a good 50% of their time sitting on editors' doorsteps.

The real and the manufactured Montgomery Clift fit in together too neatly to label his public character a complete fraud. It just so happens that eternal public adulation *does* frighten and annoy him, and he avoids as much contact with the movie-going public as possible. He is not overly friendly, and he didn't make the friends he has easily.

His habits of residence, which have been called silly and unbecoming a celebrity have been made to appear as unique as a Yogi who lives on a bed of nails. Actually, Monty Clift lives in very fine apartments, but he moves often, and it can safely be assumed that he does so to avoid discovery by his fans.

The game of outwitting movie fans *is* a problem to Monty. Some time ago he noticed that a couple of teen-age girls always seemed to be down on the corner when he came home. The thought that they might be scouts for a pack came to him, so he decided to move again. However, the day after he changed his apartment he saw them again. There was nothing for it but to try and give them the slip. Consequently, he traveled like a

Too vital a matter for 'guess work' among young wives



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For a number of years there has been great confusion as to just what to use for internal feminine cleanliness. Women are certainly fully aware how necessary internal hygiene is to their health and married happiness. They realize how important it is to douche after their periods and to guard against offensive odor. But WHAT to use has long been the bewildering question.

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tailed crook for a week or more, changing cabs, walking through buildings and using all sorts of devices to give his juvenile shadows the slip long enough for him to duck into his apartment house.

Although the kids weren't Sam Spades they showed a remarkable talent for the game, because after a few days of fruitless tailing they apparently came to the conclusion that they were being had in the traffic, and turned to the apartment house itself as the best hunting ground.

Naturally, in view of the situation, Monty didn't have his name on the mail box, but the kids deduced that he went in there with his belongings and was undoubtedly still there. They got themselves a handful of magazine subscriptions and began canvassing the building. When they knocked on Monty's door it just happened that a young lady who was his dinner guest opened it. The girls tried the magazine bit for a few minutes, then one of them came right out and said, "Doesn't Montgomery Clift live in this apartment?"

The girl who answered the door was quick. "I wish he did!" she said.

But the "detectives" didn't give up. Every afternoon they came to the building with a new gimmick—anything to give them an excuse to knock on all the doors and maybe peer in. It finally got so that every time a knock came on the door, Monty, if he was alone, would dash for cover, and if someone was with him, he'd make like a mouse until the girls had gone. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer.

Groucho Marx was sitting alone in a booth at Chasen's when a well-known actor walked over to him and said, "Groucho, won't you join me?" "No thanks," said Groucho. "And don't YOU join me!"

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

He was sitting with his date one night when the knock came again.

"Okay," said Monty. "Let them in."

The kids were admitted, victory shining all over their faces. Monty sat them down and had a nice talk with them. He explained that whenever the autograph collectors found out where he lived they came night and day until the other tenants complained and the manager asked him to move. He told them he liked the apartment he had now and begged the kids to keep his address a secret. The agreement was sealed with a hand shake and cokes all around——and after an hour or so the visitors left.

That was a coup in a sense for Monty because the girls never did tell and he wasn't discovered, but he never quite understood the reason why they stole two expensive silver ash trays from his living room coffee table.

The usual date with Montgomery Clift, according to the legend, is like something that could be expected from a gangster hiding out from the law. Slip into a dimly-lit street after dark, look to right and left, slink down the back alley ways to a crummy saloon or cafe where a whispered conversation could be held in a dark booth. This no doubt came into being when it was disclosed that Monty didn't lunch at "21" every day or dine at the Stork Club every night.

Actually, Montgomery Clift would rather not eat than dine in a hash house. It is true that he does most of his chomping on the East Side of New York, but you will find that most of the better eating places in Manhattan are in that district. The prices aren't as high as the celebrity hang outs, but the grub, according to gourmets, is much better. And the wine cellars of some of the smaller Lexington and Third Avenue bistros are the best in the land.

In the matter of food, Montgomery Clift is quite the opposite to the fellow pictured as prefering hot dog joints. He likes his meals prepared by experts, and will not settle for a medium steak if he orders it rare. And he's no hair tonic drinker, either. He wants his liquor from a bottle with the best label.

Wherever Montgomery lives, you can bet that comfort lives there with him. He's a man who likes soft sheets and tender pillows and fluffy blankets. He's the kind of a fellow who would bang on the pipes all night if the heat went off, and if there wasn't enough hot water for a lot of showering and shaving he'd cancel his lease in a minute.

As for clothes, Monty, like a good many young American men these days, leans toward the casual grace found in good conservative clothing houses. The object of these clothes is to make a man look casually groomed and comfortable. It is also true that disciples of this sort of attire appear to have only one suit. Actually, and it is true of Monty, the clothes closet is well packed with tweeds and flannels. Take a look at his shoes. They're the best.

It will probably come as a surprise to many, but Monty is considered one of the best customers at the Maisonette Room of the St. Regis Hotel. And this is as swank as boites can be. The waiters in the room say that Monty, instead of acting like a fish out of water, has all the finesse of a rich roué in his deportment, and can slip a head waiter a large bill as quietly as a Vanderbilt. It must be said that during his most steady patronage of the room he was escorting Liz Taylor, who likes the place, but Monty liked it, too.

If, as the writers say, Montgomery Clift is at heart a Greenwich Village Bohemian, why, then, doesn't he take up residence in the Village and grow a beard and sleep on lumps of Kapok. He doesn't like that sort of life. If, as the writers say, he doesn't care much about pictures, why doesn't he get out of them. That is very easy. Instead, he has, from the first, surrounded himself by the cleverest brains in the business. All who have done business with him reckon his lawyer to be as sharp as they come. His agents, MCA, are counted the best in the movie business. His press agents have always been the cleverest, as is his mentor, Leland Hayward. Montgomery Clift has one passion he wants to satisfy to the limit. It has been written about, but it is not a fake. He wants to travel and see the world. He wants to fill his bank with enough green stuff to keep him happy in the far away places when he quits—and to do a good bit of wandering before he quits.

To suit that purpose he will come to Hollywood whenever the script, director, co-star and money are right. He will stick to the Garbo gimmick as long as it pays off and keeps him a head or so above the movie players who live the regimented lives. If it backfires on him, he'll change the gimmick, but he wants to be a star.

During one of his talks with a famous Hollywood writer a couple of years ago, Monty got through the routine confessions and, denying he was odd, gave 30 or 40 instances proving he was. It was a stock interview and maybe the writer didn't expect to get anything true out of it. But Monty let one line drop that gave the whole show away. Nobody, not even the writer, got the full meaning.

"How about money?" he asked. "They tell me you don't care about money."

"Oh, but I do," said Monty, looking away off into the future. "I like money very much. It gives a guy wings!" THE END

I live with prayer

(*Continued from page 64*) church also tells me that I must understand my mother, and I know that to her, who was brought up very strictly in Italy, my words are so far just talk.

Not knowing even the language of the strange country in which she finds herself, and with the responsibility of three daughters falling on her, her very love for us keeps her from accepting easily patterns of conduct which seem completely unreliable. If I did not know this to be true I would rebel. But since I do know it, how can I depart from the custom which gives her so much security?

So this is my big job now—to convince my mother that in America, where girls have more independence, I, too, can be trusted with such freedom. And the feeling that I will be successful . . . this, too, comes from my faith.

The church means much to me. It seems that I found it almost without any help from others. In Italy we are most of us Catholics, but my father was not a churchgoer nor did my mother go often. They did not oppose, they did not urge. I had to come to it, as I did, by myself.

When, as a small girl, I first started to think of people and the world, I decided that humans had two sides . . . their inside and their outside. Things could happen to your outside but they were not important unless you felt them inside. To be complimented or scolded or get a present—that was important because you felt it inside. But to get your face washed or eat your dinner—that was just outside stuff and meant nothing. (Food was puzzling and a sort of disappointment. You had a great want for it inside but as soon as you got it nothing much happened—you just didn't seem to want it any more.)

When I was seven years old I went to a Mass at which, strangely enough, the officiating priest was not only my father's uncle (he had brought up my father from the age of six months, even more strangely!) but he also lived with us. I was tremendously proud as I watched him at the altar and, as a child will, wanted to tell everyone around me who he was. Then I began to get interested in the service itself. I didn't understand it but I did begin to feel it, glowing and wonderful . . . the greatest "inside" feeling I had ever had. It was like being sung to . . . and I knew then for the first time that I had a soul . . . and I knew to Whom it was committed.

IT MAY seem funny but that which I learned as a child, not only my love for God, but that people have two sides, is still something I believe in, and to me only inside happiness counts. Just the other day Andrew Marton, the director of my present picture, *The Devil Makes Three,* was talking about dialogue and said the same thing in different words.

"If you don't feel a line there is no use speaking it, and if you do feel it you don't even have to speak it to convey the idea," he said.

It made me think of my father. Even though he did not go to church I could feel his quick disapproval if I was late for an early Mass on a Sunday. He didn't have to say anything, it was just there in his manner. And I know it was so because sometimes I would reply just as if he had spoken. I would say, "All right, I will be sure to go at noon." And instantly I would know that his anger was gone.

All during the terrible war years when the Germans had possession of our country there was no comfort to be had anywhere but inside of you. If you talked to people they would say there was no hope. If you listened to news reports they were almost always bad ones. Every development, every happening, was discouraging. And so we who were there had nothing left but our hearts and what was in them. This is why I cling so strongly to my faith. It was not only a religion, it was a friend to me, and I did not pray so much, it seemed to me, as I talked to this friend when I was in need.

This habit of talking—or praying—has entered my life never to leave it. There have been times when my prayers were not directly answered . . . but always, the praying brought me such peace of mind that my difficulties, whatever their nature, suddenly became supportable.

If someone asked, "What has been the greatest help to you as an actress?" I would have to answer, "Prayer." The reason is very simple. Without prayer I wouldn't have been able to speak even the first word of the first line I ever had in a picture. I remember when this first picture, *Tomorrow Is Too Late,* was made in Italy, I was just overcome by the thought of going before the camera.

"I will not be able to do it," I told myself. "I will stand there and forget everything. They will look at me and say, 'We have made a mistake with this Pier Angeli girl. Get her out of there.'"

And then I remembered that around the corner from the studio was a little church (as there is a little church around every corner in Rome) and I ran to it as fast as I could. When I came back I felt as I always feel after prayer—serene.

There were, I think, 229 separate scenes in *Tomorrow Is Too Late.* That's very nearly how many times I ran into the little church!

I can remember how as a youngster I

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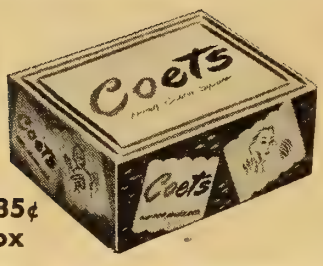
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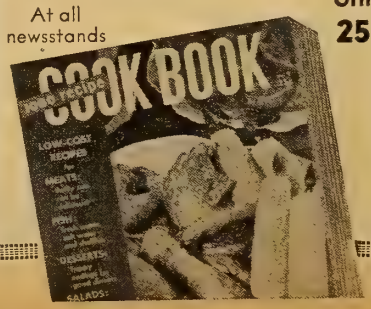
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prayed for such odd blessings. I wanted a little girl of my own to mother, mastery of Latin in which I was very poor, and even a banana! (I had not seen one for years.)

I love children and when I was about 12 or 13 it seemed to me that I simply must have a little girl over whom I could fuss. I prayed for one constantly, and one day my mother, who had not had children since my twin sister, Maria Luisa, and I were born, gave birth to a baby girl. After such a time lapse it was the surprise of the community, and since my feelings and what I had done about it were very well known I was told to be very careful thereafter about what I was praying for!

My Latin never improved, but on the other hand, when the day came for me to learn English for films I picked it up without much trouble at all. It is not good English, I know, but it is far better as English than my Latin was as Latin.

As for the banana . . . my craving came for it during the war when nothing like that was obtainable except at those stores where food prices were so high that only profiteers could afford to buy. Yet one afternoon my father came home with a package and out of it he took just one banana—not one of the big bananas you have here but a small, African-grown type. As long as I live I will never forget this delightful surprise.

Maria Luisa and I didn't eat it with bites. Oh, never! We broke it in half and licked at our portions just like you do an ice cream cone. Mine must have lasted at least two hours.

DESPITE the fact that it was not safe to be on the streets during the war, especially towards the end when the Germans knew they were losing and got desperate, my father wanted my sister Maria Luisa and me to keep on with our school. "We must not be frightened into living in holes like animals," he said. "We must be as normal as we can. I must work if I can and you girls must learn if you can."

At the same time father, who was an architect, would also go to work every day, though for him it was quite risky. Men who knew anything about construction were useful to the authorities and found themselves being separated from their families and sent to far-away places. This no one wanted—your chances of coming back were just a gamble. So every day my father would disappear into a building where the front door was marked "Closed," in order to keep soldiers from investigating. And he would not come out until it was time to start for home at night.

One afternoon, when I was not yet 13, I was coming home alone (school was nearly a mile's walk from home) because my sister had not gone to classes that day. Suddenly I saw a German soldier with a sub-machine gun looking at me from across the street. He was not staggering, yet I knew somehow by the expression on his face that he had been drinking. The next second my heart almost stopped for he called out and started to walk towards me. For an instant I stopped—then I went flying. I didn't have to look back to know that he was running after me—his voice lifted up in an enraged "Halten!" and his heavy army shoes pounding the pavement in pursuit.

I was so young that I had only one idea—he wanted to kill me, and I kept thinking that any moment bullets would tear through me. Not so long before this I had actually seen a civilian shot in the shoulder, and then shot again, this time to death, when he got up on his feet and spit into the face of his attacker.

In desperation I ran into an apartment

house and flew up the stairs praying that I would find help. I was just reaching the third floor when a door opened and a man beckoned to me to enter. Without stopping I ran in and he closed the door. When he turned around I was so faint I would have fallen if he hadn't caught me. He put me on a chair and after a moment I started to whisper what had happened, but he motioned to me that it was not necessary to explain. I still felt terribly frightened and then I felt frightened for him as well. He could get in great trouble for helping me if he were caught. I told him this and started to get up, but he told me just to keep quiet and not worry.

"If we Italians did not help each other then we would be worse than the Germans here," he said.

We heard the soldier clumping up the stairs and my heart threatened to fly apart with each sound, but the man remained calm and gestured to me to drink my brandy. Apparently the soldier had not seen where I had entered because after a while he went downstairs again. But when the man went out to look the soldier was still downstairs, leaning against the wall as if determined to stay till I came out.

We waited for more than an hour for him to leave and during this time the man wanted to know if I cared to telephone my family to keep them from worrying about me. But I thought this would be unwise. My mother would get word to my father and I knew he would come running for me only to get into a fight with the soldier. It was almost dark when it at last seemed safe to go, and the man walked with me all the way to our house.

"I don't know who you are," I told the man, "but you came out of my prayer."

He looked at me with his face straight but his eyes widening as if he were thinking about my words. "What a wonderful thanks you have given me," he said. "Now I am grateful to you."

I THINK the happiest day of my life was my First Communion which, because of the disruption of war, I did not receive until I was nearly 15. For months my mother searched through Rome for white material for my dress and finally came home one day with some beautiful organdy. My saddest day was to occur not many years later and after I knew I was coming to America for a movie career. Two weeks before I was due to leave with my mother and two sisters, my father died suddenly from a heart attack. We had been so close to each other that I practically collapsed. Nothing in the outside world could comfort me. But from the other world, and, I am convinced, only because I had always kept myself close to it, came the solace and strength to lift me from my grief.

Now we are here to start a new life. I have been through too much to let little things bother me. My mother is making a nice home. This, too, is part of her early training because in Italy much attention is paid to the home to keep it attractive and happy so that the girls in the family will not be too anxious to go out, not too anxious to make a quick marriage.

When boys first asked me to go out in Hollywood my answer used to be, "May I bring my mother, too?" I had only to notice the funny look in their faces to know that I was saying the wrong thing. Now I simply do not accept unless they already know that someone else must be along.

But, as I say, I am not too worried. I have faith that everything will come out all right . . . even that my mother will some day soon let me go out like other girls. And for that I need lots and lots of faith!

THE END

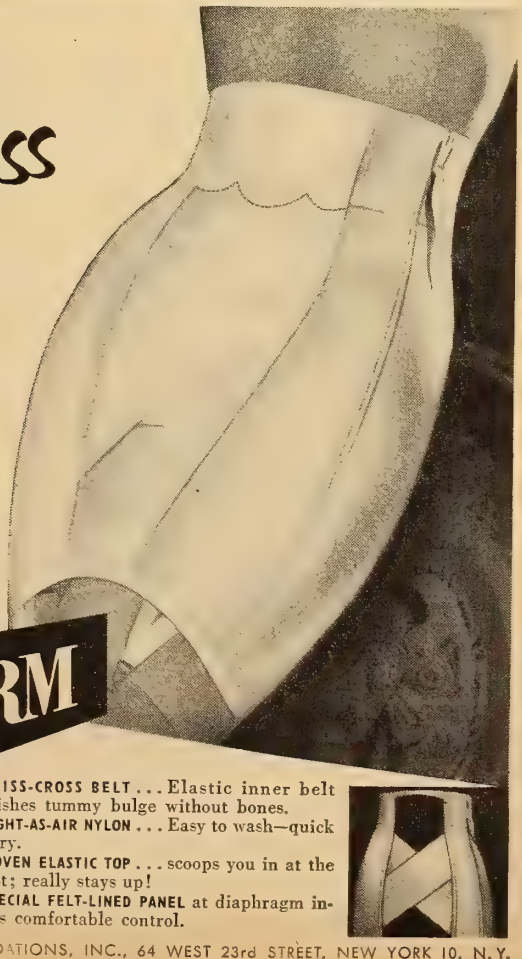


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lady be good

(*Continued from page 33*) or a problem. Her face is known as a mask of sorrow. She's America's most noted bleeding heart.

See Jane Wyman on the street. She is five-feet-seven, with the figure of a fashion model—curvy, yet slender; slim, but stacked. Her carriage is almost regal and she stands and walks with her head up, chin in and chest out—as though she's glad about her figure. Her dark hair is modishly styled and sprinkled liberally with grey. She has the face of an imp, pert, small-nosed—and her mouth is full and pouty, like a calendar girl. Her eyes are soft brown and moist. And from the usual expression on her face, you might expect her to shout "Hurray!" at any moment.

That's physically. In personality, Jane Wyman is even more distant from the screen roles she portrays. In *Johnny Belinda* she was a mute. In person she'll talk an arm off a chatterbox and never let him get a word in. In *The Glass Menagerie* she was a demure little mouse. In person she's a ball of fire, a squirmer, a leaper-out-of-chairs, an arm waver. She's almost dangerous to be around.

The little old lady in *The Blue Veil* was a quiet, gentle spinster. In person, Jane Wyman has the courage of a homicide cop and wherever she doesn't fit she'll squeeze in. Some time back, when her home was robbed, Jane walked into the house and knew the burglars were still there. But instead of running screaming down the street to a neighbor's for help, she marched right up to her bedroom, shut the door, and, in a very loud voice, called the police—and then sat fuming on the edge of the bed till they came, while the robbers scrambled from the premises in terror.

A couple of days later when a character came to her front door, told her that he knew who had her jewels and offered to take her to the crooks, she stood in the doorway for 20 minutes and talked to the guy—and darn near wound up going along with him. Even the tough cops turned pale when she told them.

WITHIN *Jane Wyman, it must be admitted*, there are some of the traits of most of the characters she plays. But, in the main, she is another kid altogether. Take, for instance, Jane Wyman and Love.

Let's start from scratch. Today. Nobody is more weary of the sad tales that even today are still creeping up in the magazines and newspapers depicting her squatting in the wreckage of a smashed marriage, massaging a crippled heart and weeping for justice and understanding than Jane is herself. The stories are generally illustrated with a photo of Jane in one of her more dejected screen poses—one that would make a rent collector cry. Jane cringes when she sees them.

"Why," she moans, "do they do this to me? Why don't they use a picture with a smile!"

There is one thing you can be certain about. Jane Wyman, now, in 1952, is a happy, well-adjusted, beautiful divorcee. She loves her children, likes and gets along famously with their dad and, aside from a normal remorse that things didn't last, has no unhappy thoughts about her marriage.

And she's normally interested in love.

When an appointment was made for an interview with a MODERN SCREEN reporter, her publicity agent took a dim view of any possible discussion of romance.

"I don't think she'll talk at all about anything like that," he said.

The reporter decided to try anyway. Seated in a comfortable office in the ele-

gant MCA office in Beverly Hills, the talk had been chummy and chatty.

"Somebody told me," the reporter said, "that you don't want to talk about love."

"That is not true," Jane said. "I always want to talk about love. Let's talk about it all afternoon. I love love. I think it's the greatest thing in the world. But it's got to be *Love*—not a passing fancy."

"That sounds fair," the reporter said.

"I have never objected to talking to the press about my personal feelings for anyone," Jane continued seriously. "But I have objected when a columnist or a writer puts words in my mouth or emotions in my heart. At the time of my divorce I used to read the trash written about how I felt or Ronnie felt and I just couldn't believe it. We were grown up people with a serious problem and we were painted as a couple of moony adolescents with absolutely no sense of responsibility."

Jane got to her feet and walked around the room for a moment or two.

"And during all that time," she continued, "nobody ever called me up and asked me for the facts. They just came to conclusions and printed them."

Standing there defending a principle, Jane Wyman looked as full of vinegar as a high school student. After 17 years in the movies she didn't look a day older than she had when she first signed a contract with Warner Brothers to play giddy flappers in that studio's early musicals. True, the bottle-blonde hair was gone, back to its natural dark brown and the grey was there, but it looked like something she was trying out. There wasn't a wrinkle in her face or a bulge in her figure.

"What about the men your name has been linked with?" she was asked.

"What men?" Jane asked. "Do I go out

Star whose fans turned on him when he was divorced calls 'em his Fang Club.

with more men than the average girl?"

"No," we agreed, "but there have been a few. You've been rumored on the verge of marrying a couple of them."

"That's what I mean," Jane said. "I've been *rumored* on the verge of marrying. Why rumored? Look, if I ever decide I'm going to marry a man there will be no need for rumors. I'll call up everybody I know and tell them about it. I'll take ads. I'll hire somebody to tell about it while I'm asleep."

Jane sat down and got very serious. She wanted to be well understood.

"I think it is a mistake," she said, "for actresses to have their names linked with every man they go out with. Supposing I'm introduced to a man and I find him interesting—for any of a number of reasons. Like maybe he has a nice voice, or he talks well, or he is an authority on something I'm interested in. We would like to get together again. What do we do, arrange to wear disguises and meet behind a sign board? No, we go to dinner or a night club. The photographers come by and snap our pictures. A columnist sees us. The next day it states in the papers we are engaged, and when the magazine comes out a couple of months later, there is a picture of me and the guy with a caption reading we're the current hottest romance. By that time the poor fellow is probably back home in Cleveland or someplace and maybe married. That's kind of silly."

Jane had to get up and get a drink of water. She moved about the office like a show girl leaving for work.

"And think about how it scares the fellow," she said abruptly. "Maybe I like him and I kind of force him into a date—some

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girls do that, you know. And maybe he just doesn't care too much for my type. When he sees that guff in the papers he's sore—and I'm too embarrassed to see him again. There aren't too many good fellows around these days, honey, and why scare them off?"

"You don't believe, then," the reporter said, "in writers printing hints of romance, or possible romance."

"Of course I don't," Jane said. "Lincoln didn't believe in people printing exaggerated stories about his death, either. I think the word *love* is abused too much by people writing about movie stars. If I were in love with a fellow and he wasn't in love with me I'd never let on. Or if a man was in love with me, and I wasn't with him, the same thing. It is only real when two people are in love together. And, I repeat, when and if that happens to Wyman, you lads will need a lot of new pencils to take down my quotes."

The reporter tried to remember back to see if there ever had been an indication that Jane was seriously interested in any of the men she had gone out with since her divorce.

There was Greg Bautzer. Bautzer, a busy Hollywood lawyer by day, is a butterfly by night. There wasn't an instance in which Jane had even hinted that she was smitten with the handsome Greg—even though it has been printed many times that they were due to tie the marital knot at any moment.

And there had been Lew Ayres. Lew was the first man Jane had dated after her separation from Ronnie Reagan. There were some bold columnists who said that Jane had left Ronnie because she was in love with Ayres, but, thinking back, time had proven that wrong. Once or twice, Jane had denied romance with Ayres and then had just dummied up. She had just finished making *Johnny Belinda* with Lew and it appeared, in retrospect, that the association had been one of friendship based on a close contact of the moment.

A Hollywood producer suggested to his secretary that she accompany him on a weekend trip to Palm Springs. "Listen," she snapped, "I may be your typewriter, but I'm not portable!"

Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

And then there was Manny Sacks, Frank Sinatra's pal and head of RCA records. Jane, while in New York, spent almost all of her free evenings with Sacks and they had been photographed together in most of the swank cafes. She had said, for a couple of columnists, that their relationship was platonic and business. Nobody believed her, so once again she stopped talking about it. The fact that she is now selling phonograph records as a singer sort of proves she was telling the truth.

And then there was the endless talk that Jane would remarry Ronnie. With two children they both love it would be next to impossible for them to stay entirely away from one another, and they have common business interests after ten years of marriage, so dinners and such were inevitable. Whenever the gossip about a reconciliation started. Jane would promptly deny it—once—and then drop the matter and let the reporters write what they pleased.

Yes, it can be truthfully said that Jane Wyman has had more than her fill of rumors about love and romance and she could hardly be blamed for being a little bitter about it and very determined to have no part in future gossiping on those subjects. However, the one thing the writers failed to take into consideration is that Jane really is entirely unlike her screen personality in all respects—and that she wasn't and never has been lonely and pressing for a romance, but just quietly biding her time like any beautiful woman who would rather not live alone.

This reporter tried to double check that angle.

"But wouldn't you like to fall in love?"

"Of course I would," Jane said with a twinkle in her eye. "I'm nuts about the idea. The trouble is, truly, though, that I haven't had much time to expose myself to the bug. For the past four years I have been so busy that I have been doing little else but work and sleep. I go to bed right after dinner and get up at six for an early call—and there aren't many suitors around at that hour. When I work I like to concentrate on what I'm doing, so I spend most of my time between shots in my dressing room learning my lines."

"And how long can this keep up?" she was asked.

"It's just about over," Jane said, laughing and jumping up on the arm of her chair. "When I finish *The Will Rogers Story* at Warner Brothers, sometime early in May, I'm going to buy four or five feet of train, boat and plane tickets and little Janie Wyman is going on a fling."

"Like to where?" we asked.

"Like to Paris," she said. "Like to London, the Riviera, Rome and all points east and west. I have never been abroad for fun. This time that's all I'm going to think about. I'm going to go to England and pick up a couple of chums and I'm going to take them with me and the first one who mentions work gets sent back home in disgrace."

"Is there some man you're thinking about over there?" the reporter asked.

"No," said Jane, "but who knows what will happen? It will be spring. No early calls and lots of time to meet people and get to know them. I'm not looking for romance—but I'm not knocking it."

And if there is romance abroad, or in New York, or right next door, Jane Wyman, given the time to seek it out, will find it. She is riper for love than she thinks, and when she is free from the influence of the drabs she plays in Hollywood movies she might find it easier to locate. There is one thing in her favor, too. She can soften the toughest people.

During the shooting of *Here Comes The Groom*, which she made with Bing Crosby, she even broke down the barrier that surrounds the famous crooner.

During the first couple of weeks of shooting, Bing was polite and considerate, but, as is usual with him, he had little to do with his fellow players. Every afternoon at four, Bing would stop work and go to his dressing room and have a cup of tea, as a pick up. Jane would take advantage of the break and have tea served in her dressing room. It was a ritual that never changed.

One day, though, just a week or so before the picture was finished, Bing called his usual halt.

"Tea time," he said.

Jane left the set and started toward her dressing room.

"Hey," Bing called. "Just a minute. Where are you going?"

"To my dressing room," Jane said, "for tea."

"Nonsense," Bing said. "Follow me, girl, I'm pouring."

And he did. And there is a legend that anyone who can soften Crosby up can get a date with the Statue of Liberty. Jane Wyman may do all right this spring.

THE END

(Jane Wyman can be seen with Bing Crosby in Paramount's Just For You.—*Ed.)*



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hollywood's problem lovers

(*Continued from page 29*) certainly have found at least one happy love in her life.

If her face is her fortune—it is also her problem. Hedy's beauty is a living, vital, separate thing to her and to thousands of her fans. Her sheer loveliness has won homage from men the world over—and women have envied her and tried to look like her.

So, is it any wonder that the glamorous Lamarr might easily have developed what the psychiatrists call a Narcissus complex (Narcissus saw his face reflected in a clear pool and promptly fell in love with his own image).

Several men who have been hopelessly (and I mean hopelessly) in love with Hedy have told me that she is in love with them only in the thrilling, rhapsodic early stages of the romance—the flower-sending stage, the ardent courting stage, the first exhilarating chapters when they are literally at her feet, swooning over her.

When the adoring, incense-burning male suddenly becomes a husband or a less ardent suitor, the practical side of love—such as trying to live together happily—is nigh on to impossible. It is one thing to be rapturously "in love" and another to love when there are children's noses to be wiped, groceries to be bought and income taxes to be paid.

Now the rumors are prevalent that Hedy and her fifth husband, Ted Stauffer, are on the verge of separating because "his business keeps him in Mexico"—and hers in Hollywood—I wonder if Hedy's fabulous beauty has been a blessing or a drawback to her personal happiness?

But women are not the only sufferers from love problems—not by a close-up; King (Clark) Gable himself is in self-imposed exile from his kingdom because of the bitterness he feels about his divorce from the former Lady Sylvia Ashley.

As much as he has been adored by feminine followers and deeply loved by many women in his life, Clark has found complete happiness with only one woman, Carole Lombard.

It is commonly believed that her image, permanent in his heart, is the reason he has not found happiness since her death.

And I believe that that is largely true. It was when Sylvia began changing and redecorating the house where Clark had lived so happily with Carole that their love troubles began.

But, what a great many people do not know is that Carole was a business partner, going 50-50 with Clark on all investments and expenses, as well as his perfect love-mate.

That was one marriage in which there was no problem of money because they went along together on everything. This was also true of Clark's second marriage—to Rhea Langham.

So, when Sylvia started spending money like water, it was a new matrimonial experience for The King. One of the few comments he has permitted himself about their separation was, "She spent money faster than I could make it." And, he has told intimates that he will leave the country before he pays Sylvia the enormous amount she is asking. He says that she has a fortune of her own (Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., left her a lot of money). And Clark will fight to the bitter finish any demands her lawyers make for a big financial settlement.

Gary Cooper's love problem is an ancient one! Poor, bewildered, unhappy Coop, one of the most likeable men in the world, is battling the heartache of being in love with two women at the same time. Or let me put it another way: he deeply misses the wonderful home life he shared with Rocky for nearly 18 years and with their daughter Maria. And he is in love with beautiful, serene Patricia Neal.

As I write this—Coop has neither woman. He has been seriously ill and I agree with Pat that much of his illness has been brought on by his inner turmoil, regret over his broken home and the separation from his adored daughter Maria that it entails, conflicting with the love he sincerely feels for Pat.

The fact that Gary's predicament is not novel and many men have faced similar crises, doesn't make the pain any less acute for him.

He told me soon after he separated from Rocky, "We are no longer happy together. But a man can't live with a woman for 18 years and know the happiness of being a father and husband so long—without feeling a terrific sense of loss."

And he said to me about Pat, "I love her and she loves me. But this is not the solution to everything!"

Obviously not—for several weeks ago, Pat told Coop she is stepping out of his life forever—or until he can decide in his own heart, which love is the strongest.

Among the younger men, Farley Granger seems to me to be having one of the most serious problems to solve. I think "Farl" was at one time very much in love with Shelley Winters. And he has had other romantic flutterings.

But, first, Farley feels he must make his way as an artist and a successful star. He

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cannot fall wholly in love—and leave the world well lost for the consequences—because his own future is so much in his thoughts.

Farley isn't out for big money, either. More than anything else he wants to be recognized as a serious artist, an actor who has made an artistic as well as financial success of his career.

This introspection does not make him the ideal suitor even for a girl like Shelley Winters who is, herself, a most ambitious gal. Which brings us to the love life of our girl "Shell."

At this writing she is in Rome to bring back the person and affection of one Vittorio Gassman who, Shelley declares to high heaven, is the love of her life. She has known him, I should say, about three months. But, already she is at work planning his divorce from his Italian wife, so that she can get him as fast as possible to Las Vegas. Then, says she, they will marry.

I say this will take a bit of doing, over and above Shelley's madly expressed passion for the gent. In the first place, he is not a citizen. In the second place, he told his friends in Rome that he and Shelley were just good friends and that he had no intention of asking for a divorce.

Certainly, this situation was clear to Miss Winters who is far from a dumbbell. But Shelley has a little way of falling in love where it will get the best and biggest headlines. Only a lady not allergic to publicity would have toured Europe with one man (Farley) and come home "engaged" to another—and a married man, at that. (Since this they have *both* announced that they'll wed.)

Shelley, like Farley, has a hell-bent determination to be a successful star and an exciting one. At the present stage of her career, I believe she is far more interested in love affairs which will attract plenty of newspaper space than in really falling in love and settling down to an inconspicuous married life. Although, of course, I may be wrong.

ODD as it may seem, I believe that just the opposite is true of another blonde beauty, Lana Turner. Lana's real love trouble is that she *can't* find a man who wants her for herself alone—and not for her glamorous reputation as a fascinating screen star.

I know Lana, and I say she would gladly give up her career if she could find the right man to share her life. She can't—and perhaps she never will find this paragon of pure love who will cherish her above her glowing success.

Lana did everything in her power to hold her marriage to Bob Topping together, even to saying she would not re-sign a contract with MGM if he wanted her to be free to travel and be just Mrs. Topping. There was a time when she would have given up her career for Tyrone Power. She would give it up for any man she sincerely loves.

But her love problem is finding this man who will and can love as deeply as Lana—when she falls in love!

There are other "problem lovers" in Hollywood who, like these examples I have named for you, have troubles in working out their emotional happiness. Your own problem may be like one of theirs—or something entirely different. Some of these heart troubles will be solved—and some won't.

But the wisemen of the ages have agreed that the best recipe for love is—to love, to put the happiness of the loved one before your own. Unselfish love can be and has been unrequited—but it is never shallow or empty and, as Ralph Waldo Emerson put it, "never wasted."

THE END

(*Continued from page 23*) horse parlor instead of getting out a paper every day. Crawford is booming the circulation of the *New York Express* sky high with sensations and scandals when his own past catches up. It's Rosemary DeCamp, the wife he deserted just 20 years ago—and Rosemary wants justice now. In a scuffle Crawford accidentally kills Rosemary but cleverly covers his traces. You guessed it—Derek, the reporter Crawford himself raised and trained, gets on the story, solves the case and has to turn in his own boss. The law and Crawford shoot it out all over the offices of the *Express*. As Crawford dies, he dictates the inside story of his crime. "Write it up big, kid," he gasps to Derek. "It'll sell a lotta papers." Maybe, but it didn't jolt our circulation a bit.

Cast: John Derek, Donna Reed, Broderick Crawford.—Columbia.

BEND OF THE RIVER

Bend Of The River takes us along with a band of hardy pioneers going to settle in the wilds of Oregon some hundred years ago. These settlers, led by Jimmy Stewart, ride in covered wagons, paddle boats up the river, meet and lick Indians, and generally have more lusty, rip-roaring experiences than you'll find in our tired aspirin age. Altogether *Bend Of The River* has more than a giant-size portion of shootin' and fightin' and hollerin'. Stewart has to whip many shifty characters along the way to Oregon and all the while he has to keep his sharpest eye on Arthur Kennedy, who may be perfectly good but then again may be perfectly bad. Throughout the journey most of the suspense comes from this question: is this fellow Kennedy on our side or against us? Both Stewart and Kennedy play their parts so laconically that their very calm makes you feel you're surely on top of a powder keg. You'll have to find out about Kennedy for yourself—we won't tell you—and while you're finding out, you'll get a boot out of the fighting, the natural handsomeness of Oregon and finally the peaceful life the settlers win after much hardship. Julia Adams is one of the pioneers in *Bend Of The River* and she's a very special reason why we'd have liked to have been an Oregon settler, too.

Cast: James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Julia Adams, Rock Hudson.—U.-I.

VIVA ZAPATA!

Marlon Brando made sparks fly in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. In *Viva Zapata!* he sets the screen ablaze. His characterization of an illiterate Mexican peasant who fights boldly for a better life for the people has the fire and grandeur of profound acting. Written by John Steinbeck, *Viva Zapata!* is a poetic and majestic look into the Mexico of some 50 years ago. Brando, as Zapata, one of the titans of Mexican history, is young, uneducated and dedicated. He becomes loved among the peasants but so feared among politicians that the Mexican Army goes after him, catching him in an ambush and shooting at him mercilessly until he is dead. This story of Zapata's life has been directed by Elia Kazan with a proper sense of tragedy, but also with an appreciation of the fun and vitality in Zapata's nature. It is rare and funny and significant to see this peasant youth love a girl, marry her, and on their wedding night, make her give him his first lesson in reading.

Cast: Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, Anthony Quinn.—20th Century-Fox.

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the beautiful brain trust

(*Continued from page* 61) hidden talents even eluded Jeanne's closest friends. One of them—Fay Becket—says, "When I first met Jeanne I thought she was just another dream girl." And Betty Ling adds, "Jeanne and I were the only young women at a party in Palm Springs the day we met. Naturally, I thought we'd have a lot in common, but I had to *drag* every word out of her. So then, of course, I thought, well, she's beautiful, but that's all." Jerry Hunt, wife of her business manager, says, "The first time I met Jeanne I was waiting for my husband in the car outside her home, and she insisted that I come in. I did, but she became almost silent as soon as I'd stepped inside the door. Then she took me to the nursery to see her baby (it was her first) and she talked a lot about him. I thought then that children would be all I'd ever talk about with her."

Eventually, though, Jeanne joined these ladies in their sewing circle. At first, they all had to laugh about it. "She couldn't even thread a sewing machine," says Jerry Hunt. "A sewing machine! Why, she couldn't even thread a simple needle. But three months later Jeanne made herself a felt skirt with caricatures on it that had everybody agog."

"That's what I love about Jeanne," Betty Ling says. "She grasps things so quickly that before we experts know it she's better than *we* are!"

"A few months after we met," Jerry Hunt recalls, "we invited her to go on a hunting trip. She was the first one to bring down a dove and she helped pluck the rest of them. I was amazed when she said she'd never been hunting before. And fishing. Naturally, now we all go fishing together, but even when Jeanne first started going with us she'd bring in a haul. 'How do you do it?' I asked her once, and she said, 'Oh, I just offered a little prayer to St. Peter.'"

But now let's really go back, far back into Jeanne's life when she had no thought of Hollywood, and try to find a key to her present personality. If Jeanne's mother were listening in to these descriptions of her daughter, she wouldn't blink an eye. She knows her girl. "Jeanne always mastered everything quickly," says her mother. "She learned to read at three, to swim expertly at five. Piano-playing, painting, ice-skating, tennis—she tried them all and did them all well. I used to pray that I would have the wisdom to guide her. But she was so introspective, it was hard to fathom her mind. I had reason to worry most when she entered her teens, because this was a hard time for her." And this was a time that might explain a lot that happened after.

In high school at 12, Jeanne was a straight A student. She was the youngest and the smartest and many of her classmates at St. Mary's Academy knew how to use *her* brain. On the day before a history test, for example, they'd gather around her and she'd condense pages of required reading on the Mayflower Compact into less than 50 words.

When she'd finish, one of the girls would turn to the others, saying, "Well, we won't have to study that tonight. How about going ice-skating instead?"

"But she'd never ask me," Jeanne still vividly recalls. "I was a pretty good ice-skater, too. Suddenly I saw I wasn't exactly in the swim. They gathered around me only at school and only because I was a brain!"

Believe it or not, Jeanne deliberately started making mistakes in order to get marks as low as her struggling fellow students. But that didn't increase her popularity. Then she thought the thing to do was to seek out popular girls and invite them places.

One night, she asked such a girl to have dinner, go to a football game and stay overnight with her. The girl refused politely; she had other plans, but the next day she called to ask what kind of time Jeanne had.

"Terrible," Jeanne moaned. "It's just as well you didn't go. It rained and . . ."

"Oh, that's a shame," sympathized the girl. "We had the most *marvelous* time!"

"When I hung up the phone," Jeanne reports now, "I said to my mother, 'Nobody else ever seems *not* to have a good time. Why is it *I'm* the only one who's disappointed?'

"Mother answered, 'They don't always have a good time. They just don't let the world know. People aren't attracted to those who are always disappointed.'"

Thinking that over, Jeanne realized that the popular girls made the smallest event seem exciting with their enthusiasm, or turned a mishap into an adventure.

"When I analyzed what they said, it was only small talk but it was magic at *that age.*"

The first time Jeanne used this magic was when she went to a Junior Prom at another high school. Her escort wasn't the boy she'd wanted—the one she'd wanted hadn't asked her.

"For the first time I kept quiet about the other boy. Instead," she smiles, "I talked as though the boy I went with was *the one!* I raved about the wonderful time we'd had and about the other couple with us. It worked, too! The girls accepted me as a person, not a brain."

Jeanne was graduated from high school at 15, still under the spell of that victory. If people didn't react to brains, she'd be brainy enough not to act too bright! At 17, when she was signed by 20th Century-Fox, she concealed her real reason for wanting to be an actress. (That reason, by the way, was her desire to sample the kind of lives—through acting—which interested her.) She thought she'd entered a world that demanded beauty and small-talk, not brains and talent. Wasn't Vanessa Brown, a fellow player, bemoaning the fact that she couldn't make people forget she'd been a Quiz Kid?

"I didn't set foot inside the studio commissary for six months after I was signed," she says. "No one asked me and I couldn't face it alone. The adult world is actually quite a step from school. At least it was for me. I was very lonely."

Instead of people, books became her constant companions in her dressing room and between scenes on the sets. "The Fountainhead" set off her interest in architecture. Other books opened new fields to her.

When she did eat in the commissary, her beauty was a magnet. But the people who noticed her, noticed her silence, too. She absorbed all she heard and saw, but she talked little. Because she accepted all which came her way with serenity, she was called the most co-operative actress in the studio.

Only the fact of her marriage to Paul Brinkman, a man completely of her own choosing, indicated she was other than a wholly docile beauty.

Georgianna Montalban unconsciously reveals Jeanne's former attitude when she says, "One evening when she was here, Ricardo was simmering over being typed as a guitar-playing Latin lover, and threatening to insist that the studio give him meatier roles.

"Jeanne told him, 'The people who run studios see you objectively. It's pretty

hard to see yourself that way even on the screen. But those men do. It takes time for them to find a role which gives your fans what they expect from you, plus something more challenging to you as an actor. Don't insist on anything in particular. Just be prepared for different types of roles, and if you're capable of playing them, sooner or later you will.'

"The more Ricardo thought about her words," Mrs. Montalban concludes, "the more sense they made to him. Now he's glad he didn't make a fuss because varied roles have been coming his way."

At that time, Jeanne firmly believed her words, and firmly felt that *Pinky* proved her right. But, oddly enough, the studio did not give her more challenging roles. She found herself doing more young girl parts, while the solid roles went to other actresses.

One day she exclaimed to Jerry Hunt, "I guess I've committed Hollywood's deadliest sin. I talk so much about my marriage and my children that nobody thinks I can talk about anything else."

Her rebellion grew and she decided to go after the role in *People Will Talk*. Joseph Mankiewicz was amazed. He, too, thought of her as "Margie." While they argued back and forth, Mankiewicz began to see her in a new light and seemed almost convinced that she'd be right for the part. But he told her, "I'm sorry, but Anne Baxter is being announced for the role tomorrow. We've already told her."

That stopped Jeanne, all right. But just before the picture was ready to go into production, Anne excitedly informed the studio that she and John Hodiak at long last were expecting a child, and she'd decided to withdraw from the movie.

Mankiewicz called Jeanne and told her to cut her hair, because she had the part. Jeanne cut it without a whimper, and then she sent him a huge bottle of champagne with a card attached that read, "If I fail you, you may pickle me in this!" He didn't. Without waiting for critics' opinions, he broke open the bottle at the end of production and everyone celebrated.

To hear her friends tell the difference a simple hair-cut has made in Jeanne is to hear a complete reversal of Samson's historical shearing.

"She's become even more exciting to her friends in the last few months," Betty Ling reports. "We knew a long time ago there was more to her than our first impressions led us to believe. But no matter what she wore or what she did before she cut her hair, that beautiful girlish mane blinded everyone to the sophistication which was there all the time."

"We used to tease her about her little girl clothes," her long-time pal Peggy O'Connor says. "But not any more. She's so chic now. We also noticed how shy she was around our husbands, too, but now she kids them just as naturally as can be.

"She can hold court in a discussion too. One day, not long ago, when our group started talking about religion and philosophy, Manning started needling her. He was raised by the Jesuits and is used to challenging most people when they talk on those subjects. Much to his surprise, she really put him in his place. Now he thoroughly enjoys seriously discussing the subject with her because he knows her faith comes through intelligence, not just pure emotionalism or childhood habit."

Enlarging this intimate picture of Jeanne, Fay Becket quotes her husband, world famous architect Welton Becket, who did Jeanne's home: "She knew just what she wanted and how to tell it." That's real praise from an architect. Mrs. Becket continues, "It's hard to give specific instances that illustrate Jeanne isn't just the dream girl I thought she was. Only the other night, though, we had a dinner party for eight. The men were financial experts and when their conversation swung in that direction, Jeanne astonished them by her knowledge of their field. It doesn't seem to matter what kind of expert is around, Jeanne can talk his language."

Business manager Wally Hunt confirms Jeanne's financial astuteness. "Her one fault is her over-generosity to charity," he says. "Every so often, I have to say, 'Wait a moment, what about yourself?' She'll just point to what she's allocated for herself on the budget and say, 'I'll manage on this.' She does, too. She's one of the very few creative people I know who lives within her budget. That's why she's in the good position she is. You don't have to talk baby talk to her when it comes to investments."

All these facets add up to a mature, sophisticated woman and her recent screen roles seem to indicate they add up to an actress whose performances will be eyed as possible Academy Award contenders.

Certainly the studio looks at her in this light now. Following *People Will Talk* came *The Model And The Marriage Broker*.

Paul Kohner, her agent, says with confidence, "This is just the beginning of Jeanne's real career. Her immaturity has always been an outward thing. She's most intelligent and adult. Of course she's playing a young girl again in *Belles On Their Toes* but that's a sequel to *Cheaper By The Dozen* and it's logical she should play the role."

Then why has Jeanne gone through those shallow phases of personality and career which were destructive to the ultimate goal she had set for herself?

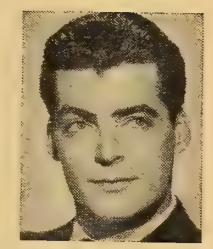
Jeanne attributes it to the day at St. Mary's Academy when she decided it didn't pay to be a brain. Learning to deal successfully in small talk brought her that much desired youthful popularity as a person. Those impressions stayed with her too long.

How has she erased those teen-age scars?

The answer seems to lie in director John Huston's words, which Jeanne herself quotes: "In my work, I do only things to please myself. If the world in general happens to like something I do and is really moved by it, that's just good fortune. I don't know how to set about doing anything to please anyone else."

She feels that Huston expresses the thoughts of many people like herself. As a result she has become a mature actress and joins the company of such exceptionally successful women as Irene Dunne and Loretta Young. Self-assured, beautiful, charming, feminine women whose world includes a happy marriage, children and distinguished success. What more can any woman, and especially, a beautiful brain trust like Jeanne, ask of life? THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



As my friend and I were leaving the theater we noticed two handsome fellows walking in back of two tiny girls. "That's Rory Calhoun," I yelled. My friend replied, "Yeah, look at these two kids in front of them." Rory laughed, for one of those "kids" was his wife!

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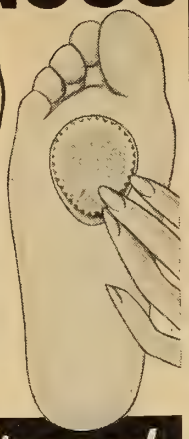
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is jean pete's pick?

(*Continued from page 24*) Inwardly, though, he must be aware of it, more now than ever. On his return from England, he went back to the home where he and his parents, Lord and Lady Lawford, have lived ever since he became an important star. But he must have found that his roots were no longer here in Hollywood, because for the first time in his life, Pete became a lonesome guy.

It is almost surprising that Peter Lawford is an actor at all—he is so completely and almost agonizingly normal. Consider his two best friends, for instance, the late Lieutenant Charlie Dunne and Bob Walker. Pete and Charlie met for the first time on the public beach at Santa Monica where they used to play volley ball with a gang of guys and gals. They had a strong common interest in athletics of all sorts, particularly surf-boarding at Malibu.

And Pete's other staunch friend, Bob Walker, was completely the opposite—the quiet, almost bookish type who preferred a tough session of poker to a walk around the block. Lawford has always had a lot in common with the friends he chose, plus one trait that set him completely apart. This was his constant itch for travel.

A friend who had invited Pete to dinner might get a telegram the day before, saying that the actor was en route to Bermuda.

As one buddy of his put it, "Oh, Pete's the dependable type, all right. He'll always get there, but he might occasionally be six months late for dinner."

"I'll admit it," he said, recently, "it's the escapist in me that makes me keep on the go so much. And don't make a big thing of it. I've never been running away from a particular thing or person. It's just that I've never built a life around myself consisting of a lot of possessions. And what's so unusual about that. I like to travel frequently, fast, and far."

And that's just what he has done, getting away from the intricate life of Hollywood that has tried to snare many young men like him into almost everything they didn't want, from business deals to marriage. He has always liked to choose romance, or find it by chance, not have it thrust on him because someone decided that the best thing for him would be to find a wife. In the past, Peter has taken everything Hollywood has been able to throw his way, with no outward evidence of being disturbed.

When one writer called him a "wolf," because of his numerous dates with the glamor girls, he was displeased, but didn't go around ranting and raving. When another called him "tight," because he didn't toss his money around, and never gave him credit for the manner in which he has so long been more than generous to his friends and relatives, there were still no attack of dramatics. He was well aware that on the surface these things seemed to have at least a trace of truth to them. But inwardly, he knew what he was and what he wanted.

It is this stubborn preference on Pete's part that has brought him the most important romance of his life. At first, none of his friends would believe it. Pete had gone to Honolulu on one of his sudden, unannounced vacations, and shortly thereafter his name began to be linked with a girl named Jean MacDonald. This linking business meant little to any of his friends. It happened all the time.

The seriousness of Pete's feeling for Jean, and vice-versa, didn't come into the open until many months later. Pete finished a picture called *Kangaroo*, for 20th Century-Fox, and he stopped off to visit Jean on the islands. She was working on a newspaper there, where her mother, Mrs. Marion Blair, is in the real estate business. And Jean, talking to Pete during the hours they spent together on the beach, told him of her journalistic ambitions. It was Pete who suggested that she come to the States, and find a job.

That's exactly what she did, some weeks later, only to discover that the vicinity of Hollywood is filled to the brim with young talent (she's 22), looking for magazine and newspaper work. It was only natural that Pete should help her all he could, but Jean insisted on making a go of it by herself. Fortunately, it was not a case of work or starve, so she free-lanced for awhile, and waited for an opening.

Now comes the coincidence at which the calloused characters of Hollywood love to wink. Jean found her chance for a job at Pete's own home studio, MGM. Knowing that it might cause some talk, she talked to Pete about taking over a position in the publicity department. He advised her to do exactly what she would do if she had never known him at all, so she took the job.

You have to live in Hollywood to realize what a tough situation something like this can be. There are movie stars who have friends among people who work in publicity departments, but these friendships usually are fleeting, and almost never on a socially equal basis. The whole town of Hollywood is marked by sharply defined levels of society.

There is the "A Group," the directors, producers, stars and top writers, who play tennis together, live in the same neighborhoods, marry and divorce each other endlessly. Then there is the "B Group," consisting of lesser players who can't afford big homes and Cadillacs. Their lives are emotionally mixed up with the assistant directors, the cutters, and others engaged in lesser capacities in helping to make movies. Last comes the "C" or fringe group: These are the publicity workers, magazine and newspaper writers. In themselves they are rather a happy and successful group, but their lives seldom cross those of the other groups.

To put it bluntly, a top feminine star falls in love with her press agent, only in novels, and never in Hollywood. And to desert delicacy completely, there are those who are now whispering off-stage, "Whatever in the world does Pete Lawford see in that little publicity girl?"

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The answer is—plenty! Pete sees more in this slim, intelligent, dark-eyed Jean MacDonald than he has in any of the glamor girls with whom his name has been linked. The gossip inference is that Jean is a little Miss Nobody who has set her cap for Movie Star Lawford. And the inference is so strong that people in publicity have passed along the word to "soft pedal" the linking of their names.

Whether Jean MacDonald knows this, or knowing, is influenced by Hollywood's rather undemocratic attitude about the relationship between men and women in widely differing salary brackets, isn't possible to say. But someone should point out in print that Miss MacDonald's education and background is considerably superior to most movie stars, even though her salary of perhaps slightly more than $100 a week does not place her in the "A Group" of Hollywood society. And her all-around qualifications as a fit wife for Pete are undoubtedly ten times better than most of the several times divorced stars with whom his name has been linked off and on during the years.

While all this frankness is going on, it should also be known that Pete Lawford feels very deeply about Jean MacDonald. And between them, the ultimate mutual decision they make about the subject of marriage will be based on their love and respect for each other. If Pete Lawford asks her to be his bride (as he may before this article reaches print) it wouldn't make any difference to him whether she was a $5,000 a week star, a waitress in a drive-in, or sold papers on a street corner.

Among other things of which Pete has been accused is a too acute social consciousness. This stems largely from the fact that he is English, his father bears the title of Sir and his mother is always addressed as Lady Lawford.

The truth is that Pete has always been the most democratic of movie stars. Editors and reporters are not surprised to see him come strolling into their offices, unannounced. He drops in to say hello, if he likes them, and not for the purpose of getting his name into, or out of any magazine or newspaper.

Pete has always been like this and always will be. The only change in him, already mentioned, is increasing evidence of adulthood. Credit part of that to the loss of two of his closest friends, to his growing a little older, and to the increasing realization that much of Hollywood's attitude towards its stars is far less genuine and understanding than those who are on the "outside."

Delving into the facts still more, observers noted that when Pete was greeted by Jean at the airport when he arrived back from England after finishing *T For Terror*, he brought with him several gifts for her—a rollicking Boxer pup named Sam, and some attractive sweaters he'd picked up in Scotland.

It was expected, then, that this friendship would blossom into an altar-bound romance over-night. Certainly, Pete made no bones of the fact that he was barely interested in Sharman Douglas, an old flame whom he only saw once or twice while in England.

For several weeks, Jean and Pete were seen frequently together. Skiing with friends in the mountains, having dinner together at the quiet Ready Room restaurant, or hiking on the beach with Sam, the Boxer.

Everything seemed to be developing normally and naturally, until the sudden report from nowhere that the two had quarreled seriously. The suspicion is that Jean might have absorbed some of the always too freely given advice in some quarters to the effect that actors are insincere no-goods of whom a girl can't be too careful. She may have given Pete some sort of an ultimatum, to the effect that it would be better, considering their different stations in life as it's lived in Hollywood, for them to go their separate ways.

The facts are that when Pete momentarily stopped seeing Jean MacDonald, he took no other girls out . . . he continued to look for a home of his own, out around Brentwood and Pacific Palisades, and he temporarily stored the considerable amount of furniture and antiques which he had purchased in England.

There is no question that the course of Pete's life has completely changed, and the reasons are the factors which have been set down in this article. Today Pete Lawford is a finer actor than ever before, a more solid and thoughtful individual. He will always be a man who likes to travel at the slightest provocation, but the prediction here is that before long those trips of his will no longer be in the nature of solo flights.

He quite likely will have Mrs. Peter Lawford with him. THE END

"I'll never marry again"

(*Continued from page 35*) Ann Miller and even Barbara Whiting."

I reminded Dan not so long ago, a very reputable reporter had quoted him at a party as saying that he was going to marry Miss Nigh. "Complete misunderstanding," Dan assured me. "This is what happened. I took *Annie Miller* to that party. And when I was asked if I had plans to marry Jane, I said no, but that if I did, kiddingly, I'd let the reporter know. I guess with all the noise around us she thought I said yes I was getting married to Jane. Jane was furious. Called me after reading the item, and said, 'If you *are* going to marry me, I think I ought to be told.'"

"Don't get me wrong about Jane. We have a lot of laughs together and she's swell. She's easy to be with, she can romp around in blue jeans, or dress up and look like a queen at a party. But we are not getting married." Don't take this to mean that Jane is not in love or ready to fall in love with Dan. He's the most likable and eligible bachelor we have. But I think Jane realizes he aims to stay one.

"How about you and Ann Miller going to London together next year to dance at the Palladium? If you do, won't that revive talk of a romance?" I ask Dan. "We'll do two weeks at the Palladium," says Dan. "But I'm not in love with Annie, and she's not in love with me. It'll take her a long time to want to marry anyone again." Ann never discusses her marriage and divorce from wealthy Reese Milner, but she was sick for months after losing her baby, and Milner soon after. It was a heart-breaking experience.

But like all of the girls he dates, Ann adores Dan. "He's the best companion I've ever had," she told me when I questioned her about seeing Dan so often. "And," she added unnecessarily, "he's a dreamboat and a dreamy dancer."

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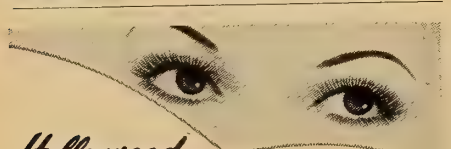
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motives over the roast beef and baked potato. "Well, I'll tell you," says Dan. "Not many people understand Shelley. She's very frightened really, and the noise is a cover up. I like her, even if I don't want to marry her or any other girl in show business.

"It's like this with girls in show business," says Dan. "I have to work with them all day long on the set. A guy has to be careful how he handles them. I wouldn't want to come home and have to go through all that in the evening, too. I'd prefer someone who was more interested in my career, not interfering, of course. But telling me when this scene was good, and that, not so good. You know, making like she cared about my work. An actress is too busy caring about her own.

"But what other women do I have a chance of meeting? I've been in this business most of my life. I didn't go to college, I didn't belong to any fraternities. And I feel awkward when men who did talk about it. So I stick pretty close to people in show business. Those are the girls I know, and those are the girls I don't want to marry."

"How about June Haver?" I pause between pastry bites to ask.

"She's sweet, but can you see me married to June?" Dan demands. "I can't."

"That leaves Barbara Whiting," says I. He laughs. "What would I do with a young kid like that? Or with any young girl? I prefer people who know their way around. You know how it is with young girls. They hero worship a movie star. I couldn't take that as a steady diet."

"There are always girls in society," says I. "Wasn't your wife a local society girl?" Dan gives me a quizzical look, asks for the check, and says, "Let's you and I go to the Mocambo." So we leave the Encore and step into Dan's car—a Ford. "What happened to your Cadillac?" I ask, as we drive the short distance to the glossy night club on the Strip. "My wife took it, along with everything else," says Dan, a bit on the grim side, but not for long. Smiling comes just naturally to him, and being kind. I'm sure that his ex-wife is going to wake up one day and say, "Why in heck did I ever lose him?"

"Liz, you were asking about Liz," says Dan, when we sit against the plush wall inside the darkened Mocambo. "That 'society' business, where did you get it from? Her family was wealthy, that's all. She was terribly unhappy at home. I was sorry for her. When I had to go overseas during the war, in '42, we married.

"We were never really in love," confesses Dan. "Her family hates actors, they made it difficult for us. But at the beginning, when we didn't have much, we were quite happy. And when Danny was born, I thought this was it—I had a home, paid for, money in the bank, horses, a good job, a son, a beautiful wife. All the things I thought I had wanted all my life. Something to build a good future on. But then Liz changed. She was restless, didn't know what she wanted, but it obviously wasn't me. When she told me she wanted a divorce, I begged her to reconsider. It seemed such a wanton waste of what could have been a secure happy life.

"That's when I became so confused. I was working very hard and the combination finally landed me in the Menninger Clinic. It turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to me. I learned to re-value what I had, and find out what I wanted. The first thing they taught me there was to get outside myself. That's what makes people unhappy, especially women. They're absorbed with themselves. You have to forget yourself to be happy. When a woman obsessed with herself loses her looks, heaven help her.

"There was a publisher at the Clinic. Yes, he was there for treatment too. A lot of the cases were really bad, but the Menningers' will never take a patient unless they believe they can effect a cure. I was advised to write as therapy. I showed some of my pieces to the publisher. He said they were obviously amateurish, but that I had the faculty of putting down on paper the way people actually speak.

"And I started to write songs at Menninger's. Now I write two songs a week. One day,"—and Dan points to singer Billy Daniels, "he'll be telling his audience, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, this next song you are about to hear was written by a movie actor—Dan Dailey.'" And Dan laughs again, that easy laugh of his.

Dan was in the Menninger Clinic about six months, at a cost of $1,500 a month. "But it was worth every cent. I wish Liz would have gone there, it might have given her a sense of real values. Sure I see a lot of Liz now, we went with our little son Danny to Lake Arrowhead in the summer. She lives a few blocks from my apartment in Beverly Hills and any time I want to see Danny, I just walk in. Liz is out of town a lot, restlessly looking for whatever it is she wants, then I have Danny stay with me."

THE two Dans are close buddies. "We sleep in twin beds in the same bedroom in my apartment, I get his breakfast and take him with me to the studio. That's my life and I want him to know it. He has a ball on the set, they let him ride with the camera, and if he gets in anyone's way they just put him aside. But he's a good kid. There are so many things I won't ever know about him, because he lives with his mother most of the time. But my work—that we can have in common.

"What makes you so sure you'll never marry again?" says I after an exhilarating whirl around the dance floor in Dan's arms. "Come to my home sometime and you'll understand better," invites Dan. "I'm happier living alone. After I left the Clinic I stayed for six months with Al Melnick and his family. (Al's Dan's

IT HAPPENED TO ME



Before leaving Texas for art school in New York, my mother warned me, "Now, don't take up with strangers!"

One day I was rushing to a class from a downtown exhibit and found myself trapped on the wrong side of Fifth Avenue while a Memorial Day parade passed by. Tanks, soldiers, and more soldiers passed endlessly and I began to be worried about missing my class.

A man beside me said, "I want to get to the other side, too, but it doesn't do any good to worry about it. So . . . just enjoy the parade." I decided he was right and I stopped worrying, but remembering my mother's advice, I wouldn't look at him.

Finally, the parade ended and as I crossed the street, I saw the man go hurriedly on his way. Then I wished I had talked to him, for the "friendly stranger" was no stranger at all . . . but Bing Crosby himself.

Mrs. W. M. Curtis
Sherman, Texas

agent and closest Hollywood friend.) I had to figure out what I wanted to do. When everything was clear in my mind, and I was ready for responsibility again, I looked for an apartment. I have a wonderful butler; he was found for me by Barbara Whiting's family. He comes in every day at 12. It's wonderful not to have to talk to any one in the morning, you must know how that is. My man's a wonderful cook, as good as any wife could be, he looks after me fine. I watch television for hours at night, and I have my books on psychiatry. But I haven't been to a psychiatrist since I left the Clinic. My friends think I live with psychiatrists and always ask me for advice. I don't need psychiatrists any more. I'm happy, but my friends go to them all the time."

"Why do the Menninger doctors believe it's bad for you to fall in love?" I ask Dan as we drive to my home. "I guess they think it's better for me not to have any problems. But Sheilah, how could a wife improve my position? I go home when I like, see whom I like, make as much noise as I like, dress as I like. Tonight I wore a tie for you. But usually just a shirt and pants. My career is doing great, I make thousands of dollars a week —it all goes in taxes, but still I make it, and it thrills me to see those checks.

"But don't get me wrong, I love girls. And my idea of a wonderful girl is someone very feminine, whose arms are soft when she puts them around my neck. But no falling in love." When Dan perceives the slightest hint of possessive love, he's off in the opposite direction before she can say, "Kiss me." "That's something *I* like to say anyway—I mean, 'Kiss me,'" Dan laughs, stops the car before my house, and hops out to open the door for me.

"Before you go," says I, "What would you say is your philosophy of life in general?"

"Sounds corny," Dan answers, "but it's this, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' Then you are sure to hurt nobody."

I've enjoyed my evening and I tell him so. "So have I," says Dan. "How about dinner one day next week?"

I hope this means I've joined his rotating line of ladies. My head is certainly spinning enough to qualify. He's a sweet guy to be with. Easy to talk to, gay, friendly. But I can't promise not to fall in love with him. I'm kidding of course—on the level. THE END

(Dan Dailey will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's The Girl Next Door.—*Ed.)*

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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Is Jean Pete's Pick? (Peter Lawford)
- ☐ Hollywood's Problem Lovers by Louella Parsons
- ☐ Who Is Monty Kidding? (Monty Clift)
- ☐ Lady Be Good (Jane Wyman)
- ☐ "I'll Never Marry Again" (Dan Dailey)
- ☐ Still In Love With Aly? (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ Little Miss Lonely Heart (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ "I Love You, Chata" (John Wayne)
- ☐ How Betty Grable Lives
- ☐ If He Were Only Single . . . (Ricardo Montalban)
- ☐ The Beautiful Brain Trust (Jeanne Crain)
- ☐ He's Going That-A-Way! (Dale Robertson)
- ☐ Saturday Night at Debbie's (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Pretty Tough (John Derek)
- ☐ I Live With Prayer (Pier Angeli)
- ☐ The Most Beautiful Hair In The World
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

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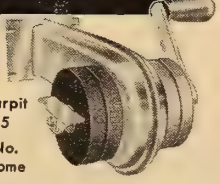
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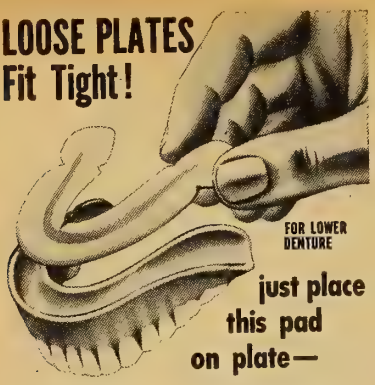
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hollywood report

continued from page 18

and *A Streetcar Named Desire*. . . . Fred Astaire says Donald O'Connor won't make HIS life story. Fred himself will do it, sezze, if it's ever screened.

Imagine Clifton Webb making life miserable for a professional wrestler. It's true. Guy's name is Sandor Szabo. 20th hired him for some rough wrestling scenes with our boy friend Belvedere in *Dream Boat*. And Sandor had to cancel his grunt-and-groan sessions on evening TV shows because Clifton fought him to a frazzle during their daytime hours on the studio soundstage! . . . Now that the Katie Grayson-Mario Lanza feud is out in the open, will she bust loose with the story about how she bit his lip when he made her mad during a romantic scene for *Toast Of New Orleans?* . . . Oleg Cassini had his foot on a Hollywood-bound plane when Gene Tierney filed that fast divorce action. He put it back on the ground. . . . Errol Flynn started the year with four lawsuits. One was his own, against Duncan McMartin, the others were against him: Lili Damita's for $62,000, Bill Marshall's for $25,000, and a third for an unpaid tailor's bill in Australia.



Katie & Mario

DANCING DOLLS:

A bright new ballerina, Britain's Claire Bloom, will soon be grabbing headlines as Charlie Chaplain's leading lady in *Limelight*. But Charlie, who did it with Paulette Goddard once too, won't let the photogs flashbulb Claire till he's ready to turn on the publicity guns. . . . Virginia Mayo plays a character named "Hot Garters Gertie" in her next picture, *She's Working Her Way Through College*. . . . Sally Forrest is taking dancing lessons from Rita Hayworth's father, Jose Cansino.

HE WENT THATAWAY:

Randy Scott, after all these years, just bought himself his first tuxedo. . . . If studio dressing rooms could talk, there's one at Republic that could say a mouthful. Vaughn Monroe inherited Roy Rogers' dressing room when he checked into the San Fernando Valley lot March 3. It's the one that Rogers, in turn, inherited from Gene Autry not so long ago. And both Rogers and Autry left Republic in a HUFF, if you'll recall! . . . Roy is making TV Westerns now. One day last month his posse overrode a scene, running out of camera range, at Iverson's Ranch, and wound up in a Crucifixion procession being shot by the producer of a religious film! They had an awful time separating the cowboys from the long-bearded actors!



Rogers

While visiting out at Republic, we saw John Agar and Ruth Hussey stroll into a saloon. But if the probation department reads this and wonders if John isn't being a good boy after his jail sentence we've got to add that it was for a scene in *Minnesota*. . . . Indians who used to work on location in Westerns for as little as $3 a day won't work for a dime less than $9 a day now! . . . While locationing on *The Saber And The Arrow* in Yuma, Brod Crawford and Barbara Hale put on a benefit and raised $2,000 for the Arizona Boys' Ranch. . . . Clyde Beatty is planning on invading Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd's territory. Beatty has a line of jungle outfits for kids coming up, and hopes they'll do as well as Hoppy's cowboy duds have been doing.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Louis and Quique Jourdan bragged to me about their new baby. "He's got my head, eyes and nose," Louis said, "but he looks just like his mother!" . . . Danny and Marie Thomas celebrated their 16th wedding anniversary at Mocambo helping Fran sing one of Danny's *I'll See You In My Dreams* songs. "It Had to Be You" . . . Eleanor Parker rented a trailer, drove it to Tucson and lived in it there while locationing with Bob Taylor in *Eagle On His Cap* . . . Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin are making tape recordings of their Tony, Jr.'s progress instead of taking 16mm movies, as do other parents. Reason, a fairly obvious one: Tony's a singer. . . . MGM tried to keep it a secret, but starlet Paula Raymond is the mother of a four-year-old girl. She's divorced from her first husband.



Hayworth

Burt Lancaster got his first look at his new baby, now eight months old, when he returned from making a picture in Europe. His Norma brought the infant to the airport to meet Pop. . . . Diana and John Anderson will make Joan Bennett a grandmother again in April. . . . Stewart Granger gifted Jean Simmons with diamond earrings on their first wedding anniversary. . . . Rita Hayworth is in Hollywood only for a visit, believe it or not. This isn't her legal home. She's a legal resident of Nevada, at least till the divorce from Aly Khan goes through. . . . Rita may be broke, as of now, but she won't be for long—at $250,000 per picture and 25 percent of the profit. Even Clark Gable doesn't have such a lush deal. . . . Didja know the only jewelry Rita has been wearing for the past several months is a handmade St. Christopher medal with a few diamonds imbedded here and there!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Doris Day's first year of canarying for Columbia Records earned her $103,000, and that ain't birdseed. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan does better financially as the mother of seven than she ever did as a star. She got $10,000 for posing for two days for some baby oil ads! . . . John Derek is now getting $750 a week at Columbia, where he started for literally peanuts, but he's still loaded with bills and can't finish furnishing his Encino home, even if it does have a swimming pool!



Derek

Guy who sublet Betsy von Furstenberg's apartment when she returned to New York to appear in a play found something while rum-

maging around in the feminine debris she left behind; an MGM paycheck for $173 that she had forgotten to cash. . . . Here we are on the subject of Doris Day again: She's No. One boxoffice queen out at Warners' but in one of her upcoming pictures she has only six pages of dialogue out of an entire script. What a waste of talent! Warner's, why don't you wise up?

FOUR-LEGGED FRIENDS:

Big Noise, the Betty Grable-Harry James racehorse, won $80,000 for them last year. Betty says she'll settle for that anytime in lieu of an Academy Award. . . . Did you know that the James' nags won several stakes during Betty's suspension, and the winnings helped carry the load of her layoff no end? In fact, Betty bought a new bleached seal coat with just a fraction of the take on Big Noise alone. . . . Alan and Sue Ladd bought a new dachshund to replace the one that was killed. . . . And Alan couldn't go to work in *Botany Bay* at Para one morning because he'd been up all night tending a horse on his Hidden Valley ranch that got stuck in a watering trough. Before strangling itself to death, the poor animal took a severe bite out of Alan's helping hand—the right one.



Grable

The Siamese cat that Roz Russell carries onstage in her play, *Bell, Book and Candle,* is not a prop but her very own. . . . Leslie Caron named her new beige-colored afghan hound Lana! . . . Bob Ryan is taking lessons in how to train his new dogs—a boxer and a terrier.

TIME TABLES:

Howard Duff and Ida Lupino moved from Malibu to Hollywood so that Ida, who was expecting, wouldn't have so far to drive while producing and directing at RKO. . . . Ida worked, and hard, although her medico advised her to spend as much time as possible in bed until the baby came, because of an old back injury. . . . Pier Angeli, who just learned to drive a car, is now learning to drive a jeep on MGM's Lot Three for her next role—and they've moved everything movable out of the way! Go to it Pier!

Mala Powers and Piper Laurie wrote their names in lipstick on a big shell during their trip to Korea and then saw it fired into the communist lines. . . . Jerry Wald told me it'll be only a matter of a few months before Barbara Stanwyck's next picture, *Clash By Night,* puts her back in the same strong position occupied by Joan Crawford after *Mildred Pierce* was released and won her an Oscar. . . . Margaret O'Brien ordered a flock of off-the-shoulder gowns from dress designer Sari Taffy. Time flies, kids! Pretty soon that O'Brien gal will be keeping us columnists busy!



Stanwyck

THE END

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still in love with aly?

(*Continued from page* 37) What magic words had Aly uttered to so weaken Rita's determination for freedom? "He just wanted to ask about the children and wish us a very happy New Year. That's all," was Rita's explanation.

Which leaves you with nothing but the fact that 30 minutes is an awfully long time for a simple New Year's greeting.

It seems more likely, in view of Rita's present attitude, that Aly spent most of the time confessing his love, talking reconciliation and exploring the possibility of his flying to Hollywood to see Rita and his child. It may well be that he ended up by pleading with his beautiful wife to leave open the door of marriage.

Undoubtedly, Aly Khan is still very much in love with Rita—and always has been. When she left him last spring, he wrote her a long letter which read, in part: "I certainly do not want to remarry or have any woman in my heart except yourself . . . You can hardly imagine how I feel your loss, and as long as there is a particle of hope, I for my part will not wish to lose it . . . If in time your thoughts ever turn to me and the love I have always had for you, my arms are then open . . ."

A girl who recently went dancing with Aly at the Copacabana Palace in Rio (after the Prince's New Year's call to Rita) confessed to a friend, "Aly is still mad about Hayworth. I think she did exactly the right thing by leaving him. Now he wants her all the more, and he'll do anything to get her back, because not only love but his precious ego is involved."

IN Hollywood, there are some who say that the only reason Rita is even entertaining the thought of a reconciliation is because she's so desperately unhappy at Columbia Studios.

A friend of hers recently told a reporter, "Rita feels that anything, even life with Aly Khan, is preferable to fighting constantly with her studio."

This is an exaggeration, of course. Rita fights with her studio not because she's imperious. She fights because she wants to make the best motion pictures possible.

The truth is that when she returned to Hollywood from Reno several months ago and announced her intention of going back to work, the studio had no script ready for her. Writers were put to work on several projects, and when 63 pages of a story entitled *Affair In Trinidad* were finished, they were sent to Rita. Simultaneously came the announcement that she would star in the film opposite Glenn Ford.

Rita refused to do the picture until she had read the entire script. This seemed eminently reasonable under the circumstances. After all, when you try for a comeback after three years absence you want to be sure you're not in a flop. Rita felt that she needed more than just 63 pages of script before she could make a decision. So the studio suspended her. Rita then said she would make the picture providing it was the last one she made at Columbia. (Her contract has four more years to run.) The studio told her to go fly a kite and kept her on suspension.

Glenn Ford then walked into Harry Cohn's office and explained that he didn't want to co-star in the film with Rita, mainly because he had received two attractive offers from Universal and MGM and had no idea when *Trinidad* would begin at Columbia.

Cohn told him to take it easy, that everything would work out.

A day later, Rita sent telegrams to all the members of the press inviting them to a conference so that she could explain her position about the film. That afternoon, the studio's legal department got in touch with her and suggested that she read her contract. This she did, and found a clause in fine print prohibiting her to hold press conferences about any studio product, whereupon Rita sent out another batch of wires cancelling her previous date.

The studio then announced that Rita would report to work opposite Glenn Ford in *Affair In Trinidad* almost immediately.

By the time you read this, *Affair In Trinidad* will be finished, and Rita once again will be making every possible attempt to get away from Columbia.

Hollywood cynics say that this is why she's interested in Charley Feldman, the 47-year-old head of Famous Artists, a talent agency. Feldman is a potent force in movie politics and conceivably might be able to talk Columbia into releasing her.

Hollywood romantics, on the other hand, point out that Rita is handled by the William Morris Agency, and that her relationship with Feldman has nothing to do with business, but everything to do with love.

"Charley," it has definitely been said, "is another of Rita's strange love problems. He's nuts about her—but would he marry her if she were free? He's had one disastrous marriage, and nowadays, he seems very much the bachelor."

Feldman is a millionaire who not only guides the careers of Kirk Douglas, Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward, Charles Boyer, Marlene Dietrich, George Raft, and dozens of others, but he also helps produce motion pictures. His share of the profits from *A Streetcar Named Desire* will probably hit two million.

He lives lavishly on a scale to which Rita became accustomed when she married Aly.

Rita says, "Charley Feldman and I are just old friends. Occasionally, we spend a little time together. But talk about romance is simply nonsense. I'm still a married woman."

This may be true but then again Aly Khan was a married man when he met and fell in love with her.

An acquaintance of Charley's says, "I really think he's fallen for Rita. After all, that isn't hard. She's really beautiful and since her marriage to Aly, she has a very fascinating background. In fact, I think Charley took off for Bermuda only to give himself a chance to look at things objectively."

Rita, of course, has been seen with a number of men around Hollywood including Cy Howard, Gilbert Roland, Benny Holtzman, Jackson Leighter, and others, but she insists that right now she is interested in her children and career.

To date, Rita's problems are: (a) Shall she take back Aly Khan? (b) Shall she obtain her divorce and give up all hope of obtaining a financial settlement for Yasmin? (c) Shall she start playing the field

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was late for my appointment at the Bethesda Medical Center. I rushed down the hall, only to collide with another woman. Grabbing my arm, Rosalind Russell smiled, said, "Square your hat, sailor," and sent me on my way.

Mrs. J. G. Bumgarner
Albuquerque, New Mexico

with an idea towards future matrimony? (d) Shall she marry again and abandon her career? (e) Shall she forget men (they've caused her so much heartache in the past) and concentrate on her children and career?

These are pretty complex problems. Take the first one, for example. Suppose Aly Khan *should* turn up in Hollywood, and suppose he and Rita should reconcile, this means that Rita must pack up and move back to the Riviera. She would also have to relinquish her career or perhaps start a new one in Europe.

Rita likes Europe very much. She believes, in fact, that her two girls would be very well off in Swiss schools, but what she refuses to put up with is Aly Khan's European conduct. Around Monaco, Aly is recognized as a man who loves the gaming tables. Rita does not care for gambling in any form.

She is wise enough to know, too, that Aly is not going to change—not at his age. He has never worked for a living, and there is no reason to believe that he suddenly will start now.

Despite all this, she loves him. She risked her career for him before they were married and abandoned it afterwards.

Rita can have her reconciliation for the asking. All she has to do is pick up the phone, and in a matter of weeks she will be living once again at the Chateau de l'Horizon. She will be living in the lap of luxury, far away from Columbia Studios.

There is no chance whatever of Aly's becoming an American citizen, since the bulk of his father's fortune is tied up in sterling, and there is no way of transferring it into American dollars. This was once suggested as the solution to Rita's foremost problem but it is out of the question, since Aly would never give up any of his European estates.

If Rita goes through with her divorce and writes Aly off as husband number three and a bad bargain at that, she will probably get very little money for Yasmin.

When Rita married Aly, she promised to raise any offspring in the Moslem faith. She intends to keep her word, but rearing Yasmin as a Moslem is practically impossible in Hollywood.

There is also the question of visitation rights. Aly will undoubtedly want to spend some time with his little daughter. How much time will the court permit? Will Rita take Yasmin to France during the summers?

Rita has always felt bitter about Aly's refusal to settle $3,000,000 on Yasmin which, reputedly, is the amount he settled on each of his two sons by a previous marriage. Actually, Aly doesn't have that kind of money, and, as he told Rita, there is no danger that Yasmin will be disinherited. "Under Moslem law," he said, "a man cannot disinherit any of his heirs, nor can he give more to one son or daughter than to another. According to that law, whether I like it or not, Yasmin will inherit one-fifth of my property."

Rita is not particularly worried about Yasmin's inheritance; she's worried about her upbringing. Certainly, Aly Khan, divorced or not, should be partly responsible for that. Rita herself has never asked for alimony.

In all fairness to Aly, it should be said that he is not dodging any of his responsibilities. He's willing to pay for Yasmin's support. He simply doesn't want Yasmin's mother to leave him for good.

Aly is shrewd enough to realize that Rita may talk all she wants to about furthering her career, but love is always infinitely more important to her. If she divorces him, she will certainly remarry.

"Right now," Rita says, "I contemplate no change whatever in my status." All of which means that until she irrevocably casts the die, Aly Khan is still top man in Rita's life.

A reconciliation at this point would surprise absolutely no one. THE END

"I love you, chata!"

(*Continued from page 41*) air, we had no idea, but we took them and we clinked them together and said "Merry Christmas."

And later on, on the ground, we didn't speak of the things we had talked of on the plane, because we were friends. And then, believe it or not, I gave him a pink horse that was four feet long and three feet tall, so he could take it home to his wife. And the last I saw of him he was walking away with the horse under his arm, waving a Merry Christmas.

What happened on that airplane started in a very exotic setting. It was eight o'clock in the morning. The early plane from Mexico City to Acapulco was just coming in for a landing. From where I sat I could see the mountains that the pilot was swinging through, and when he banked to get into the field traffic pattern I caught sight of a patch of the bluest water I had ever seen. Then, with the flaps almost tucked under the giant wings, the ship shuddered softly into a landing, the door was opened, and the hot air of the tropics swept in.

To understand why anyone would go to Acapulco one must go there. The first sight is of a sea-scape that will never be adequately described. There are tall bending palms and a beach so white that the sands must be sifted and bleached by hand to attain such perfection. And all along the shore the breakers roll in, purple at the base and white on top, as even as teeth in a comb. The airport, at arrival or departure time, is alive with brown men in whites dashing about, even in the heat, at a hundred chores.

On the way to the city, which is a 20 minute drive from the airport, a visitor will see every photograph he's ever looked at in a travel bureau booklet on beautiful Mexico. There are the tiny burros, ridden by men twice their size, ambling down the roads, the sombrero'd riders twitching their flanks with twigs and dragging their feet on the ground. There are children, naked as nature, playing in the fields with strange looking dogs. There are the women with postures like Vogue models carrying tremendous bundles of wash, or tubs of water, or bound branches of wood on their heads. And along the roadsides there are houses that might have been built 500 years ago.

In the city of Acapulco it is much the same, except that the houses are closer together and the sidewalks are paved and there are peculiar foreign signs saying Coca-Cola and Chesterfield. But on the outskirts of the city there are magnificent luxury hotels.

I HAD been in my room in one of these hotels only a few minutes when the phone rang. It was a friend from Hollywood who had heard I was coming. He invited me to come over to breakfast at John Wayne's house. He said he'd send a driver.

Although we had both worked in Hollywood for 20 years, I had never met John Wayne. After I climbed the 50 steps to the veranda of his house, I got my first close-up look at him. He was seated at the head of a large table set for breakfast.

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Also at the table were a producer, a director and a business manager. After introductions I, too, sat down, but I felt like an interloper. The talk, during the meal, was inconsequential, no business—but I wasn't included very much. I had heard that Wayne was wary of reporters and although he was the soul of politeness, I wasn't sure he liked me there. We ate, by the way, bananas plucked from the trees that overhung the porch.

During that first day in Acapulco I spent a good deal of time with John Wayne and his pals. We sat at the beach under a cement canopy and dunked in the water of the lagoon regularly. We had cocktails on the terrace. This involved pulling coconuts from the trees (that also surrounded the house), chopping their heads off, stuffing them with ice—and a drop or two of rum—and sipping the milky liquid through straws. And I had dinner there also.

Dinner was a festive occasion. The house overlooked the sea on a cliff. The terrace was big and the other rooms had no doors, so the area was large and the 30 people who had been invited didn't crowd the place. The food was being served buffet style. There were tiny crisp-fried fish, miniature clams baked in rice, a variety of enchiladas, beef sautéed in a sauce that seemed to be made of cream and mustard and a dozen other things that a fat Mexican cook and her helper had spent the entire day preparing.

Everyone seemed to be having a good time but Wayne. A troupe of Mariachis walked among the guests strumming guitars and singing Mexican ballads. There was light laughter and banter and Carlos, the white-shirted, ever-smiling houseboy seemed to be having the time of his life taking care of everyone's needs. John Wayne was standing over at the far end of the terrace, his foot on a low guard rail, looking at the moon shimmering on the sea. He was dressed in whites and looked like something out of a Somerset Maugham novel, particularly in that setting.

Carlos came over and asked me if I'd like a cocktail. Although I'd made a pig of myself on the food, I said I would, when Wayne spoke.

"The man is a visitor, Carlos," he said. "Let's give him something to remember Mexico."

He came over, took me by the arm, and we followed the now delighted Carlos to the small bar.

"Vino del pais," Wayne said.

Carlos brought a basket of cut limes from beneath the bar, set down a shaker of salt and reached for a bottle.

"Vino what?" I asked.

"Vino del pais," said Wayne. "In English—the Wine of The Country. Tequila."

Carlos put the bottle of tequila on the mahogany bar and set a couple of glasses before it and stood there and grinned. Following Wayne's gestures, I picked up a small cut of lime in my left hand, sprinkled the area behind my thumb with salt and, with my right hand, picked up the glass of tequila.

"Your health," said Wayne. He sucked the lime, licked at the salt, threw the tequila into his mouth and sucked at the lime again. I sucked the lime, licked at the salt, tossed the tequila into my mouth—and spat it out as fast as I could.

Wayne and Carlos started to laugh. They held their sides and laughed at the stranger who tried to drink the Mexican national drink like a native. I got sore.

"Fill it up again, Carlos," I said.

He did. And he filled Wayne's glass. John held his up to me and we clicked them together.

"Salud y pesetas y tiempo para gastarlas!" he said. "That means health, wealth and the time to enjoy them."

"Slainte agas saogail agat!" I said. "That means Health and Life to you."

"What kind of language is that?" said Wayne.

"That's Irish," I said. And I licked the salt, sucked the lime, downed the tequila and licked the salt again. "I did it sort of backwards," I said, "but it takes an Irish toast to drink that kind of stuff."

Wayne laughed harder than before and Carlos followed suit, although he didn't completely understand. Then Wayne downed his drink. "Let's get something more to eat," he said.

I had eaten more than my share, but I went with him.

During the next few days we saw a good deal of each other. Any reserve that had been there at the beginning was gone. We had a lot of fun. We visited the swimming beaches and the boating beaches. We lunched and dined together. One night we did the town together and closed it—and that's hard in Acapulco.

Wherever he went in Acapulco, John Wayne was a celebrity. Not because he was a movie star, but because he was the biggest, lustiest, handsomest man in Mexico. His free and easy manner with the natives made him a hero with them. They liked the way he smiled, and the way he conducted himself like a guest in their country, rather than a rich American spending his money. He was the most popular man in Acapulco—and I was his strongest adherent.

We never talked much about John Wayne until one night when we were having dinner at La Perla, Acapulco's most famous night club and, as far as those who have traveled the world are concerned, the most beautiful in existence. It is carved out of the solid cliff in steps, narrow terraces that are semi-circular, because it lies at the head of a narrow gorge facing the sea. We had eaten and were sitting quietly indulging in the breeze that funnelled up the spout between the cliffs. Some people from Memphis at the next table asked Wayne to come over and have his picture taken with them. He did.

When he got back I asked him how he had ever gotten into pictures.

"I don't know," he said. "I guess I was lucky and a few people believed in me. On my own I'd probably have been a plumber."

"But you like it," I said.

"I make a living having my picture taken," he said. "It's a way to make a living."

"What are you doing down here?" I asked.

He looked at me sharply. "I'm vacationing," he said.

I wanted to ask, "Alone?" but I didn't. Instead, we spoke of other things. We talked about how he had gotten his first break in pictures. How much he owed to John Ford, and how much he loved and respected him. We talked about cows and people and cameramen. We talked about everything but John Wayne and Chata and why he was alone in Mexico just before Christmas.

There was nothing he could have told me about his wife. I knew, from living in Hollywood and reading the papers, all there was to know. She was a beautiful woman, young and talented and vivacious. She was half Mexican and half French. She was a spunky girl who might, by some people, be called temperamental—and I knew that John Wayne had married her because he was in love with her—and he did nothing, including loving, by half measures.

He had named her Chata because of her

pug nose and because that was Mexican for pug nose. They lived in a house in the San Fernando Valley that was a man's house, filled with guns and saddles and the things a man likes to have around. They were a volatile couple, but there had never been a hint of serious trouble in their home. But why was he in Mexico alone just before Christmas?

The next day we didn't talk about anything but Ireland. Wayne had just come back. He had been making *The Quiet Man* there with John Ford directing. He told me how much he liked the Irish people—and how very much they were like the stories he had read of them. We never mentioned Chata.

When it came time to leave it was a sad parting, but a gala occasion. Like the guy who cries when he sees the shadow of beeeeeautiful Hawaii fading into the horizon, I had a lump in my throat. Many of the friends I had met in Acapulco came to see me off, and John Wayne, in shorts and a gay shirt was with them. We shook hands.

"You're a crazy sonovagun," he said. "I'll tell you what. Forget about me. I'll write a story about you."

"That's a deal," I said. "See you when you get back home."

I boarded the plane and once again looked out the window as the pilot slithered through the mountains to a height that would take us away from the tropics. And then Acapulco was gone.

The airlines, because of the pre-holiday traffic, were jammed, so it was necessary for me to stay in Mexico City for two days. That got me out on Christmas Eve.

THE night before I was to leave, I toured the city, in the midst of the Christmas gaiety. The Mexicans enjoy Christmas. They celebrate it at parties called Pasadas, which are held for a week preceding the holiday. And there is one fixture at these parties that represents something very much like our Christmas tree. It is called a Pinata. It is designed in the form of a duck, a horse, an elephant or some other animal. It is made of paper, but the center is a clay bowl. The Pinata is attached to a strong rope. It is pulled to the ceiling and a guest at the party is blindfolded and given a large stick, about the size of a baseball bat. He is then turned loose and told to hit the Pinata and break the clay bowl, which contains gifts and treats for everyone. While the boy or girl is swatting at the Pinata, it is pulled to the ceiling by the rope, firecrackers are set off at his feet, and everyone has a high old time laughing at the antics of the stick-swinger who whacks the air as the Pinata is lowered and raised out of his reach by the rope.

That night before I went to bed I bought a Pinata to take home. It was a pink horse, made of paper with a clay pot in the middle. When I showed up at the Mexico City airport the next afternoon they thought it was very odd, but the customs passed me, because they thought I was a crazy American.

I had ten minutes before plane time so I went into the coffee shop at the airport to wait. I had just ordered when the door flew open and in walked John Wayne.

"I thought about it," he said, "and I figured you'd never make it alone, so I decided to come along with you."

We sat and grinned at each other and when our plane was called we boarded it we took seats side by side and fastened our safety belts.

We had been in the air an hour, maybe, before we spoke.

"Why did you really catch this plane?" I asked him.

"I want to spend Christmas with my wife," he said.

"Trouble?" I asked.

"You know it," he said.

"Yeah—I know it," I said.

"Thanks for not asking me about it in Acapulco," he said.

"I couldn't get it out," I said. "I should have, you know."

"I know," he said. "That's why I said thanks."

"I hope it works out okay," I said. "I hope you both work it out—maybe tomorrow, Christmas."

"So do I," he said. And then, for the first time I've ever heard them said by an actor without a camera, I heard John Wayne say three words. Three famous words that are seldom spoken with the proper feeling in Hollywood. "I love her," he said.

And then the pretty little Mexican hostess came by with the cocktails on the tiny silver tray and John Wayne and I touched glasses and said, "Merry Christmas."

"Look," I said. "Back in the tail of this plane I've got a Pinata—a pink horse Pinata—it's four feet long and three feet high, and I guarantee you no girl in California will have such a Christmas present tomorrow. Take it home to her. And another thing, you talk too much."

The last I saw of him he was walking across the airfield with the pink horse under his arm. THE END

how betty grable lives

(*Continued from page 45*) and Jessica. "Those two little sisters of yours sure are pretty."

The trespassers packed up their basket and blanket and piled into their station wagon. As they pulled away, Betty heard one of the teen-agers say, "The older girl in the middle looks awfully familiar, Ma. I suppose we've seen her in the movies?"

At dinner that evening Harry James heard three versions of the visiting pickers. Vicki said it was she who had discovered the intruders, and Jessie's tale evolved around how she planned to treat the very next stranger who set foot on James' land. "I'll get my gun, Daddy," he vowed, "and shoot those varmints dead."

Harry looked at Betty.

"Television," Betty said. "All her dialogue comes straight from television."

Harry smiled. "What I'm wondering," he said, "is how come people mistake our place for Griffith Park?"

"The truth is," Betty pointed out, "that it does look like a park, and just as inviting, too. Maybe it shouldn't look so inviting."

Harry thought for a minute. "I guess we'll have to change the landscaping, honey. No fooling."

THE Harry James' house is a quarter of a century old, and its landscaping—until Harry decided to change it—resembled a golf course, for this was considered fashionable 25 years ago. Nowadays, the trend is towards informal privacy.

Since it was Harry who had bought the house and re-modeled it from the inside, Betty thought it only fitting that he do a complete job and remodel the outside.

"When Betty agreed with me that we needed some new landscaping," Harry explains, "the first thing I did was clear out our formal Italian garden. It had a lot of chipped statuary, and it gave me the





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feminine syringe
by Nurse
Margaret Kissack



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creeps. Instead of the garden, I built a pool and a brick terrace. Then, I removed the old-fashioned wooden benches that encircled some of the trees. I think those benches are why people used to mistake the place for a public park.

"When I got those down, I ordered some playground equipment for the girls and then put up a fence so that now anyone with half an eye can tell that this is a home and not a community project."

When you walk through the James' house, it's hard to believe that it once belonged to someone else. It so reflects the owners' taste that you imagine it was built on their order from the ground up.

Actually, it was Harry who found the house originally. Betty was working on *Meet Me After The Show* when a real estate agent phoned and asked Harry if he might be in the mood for a little house-hunting.

"Okay," Harry said, "I'll give it a try." That afternoon he plodded through an old 12-room house at the foot of the Hollywood Hills. The place seemed gloomy to him but he liked the wonderful oak panelling, the size of the rooms, and best of all, the price.

At dinner that night—all serious talks in the James family are conducted at the dinner table—Betty asked Harry for his report. "I saw a place this afternoon," Harry began, "that has the makings of a pretty nice estate. It's not at all like the modern jobs we've been looking at, but I think you really ought to take a look."

Betty took a look. "And my first impression," she recalls, "was that the place was a real horror. The outside of the house was painted dirty white over brick. There was a stained-glass skylight in the hall that gave the entrance a kind of Boris Karloff quality. The bathrooms were done in black. No kidding, with a ghastly touch of pink and orchid. There were seven fireplaces in the joint, but five were boarded up, and the two that were working had black marble fronts and rococco mantels. It looked a lot like Gloria Swanson's mansion in *Sunset Boulevard*. And yet, it was a well-built house, with good lines and a sound structure, and as Harry says, the price was right, so right that we bought it."

As soon as this piece of real estate passed into their hands, Betty and Harry called on their old reliable interior decorator, Paul Granard. Twice before, Paul had helped them furnish homes, and he knew all their quirks and preferences.

He knew that Betty prefers ottomans to easy chairs, red to any other color. He knew Harry's predilection for lots of clothes and closet space enough to hang them. He knew, too, that the entire James family loved horses and horsey objects. "And I knew most of all," he says, "that they liked to face a challenge. In redoing this house, they were certainly facing one."

FORTUNATELY, Betty and Harry are both extremely systematic. They organize well, and they know how to execute plans. They started their remodeling in orderly fashion. First project was the front hall.

Here, they knocked out the stained glass skylight and substituted frosted glass. They put in two large windows overlooking the backyard. The effect of these two simple changes was to flood the foyer with sunlight which brought out the rich wood tones of the old English panelling.

In the way of furniture, Paul Granard came up with a green leather bench, a hall mirror, and a matching leather-topped table. "That's all the furniture you need here," Granard said, and Betty agreed. Granard, however, has a habit of giving each of his clients a special little gift when his decorating job is finished. While Betty was working at the studio one day, he planted a double student lamp on the hall table. The lamp has one white and one red glass shade.

When it came to furnishing her new living room, Betty really had a job, because the room is so very large. Using normal size furniture, the room would have held so many pieces it would have resembled a hotel lobby. Realizing this, Betty asked Paul to design three over-scale couches and a coffee table eight feet square. This simple arrangement provides a lot of seating space.

Betty is a pretty utilitarian-minded girl, and she felt strongly that the living room should be used. Why not make it the television room? she asked herself. Next day she had Paul install the family television set in a natural wood cabinet and place the cabinet in the living room. Now as many as 50 or 60 people can gather there comfortably without feeling lost.

The Harry James' library, as you might expect, is not only for books, but is stacked with record albums and horse trophies. The two largest trophies were won by Betty's famous two-year-old "Big Noise." Betty and Harry bred and raised the colt on their ranch. Already he's won $60,000 for his owners.

The library's beauty stems from the contrast of bright modern fabrics and dark antique woodwork. Betty used as much of her favorite red in this room as Harry would stand. She ordered more ottomans than chairs, and when Harry suggested that she turn an under-the-stairs closet into a modest but adequate bar, she kissed him on the cheek and said, "Darling, you're really a frustrated decorator."

It was Betty, though, who pulled off a decorating coup in the dining room. "Let's have three tables in the dining room instead of one," she said. As a result, the two tavern tables along the walls and an English hunt table in front of the fireplace, can be easily combined to form a large horse-shoe table for very large dinners. Other times, Betty arranges a buffet supper on the hunt table, and the guests serve themselves and then sit down at the long tavern tables.

The color scheme in the room is again predominantly red with shades of green and white, and the scenic wall paper is actually a hand-blocked linen showing Derby Day at Churchill Downs.

Betty intended to have the bedroom done in red, too, but Harry put his foot down, so she compromised on raspberry. Paul Granard camouflaged the bed with a tailored spread and a dozen assorted pillows. Harry's first reaction to the pillows was that they looked like lollypops without sticks. "But if Betty's happy," he says, "that's all that counts."

And to make Harry happy, Betty had the attic converted into a dressing-room-study for him. Harry is up half the night when he's working, and during the day he likes a secluded corner of his own. The attic was his answer.

When she runs out of adjectives describing the beauty of her new home, Betty falls back on the essential rightness of the house for her type of family. She points out that it's only a step through her dressing room to the children's room. On work-day mornings, Betty slips quietly out of bed, showers, steps into her slacks, and leaves by way of the girls' room. This way she can take a loving look back at her sleeping daughters.

"Since we've been married," Betty says, "Harry and I have lived in three different houses. This one is the best, and because it is, it will probably be our last."

THE END

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"My cigarette must be kind to my throat...



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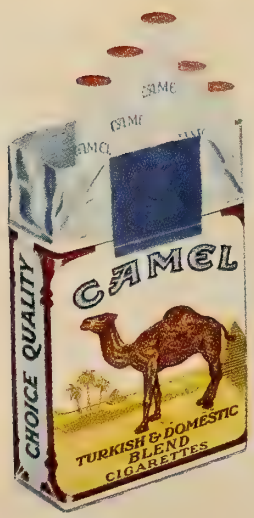
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AVA GARDNER FIGHTS BACK

the inside story behind

CLARK GABLE'S FEUDS

also in this issue:

LOUELLA PARSONS

HEDDA HOPPER

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Doris Day

APR 2 5 19

Look! Camay takes your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of New Loveliness!



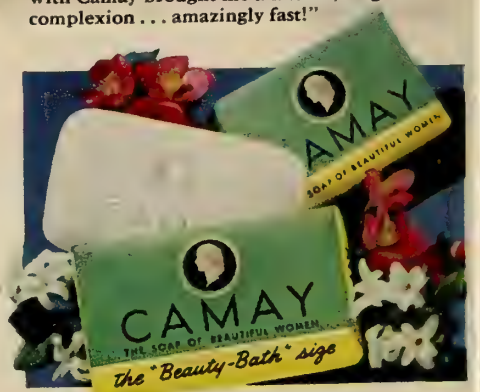
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Camay *the soap of beautiful women*

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IN SUPER CINE COLOR

Bud and Lou on a jaunt to Giant-land--and it's jammed with giant-sized joy!



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GORGEOUS GALS! AND GAY, GAY SONGS!
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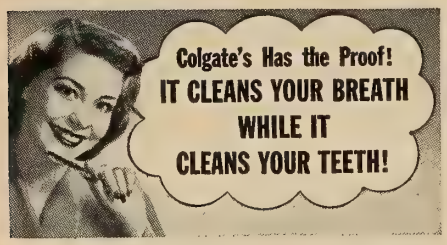
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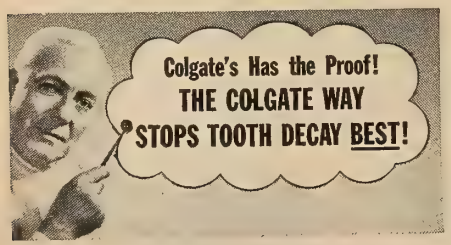
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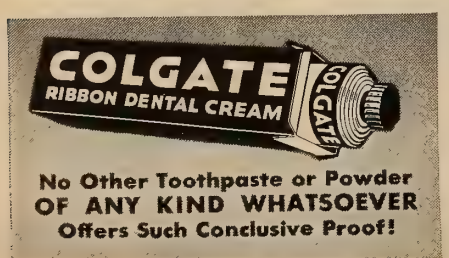
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MAY, 1952

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modern screen

stories

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introducing a brand new service feature

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT....by Jan Sterling, star columnist for May 78

ON THE COVER: Color picture of Warner Bros.' Doris Day by Nickolas Muray. Other picture credits on page 89.

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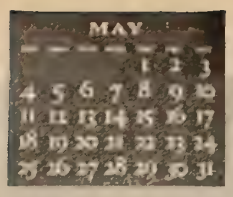
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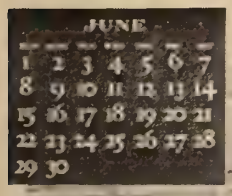
Movie-of-the-Month Calendar





"SKIRTS AHOY!"

stars ESTHER WILLIAMS, JOAN EVANS and VIVIAN BLAINE as three bewitching Waves in a musical romance that's joyous as a Maypole with its songs, dances and water-revels. The star-spangled cast includes Barry Sullivan, Keefe Brasselle and serenader Billy Eckstine in his film debut. A rollicking hit enriched by *Technicolor!*

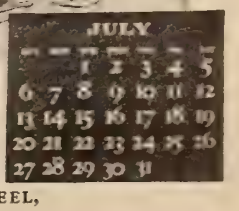




"SCARAMOUCHE"

starring STEWART GRANGER, ELEANOR PARKER, JANET LEIGH and MEL FERRER in the famed Sabatini story of love and adventure filmed in magnificent *Technicolor!*
Something exciting for June!





"LOVELY TO LOOK AT"

stars KATHRYN GRAYSON, RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL, MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER in a musical lilting with romantic melody, gay as Paris and glorious in *Technicolor!*
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NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

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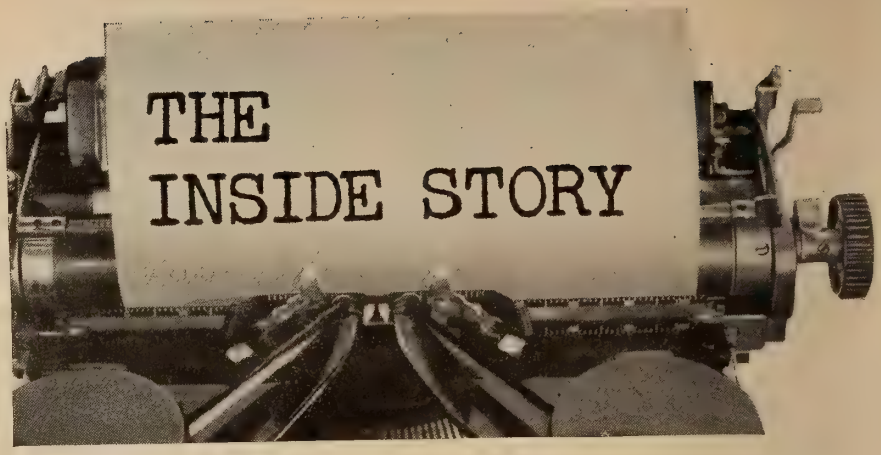
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Frank Sinatra had three children by his first wife. Will he and Ava have any more and does Ava ever see her step-children?—S. O., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Ava would like at least two sons of her own, plans to see the step-children as frequently as the circumstances warrant.*

Q. Is there a religious revival in Hollywood? Is that why there are so many biblical pictures?—Y. O., Denver, Col.

A. *Hollywood tries to anticipate the public's taste. Apparently movie-goers like such films as* David And Bathsheba *and* Samson And Delilah. *The public dictates to Hollywood, never Hollywood to the public.*

Q. Can you tell me how much Tyrone Power earns each week and whether he is standing in the way of his wife's acting career? —B. H., Boston, Mass.

A. *Power's salary is $5,750 a week. He has no objections to Linda Christian's acting career. She has, in fact, recently signed to appear in a Columbia picture.*

Q. Is it true that Greer Garson and Clark Gable dislike each other?
—A. L., Great Neck, N. Y.

A. *Ever since* Adventure *their relationship has been polite but distant.*

Q. What was Dinah Shore's real name before she came to Hollywood?
—G. F., Nashville, Tenn.

A. *Fanny Rose.*

Q. Is Rocky Cooper willing to divorce Gary now because she's found a suitor?
—B. U., Boston, Mass.

A. *Since her estrangement from Gary, Mrs. Cooper has frequently been seen with Bob Six, airlines executive. Although she has no intention of marrying Six, she's willing to divorce Gary.*

Q. I understand that the Corinne Calvet-Zsa Zsa Gabor fight is not a genuine feud but just another publicity stunt. What's the lowdown?
—D. R., Denver, Colo.

A. *You're right. It's a publicity stunt.*

Q. Was Annette Warren, who sang the songs for Ava Gardner in *Show Boat*, told to deny the fact? Where is she now? —D. N., New York, N. Y.

A. *Miss Warren was never told to deny her off-screen role and has never denied it. She is currently playing the night club circuit.*

Q. Is it true that Ingrid Bergman's ex, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, plans to marry Celeste Holm? —A. S., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Miss Holm's divorce does not become final for another seven months. She has no plans for marriage within the next year, and regards Dr. Lindstrom as a friend.*

Q. Isn't Peter Lawford an adopted son?

A. *No.*

Q. How much money do Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis make between them each week? —T. H., Merced, Cal.

A. *When they're both working, $1,450 per week.*

Q. What is the basis of the unpleasantness between Danny Kaye and Red Skelton? —Z. M., Tulsa, Okla.

A. *Kaye allegedly refused to introduce Skelton to the audience when Red followed him at the London Palladium last year.*

Q. Could you tell me who walked out on whom in the Stanwyck-Taylor affair? —M. B., Terre Haute, Ind.

A. *Taylor on Stanwyck.*

Q. I understand that Sid Luft, Judy Garland's heartbeat, was an ex-flame of Eleanor Powell. True?—M. N., N.Y.C.

A. *The truth is that Miss Powell employed Luft as a private secretary for a short period, which may have given rise to romantic rumors.*

Q. Is Deanna Durbin going to make a comeback opposite Mario Lanza? Is it true that Deanna weighs 155 pounds?
—E. W., Dallas, Tex.

(Continued on page 32)

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26 never-to-be-forgotten songs as only Jane Froman can sing them!



starring

SUSAN HAYWARD · RORY CALHOUN · DAVID WAYNE · THELMA RITTER

Written for the Screen and Produced by LAMAR TROTTI · Directed by WALTER LANG



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

ARE ANN BLYTH-CHARLES FITZSIMMONS "THAT WAY" ABOUT EACH OTHER? . . . THE LOUIS B. MAYERS STAGE THE PARTY OF



NEW FIANCE Vittorio Gassman flew from Italy to Shelley Winters, who got to work arranging his divorce from his first wife.



NEW HUSBAND for Gloria Swanson may be former society columnist Brandy Brent. He'd be number six for ever-young Gloria.



THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ROMANCE? Steve Cochran and Ann McCrea make a cozy couple—but Steve's hard to catch!



THE END OF AN OLD ROMANCE? Are Kirk Douglas and Elizabeth Threatt through now that Gene Tierney's got her divorce?

CALL it a presentiment or something, but I just couldn't help calling Elizabeth Taylor before she planed out to London to marry Michael Wilding.

"Elizabeth, are you sure in your heart that you are doing the right thing?" I asked.

Her voice was steady and firm as she replied, "Of course, I am sure. I wouldn't think of taking such a serious step as marriage with Michael unless I was sure that I loved him very much. I'm surprised that you ask."

I said, "But you should be especially careful that you are right this time. You are so young and you have had one unhappy marriage."

"Believe me, I have thought it over carefully and I know in my heart that this marriage will stick," she hesitated a moment, then added, "—forever."

So, in spite of the way the fans feels about her marriage to the British actor 20 years her senior, that was *that* and nothing more to be said about it.

I switched the conversation over to a less dangerous subject and asked about her wedding outfit. "I'm wearing a gray suit which Helen Rose designed for me—very simple, and with it I'll wear a white hat." Very, very different from the magazine cover bride Liz was when she married Nicky Hilton.

Never let it be said that Elizabeth hasn't shown iron determination in making up her mind to wed Wilding. The marriage does not please her fans, his fans, her studio and many of her devoted friends.

And, she can't be superstitious because one of Hollywood's most patronized fortune tellers predicts the marriage hasn't "a chance."

CAN'T mention names—but this is too good to keep:

The eight-year-old son of a famous actor has been very much on his mother's side since the divorce of his parents. The other night the little boy was watching his mother dress for a formal party. As she showed her lovely gown for her son's approval, the kid suddenly said:

"You look beautiful, mother. Can you imagine that *louse* walking out on us?"

GENE KELLY RELIVES REEL-ROLE IN REAL-LIFE SWISS VISIT



Recovering from an appendectomy in Switzerland, Gene is surrounded by fans who want to sing and dance with him a la *American In Paris.*

THE MONTH . . . GENE TIERNEY DENIES ROMANCE WITH TED STAUFFER . . . GORDON MACRAE'S A HIT AT THE COCONUT GROVE

SUNDAY morning at the swank Racquet Club in Palm Springs:

The pink-and-white-striped umbrellas reflect in the blue swimming pool, the waiters stand around listlessly because there won't be much doing until noon.

The four tennis courts are busier with those who have had a less hectic Saturday night. Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer are playing —and winning—every set of mixed doubles they enter.

Kirk Douglas, his body deeply bronzed from the sun and his hair sun-streaked is one of the first on the swimming pool scene for breakfast. Kirk, who is stag over the week-end, stretches out in the sun and doesn't seem to mind that some tourists are surreptitiously snapping his picture.

Sy Bartlett, the writer and Kirk's pal, puts in an appearance. "Hi," says Sy.

"Low," says Kirk—and he isn't kiddin'.

A long table is beginning to fill up with guests elaborately arrayed in sports clothes—and I mean *elaborately.* Mrs. William Powell (the vivacious "Mousie") has on white shorts and a white sweater, the whole outfit embroidered in white pearls like a Sonja Henie skating outfit.

An eastern socialite at the same table wears a red linen "sports" dress with a red sweater covered with sequins. The tourists sort of gulp over our California "sports" styles.

The tables around the pool are crowded now and the waiters scurry around with bulging breakfast trays although it is now way after noon.

Linda Christian and Ty Power drop by to say "hello." They are houseguests of the Darryl Zanucks who have a lovely home in Palm Springs. Ty and his boss and two other men have been playing croquet until dawn.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery (they've built a beautiful home in Palm Springs) show up for tennis and they're actually dressed for *tennis*—Dinah in a cute pair of white shorts and a short sleeved white blouse. George has a camera with him and takes pictures of the "movie stars" around the place.

The sunshine pours over the whole place, the day is warm and perfect—but at four o'clock in the afternoon I hadn't seen one person in the pool.

Oh, well—that's "sports life" and rugged outdoor living among our movie babes in Southern California.

I WASN'T taking anybody's word about how Debbie Reynolds feels about goodlooking Bob Wagner on account of these two young people are certainly getting around together and they've got "that look" in their eyes.

But Debbie just laughed when I cornered her and asked how serious her romance is. "We like each other fine, otherwise we wouldn't spend so much time together. That adds up, doesn't it?

"If you mean anything more serious—no! We both have a long way to go in our careers. Bob is just getting started at 20th and the same goes for me at MGM." (Being a star at 19 is hardly just getting *started,* Debbie.)

She went on, "Bob and I are not new friends. We've known each other a long time—oh, well over a year." (!)

Debbie said she would be 20 years old on April first and she's never been even remotely in love, no shivers up and down her spine, no thrills when the phone rings, not an hour of sleep lost over any male!

So wot's she doin'? "I'm taking tap dancing lessons and next month I have exams coming up to be a Girl Scout leader!"

And to think—Debbie is just the same age as that sparkling woman of the world, Liz Taylor!

CLOSE-UP of Doris Day: Her favorite foods: avocado, roast beef, French fried onions, baked potato with sour cream and chives and fried chicken—and she doesn't gain a pound. But now and then she gets "gastronomic conscience" and goes on the yogurt and blackstrap molasses routine . . . Deeply religious, but very quietly so, she says her prayers morning and night and frequently before she goes into a difficult scene . . . She doesn't drink, smoke or travel the nightclub circuit but she doesn't like this emphasized lest people think she is a prude . . . She would rather sing than anything in the world and she's a far better dancer than she gets credit for . . . It upset her greatly when stories were printed that she and Danny Thomas were "feuding" over honors in *I'll See You In My Dreams.* She and Danny sent each other letters and telegrams and flowers vowing affection and admiration and denying any knowledge of how the false rumor started . . . She considers herself one of the blessed because she is a completely happy person . . . She is definitely the "little woman" in her married life, Marty Melcher being very much the head of the house . . . She likes to play baseball and football with her ten-year-old son, Terry Jordan, born of her first marriage (to Al Jordan, trombonist with Jimmy Dorsey's band) . . . Her real name is Doris Kapplehoff and sometimes she signs notes to her husband and son as merely "Kapplehoff" . . . Her philosophy is—if your work is a struggle you're in the wrong business. "People drown who struggle too hard," says Doris.

FOR the third year the Louis B. Mayers gave a party honoring Ann and Henry Ford II and for gayety, beautifully gowned women and a unanimous good time it was, as usual, the best party of the year.

The Mayfair Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel was ablaze with red and white flowers and the mirror-walls were decorated with baby orchids.

Our table was particularly gay with Bob Hope and George Burns telling stories to such appreciative listeners as Irene Dunne (she, too, has a poodle hair cut, surprising because Irene seldom goes in for any kind of fad), Henry Ford, Mervyn Le Roy, Dinah Shore, Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt and our charming hostess, Lorena.

It had been a long time since any of us had seen Greer Garson, she's such a busy belle in Texas these days. Greer looked wonderful with her red hair swept back from her face and tied at the nape of her neck—like a portrait from Godey's Lady Books.

Joan Bennett, who has attended few big parties since the shooting headlines, wore a stunning gown of hyacinth chiffon and looked unbelievably beautiful.

June Allyson in white, Esther Williams in pale pink, Gracie Allen in champagne chiffon under black lace, Ann Sheridan in black,



Are you in the know?

If you spy a sliver in the fricassee—

☐ *Sound off* ☐ *Inform your squire*

A delectable dish—till you eagle-eye a sliver (or whatever) in same. So . . . you tag the head waiter and sound off. Or do you? If you'd avoid disapproving glances, you'll quietly mention the snag to your date; let him arrange for a new serving. If you're glance-conscious at *trying* times, scoff off anxiety with Kotex: those *flat pressed ends* defy revealing outlines. And your new Kotex belt gives added *comfort.* Made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling. Washable. Dries fast!



When a gal's "all ears," what's the cure?

☐ *Clam up* ☐ *A forward look* ☐ *Drop earbobs*

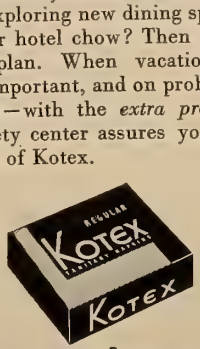
'Tisn't the snooper type we mean—(just wanted to keep you guessing). It's a gal with really outsize ears. The remedy? Ixnay on skinned-rabbit hairdo's. Cover ears with curls that turn softly forward. And for the softness you want and need in sanitary protection—count on Kotex. It *holds its shape,* keeps you comfortable. Made to stay soft while you wear it!



Which hotel plan should you choose?

☐ *American* ☐ *European*

Maybe the American plan (meals included) appeals to you. But mornings, would you rather sleep than yawn into the bacon n' eggs? Or prefer exploring new dining spots to dashing back for hotel chow? Then consider the European plan. When vacationing, being carefree's important, and on problem days let Kotex help—with the *extra protection* that special safety center assures you. Try all *3 absorbencies* of Kotex.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S. **To stay dainty** at "that" time, choose Quest* deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, because Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors. Buy Quest powder today.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Van and Evie Johnson drink in Greer Garson's words at the Damon Runyon dinner. Greer's been in Texas with hubby Buddy Fogelson.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Anne Baxter were all fashion plates.

But in the men's field—Georgie Jessel topped them all. He wore white tie and tails and his date was Marilyn Monroe in a bright red dress.

SHORT SHOTS: An eastern columnist printed Ava Gardner Sinatra was "expecting" in August. Ava says no one is sorrier than she and Frankie that it *isn't* true.

Gene Tierney called me from Mexico City to deny that she's the new love in Ted Stauffer's life now he's divorced from Hedy Lamarr. Gene took her own divorce from Oleg Cassini very hard.

Mitzi Gaynor has THE assignment of the year (that is, it will be so considered by belles who like to eat). She's been told to put on 20 pounds for *The Girl Who Couldn't Help It* at 20th—about a streamlined gal who gets fat while her best fella is in the army. But alack and alas, she has to get it all off again before the end of the picture.

I wish a good stylist would take over Marilyn Monroe's clothes problem. It's hard for a girl with that gorgeous figure to go so wrong on clothes—but Marilyn accomplishes it.

Rocky Cooper says she "offered" Gary Cooper a divorce six months ago and he asked her not to go through with it!

The best news of the month is the reconciliation between John Wayne and Esperanza. They were both miserable apart.

What a touching and sincerely beautiful thing Mercedes McCambridge said to me several says after the death of her baby. She and Fletcher Markle had hoped and prayed so much for the little boy who was born dead.

"God knows better about these things than we do," Mercedes said. "Fletcher and I have so many things to be grateful for; we have each other and my little son by a previous marriage, and good health and our work. These things we try to remember in our sorrow instead of asking 'Why?' "

GORDON MACRAE'S Coconut Grove debut was a wow—just as everyone expected the place was jammed with stars to welcome one of the most popular guys in our town. But what turned out to be a surprise (in a way) is that he broke all existing records at the place—even the high set by Tony Martin.

Sheila beamed as her husband sang, played the sax, told funny stories and gave imitations of Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Frankie Laine, Sheila has (*Continued on page 10*)

NOW—the most fabulous permanent since home waves were introduced!

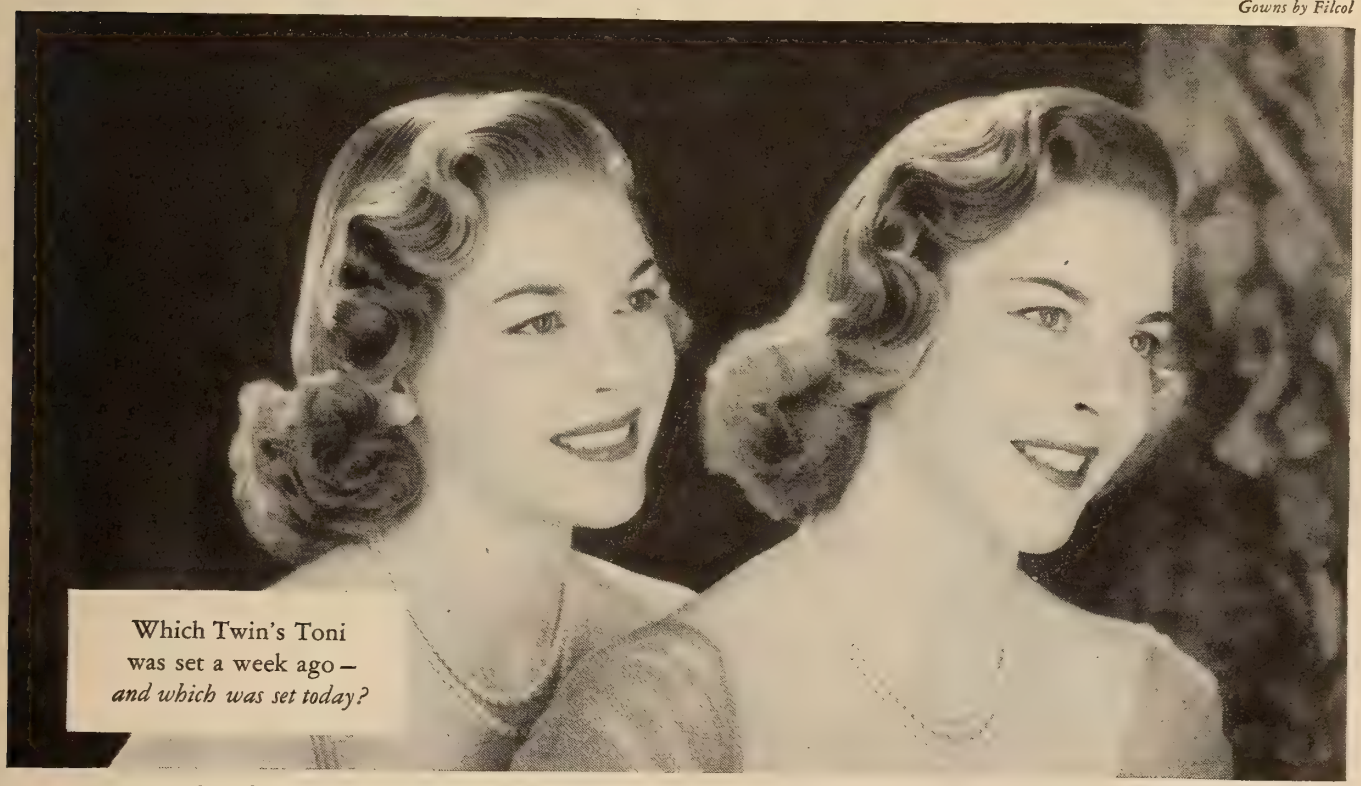
New Toni

WITH PRICELESS PINK LOTION



Never before—a wave so lovely! So lively! So lasting!
Holds the set longer than any other permanent!

Gowns by Filcol



Beverly Dahm, on the right, had her Toni set just before this picture was taken—Barbara, on the left, had her Toni set one week before and never re-set it! Proof that Priceless Pink lotion gives a wave that stays lovely without re-setting!

You'll forget all other ideas about permanents the first time you use New Toni with Priceless Pink lotion. For it gives a wave with the vibrant spring and silky-softness of a natural wave. And it holds the set longer than any other permanent.

Never a lotion so wonderful! New Priceless Pink lotion curls more *completely*—yet is *kinder* to your hair! And that means a lovelier, livelier wave for you. Less re-setting. New freedom from nightly chore of pin curls.

Never a neutralizer so fast! You save 20 minutes with the new Permafix method of neutralizing. And because Permafix neutralizes more thoroughly, it "locks in" your Toni wave so it can't come out.

Today have a Toni with New Priceless Pink lotion—and you'll forget your hair was ever straight.

New Toni Refill **$1.50**

Toni *makes you forget your hair was ever straight!*

New Permanent For Children

Tonette

A new children's home permanent by Toni—specially made for youngsters' fine hair that resists ordinary permanents. Now every little girl's hair "takes" a wave—with Tonette!



$1.50

Tonette Refill

You get a generous size 25¢ bottle of

Kreml® Shampoo FREE

OF EXTRA COST



When you buy a 59¢ jar of

5-day deodorant pads

the daintiest way to daintiness ever!



Once you try them . . . you'll always buy them.

Just pat with a pad and your perspiration problems are over.

No messy fingers! No trickle down your sides! Just pat a pad . . . then throw it away!

8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than average of all leading brands tested! Yet 5-day pads can't affect clothes or normal skin. Guaranteed to stay moist in the jar indefinitely.

Discover 5-day pads today . . . and get your FREE Kreml Shampoo. Offer for limited time only!

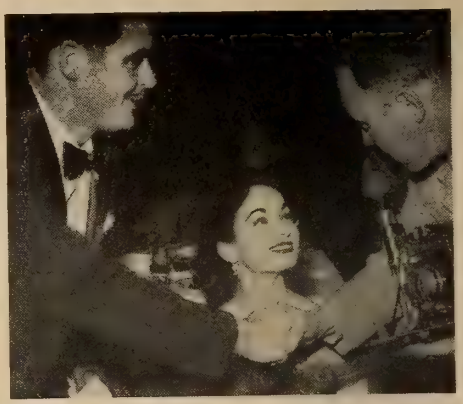


***"We Powers Models** use only Kreml Shampoo"* says lovely Nancy Gaggin! The natural oils of this famous beauty shampoo help keep hair looking silky and smooth. Try it *at no cost* today . . . in this special offer!

5-day deodorant pads

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% on other deodorants, pay only *2¢ on* **25¢** *size . . . 4¢ on* **59¢** *size . . . 5¢ on* **$1.00** *size*

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Charlie Fitzsimmons (he's Maureen O'Hara's kid brother) extends a glad hand as Ann Blyth looks on. He's her most serious beau to date.

(*Continued from page 8*) a new poodle haircut and on her it looks good.

At their table were seated Jeff Chandler and his wife. Other guests of the MacRaes' were the Gene Nelsons, the Dean Martins and the Danny Thomases.

CAPERING with Cupid: Terry Moore and Johnny Ray living it up, walking on clouds, soooo crazy about each other for the whole week he was visiting in Hollywood. Need I remind you that Johnny is our new song stylist whose "Little White Cloud That Cried" is the No. 1 hit. Only it turned pink when he was with Terry.

Has Ann Blyth finally tumbled? She's dating regularly with Charles Fitzsimmons, 26-year-old brother of Maureen O'Hara, and a good looker if I ever saw one. He's taking a refresher course in law at UCLA and he has played in a movie or two. So far, Ann has paid more attention to him than to any other man in her young life.

Rock Hudson, who said "no more movie star romances" when he and Vera-Ellen parted, seems to mean it. His new girl is script-girl Betty Abbott, niece of Bud Abbott.

THE Letter Box: From Antwerp comes a blast from "Ann F" in very definite English: "We are sick to death of Elizabeth Taylor—tired of looking at her and hearing about her!"

Mrs. Emmett Lawrence of Liverpool, Ohio, wants Norma Shearer to know her fans want her back on the screen again. "No one since has equaled her loveliness and talent."

Marilyn Barnhause says Steve Cochran is Tops and wants to know how old he is. Steve's 27, Marilyn, isn't married and lives with his dog Tchaikowsky. You're welcome.

Pat Samuelson, who has met Yvonne De Carlo in person, wants other fans to know that "Yvonne is the very nicest to meet of all of them—not stuck up or standoffish at all."

If Mario Lanza is in dangerously poor health, I haven't heard about it, Joyce Walters. He has had to diet strenuously—but not dangerously.

G. F. Heinen says I neglect Cary Grant and Walter Pidgeon in this department. Good heavens, let me get busy about them both next month. They are favorites of mine, too.

Ann McKay, Philadelphia, thinks Dale Robertson is the greatest and the best of the he-men. But, she adds, "Burt Lancaster is delicious, too." Burt will cringe at that "delicious," Ann. Well, guess that's all. See you next month.

ALAN
LADD
LIZABETH
SCOTT
ARTHUR
KENNEDY
JOHN
IRELAND

RED MOUNTAIN

STAINED BY THE BLOOD OF THE WEST'S GREATEST HEROES

One of the frontier's epic adventures brings one of the greatest action spectacles to the screen!



Ladd crams it with excitement— nature crowns it with magnificence!

AN EXPLOSIVE NEW ROMANTIC COMBINATION!

They matched bullet for bullet kiss for kiss!

in *HAL WALLIS'* PRODUCTION

RED MOUNTAIN

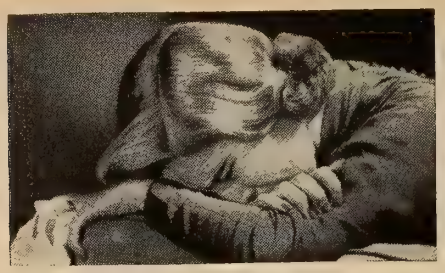
Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE

Screenplay by John Meredyth Lucas, George F. Slavin and George W. George

From a Story by George F. Slavin and George W. George · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

The grandeur of the West— Settings never before filmed—now in blazing *COLOR BY*

Technicolor



Why risk ruin of your marriage

with neglect of intimate hygiene creating another you!



Be the *Real* you your husband loves!

TAKE no chances with your intimate hygiene! Be the *real* you who won your husband's love . . . confident, serene . . . sure of your feminine daintiness.

Douche regularly with "Lysol." Cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Kills germ life quickly on contact. Non-caustic, will not harm delicate tissue. Recommended by many doctors.

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today. Use it *regularly!* Don't ever risk *neglect* that can create *another* you—unsure, unhappy in your marriage. Send today for *free* booklet on feminine hygiene, prepared in collaboration with a leading gynecologist. Mailed in plain envelope. Write Harriet Dean, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Box D.M.-525, Bloomfield, N. J.

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Concentrated Germ-Killer



SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for The Hollywood Reporter



LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Come closer and I'll tell you a secret. Farley Granger takes a trip to Europe this summer to forget all about Shelley Winters . . . You fans, through your mail, are showing a revived interest in Ingrid Bergman. Is it the new Rossellini bambino that's renewing your curiosity in this once most luminous of all Hollywood's stars? . . . The first big femme stars to go all-out for acting on television will be Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Barbara Stanwyck and Irene Dunne . . . His work in *Viva Zapata!* will mean even bigger and better roles for Marlon Brando. And in this picture—for once!—you can understand what Marlon's saying. He doesn't mumble as much as he used to . . . Warners would like to get Judy Garland to play the lead in *The Helen Morgan Story,* which will give out with the whole story of that tragic singer of the bathtub gin era.



Garland

It's my considered opinion that Donald O'Connor's great singing and dancing talents haven't even been scratched in either pictures or TV, and that includes his smash performance in *Singin' In The Rain.* The next few years should see Don established once and for all as one of the biggest stars in Hollywood . . . Watch for Frank Sinatra, Brenda Marshall Holden, Jane Wyman, Ann Rutherford and Mona Freeman to blossom out as artists. They slip into smocks once a week and meet at Paul Hesse's studio to paint under Paul Clemens' supervision . . . Incidentally, the planned Korean jaunt of Ava G. and Frankie was postponed at press time till summer. Frankie could stay in the Pacific only 12 days, and if the Army takes him it's gotta be for at least three weeks . . . Lana Turner's new seven-year contract at MGM will be the best ever handed an actress there. It calls for only two pictures a year, with 14 weeks' vacation between each film. Greg Bautzer bowed out as her attorney after eight months of negotiation on the contract.



O'Connor



Taylor

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Liz Taylor made a down payment on a home here for herself and Mike Wilding before planing to London to marry him . . . Oddly enough, Liz attended a party thrown for the President of Mexico's son, Miguel Aleman, by an old flame, Stan Donen, shortly before she took off for her wedding! But it was "just friendly," to quote Liz herself . . . Up to Liz's leave-taking, MGM costumer designer Helen Rose was throwing together a gray gown with organdy trimmings for the breathless star's marriage, and on the Sunday she took off her mother, Mrs. Frances Taylor, spent all afternoon frying chicken for her daughter to nibble enroute to Los Angeles' International Airport . . . John Wayne's reconciliation with Esperanza involved a pink straw horse contributed by peacemaker Jimmy Henaghan . . . Dewey Martin, who'll emerge as a new star in support of Kirk Douglas in *The Big Sky,* married Margaret Ann Havelhurst, a San Francisco gal . . . Fernando Lamas helped Lana carve her birthday cake for the photogs . . . Well, the Lana-Lamas romance may be just a publicity gag, as they say in some quarters, but we've got a feeling Fernando really cared through it all.



the Waynes

The walls of Walter Wanger's office are still covered with pictures of Joan Bennett . . . Jay Kantor, the agent whose apartment was reported by police as being used for meetings by Miss Bennett and Jennings (*Continued on page 14*)



THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE RINGING FOR THAT "BORN YESTERDAY" BABE...in the story of a marriage from "I do" to "Drop dead!"—and back again!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

JUDY HOLLIDAY

—Last time she won the Academy Award
— this time she'll win your heart, too!

the Marrying Kind

introducing

ALDO RAY
—Judy's new light of love!



with MADGE KENNEDY
Written by RUTH GORDON and GARSON KANIN
Produced by BERT GRANET
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR

I dreamed I stopped at a Sidewalk Cafe in my maidenform bra®

I came to watch the world pass by...but passersby refuse to pass! They linger on the sidelines to marvel over *my* lines...so smart, so secure, so *chic* in my Maidenform! Of course it's incredibly flattering, gives me a really sensational lift... (my Maidenform, I mean!)



*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Maidenform's dream of a bra—
Maidenette* Strapless in broadcloth and lace;
acetate satin and nylon marquisette...from $2.00
There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure!

© 1952 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. COSTUME: JEAN CAMPBELL AT SPORTWHIRL HAT: MAGO HAYES

hollywood report continued

Lang, has been moved to New York by his employer, MCA . . . New two around town: Joan and her ex-husband, Gene Markey . . . More new twos: Patricia Knight, Cornel Wilde's ex, and Kirk Douglas; Ann Blyth and Maureen O'Hara's brother Charles; Janice Rule and Arthur Loew, Jr.; Dan Dailey and Kathleen Hughes; Marilyn Maxwell and Scott Brady . . . Bill Lundigan celebrated his contract renewal and raise at 20th by gifting his spouse, Rena, with a Ford convertible . . .



Durbin

Deanna Durbin is due back in Hollywood in September, after all these years. Producer Joe Pasternak has this to say about Deanna: "The fans never leave the stars—the stars leave the fans." And he's so right . . . Condolences to Mercedes McCambridge and Fletcher Markle, who lost their child . . . Betsy von Furstenberg and Nick Hilton have been a long-distance item.

ODDS BODKINS:

Pvt. Vic Damone wrote to Virginia Mayo from overseas, asking her to send him an autographed picture! Vic, whose friends in Flickerdom are many, must be quite the star with his GI buddies himself . . . In real life John Derek and Harry Lauter are best friends. In reel life they're playing best friends in Columbia's *Prince Of Pirates* . . . A new wedding chapel in Las Vegas is called The Hitching Post . . . MGM had an awful time this year deciding which of three supporting actor nominees to push for the Oscar. Three of them work for MGM: Gig Young, Leo Genn and Peter Ustinov . . . Wait'll you see the NEW Jan Sterling. Her resemblance to Lana Turner is amazing since she's had her nose altered . . . Biggest name-dropper in Hollywood is agent Henry Willson. By dropping 'em, I mean he's the guy who changed Roy Fitzgerald's name to Rock Hudson, Marilyn Louis to Rhonda Fleming, Francis Timothy McCowan to Rory Calhoun, Gail Shikles to Craig Stevens, Robert Moseley to Guy Madison, Arthur Gelien to Tab Hunter (here's a kid who'll be a big star soon!) and Charles Locher to Jon Hall.

Flashiest sight of the month: Van Johnson as emcee at Irene's fabulous star-modeled evening gown show was wearing a red vest, red wool sox and black velvet slippers embroidered with "V.J." in gold . . . Did you happen to see an old Monogram picture on TV called *Ghosts On The Loose?* It starred the East Side Kids, and AVA GARDNER was their leading lady! . . . Rita Lupino, Ida's actress sister, is studying law at Southwestern university . . . The weepiest double-bill of the year was shown here at the Valley Theatre: *The Blue Veil* and *Bright Victory* . . . Did you know that Lana Turner, Alexis Smith and MGM's Nanette Fabray, were all Hollywood High School classmates, and that Alexis and Nanette spent most of *(Continued on page 16)*



Johnson



Want to Lose Weight?

Listen to Hedy Lamarr!



• An enthusiastic music lover, Hedy Lamarr has a large collection of records. Says Hedy: "Many stars in Hollywood take Ayds to keep themselves in trim. It keeps your figure looking slim and lovely."



• Here is Hedy Lamarr exercising with her Great Dane, Doner. "If I find myself putting on weight, the first thing I turn to is Ayds," says Hedy. "I can sincerely recommend it to you and all my friends."



• Hedy Lamarr in one of her most famous roles. "Every star has to take care of her figure," says Hedy. "Ayds is the natural way to reduce. It helps you slim the way Nature intended you to."

No Drugs...No Diet...Not a Moment's Hunger!

If you want a lovelier figure, let Hedy Lamarr tell you how. Lose unwanted fat the safe, healthful Ayds way—without dieting or hunger.

Proved by Clinical Tests

With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

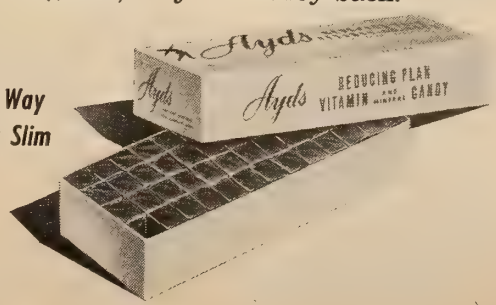
Controls Hunger and Over-eating

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no hunger pangs ever. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

Results Guaranteed

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. You will lose weight with your first box ($2.98) or your money back.

Slim the Way the Stars Slim



THE LOVELIEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD TAKE AYDS



Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. You see, Dial's bland beauty-cream lather does far more than remove dirt and make-up...does far more than give you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. Here's the important *difference:* when you use Dial with AT-7 every day—it effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread pimples and surface blemishes. Skin doctors know this, and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays



© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

hollywood report continued

their time neglecting their schoolwork to envy the Turner curves? . . . And that Lana's wardrobe includes 101 pairs of white slacks, 97 black shirts to go with them and 300 pairs of shoes? . . . Whoops! A Culver City theatre's marquee had this emblazoned on it: *Pandora,* with Ava Gardner, *For Men Only!* . . . Kathryn Grayson picked up a real collector's item during her trip to Lima, Peru: an old Fernando Lamas recording. He was quite the singing star there.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Tony Curtis answers the phone at home by shouting: "Hungarian Underground!" . . .



Lynn

Diana Lynn posed in some of architect-hubby John Lindsay's homes for a magazine layout, only to find one home that she can't get out of her mind. Now she wants to buy it! . . . Bette Davis and Gary Merrill entered daughter Barbara in the Progressive School of Hollywood and adopted another child, this time a boy . . . Franchot Tone and Barbara Payton hung a "For Rent" sign on their newly re-decorated Sunset Plaza Drive home, which probably means they'll stay away from Hollywood for a spell . . . Pete Lawford spent two months looking for a bachelor apartment. He's been getting restless living with his folks . . . Wally Russell, Jane's brother, landed a part in RKO's *This Man Is Mine* . . . The Ida Lupino-Howard Duff baby isn't expected till summer but they've already finished frilling up the nursery.

Van and Evie Johnson celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary, thus confounding those who said it wouldn't last . . . Ava has learned to make spaghetti better'n Frankie! She has also gone domestic in a big way. She bought some fancy matching ashtrays for their bedroom, so's she and Frankie won't disturb each other smoking in bed.

TIME TABLES:

It takes Marilyn Monroe 25 minutes to put on her lipstick . . . And it took Mario Lanza two months but he cut his weight from 230 to 184 . . . Shirley Temple's baby is due in mid-May . . . Miriam (Mrs. Gene) Nelson's appearance at the Coconut Grove for Gordon MacRae's Los Angeles nightclub debut was her first night out since she lost her baby.

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Jane Russell is threatening to walk out on her RKO contract the same time Bob Mitchum leaves . . . From a card postmarked Italy: "Italians were startled out of their minds the other day when they saw Shelley Winters walking along in a skin-tight pair of beige gabardine slacks. All agreed that for *her* travel is *very* broadening!" . . . On his South American tour, How-



Winters

(*Continued on page 92*)





Above: An actual photo of an ordinary bra **without** the Magic Insets.
Below: Change to a "Perma·lift" bra **with** the Magic Insets and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort. . . . . .

LOOK FOR THE MAGIC INSET AND

Enjoy the difference

When you wear your first "Perma·lift"* strapless bra, you'll know there's a wonderful, wonderful difference.

The kitten soft Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups assure lovely curves, guarantee they'll stay that way.

Enjoy the difference—it costs no more, yet means so much.

I. Magic Insets are *guaranteed* to outlast the life of your "Perma·lift" bra—no matter how often you wash it or wear it.

II. Magic Insets support from below, are cool and comfortable always.

III. Magic Insets give you a lovely, lasting uplift —assure you of a youthful bustline.

Have your favorite corsetiere fit you in a "Perma·lift" strapless bra today—you'll enjoy the difference, $2.50 to $7.50.

Perma·lift
BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

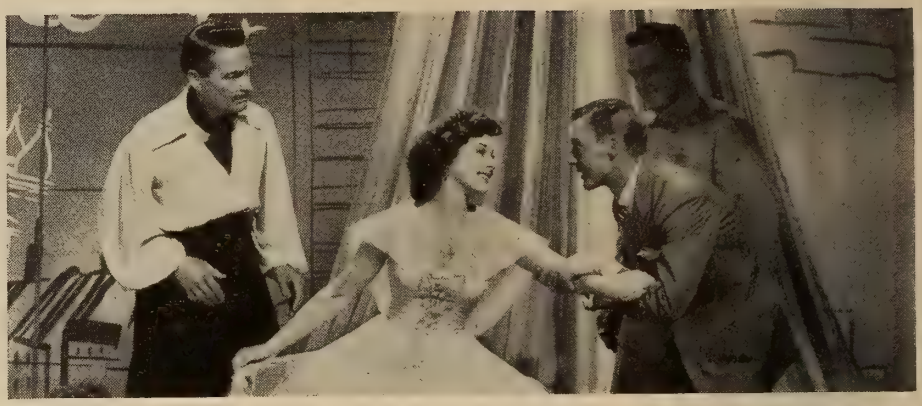
*"Perma·lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company Chicago · New York · Los Angeles (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)



Discover the color magic of Noreen ...abundant, natural-looking, temporary color that glorifies any shade of hair. Noreen dramatizes gray and white hair...blends-in unwanted gray. Easy to apply ...just rinse-in fresh and new after each shampoo. 14 shades...15¢, 30¢, 60¢ sizes. Also applied in Beauty Salons. Available in Canada.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by seymour peck



picture of the month

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

■ *With A Song In My Heart* salutes the impressive courage and talent of singer Jane Froman, whose injuries in a plane crash near Lisbon in 1943 nearly cost her her life, and threatened to rob her forever of a glittering career in show business. The saga of Miss Froman's comeback on the stage, her perseverance through 25 agonizing operations, her will to go on, are certainly an inspiration to all who know affliction. And this large-scale Technicolor musical pays her homage with taste and skill. *With A Song In My Heart* uses *The Jolson Story* technique—that is, Susan Hayward plays Jane Froman, but whenever Susan opens her mouth to sing the voice that comes out is actually Miss Froman's. It works fine, since the synchronization is expert and Miss Hayward has just the right sultry, torchy look that goes with Miss Froman's sultry, torchy singing voice. There are 30 topnotch tunes that Miss Froman has sung during the last 15 years, there are David Wayne and Rory Calhoun to help greatly as the men in Jane Froman's life, and there is Thelma Ritter to lighten the movie's sadder moments with her tough, refreshingly hard-boiled humor. All these should make *With A Song In My Heart* a very popular movie.
Cast: Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, Thelma Ritter.—20th Century-Fox.

THE PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS

For the kids who play ball in a backlot, for the fans who crowd the ball parks, for all America that loves and follows baseball, *The Pride Of St. Louis* is the movie to see. This is the lively saga of Jerome Herman Dean—also known as Dizzy Dean—who started out pitching barefoot in the Ozarks and rose to glory as one of baseball's most colorful and dazzling hurlers. The movie concentrates on the few years when Dizzy made history for St. Louis, his sad decline when his pitching arm went bad, and his climb to fame as a radio sports announcer. At the age of ten Dizzy was picking four or five hundred pounds of cotton a day. He made his way working hard, talking fast, and demonstrating tremendous confidence in himself. This confidence, *The Pride Of St. Louis* does not hesitate to point out, bordered on egotism. "Ya pitched a great game," someone says to Dizzy in the movie. "Yeah, I did, didn't I?" Dizzy replies. Dizzy's virtues and his weaknesses are unfolded here. Dan Dailey is perfectly cast as Diz—tall, gabby, jovial, and sometimes childlike. And Joanne Dru is helpful as the wife who tries to make Dizzy settle down to the realities of his up-and-down career. *The Pride Of St. Louis* has a natural in Dizzy Dean, his story, and baseball itself.
Cast: Dan Dailey, Joanne Dru, Richard Hylton, Richard Crenna.—20th Century-Fox.

LOVE IS BETTER THAN EVER

Since this is leap year, MGM has come up with a delightful, delicious leap-year love story—of a nice girl's determined efforts to hook a boy who is just as determined not to get hooked. Since the girl is Elizabeth Taylor, you may wonder how Larry Parks can resist her, but he is a slightly tough Broadway character. "Not the type for marriage," laments Liz, a dancing school teacher in New Haven, Conn., to her dad. "Every man thinks he's not the type," replies Dad. And from there on Liz—with a slight assist from Dad—puts on a romantic campaign that proves a little dancing teacher from New Haven can outsmart a hep bachelor from New York every time. *Love Is Better Than Ever* is fun because Liz, Parks, the writer and director all bring a fresh, youthful enthusiasm to their work that is wholly contagious.. Not the least of the gayety in *Love Is Better Than Ever* comes from Liz's small dancing school in New Haven, where eager parents bring their kiddies, determined to make Eleanor Powells or Pavlovas out of the little dears. The annual show which the tots put on for their proud parents—a wonderfully amateurish, costumed pageant—is altogether hilarious. "I'm a grape," one tiny boy whispers solemnly to Larry Parks backstage. "I'm happy for you," whispers Parks just as solemnly.
Cast: Larry Parks, Elizabeth Taylor, Tom Tully, Josephine Hutchinson.—MGM.



Her gown, ice white eyelet organdy frosted over pink taffeta, by Betty Lane.

How wonderful to be his love . . . keep his love, always. And for this moment . . . you'll want to be sure you won't offend. That's why smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant.

For when you use FRESH daily, you get both continuous and special protection in moments of emotion and exertion. Because FRESH's amazing "moisture-control" formula gives that special protection you need. No other deodorant makes you this promise!



Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.



Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness . . . bathe daily with mild, fragrant FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap, containing a miracle odor-preventing ingredient to keep you "bath fresh" from head-to-toe all day!

Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!



BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super" cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.



BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta's sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.



RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather ... it lets those coppery lights shine out undimmed.



GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES with silver. Yes, Shasta's sparkle-giving lather brightens *all* hair color. See for yourself how Shasta Cream Shampoo, with its super cleansing action, enriches *your* hair color.



29¢ to 89¢

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.*

New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

NAVAJO

Navajo is a fresh and charming folk tale of a little Indian boy's love and pride in his land, his ancestors and his traditions. Produced for what Hollywood would call peanuts—$100,000—*Navajo* is far more likely to appeal to movie audiences, especially children, than many costly epics we could name. For it relies on a straightforward, lifelike story, on the breathtaking cliffs and mountains and plains of the Southwest, where the Navajo people dwell today on a reservation, and on the appealing face of Francis Kee Teller, a Navajo lad who is no more than eight years old. Francis, who has never acted before, plays a child who wants to live today just as his ancestors lived. He resents bitterly the school the U. S. government maintains on the reservation, since it will teach him the white man's ways and draw him away from old Indian beliefs and rituals. When he is sent to the school, Francis runs away and hides in the cliffs, where *Navajo* comes to a striking and touching conclusion. Around Francis *Navajo* weaves the folklore and magic of the Indian and altogether proves as fresh and different from most movies as a diamond is from a rhinestone. *Navajo* is a small diamond, but it is pure.

Cast: Francis Kee Teller, John Mitchell.—Lippert.

RANCHO NOTORIOUS

Rancho Notorious wants to be a Western—at the same that it wants to poke fun at Westerns. It turns out to be not a very good Western or a very good joke. Especially in its strange casting does the movie hurt itself. For it asks Mel Ferrer, one of the most soulful, ascetic and intellectual looking of our younger actors, to be a dangerous, hard-bitten desperado, Frenchy Fairmont, the fastest draw in the old West. And it asks Arthur Kennedy, another serious actor, to be the bold, daring, fist-fighting Western hero, out to find—and kill—the varmint who slew his sweet, innocent fiancée. By now we have all gotten used to seeing glamorous, continental Marlene Dietrich in Westerns, but you may find it difficult to accept her as the sweetheart of young Ferrer. As the proprietor of a secret ranch where outlaws may hide from the sheriff, Marlene wears some of the most uncommonly gorgeous gowns ever seen in old Texas, sings several throaty songs, and gradually falls out of love with Ferrer and into love with Kennedy. Aiming at something unusual, *Rancho Notorious* has achieved only something a little foolish.

Cast: Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, Mel Ferrer.—RKO.

FIVE FINGERS

Five Fingers is perhaps the most startling and unique spy story to come out of Hollywood—and it becomes all the more startling when one realizes it is quite, quite true. During World War II—it can now be told—a highly trusted valet in the British Embassy in Ankara, Turkey, made himself more than one million dollars by handing over to the Nazis nearly every secret that was locked away in the Embassy safe, even including plans for the opening of a second front in Europe. With James Mason acting the valet, Fox relates this adventure in treachery in one of the most engrossing, original and suspenseful thrillers to reach the screen. Director Joseph L. Man-

kiewicz has wisely shot much of the movie right in Ankara and Istanbul and has captured the cynical world of espionage in all its cleverness, loathsomeness and sordidness. Mason gives the outstanding performance of his Hollywood career as the valet turned spy. Beautiful Danielle Darrieux is equally fascinating—and repellent—as a Polish countess left penniless by the war and willing to sell herself to any side just to be able to live again the luxurious life she had once known. Michael Rennie comes in effectively as a British agent pursuing Mason across Turkey.
Cast: James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie.—20th Century-Fox.

PAULA

Somewhere in *Paula* there is a genuine human problem, however it is very nearly buried. The movie follows Loretta Young, as Paula, through a real and recognizable misfortune—the loss of her infant at birth, and the discovery that she can never bear children again. However, instead of probing honestly the emotions of Paula and her professor husband, Kent Smith, it nose-dives into implausible melodrama. Paula gets involved in a hit-and-run auto accident and is haunted by the fear that she'll be sent to prison, ruining her husband's chances to become dean of the college. The way in which the accident occurs and the way in which Miss Young's worries mount are completely lacking in credibility. But *Paula* does strike one interesting, reasonably authentic note: For Miss Young adopts the orphan boy struck down by her car, and since the boy has been deprived of the power of speech by the accident, she herself gives him necessary therapy. These detailed, scientific lessons in speech for the handicapped child lend some force to *Paula*, but otherwise it's full of false notes.
Cast: Loretta Young, Kent Smith, Alexander Knox, Tommy Rettig.—Columbia.

MY SIX CONVICTS

What makes men criminals? What brings them to the failure and frustration of a prison cell? Can anything be done for them in prison to make them better men? In this very sensitive, moving and humane story, a young psychologist goes to work in a big prison occupied primarily by hardened criminals, hoping to help these men. Derived from Donald Powell Wilson's powerful book of his own experiences as prison psychologist at Fort Leavenworth, the movie fills you with compassion. It is a realistic and sound drama which argues that many prisoners can be—deserve to be—guided back towards social responsibility. The psychologist in the movie, acted with extraordinary conviction by John Beal, enlists the aid of six convicts in conducting his experiments at the prison and through the tough, skeptical personalities of these six, the movie generates rowdy humor as well as piercing drama. Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland, Marshall Thompson, Alf Kjellin, Henry Morgan and Jay Adler are all superb as the convicts, and there is a desperate and frightening jailbreak to bring *My Six Convicts* to an embattled climax. But the break is less important than the notion you get from *My Six Convicts* that a man, even in prison, is a human being.
Cast: Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland, John Beal, Marshall Thompson.—Columbia.

(*Continued on page 91*)



In an atelier on the Left Bank, Evening in Paris lingers lovingly, caresses with a romantic aura that invites the moment to live forever. Favorite of all fragrances, it is worn by more women than any other perfume.

Exciting things happen when it's



Evening in Paris

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Created in France...Made in the U.S.A.

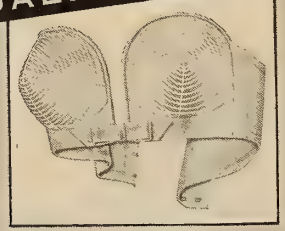
Eau de Cologne **$1.00** to **$1.50**
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Face Powder in eight different shades **$1.00** each *All prices plus tax*

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1. ***ELIMINATES THAT PADDED LOOK***
   Subtly built in contours retain fullness of cup sections, always.
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   Provide perfect fit for in between sizes; give added fullness to regular sizes.
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   Porous cups breathe with you.
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   No gimmicks to take apart.

EQUALIZER Bandeau *Style 192* **2.50**

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YOUR HOLLYWOOD SHOPPER



Piper Laurie co-starring in Universal International's "No Room for the Groom."

■ In eight months, Piper Laurie stepped into her first starring role and is re-united with Tony Curtis in Universal International's new comedy production "No Room for the Groom." This picture will be released late this spring. Piper and Tony, are two of Hollywood's brightest stars, and will long be remembered for their performance in "The Prince Who Was A Thief." Their newest picture "Son of Ali Baba" is another masterpiece by Universal International and will be at your favorite theatre soon.

HOLLYWOOD GOES SHOPPING FOR YOU!

"BEST BUYS OF THE MONTH"

Sit back and relax . . . this month lovely Piper Laurie has done your shopping for you at Thalhimers in Richmond, Virginia, with an eagle eye to smart, right style and budget-wise price, too! Canny shopper, our Piper! Shopping at Thalhimers is an easy task, tho, reports Piper, who's always been partial to historic old Richmond. These items she selected for you are from Thalhimers famous Budget Fashion Floor. And you can order them by mail . . . delivered right to your door . . . by letter or by sending the coupon on opposite page. Order each item by number or clip the picture of the items you want and attach it to your letter or coupon, together with your check or money order . . . and send to Thalhimers, Richmond, Virginia.

You may order, by mail, any of the "Buys of the Month" featured on this and the opposite page from Thalhimers, Richmond, Virginia. To order by mail, write letter or use coupon on opposite page.



#2 MAC SHORE CLASSIC COTTON BLOUSE, $2.98
It has everything but sleeves! The style and tailoring Mac Shore's famous for, washes like a dream! White, rose, black, pink, maize, blue, navy, lilac; 30-38.



#4 NEW LINEN-LIKE RAYON BLOUSE AND SKIRT.
Doubly pretty team-mates by Ernest Donath . . . cut so smartly, and will take to suds without a whimper! The tiny-collared sleeveless blouse in white, lime, melon, beige, mauve, navy, 10-18, $3.98. The side-pleated skirt comes in navy, violet, green, toast or red; 10 to 18, $5.98.



#6 KRINKLETONE KOORDINATES FOR PLAY TIME.
Styled by Queen Casuals, these wonderful cotton separates go together like sun and fun! Pre-shrunk and fast-color . . . wash in a whisk and never need ironing! All in navy, cocoa, green, lemon, purple, tangerine, grey. Cap, S, M, L, $1.95; Bra 32-46, $1.95; Shorts, 10-20, 38-46, $3.95.



#3 ZIP-DOWN-BACK SEERSUCKER PINAFORE, $3.98
You're pretty as a picture, fresh as a daisy in this dainty little pinafore from famous Joseph Feldman! And you'll stay fresh all summer long, for this little wonder is of easy-washing seersucker that never needs ironing! Red, blue; green, navy circles on white, bow trim; 10-20.



#5 SHROYER'S LINEN-LIKE RAYON DRESS, $8.98
So pretty, so basically simple, it will be the background of your summer wardrobe. Buttons from the flattering neckline to the hem . . . you're dressed in a jiffy without mussing your hair. Dyed-to-match embroidery trims 2 patch pockets; Aqua, pink, lilac, grey; 12-20, 14½-24½.



#7 LAGUNA PEARLS WITH STERLING CLASP, $2.98
Faithful replicas of rare natural pearls in a beautiful gift box! Perfect Mother's Day or graduation gift! 3-strand, shown, $2.98; 2-strand, $2.49; 1-strand, $1.79.

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Send ☐ Check ☐ Money order
Add 12c shipping cost on each item.



A beaming, bright-eyed Judy, looking thinner and happier than she has in years, hangs on to every word her guy, Sid Luft, sends in her direction.

"A woman needs a man to protect her and love her," says Judy. And it looks as if she's found him—at long last.

BY JOAN KING FLYNN

"someone to watch over me"

■ For Judy Garland, the past few years have been filled with frustrations and unhappiness, but the nightmare was blotted out by the cheers and bravos of a tear-swept audience one April night last year at the Palladium. In the wings, the man she loved stood proudly by. The presence of Sid Luft made her happiness complete.

He was standing by her side again a few weeks ago on Judy's closing night at the Palace theatre. In her dressing room, in one of her rare interviews, the twice-divorced star told this writer why she had chosen Sid Luft to be her husband.

"Any woman who's a real woman wants a man to protect her and love her," she said. "That's what Sid does for me. We have accomplished so much together."

The facts are there to prove it.

Directly over her brown head, as she spoke, was a new but permanent fixture on the wall, a gleaming, gold plaque which read:

"This was the dressing room of JUDY GARLAND who set the all-time long run record Oct. 16th, 1951, to Feb. 24th, 1952, RKO PALACE THEATRE." (*Continued on page 88*)



OU'RE AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL. fake all of you *feel* young with nolin-rich PACQUINS SILK N SATIN LOTION. Use it l over your body. "Satinizes" kin, protects from Spring winds, ummer sun. **25c, 49c***



COLOR BLOOMS ALL DAY. Imagine having lips as fresh-looking at day's end as in the morning! You can with HAZEL BISHOP No-Smear Lipstick. Won't eat off, bite off, kiss off. And it lasts so long! **1.10***



WARM WEATHER TIP! You can be *safe* for *sure* with HEED Spray Deodorant. Checks perspiration so effectively, clothes are safe from stains. Heed's fine spray covers underarm better . . . dries faster, too. **25c, 39c***



FOR SPRING IN YOUR WAVE try the *New* TONI HOME PERMANENT with new faster-than-ever process. So lovely, lively, lasting, thanks to Toni's Priceless Pink Lotion. Holds your set longer. **1.50***



IMPROVE ON NATURE. If you can brush your hair, you can add new color appeal with TINTAIR. Lighten, darken or enhance your own shade! Or use Tintair to cover gray. It takes minutes . . . looks natural. **2.00***



CREAM'S YOUR TYPE of deodorant, let dependable FRESH eep you lovely to love. Fresh ally stops perspiration! And its nazing ingredients become *re-tized* to protect you hour ter hour. **25c, 39c***

SPRING BEAUTIES ...and how they grow at Woolworth's cosmetic counters

as told by *Susan Smart* †

It's Spring . . . and in every rain-washed bud you see the promise of Summer . . . urging you on to Springtime beauty care that will blossom into your own Summer loveliness.

So . . . waken your skin, brighten your smile, put fresh new glints in your hair and glow with new make-up shades!

It's all so easy, especially if you follow my advice . . . and visit your nearest Woolworth's. There, on those handy cosmetic counters that make shopping so easy for so many smart women, you'll find the timely toiletries described here . . . and many more besides. Choose quietly at leisure, or ask the saleslady to help you. You'll *enjoy* beginning your own Spring-to-Summer beauty course at your convenient, easy-to-shop Woolworth store.

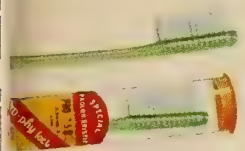
†*Woolworth's Shopping Reporter*



AKE A FRAGRANT APPROACH summer. Perfume all of you ith MAVIS TALCUM after ath or swim. For a fragrant hange, try DJER-KISS TAL-UM, too. They cool, soothe, revent chafe. **12c, 29c, 43c***



OK LOVELIER IN MINUTES. Your in takes on a healthy, fresh ne, feels smoother after a ten-inute home facial of HOPPER HITE CLAY PACK! Use it gularly and see the difference your complexion. **25c, 49c***



USH UP YOUR SMILE with PRO 9", a *totally different toothbrush!* as softer, thinner bristles 3 ries as many as ordinarily—to an, polish, massage better. oose from several Pro-phy-tic styles. **29c, 59c**



JOY A CLEAN MOUTH TASTE hours! PEPSODENT with ented *oral detergent*, not a p, works where your brush t reach! Cleans, brightens, lts decay . . . insures clean ich taste. **10c, 27c, 47c, 63c**



GO DARING WITH PINK . . . with Cutex's new nail polish color, STRIKE ME PINK! So saucy with Spring shades. Made with long-wearing Enamelon. Buy it in the Spillpruf bottle. **15c***
Cutex Nail Brilliance **25c***



FOR HAIR THAT'S SUNNY BRIGHT tomorrow, use WHITE RAIN tonight. White Rain is a *new kind* of shampoo, Toni's *lotion* shampoo, guaranteed not to dull or dry hair. Leaves it easier to manage! **30c, 60c, 1.00**



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new faces

Here are some of the screen's most promising newcomers. Remember their faces—they're going places!

MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION go halves on everything: their work, their marriage, even their hobbies—collecting records and cats. But it's as a dance team that they're double dynamite! (They lit up the screen in *Mr. Music* and *Show Boat*.) New to Hollywood, but not to dancing, they both learned how at Marge's father's dancing school, where Gower's mother enrolled him as a child. Marge and Gower became good friends, but waited till they grew up to form a partnership in business and marriage. The merger occurred in 1947, after Gower was released from the U. S. Coast Guard. (While in service, incidentally, Gower toured with the Coast Guard's musical revue, *Tars And Spars*.) Shortly afterwards, they made their professional debut in a New York nightclub. A cinch for success, nightclub engagements piled up, and in between shows, they worked on the choreography of several Broadway hits. Credit them for the sparkling dance numbers in *Lend An Ear, Small Wonder,* and *Make A Wish*. It was while they were appearing at the Mocambo that an MGM talent scout snared them for Hollywood. They were such an amazing success in *Mr. Music,* their first film, they were immediately cast as Frank and Ellie, in *Show Boat,* where they delighted their fans. Watch for the Champions in *Lovely To Look At,* and *Everything I Have Is Yours*.



SUSAN CABOT's beginning to feel like a one-woman branch of the United Nations. She was a Samoan native in *On The Isle Of Samoa,* a Sioux Indian girl in *Tomahawk,* a gypsy dancer in *Flame Of Araby,* an Apache Indian in *Battle At Apache Pass*. And *now,* she'll play a Persian maid in her next film, *Son Of Ali-Baba*. But Susan, who was spotted by a talent scout while acting in a television show, isn't complaining—even though she does say, rather wistfully, that her big ambition is to portray a typical American girl, complete with saddle shoes, ice cream soda, and freckled-faced boy friend.



ALDO RAY had no intentions of breaking into the movies. He was quite content as the peace officer of Crockett, California. But one day, his brother Guido, having no car of his own, asked Aldo to drive him to an interview for an acting job. When they got there, the studio man took one look at Aldo, and bingo—he had a contract. (Aldo's disappointed brother was tagged as "not the movie type.") A natural comedian, Aldo showed his stuff so well in *Saturday's Hero* that he was grabbed for *The Barefoot Mailman,* and *My True Story*. And, to top it all, he's co-star of *The Marrying Kind,* opposite Judy Holliday.



KEVIN McCARTHY finally has a job he likes! When he was working his way through college, he tried chauffeuring for an elderly lady, sold fireworks, clerked in department stores, but nothing satisfied him. Then he got a part in a school play. Acting, he decided on that opening night, was *it*. In no time at all he'd chucked school, determined to carve himself a place in the acting world. He came to New York where persistence won him a part in the stock company of *Brother Rat*. He made such a memorable impression on London audiences as Biff in *Death Of a Salesman* that he was tapped for the movie role.



ANNE FRANCIS was only six months old when she became a "cover girl." Her blonde, blue-eyed charm sold magazines like magic. As soon as she could toddle, she modeled dresses, and when she started to talk it was on radio programs. Pretty soon she was on television in New York—which quite naturally led to a movie contract in Hollywood. But for a whole year Anne did nothing but gather dust on the studio shelf. Finally, Hollywood got smart, cast her in *So Young, So Bad,* and she was on her way. Soon you'll see this beauty in *Lydia Bailey*. She'll be Lydia —and, chances are, a star.



Rose Point *sterling in the mood of romance*

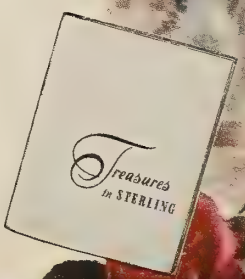
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FROM THE MOVIES

AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK—*Marshmallow Moon* by the Four Knights (Capitol). Album of Songs by Dinah Shore and Robert Merrill* (Victor).
Dinah co-stars in the film with Robert Merrill. Her record of *Life Is A Beautiful Thing* and *Why Should I Believe In Love* is available separately, as are Merrill's *Still Water* and *My Beloved.*

BELLE OF NEW YORK—*Oops!* by Louis Armstrong & Ella Fitzgerald** (Decca); Margaret Whiting* (Capitol); Doris Day* (Columbia). *Baby Doll* by Gordon MacRae* (Capitol); Doris Day* (Columbia).
Hard to choose between the three leading versions of *Oops!,* a clever novelty song by Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren. We'll take Louis and Ella—they've never sounded better together.

KATHRYN GRAYSON—Kathryn Grayson sings* (MGM).
Grayson fans will be delighted by this collection. Her famous treatment of *Jalousie* is included, as well as Romberg's *Lover Come Back To Me,* Kern's *Yesterdays,* Berlin's *Always* and two film favorites, *Love Is Where You Find It* and *All Of A Sudden My Heart Sings.*

POPULAR

TONY BENNETT—*Silly Dreamer** (Columbia).
Not a great tune, but anything Tony does nowadays is bound to be a hit, and chances are you'll like this one.

ALAN DEAN—*Since My Love Has Gone*** (MGM).
The young British singing sensation does a terrific job with this adaptation of a *Traviata* melody by Verdi. There's a great tune on the other side, too—*If You Go,* imported from France. Leroy Holmes' orchestra gives Alan sterling support.

BILLY ECKSTINE-SARAH VAUGHAN — *I Love You*** (MGM)
The Cole Porter song, and an old ballad called *Ev'ry Day,* are both excellent duet vehicles for two of the most artistic of all present-day ballad singers.

JOHNNIE RAY—*Please Mr. Sun** (Columbia).
Here's a youngster with the most original new vocal style since Frankie Laine. Whether you find him weird or wonderful (or both), you've got to admit he's different. The same tune is done in more conventional style by Perry Como (Victor) and Tommy Edwards (MGM).

JAZZ

LIONEL HAMPTON—LP record* (Victor).
A worthy addition to Victor's Treasury of Immortal Performances, featuring some of the all-star recording bands Lionel used to assemble with such men as Harry James, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter.

WOODY HERMAN—*Blue Flame** (MGM).
A new version of Woody's old theme song, coupled with *New Golden Wedding*; Sonny Igoe on drums.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "IVANHOE"—Color by Technicolor



ELIZABETH TAYLOR . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

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You, too, like Elizabeth Taylor, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

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The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

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Girls!

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NEW Lady Wildroot WAVE SET



Comes in two colors — Green and Clear **29¢** *plus tax*

star dust

The great Ziegfeld was supposed to be an infallible judge of glamor. However, once when he was helping Sam Goldwyn pick girls for the chorus of *Whoopee,* he turned thumbs down on a group of 17-year-olds including Virginia Bruce, Lucille Ball, Betty Grable and Paulette Goddard.

Bob Hope says, "I once had a big chest and a hard stomach—but that's all behind me now."

When the Jane Powell-Geary Steffan baby was born, Howard Keel bet Geary that the baby would be a girl. He lost and had to pay in the form of a brand new diving board for the Steffans' pool.



Jerry Lewis recently bought 60 pairs of slacks at $80 a pair.

Don McGuire was asked to script a picture for an actress he loathes, so he sat down and wrote one line—"The opening scene takes place in a portable gas chamber." He was relieved.

It's like this . . . Gary Merrill sometimes wears plaid shorts to swanky Hollywood parties . . . June Allyson drinks a half-and-half mixture of tomato juice and buttermilk . . . Ty Power wears lace dress shirts with his dinner jackets . . . Shelley Winters' father, who used to be a tailor, is now her personal manager . . . Alan Ladd owns part of Chester Hayes, a heavyweight wrestler . . . Jimmy Stewart won't sign autographs until the fans first look at his twins' pictures.



Esther Williams is building a "boatel"—a water version of a motel, on the shore of a Wisconsin Lake. The Indians used to have "boatels" in that part of the country years ago.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery own Hollywood's most glamorous furniture factory. They try out all the new pieces they design in their own home before putting them on sale, in order to make sure the items are practical.

Remember the man who hits the gong that starts every J. Arthur Rank picture? He's a 30-year-old wrestler named Phil Nieman who was picked from 30 applicants. He was once the light-heavyweight champion of New Zealand.

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LORI NELSON

as she looks when away from the cameras. This vivacious young actress is now appearing in

"MA AND PA KETTLE AT THE FAIR"

A Universal-International Picture

One of the many Hollywood beauties who enhance their fresh, glowing, *natural* loveliness with Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up . . . wherever they go . . . whatever they do!

To harmonize with her blond coloring and fair complexion, Lori uses "Fair" Pan-Stik.

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Stardust...

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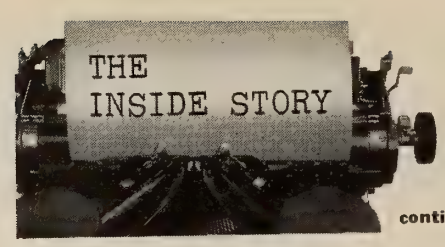
1 Its exclusive Uplift Lining guarantees protection from irritation. Here's sure allure . . . in luscious rayon satin . . .

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A, B, & C cups

Stardust Life-Insured Bra GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

STARDUST, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1



continued from page 4

A. *Deanna will be starred opposite Lanza at MGM sometime this spring. She weighs 124 pounds.*

Q. Why won't Betty Grable play any straight dramatic parts? Why is she always in musicals?
—G. G., Hartford, Conn.

A. *Betty Grable insists that she is a song and dance girl.*

Q. I've been told that Bob Hope's wife, Dolores, is the most devout Catholic in the entire movie colony, and that one of Bob's four adopted children wants to become a nun. True or false?
—D. O., Canton, Ohio.

A. *Dolores Hope is extremely religious. None of her children have yet made up their minds about future occupations.*

Q. Whatever happened to Alan Young's two children from his first marriage?
—C. F., Seattle, Wash.

A. *They live with their mother in Seattle, spend summer vacations with Alan in Hollywood.*

Q. Doesn't Mario Lanza wear lifts in his shoes? —B. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Why did Lana drop Greg Bautzer as her lawyer after he arranged for her new contract at MGM in January?
—T. U., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Lana wanted more speed in her property settlement with Bob Topping. She is still on the most friendly terms with Bautzer, although her present attorney is Neil McCarthy.*

Q. Isn't it a fact that Howard Keel and Betty Hutton can't stand the sight of each other? —N. T., Reno, Nev.

A. *They don't belong to a mutual admiration society but both have pretty well forgotten the tensions that went into making* Annie Get Your Gun.

Q. Which movie actor receives the most fan mail? —C. G., Chicago, Ill.

A. *It varies from month to month. At this writing, Roy Rogers and Dale Robertson lead the field.*

Q. I have a bet with my buddies that the almost nude dame on my calendar is Marilyn Monroe. Did she ever pose for calendar art? If so, when?
—E. Y., San Antonio, Texas

A. *Your bet's good. Marilyn Monroe posed for calendar art six years ago.*

Q. When Carole Lombard died she left an estate of almost a million dollars. To whom was it left?
—S. A., Santa Fe, N. M.

A. *Her husband, Clark Gable.*

Q. Why was Phyllis Kirk dropped from MGM, then dropped from the cast of the Broadway hit, *Point of No Return?*
—B. O., Boston, Mass.

A. *The studio had no parts for her; she was too inexperienced and miscast for the Broadway lead.*

Q. Whatever happened to George Raft?
—N. B., Detroit, Mich.

A. *He is filming a series of television pictures in which he plays a detective.*

Q. I've been told that Donald O'Connor is currently the hottest young actor in Hollywood. How come?
—U. B., Toronto, Can.

A. *O'Connor is absolutely sensational in* Singin' in the Rain, *especially in dance routines with Gene Kelly. Belatedly, he is being recognized as one of the most versatile talents in the business.*

Q. I read in a newspaper column that Glenn Ford and Rita Hayworth fought all through the making of *Affair In Trinidad.* What really happened between these two?
—A. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. *There was no fighting at all. Ford and Hayworth are good friends.*

Q. Hasn't Debbie Reynolds' popularity declined? Isn't that really why MGM removed her from the lead in *Fearless Fagan?* —J. F., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Debbie was removed from the picture because producer Eddie Knopf decided she wasn't right for the part. Her popularity is at its highest point.*

Q. Who is the highest paid songwriter in Hollywood, and how much does he earn?—A. H., St. Louis, Mo.

A. *Irving Berlin. His income varies from $150,000 to $750,000 per year.*

Q. Why doesn't Montgomery Clift make more pictures than he does?
—I. G., Evanston, Ill.

A. *He is extremely particular about getting the right story.*

Q. What is the general opinion of Marlon Brando in Hollywood?
—E. V., Des Moines, Iowa

A. *He is generally considered a little eccentric but very talented.*

Q. Why hasn't Lauren Bacall worked in movies lately? Won't any studio give her a job?
—V. O., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Miss Bacall, married to Humphrey Bogart, is expecting her second child.*

Q. What is Doris Day's name, her right age? How many times has she been married? How many children does she have? —G. G., Akron, Ohio

A. *Doris Kappelhoff, age 27, married three times, mother of one son.*

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newest, easiest of all make-ups!

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A heavenly complexion—in this lovely Mirror Case!





Pond's Angel Face also comes in this well-loved, blue-and-gold box, with puff, at 59¢, 89¢.*

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Velvety-soft, incredibly flattering— Angel Face is *foundation and powder in-one!* Never drying—never shiny! A touch of its puff, and little skin flaws hide beneath a velvety veil of color. And Angel Face *stays on*—much longer than powder! "It's the *easiest*, most flattering make-up!" says Antonia Drexel Earle.

Tuck it in your handbag!— In the slim, new ivory-and-golden Mirror Case you have *everything* for an angelic new complexion! Mirror, puff—and Angel Face! *And it can't spill!* "I'm *never* without my Mirror Case!" says the Marchioness of Milford Haven. In 6 skin tones, Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case, just $1*.

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Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!



Happy Anniversary!

Marty helped Doris buy the house, then he moved in. That was a year ago, and now everything's changed—except their love.

BY JIM BURTON

■ For Doris Day and her tall, dark, handsome businessman husband, love is a private affair. They are very much like that young couple down the block from you. When the wedding bells have been stilled, the rice all swept up, the corsages of the bridesmaids wilted and the bride and groom are back to reality—that's when the year really starts. That first year together. That year when the newlyweds try to make their adjustments with dozens of admiring friends happily trying to watch their every move. Sooner or later, the newlyweds find they have to close the door and be alone together.

That's not too difficult for the average couple to do, if one or the other is not in the acting business. Take Doris Day, for instance. During her first year of marriage, she has had to engage in no end of strenuous picture work while creating, at the same time, a happy (*Continued on page 89*)



AVA FIGHTS BACK

For months she's been taking everything the critics can hand out. Now Mrs. Frank Sinatra is in there slugging to win back the public and to save her marriage.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

No matter what your problem is nowadays, blame it on Frankie and Ava, and you're bound to feel better. This may seem a little far-fetched, but it isn't, because lately the Frank Sinatras have become something of a national scapegoat. Kicking them around seems to bring the same kind of release that pounding on a punching bag does when you're angry.

Ever since Frank got sore in Mexico last summer and told reporters, "I don't have to talk to anyone. It wasn't the press who made me famous; it was my singing and the American public," he has become the victim of a vicious campaign. People who once professed to be his friends are knifing him behind his back, or making blatantly cruel criticisms of him and his bride to the world.

Even before their marriage, the bricks began to fly. "Artie Shaw didn't send Ava to a psychiatrist for nothing," said one "wit" when Ava announced she'd be the new Mrs. Sinatra. "She may not be smart," another cat meowed, "but you have to give her credit for courage."

No matter where they go or what they do, the Sinatras are ridiculed, for no logical reason—except maybe that they fell in love, got married and are trying to make it work, and less fortunate people are jealous.

A few weeks ago, Ava and Frank made applications with the army to entertain the troops in Korea. They wanted to do their bit, the way other stars have, but what happened? Some wise guy loafing at a cafe table picked up the news and said, "Get this. The Sinatras are going to Korea. Don't they know the soldiers would rather see Mickey Mouse?" (*Continued on page 104*)

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

With the wedding bells still echoing, the experts are saying it won't last. Can Liz be happy with a man twice her age? Liz and Mike think so.

HER LIFE'S COMPANION?





MEETING AT LONDON AIRPORT, a windblown Liz (note diamond and emerald engagement ring) fell into the waiting arms of Michael Wilding. Liz had left New York incognito as "Virginia Courtney", misleading the press, but Wilding was informed. He and Liz drove off in his Jaguar with three trunks and nine suitcases.





ARRIVING AT CAXTON HALL for the wedding on Feb. 21st, Liz appeared the more composed of the two. She wore a grey woolen suit with a stiff, organdie collar. The ten-minute civil ceremony was witnessed by about 14 friends. Herbert Wilcox (over Mike's shoulder) and his wife, actress Anna Neagle, were the attendants.

A friendly mob of 3,000 waited outside the registry office for the newlyweds (under marquee). Liz blew kisses as they drove away.

BY SUSAN TRENT AND HOLCOMB SMITH

■ On February 21, 1952, Elizabeth Taylor stood in the registry office at Caxton Hall, London, and became a bride for the second time. With an expression of radiant happiness on her face, she held out her left hand to 40-year-old Michael Wilding who slipped a plain gold band on her third finger. The ceremony lasted ten minutes. Then, propelling Liz lightly by the elbow, Mr. Wilding headed her into a mob of 3,000 Londoners who had massed outside the building.

"Hya Liz!" shouted her fans, pressing closer. "Are you happy?"

"Yes, yes, very happy," Liz replied, laughingly, waving and smiling to those near her.

As she approached the waiting limousine, a husky bobby swept her up in his arms and carried her to it while her husband trailed behind. Seemingly delighted by the flurry and excitement, Liz's parting (*Continued on page 74*)



The happy couple flew from London to Paris en route to a ten-day honeymoon in the French Alps. Liz was wearing the plain gold band Mike bought at Cartier's.



how casual can he get?

Is he saint or sinner? A human dynamo or the laziest guy in the world? Come meet the real Mr. Crosby, the man nobody knows . . .

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

■ You can hear anything you want to hear about Bing Crosby. Down-at-the-heel song-pluggers won't even mention his name (because even if Bing tried to sing half of the songs these pluggers wanted him to he wouldn't be through till he was 20,000 years old). But ask the Boys Club of America for their opinion of him and it's too corny to print. (When Bing does a benefit every penny goes to the charity.)

People call him saint, and they call him sinner. They say he's a dynamo and they point him out as the laziest man in the world. But the adjective everyone applies most often is casual. Casual— the word was made for Crosby.

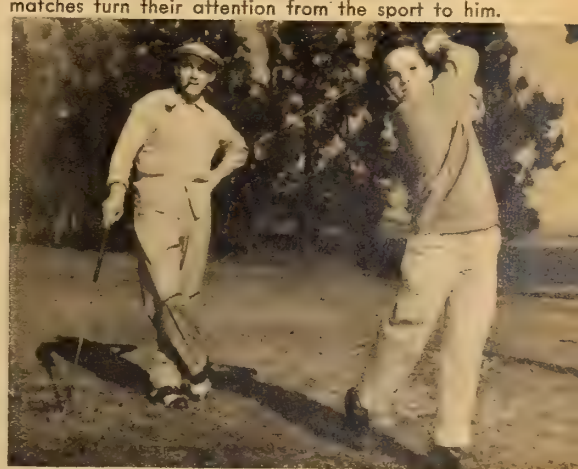
But just how casual can a man be and stay one of the top singers and top money-makers in the country? There's something about Bing that nobody knows, some quality you can't define that is the real key to his character. He won't help you define it; he doesn't like to talk about himself. You can only observe him and analyze his actions, and maybe reach some sort of conclusion.

One of Bing's traits is his difficulty in realizing that what may be unimportant to him may be very important to someone else. He is bored and embarrassed by big accolades, large dinner parties. Whenever he receives an award he tries to duck out on the public celebration. But he's delighted when someone says to him, "I enjoyed your last picture, Bing," or, "I never miss your radio shows. They're always good." He is not, as he has been called, a "fundamentally shy guy." He talks easily and pleasantly to everybody. But he hates a display. And since he hates it, he can't understand why it might be important to someone else.

Which brings us to the one and only time Bob Hope was ever offended by Bing. All the insults that generally fly back and forth, are for fun (and the benefit of the box office). But Bob was sincerely hurt when a testimonial dinner was given in his honor by the Friars Club and Bing didn't show up. The dinner meant (*Continued on page 105*)



Bing dislikes crowds, always becomes tense and ill-at-ease when spectators at football games or golf matches turn their attention from the sport to him.



One of the few chances he gets to relax and be his own, genial self comes when he golfs with Lindsay (*shown above*) or one of his three other young sons.



you're *Wrong* about Jane Russell!

She's Hollywood's prize paradox—sultry siren or happy housewife, rowdy or religious. You've heard a lot of rumors, now here's the truth . . .

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ Not very long ago a typically "hot" Hollywood story came winging out of Las Vegas, Nevada, from the scene of RKO's premiere for *The Las Vegas Story*. More than 100 members of the Hollywood press were in town at the time, partying at the studio's expense, so the story was well covered. However, it was one of the most provocatively confused tales to ever hit the front pages.

The fact was that Jane Russell had a black eye. But beyond that no one seemed sure of anything. One group of reporters held that Jane's husband, Bob Waterfield, had belted her in a moment of masculine pique. Another, that Waterfield had aimed a tender caress at comedian Ben Blue and Mrs. Waterfield got in the way. And the loudest and mostest scribblers howled that Jane had been downed by a Cadillac door in a high wind.

How Jane Russell got the mouse is, actually, of no consequence—and it is, by now, ancient history. The point is that 100 reporters covering the same story ran about like pigeons in a panic frantically trying to get the low-down when it was there for the simple asking. All they had to do was ask Jane Russell. She'd have told them—for sure.

This exhibition is a fair example of what the press boys and girls have been doing with Jane Russell ever since the day she was photographed in a hay barn for a scene in *The Outlaw*. They have been describing her, analyzing her and misquoting her until today—if you have read all of these canards religiously—you are a graduate (*Continued on page 102*)

Photo by Bob Beerman and Bert Parry



IS INGRID UNHAPPY AND HOMESICK? HERE IS A REVEALING GLIMPSE OF HER LIFE IN ITALY.

Behind Bergman's Closed Doors

by Hedda Hopper

■ Grahame Green, author of "The End of the Affair," called on me in my Beverly Hills home when he was enroute from Saipan to England, and told me that Ingrid Bergman was his choice to star with Gregory Peck in the film version of his book. He has sold the rights to producer David Lewis, and the picture will be made in England this September.

If you haven't read the story—one that's going to be very difficult to put on the screen—it's about a woman who, through an adulterous affair, reaches sainthood after suffering the emotional tortures of the damned. Said Green to me, "Ingrid is the perfect actress for the part. She even looks like the character, though I certainly didn't have her in mind when I wrote it." And David Lewis, who was present, said, "Why didn't I think of her? The one I saw in the part was Jean Simmons."

"No," said Green, "she looks too young and inexperienced. Ingrid, whom I saw in London last year, is more beautiful than ever. There's a new zest for living in the expression on her face. Her body's slimmed down like a race horse, and with those luminous eyes of her, she can look like a saint."

After the author and David Lewis had gone, I called Ingrid on the overseas telephone in Rome. She was much easier to reach than when she lived a block away from me in Beverly Hills. She returned my call immediately. This time there was no press agent standing in her way, and I listened to the voice of a woman bubbling over with happiness six thousand miles from Hollywood. She was the same friendly Ingrid that I had known of old. She hesitated (*Continued on page 95*)

She gets full "star treatment" in Italy, and enjoys it. No longer hiding from the public, Ingrid recently attended the ballet in Milan, met the troupe's stars.



Rumor to the contrary, Ingrid is still deeply in love with Rossellini, and very much "at home" in Italy, where she has more fun than she did in Hollywood.



Ingrid's face is a mirror of her present happiness. Those who've seen her recently say she has become more beautiful than ever.

Ingrid celebrated Roberto's 42nd birthday with a small party. She feels so secure in his presence it's doubtful if she'll ever want to work for another director.



Reconciled to the fact that Pia is permanently separated from her, Ingrid lavishes much affection on her son, and hopes for another daughter in June.



BACHELOR MICHAEL O'SHEA BOUGHT A HOUSE FOR HIS FOUR-LEGGED LOVE. THEN HE MARRIED VIRGINIA

a house for a horse

by Marva Peterson



Mike describes himself as "a boy from Brooklyn who always wanted to be a cowboy." He dotes on his tack room with its smell of horses and leather, has one of the best paddocks in the San Fernando Valley.

The O'Sheas knocked down walls to make one large beamed living room. They furnished it unpretentiously with emphasis on comfort.



MAYO WHO MOVED IN AND FINALLY MANAGED TO PUT EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE HORSE, IN ITS PLACE.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



Virginia remodelled the dining room by adding a fireplace, cupboards and panelling as well as her favorite Van Gogh print. Large and uncluttered, the room is ideal for parties.



While he was away on location in Arizona, Virginia decorated Mike's bedroom. He came back to find she'd gone Western with heavy oak furniture, Navajo rugs and bold red wallpaper. Suits the would-be cowboy fine.

■ Michael O'Shea's first proposal to Virginia Mayo took place in 1943 when they were working together in a film called *Jack London.*

Mike didn't know Virginia very well, but one afternoon he spotted her alone in a secluded corner of the set. He tiptoed up behind her, kissed her lightly, and said, "Let's get married."

Virginia whirled around. "You're pretty fresh," she snapped indignantly. Then she got up and stalked off.

Mike didn't give up. Five years later he proposed again. Only this time he knew Virginia better and he had more to offer.

"I've got a nice little ranch house in Van Nuys," he began cautiously. "In fact, I had you in mind when I bought it. If you'll take me along with the house, I promise I'll make you happy."

The O'Sheas had been married a week before Mike summoned enough courage to confess the truth about his "little ranch house."

"I really didn't have you in mind when I bought this house," he said to Virginia, "or it would've been much different. I actually bought it for a horse."

"You bought it for what?" Virginia asked. *(Continued on next page)*



The dressing room is separated from Virginia's bedroom by louvred doors which are useful for concealing her sewing machine clutter. A desk in the simply and sparsely furnished bedroom holds all her household accounts.



A back and side view of the O'Shea's Van Nuys ranch house gives no inkling of the tumble down place it was when Mike bought it about four years ago. Large trees and careful landscaping help to form this inviting setting.



A front view of the house belies its Western interior. Mike's first work after buying the homestead was to build a brick patio facing his beloved paddock.



The kitchen has every conceivable appliance and when they are alone, Mike and Virginia eat here. The poster is Virginia's trick for livening up a room.

house for a horse continued

"My quarter horse," Mike said, painfully. "You see, the fellow who was boarding him suddenly sold his ranch and my horse had no place to stay. I was living in a Hollywood apartment and I couldn't keep him there, so one Sunday I drove to the San Fernando Valley and bought a house."

Virginia shook her lovely blonde head. "I can't believe it."

"It's on the level," Mike continued. "And after the deal was set, the people I bought it from told me that the house was 20 years old and not very well-built at that. Can you forgive a dumb guy who loves you?"

"Darling," Virginia whispered reassuringly. "Don't worry. We'll fix the place up."

Four years have elapsed since that day, and any resemblance between the house as it was and the present place is simply an oversight on Virginia's part.

Time, a woman's determination, and money have changed the ramshackle building into one of the most unusual and inviting homes in Hollywood.

At first, Virginia and Mike didn't make any startling changes, largely because they lacked the do-re-mi. Virginia ran up a set of dining room curtains; Mike repainted the kitchen and built a brick patio facing the paddock. They made the rounds of the local (*Continued on page 101*)

I didn't need a miracle

. . . TO MAKE ME BELIEVE IN GOD'S EXISTENCE. HE HAS LIVED IN MY HEART ALL MY LIFE.

by Lyabeth Scott

■ Less than a year ago I was on a plane miles over the ocean when two of the four motors had to be stopped because of fire. I was part of a group of Hollywood stars flying from Rio de Janeiro to the film festival at Montevideo in Uruguay. We were an hour out of the airport when the pilot's voice suddenly came to us from the loudspeaker in the cabin.

"We have a gas and oil leak and we are returning to Rio. You will notice I am going to get rid of 4,000 gallons of gas."

That's when we saw smoke from one of the motors and noticed that its propeller, as well as the propeller of another motor, was stilled. Then the wing tanks were emptied and we could see the gasoline falling like silver rain below. At that second there was a hush in the plane, and I thought, "How much like a theater it is . . . just before the curtain goes up. Now we shall see the play. Who will be the heroes and heroines, and who the cowards?"

There was a moment of stark terror (for me, at least.) "Well, this is it," I remember thinking. "If this is the cue for death, nothing—not hysteria, not prayer, not fear—nothing will delay the entrance." My faith in God proved itself then, and I sat back and closed my eyes and—yes, I felt serenity.

Can you touch courage? Can you weigh love or nail faith to a wall and say, "There it is"? Nothing less material exists in the world, yet nothing as powerful is at the disposal of humans.

I have always had faith, faith in myself. Long ago when mother waggled a finger at me and said, "Come home from drama school—you've had it." I stood my ground. I don't remember ever having defied a parental edict before. But I knew—don't ask me how—I just knew I could find creative fulfillment in New York if only I were given time to work it out. My letter of explanation must have been eloquent, because mother gave in. But she cut my allowance to ten dollars a week. Ten single dollars between me and starvation in the Big Town! Mom knew what she was doing. I'd get good and hungry. (*Continued on page 94*)





WHEN GABLE GETS FIGHTING MAD,

■ When you've been in Hollywood as long as Clark Gable has, which is almost 30 years, and you've been married four times, the chances are pretty good that you're going to be involved in some hot feuds, both private and professional.

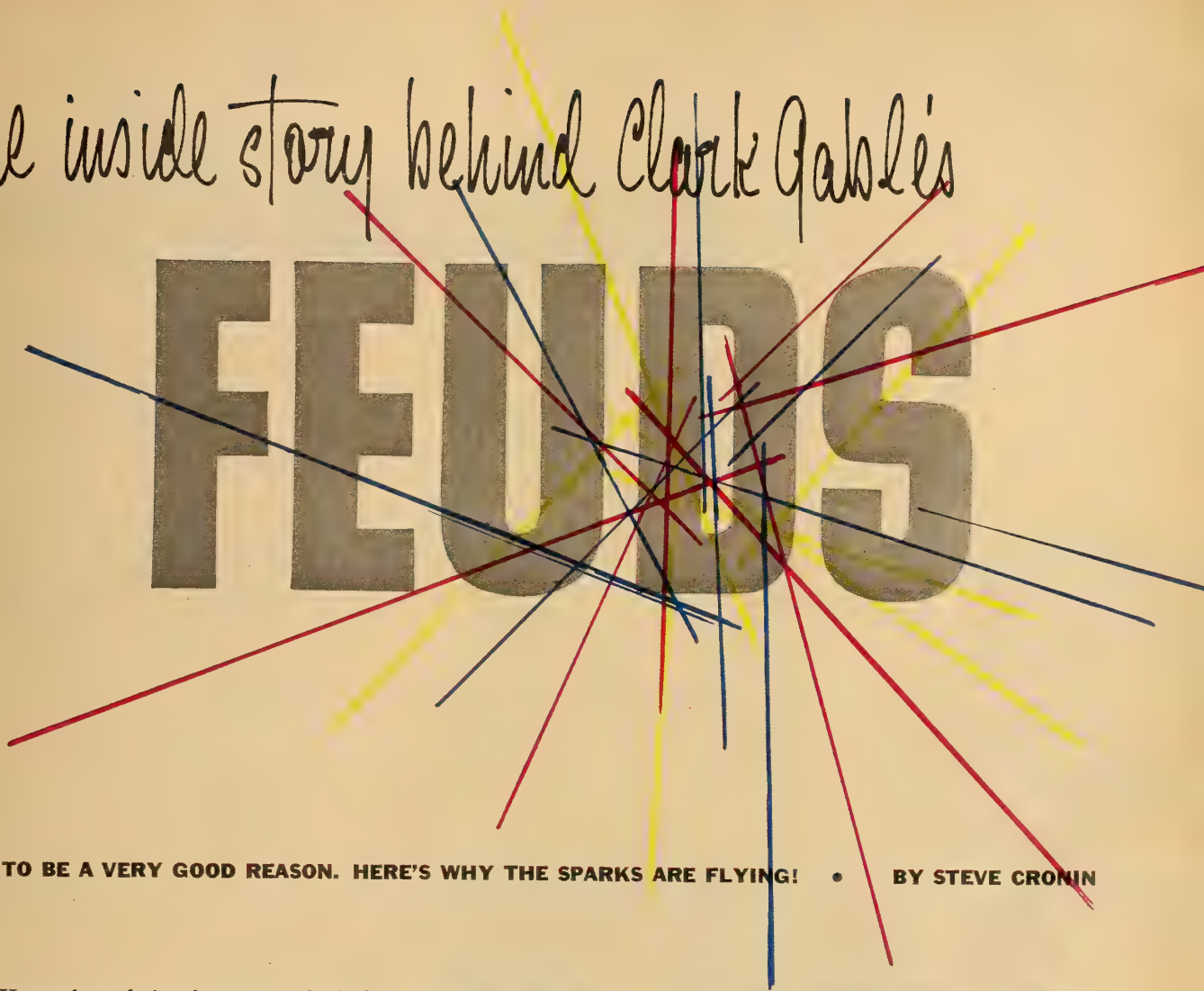
Right now, Gable's calling a halt to what was his number one feud—with his studio. But his number two feud, no matter what you read about the uncontested divorce, is with his wife, the former Sylvia Ashley.

Clark is also not on the best speaking terms with Greer Garson and two of his previous wives, but these are minor feuds compared with the two major hassels.

A few months ago Gable was staying at the Flying ME, a swank divorce ranch in Franktown, Nevada, waiting out his divorce from Sylvia Ashley. Unfortunately for him, the Nevada divorce plans didn't come off. They were ruled illegal.

At the time, however, Clark didn't

the inside story behind Clark Gable's FEUDS



THERE HAS TO BE A VERY GOOD REASON. HERE'S WHY THE SPARKS ARE FLYING! • BY STEVE CRONIN

know that. He was busy dating the various divorcees, trap-shooting and riding, and blithely ignoring the messages written for him on the blackboard. These messages were, "Please call Howard Strickling in N. Y." "Call Howard Strickling." "Operator 44 in N. Y. is trying to get you. Howard Strickling calling."

Howard Strickling is Metro's director of publicity, and he was very anxious to get in touch with Clark back then, but Clark was all for hiding away, and having fun.

At that time Clark was really burned up about Sylvia's supposedly extravagant financial demands, but of her, he said, "Sylvia is a very wonderful woman. We've had our differences, largely because we come from different backgrounds, like to do different things. But I admire her a great deal. Our lawyers are conferring, and I'm sure they'll work out a settlement that we'll both finally consider equitable."

What Gable said for public consumption and what he said to his lawyer don't bear the slightest resemblance. His lawyer inferred to reporters that Gable would carry the case to every court in the land if need be, that he was in no mood to be "taken," that he would fight, wade through all the mud, use every means at his command before he fulfilled the demands Sylvia was making for a settlement.

It cost Clark half-a-million dollars to get free of his second wife, the social Ria Langham, and when he realized that he was in the identical position again, this time with Sylvia Ashley, he was fit to be tied.

Because Clark cooled off in February of this year and visited Sylvia at Doctor's Hospital in New York, many people think that their financial feuding is finished, and that a reconciliation is in the offing. The financial feuding has merely simmered down, and there isn't the slightest chance of a reconciliation between them.

By the end of April, Sylvia should have her divorce. It will be uncontested, but only if Clark has agreed to hand over a sizable chunk of currency.

Here's the background of the Ashley-Gable financial feud:

When Clark had all the locks changed on his Encino ranch house last year, Sylvia's vanity was hurt. There is no truer statement than "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Unless it is "Hell hath no fury like a wife scorned."

Anyway, Sylvia vowed that Clark would pay for her humiliation. Jerry Giesler, ace Hollywood criminal and divorce lawyer, would help her see to that.

When Gable heard that Sylvia was allegedly demanding half-a-million dollars, he blew his top. He drove to Nevada to (*Continued on page 72*)

a simple case of love

Don't laugh at marriage counselors! Susan and Jess took their problems to one and turned what looked like domestic disaster into marital bliss.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES





Twins Timothy (*top*) and Gregory, receive as much attention from Jess as they do from Susan.



"I fell in love with Jess in 1944," says Susan, "and did the same things other girls do to get their man. The gals are the pursuers, and the men are the ones pursued."

■ In a nation where 8,000,000 married women go to work each day, where, in fact, working wives outnumber unmarried working girls seven to five—no one is shocked because a wife's earning capacity is larger than her husband's. This is especially true in Hollywood where career women started getting married long before it was the vogue in other parts of the country, and where professional couples have since evolved various formulas for ways to stay happy though married. Of all these couples, 32-year-old Susan Hayward and her good-looking actor-husband, 36-year-old Jess Barker seem to have found an ideal recipe for their special needs.

Susan is under contract to 20th Century-Fox. She has one of those fabulous Hollywood deals you read about in the gossip columns. She earns $5,000 a week every week of the year, whether she works or not, and has a seven year contract with no options.

Jess Barker (as fine an actor as Susan is an actress) earns $1,000 a week. This is certainly nothing to scoff at, but Jess isn't under contract to any studio. At one time he was a contract player at Columbia and then Universal, but nowadays he free-lances which means that his income varies. At the moment he is testing for several television shows, and two movie studios are dickering with his agent for term contracts. But chances are that Jess can't hope to equal Susan's yearly income, within the immediate future largely because each is in a different salary bracket.

According to many people this disparity in earning (*Continued on page 85*)





Other movie stars buy Cadillacs, but what 26-year-old Tony wanted most was an electric train with all the trimmings. He plays with it by the hour.

■ The Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh living room was like Grand Central Station, complete with train, when I arrived at their Wilshire Boulevard apartment for an interview one recent Saturday morning. Janet had gone off to work at MGM in *Fearless Fagan,* the phone was ringing, the maid was cleaning up the breakfast dishes—and Tony was eating an orange while playing with a new electric train that had arrived from Europe that very morning. You heard me—26 years old, and a movie star, and playing with an electric train. And one that he had bought for himself, not for his kid brother. I ignored it and begged for coffee. Tony made a potful.

Every other magazine writer in town but me had interviewed Tony, yet I had known him longest. I was, in fact, the first Hollywood reporter ever to write a line about him. That was four years ago, when he first arrived from New York, a wide-eyed, scared, naive unknown. I had met him, announced his arrival in my column in a Hollywood trade paper, prophesied a successful career for him and then continued writing about his activities while other columnists ignored him.

Anyway—here I was now. And *there* was that train. This was a new side of Tony. Maybe I didn't know him so well after all.

"I thought I'd write a story about you and call it 'Now I Can Talk,'" I said, after he got off the phone. "Something that's never been touched on in your other interviews. Something . . ."

The phone rang again. It was his mother. He excused himself, talked to her lovingly for ten minutes, excused him-

He was afraid to relax, afraid to be himself. A stranger to Hollywood, Tony Curtis let others do his talking. Now he's ready to speak his mind.

"now I can talk"

by Mike Connolly



says it makes up for his "trainless" childhood.

One of Hollywood's happiest couples—Tony and Janet will have their first anniversary June 4th. He says, "She gives me self-confidence."



self again after he hung up, and said, "We'll only have a few more disturbances, I promise you. Janet will call once or twice, when she gets a break, and that's all.

"See this train?" He was playing with it again, making it back up. The engine leaped off the track, scattering the coaches right and left. "I didn't have one when I was a kid," he said. "This makes up for it."

His present life is making up for a lot of things he didn't have as a kid. He had been afraid of (*Continued on page 99*)



Don Taylor, Jan Sterling, lovely in "ice-cream" pink, discuss the entries for the Grand Award winning dress with Board member Janet Leigh.



Ann Blyth and her beau Charles Fitzsimons (Maureen O'Hara's brother) chat about fashions with Anne Baxter, chic in her white hat and blue suit.



Piper Laurie, wearing a gay Spring hat, shows off the tricky, Award Winning Abon Glove Ring clasp, to judges Bill Lundigan, Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds.

hollywood approved fashions for spring



At Bel Air Hotel, MODERN SCREEN'S *Fashion and Beauty Board choose their favorite outfit from Award Winning Korday tattersall denim group. Winner! Tattersall short and blouse, right (on Mala Powers, next page).*

MODERN SCREEN'S *Board, left to right—Richard Anderson (guest), Jane Powell, Bill Lundigan, Piper Laurie, Ann Blyth, Gene Nelson, Anne Baxter, Don Taylor, Jan Sterling, Carleton Carpenter, Joan Evans.*

■ Spring fashions started pouring into MODERN SCREEN'S West Coast office from New York and all points east, and with them—the rains came! By the time MODERN SCREEN was ready to stage its Annual Award Showing of Hollywood Approved Fashions for Spring and Summer, there was a veritable flood flowing past the door of the Bel Air Hotel.

Nevertheless, this isn't the story of a wash-out. Far from it! It's an on-the-spot story of fashion news that was made in Hollywood among the stars gathered in the Bel Air's Garden Room. Seated at luncheon tables decked with flowers they chose their favorite outfits for Spring and Summer glamor.

Guests started trickling into the Bel Air early. Jane Powell shed her rain togs, murmuring, "The things we do for this magazine!" and further predicted that they'd have to call the Coast Guard to take them home.

"That's not all," chimed in Ann Blyth, shaking her dripping umbrella, "I live in the San Fernando Valley and according to the last weather report, the whole place is beginning to shift toward Mexico."

But there wasn't a peep out of Piper Laurie. She was busy enjoying the sudden transition from stormy weather to springtime. The tables were a mass of yellow jonquils, white narcissus, pink and lavender stocks, and early spring tulips. Attractive exhibit booths were displaying merchandise on the sides of the room. *(Continued on page 69)*

Exciting new fashions went on parade at MODERN SCREEN's gala party; while Hollywood oohed and aahed —and picked the winners!

and summer

Nylon hosiery on the fashion pages by HOLEPROOF







ABOVE: *Lovely Janet Leigh, currently appearing in MGM's* Just This Once, *co-starred with Peter Lawford, poses in the after-five dress that received the grand award from the Board—an all-quilted taffeta cotton with a full, full circular skirt over an award winning Eye-ful petticoat. White or baby pastels—pink, blue, aqua, yellow. Sizes 9 to 15. About $18. By Junior House. Janet also wears award winning LaTausca pearl and rhinestone jewelry.*

UPPER LEFT: *Mona Freeman and Mona Jr. wear the award winning "mother-daughter" two-piece dresses of piqué with denim trim. The weskit jackets are of denim with piqué sailor collars. White with blue only.* Toddlers—*sizes 2 and 3, about $4;* Sisters—*3 to 6X, about $5;* Sisters—*7 to 12, about $6;* Subteens—*8 to 14, about $8;* Mothers—*10 to 18, about $9. By Jack Borgenicht. See Mona in U-I's* Flesh and Fury.

LEFT: *Joyce Holden, co-starring with John Lund in U-I's* Bronco Buster, *wears award winning fashions from top to toe—Glentex scarf, Pandora's Dupont nylon sweater set (short sleeve slip-on), Korday's quilted Stewart plaid cotton skirt. Rockettes—of mesh with leather trim. Sweater—white, pastels or darks, sizes 32 to 40, slip-on—about $6, cardigan—about $7. Skirt—Stewart plaid only, sizes 10 to 16, about $9. Rockettes, about $7.*

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 69; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

MORE ➤





Photographed at McHenry's Valley Tail O' The Cock

Cool and smart—two-piece blouse and short outfit from Korday's mix 'n' match collection of checked tattersall *separates* worn by lovely RKO star Mala Powers, now in 20th's *Rose Of Cimarron*. The short is cuffed—has two pockets. Available in black and red check, brown and tan check or navy and powder blue check—cream background. *Separates,* 10 to 18. About $4 each. Wedgies by Rockettes.

Ginger Crowley, to be seen in the Warner Bros. film *She's Working Her Way Through College,* poses in an ensemble of Everfast Chevronaire that is styled to lead a double life. Sans jacket, the halter-neck dress plays the role of sun costume—with jacket, a smart town outfit. White, lemon candy or ice blue. Sizes 10 to 16 and 9 to 15. About $17. By Freshy Playclothes. Hansen gloves—Coronet handbag.

winners all

hollywood approved fashions for spring and summer

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 69; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.





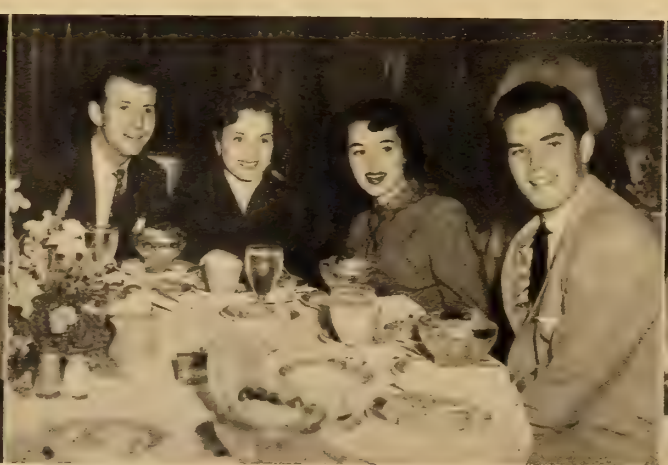
Photographed at J. Paul Howard's California Flowerland

Swirl—a comfortable, flattering *wrap-tie* fashion (walk into it, button once, wrap and tie) for home and casual wear! Joyce MacKenzie poses in a Swirl styled of sanforized combed broadcloth with block tucking on the yoke and pockets. Colors: Coral, lavender, Neptune green or lemon. Sizes 10 to 20. About $8. Joyce is in the 20th Century-Fox film *Wait 'Til The Sun Shines, Nellie.*

Glamor in *separates*—Phyllis Thaxter wears Korday's dramatic black and white costume. The black broadcloth peasant blouse has fagoted sleeve trim—the white piqué skirt has white embroidery (American Indian motif) on broadcloth bands. Blouse, skirt in sizes 10 to 16. Blouse about $4—skirt about $11. Glentex scarf. Phyllis will be in Warners' *She's Working Her Way Through College*



MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board had a difficult time choosing the winning Swirl from the group displayed by the models.



Board members Gene Nelson, Debbie Reynolds chat with Barbara Rush and hubby Jeff Hunter, interested spectators at the gala M. S. fashion show.



Jan Sterling, Janet Leigh and Joan Evans listen attentively to "Abba-dabba-dabba" songster Carleton Carpenter as he gives a man's viewpoint on fashion.

MORE ➤

Donald O'Connor and a bevy of filmland's best dressed young stars, admire the Grand Award Winning dress by Junior House.



Handsome Peter Lawford has a "fashionable" time talking clothes with Janet Leigh, who's chic in a dark town suit and glamor-veiled hat.



Debbie Reynolds, of MGM's *Singin' In The Rain,* wears a daytime dress of woven square-dot on tissue-cotton trimmed with *venise* type daisy lace. The dress buttons down the back—has its own crinoline petticoat. Navy, brown or pink with white dot and trim. Sizes 9 to 15. About $18. By Junior House. Shortie gloves—Hansen. Handbag—Coronet.



This costume worn by Rebel Randall was styled by McArthur, Ltd. with just about everything that's news in fashion! A piqué halter-neck dress with jeweled buttons and four-gore skirt—a piqué trimmed tissue chambray duster. Dress, white only. Duster, grey or light brown—white piqué trim. Sizes 10 to 18. Costume, under $25. Dress, under $13 (duster not sold separately). Shoes by Valentines.



winners all

hollywood approved fashions for spring and summer continued

Joan Taylor, currently in Paramount's *War Bonnet,* wears a combed broadcloth dress of matchless value by Jonathan Logan. Bands and a side bow of gingham trim the dress. Available in black with red gingham trim—green, blue or purple with matching gingham trim. Sizes 7 to 15. About $13. Madcaps hat. Deltah Pearls. Kidskin shoes with little Louis heels by Valentines—about $11.



Liz Scott wears *separates* from a Junior House mix 'n' match collection of *separates* designed for versatile summer living. The pirate pants are of ticking, the fabric used for collar and cuffs on the broadcloth blouse—both are trimmed with coin buttons. Red velveteen belt. Both in navy and white only—sizes 9 to 15—about $6 each. Liz is in Hal Wallis' *Red Mountain* for Paramount.



HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 69; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Giggle at Jerry's capers if you will—that's Martin's bread and Lewis's butter. But behind that goony grin lurks a steel trap!

CRAZY

—like a fox

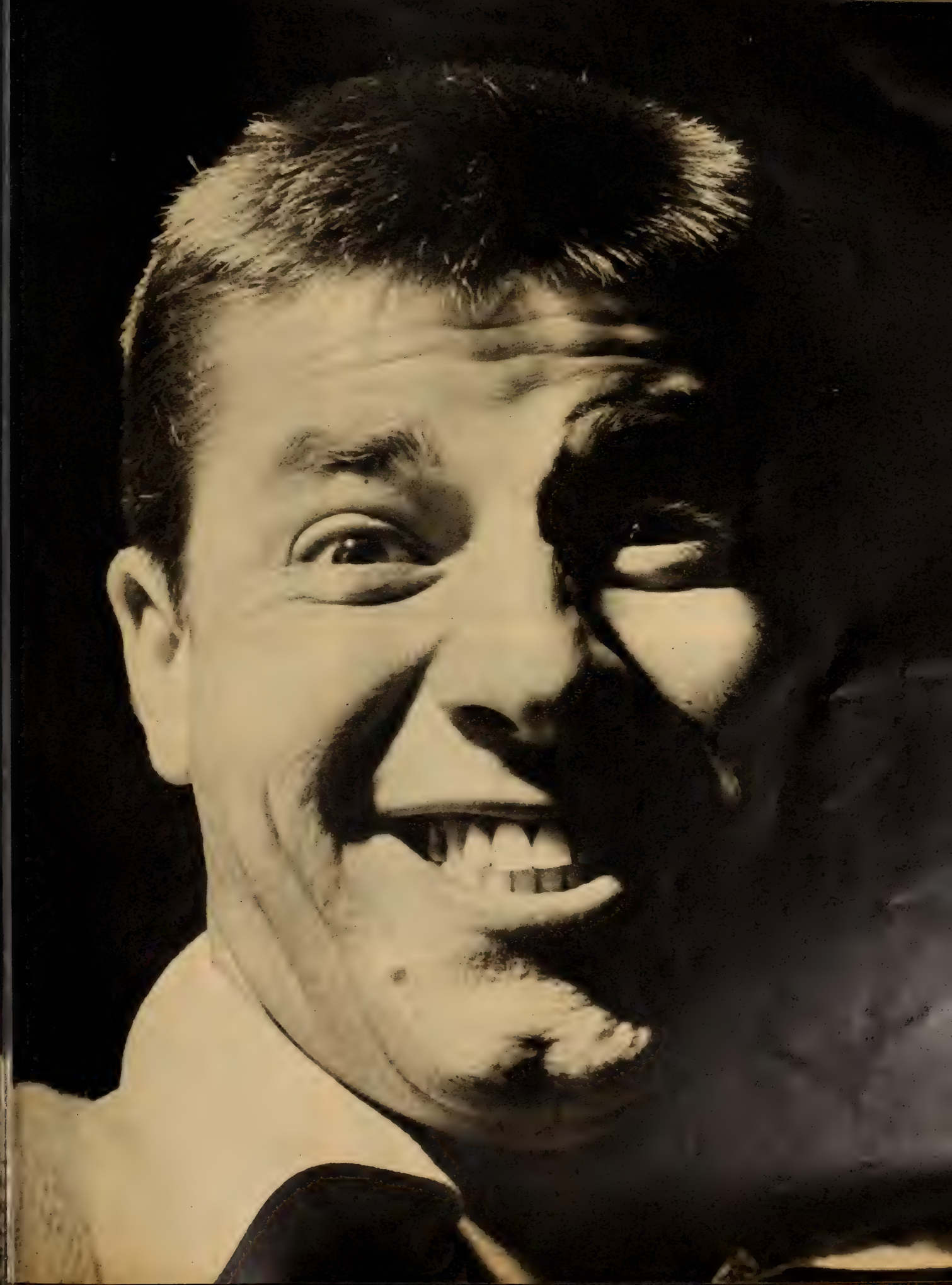


■ Jerry Lewis came to earth with a bang. Literally. His double had already made the jump from the airplane. Now, the camera was picking up Jerry's comedy landing, his feet fantastically tangled in the ropes and paraphernalia of the parachute. Very funny—until Jerry tried to walk away. His ankle was swollen like a balloon. They rushed him to the Hollywood Hospital.

"Sorry, Mr. Lewis," they told him outside the X-ray room. "This is our busy day, you'll have to wait five minutes." Grimacing with pain, Jerry said, "That's okay, gimme a phone." He called his agent and quietly and methodically planned the radio show he was to do with Dean Martin that evening. Just the way he has always planned everything for the top comedy couple of our day.

"I hate to see this guy without a smile on his face, I know it'll cost me a lot of money," Hal Wallis, who is no slouch at business himself, told me when we discussed the Bright Brain masquerading as Jerry Lewis. "How about Dean?" I asked. "Dean," Hal said, "is what Bing Crosby is reported to be—very casual."

But even Bing interviews the girls he is going to sing with. Not Dean. He leaves that and (*Continued on page 97*)










Debbie acts her age














Debbie Reynolds is one Hollywood star who's willing to shout her age from the house-tops. Just a year past her teens, she's in no hurry to grow up, and she doesn't care who knows it!

BY JANE WILKIE

Her feet were on the coffee table, which meant that Debbie was at home. In fact, she and her parents were engaged in a discussion of teen-agers—their problems and their fun—and Debbie was talking eagerly.

"You see, teen-agers feel that just because they are young doesn't mean—" Debbie suddenly stopped and sat bolt upright. "Oh, brother!" she exploded.

"What's the matter?" her mother wanted to know.

"Well—gee—I just remembered. In April I'll be 20!"

The way she said it made it sound like 90, and Maxene Reynolds smiled to herself. "What's so awful about becoming 20?"

"Don't you see?" asked her daughter. "I won't be a teen-ager any more!"

The conversation took place early this year, and since then Debbie has weathered her twentieth birthday without accumulating a mass of wrinkles, or suffering hardening of the arteries. But she was obviously reluctant to leave the golden days behind.

Debbie is the rare young girl who acts her age and doesn't strain to 'grow up.' Despite all the hoopla about life beginning at 40, and the charm of a woman at 30, no one can deny that the girl in her teens and early twenties has a great treasure—the bloom and the freshness of youth. And youth has never been wasted on Debbie Reynolds, because while she is totally unconscious of the resultant charm, she lets nature take its course in the matter of maturity.

She has never claimed to be older than she is, or to try on the veil of sophistication. "I only ask," she says, "that people give me credit for being as old as I am. When I was 16 and began going out with boys my own age, everybody thought my dates were robbing the cradle. I guess it was because I was small, and the nut of the crowd, but at any rate people thought I ought to be home reading 'The Bobbsey Twins'."

As a matter of fact, her mother despairs that Debbie will never grow up, that she is too imbued with the spirit of Peter Pan to be interested in exotic perfumes, sheer negligees and all the things that go with womanhood. Debbie confines herself to light perfumes, (*Continued on next page*)

still clowns around the house, still collects monkeys, and sighs for the good old days when she had time to toot her French horn. She seems to cling to everything reminiscent of her school days, and once in a while will open her cedar chest and gaze sadly at the blackened chrome on her batons. The other night a girl friend came around with an offer to buy Debbie's French horn, an instrument that is badly needed in a local band. "I just couldn't," said Debbie. "I can't part with it. After all, some day I'll have time to play it again. And the piano, too."

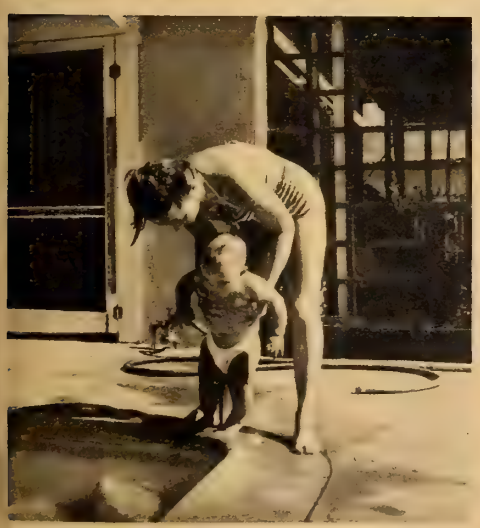
She continues to chew gum, noisily and with great gusto. She has conceded to her mother's pleas in only one respect: she doesn't chew in public. To Debbie, chewing is a relaxation, and when she comes home tired at night, she often climbs into bed with a book and a sizeable chunk of gum. She doesn't smoke, and dislikes the odor of tobacco. "So when Pop smokes, I chew," she says. "And I don't pretend to chew gracefully. I just have a ball of a time."

In subtle ways, Debbie *is* growing up. Few girls of her age pay any attention to politics, but Debbie, who has always been interested in the inner workings of her native Burbank, has widened her interests to national politics. Last year, on a trip to the Capital, she met and (*Continued on page 81*)



This trim, suburban house that the Reynolds live in is deceptively modest from the front; you can't see the modern guest house, and swimming pool in the back.

Debbie's "gone Hollywood" in just one way—she now has a swimming pool in her own back yard. Debbie and her friends use it constantly.



Gail, Debbie's niece and special pet, was only three months old when Debbie started teaching her to swim. Deb's even taken her to premieres!



Carleton Carpenter, who was teamed with Debbie in her early movies, went with her on a recent hospital tour.



Bob Wagner's the lucky lad who won the honor of becoming Debbie's first steady beau. But Debbie still says she won't marry till she's 23.

JUNIOR HOUSE

Debbie Reynolds . . .

gay as a posy in our flower-garden separates

Fresh and flattering—garlanded 'round with Spring blossoms. They circle a slender throat, sweeten a bodice, fit into your own fashion plans. Wear the skirt with camisole top or blouse, they're designed for each other in Steven's Moonbeam broadcloth, Sanforized and delightfully washable. Lilac, Blue or Pink. Detachable fake flowers. Sizes 9 to 15.

1. Boned camisole about $8.

2. Skirt about $9.

3. Blouse about $6.

4. Sunback dress with bolero about $15.

See Debbie Reynolds, Co-starring in M-G-M's "Singin' in the Rain"



Fashion Academy Gold Medal Award



at better stores everywhere, or write JUNIOR HOUSE, INC., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, or 1441 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.

hollywood approved fashions

(*Continued from page 61*) This was *the* Hollywood fashion event of the season and the stars wore their best. Miss Monte Hargus, one of Southern California's outstanding fashion authorities, took over and the fashion parade began.

Cool crisp clothes calculated to make you want to hurry the pages off your calendar, flashed by as the models twirled and posed. Leading the "oohs-and-ahs" viewing section were such celebrated guests as Mrs. Jerry Lewis, Nanette Fabray (who just signed with MGM), Barbara Rush and her handsome husband, Jeff Hunter, Maureen O'Hara's brother Dick Fitzsimmons, Joyce Holden and fiance, Dok Stanford, Mrs. Marshall Thompson, Mrs. Cameron Mitchell, Bill Campbell and Marge Champion. (Gower was home recovering from an appendectomy.)

More than 20 apparel and accessory manufacturers were represented, together with leading lingerie, brassiere, and foundation houses. When the modeling was over, it seemed firmly established that cotton dresses would be the high note in fashion for both spring and summer.

Also in the limelight were such accessories as shortie gloves, casual wedgies, little Louis-heels on pastel shoes, pearl jewelry, scarfs, large straw hats, leather handbags, and—an ingenious glove holder.

The official results, as scored by our judges, appear on this month's fashion pages—the intimate apparel winners are listed at right (see lingerie photos in the July fashion pages of MODERN SCREEN).

Fashion board members can be seen in the following pictures: Ann Blyth—Universal International's *Sally And Saint Ann*. Anne Baxter—Twentieth Century-Fox's *Outcasts Of Poker Flat*. Debbie Reynolds—MGM's *Singin' In The Rain*. Jane Powell—MGM's *The Student Prince*. Piper Laurie—Universal International's *Almost Married*. Jan Sterling—Paramount star. Joan Evans a Samuel Goldwyn star. Janet Leigh—MGM's *Just This Once*. Gene Nelson—Warner Bros. *She's Working Her Way Through College*, Bill Lundigan—Twentieth Century-Fox's *Down Among The Sheltering Palms*. Carleton Carpenter—MGM's *Fearless Fagan*. Peter Lawford—MGM's *Just This Once*. Richard Anderson—MGM's *Just This Once*. Donald O'Connor—MGM's *Singin' In The Rain*. Don Taylor—Paramount's *Stalag 17*.

INTIMATE APPAREL AWARDS*
Artistic Foundations, Inc. (Flexees)
Bestform Foundations, Inc. (bras and girdles)
William Carter Co. (lingerie)
Eye-ful Lingerie Inc. (petticoats)
Holeproof Hosiery Co. (Luxite lingerie and hosiery)
Holeproof Hosiery Co. ("Spare-pak" packaging)
Hollywood-Maxwell Co. (bras)
International Latex Corp. (Playtex girdles)
I & M Co. (petticoats)
Lily of France, Inc. (bras and girdles)
Lovable Brassiere Co. (bras)
Maiden Form Brassiere Co. (bras)
Munsingwear Inc. (lingerie)
Peter Pan Foundations, Inc. (bras)
A. Stein & Co. (Perma-lift bras and girdles)
Stardust, Inc. (slips and bras)
Strutwear Inc. (lingerie and hosiery)
Vanity Fair Mills, Inc. (lingerie)
Willys of Hollywood (hosiery)
**Photos in July issue.*

where to buy

modern screen's hollywood approved fashions

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores

ABON GLOVE RING
Page 56 (top photo)
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

CORONET (handbags)
Pages 58, 60
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

DELTA (pearls) Page 61
Available at leading department, specialty and jewelry stores throughout the country.

EYE-FUL (petticoats) Page 57
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

FRESHY PLAYCLOTHES Page 58
Ashville, N. C., Ivy's
Austin, Texas, Scarbrough's
Baltimore, Md., Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Miller's
Chicago, Ill., Chas. A. Stevens Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Colonial Shop
Cincinnati, Ohio, H. & S. Pogue Co.
Columbia, S. C., James L. Tapp Co.
Daytona Beach, Fla., Penn-Yowell
Ft. Worth, Texas, R. E. Cox Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Paul Steketee & Sons
Hamilton, Bermuda, H. A. & E. Smith Ltd.
Hartford, Conn., Steiger's
Honolulu, McInerny's
Houston, Texas, David's
Indianapolis, Ind., H. P. Wasson
Jacksonville, Fla., Levy's
Memphis, Tenn., John Gerber Co.
Miami, Fla., Hartley's
Miami, Fla., Richard
New Orleans, La., Mayer Israel's
Orlando, Calif., Dickson & Ives
Pasadena, Calif., Dunning's
San Francisco, Calif., City of Paris
Savannah, Ga., T. S. Chu Co.
Washington, D. C., Lansburgh & Bro.
West Palm Beach, Fla., Anthony's

GLENTEX (scarfs) Pages 57, 59
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

HANSEN GLOVES
Pages 58, 60, 61
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY
All Fashion Pages
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

JACK BORGENICHT Page 57
Baltimore, Md., Bonwit-Lennon
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Buffalo, N. Y., Hens & Kelly
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio, John Shillito
Des Moines, Iowa, Younker Bros.
Detroit, Mich., Ernst Kern Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Patterson Fletcher
Grand Rapids, Mich., Bon Marche
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros.
Manchester, N. H., Pariseau's
Newark, N. J., Bamberger's
New Bedford, Mass., Star Store
New Haven, Conn., Hamilton's
New York, N. Y., Gimbel Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa., Lit Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
Pontiac, Mich., George's-Newport's
Reading, Pa., Gilman's
San Jose, San Francisco, Hale's
St. Louis, Mo., Sonnenfeld's
Waltham, Mass., Grover-Cronin
Washington, D. C., Lansburgh & Bro.
Worcester, Mass., Filene's

JONATHAN LOGAN Page 61
Baltimore, Md., Stewart D. G. Co.
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Buffalo, N. Y., J. N. Adam
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie, Scott
Dallas, Texas, A. Harris
Denver, Colo., May Co.
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson
Los Angeles, Calif., Broadway
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wis., Ed. Schuster
Minneapolis, Minn., Power's D. G. Co.
New York, N. Y., Best & Co.
Phoenix, Ariz., Korrick's
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufmann's

JUNIOR HOUSE
Pages 57, 60, 61
Albany, N. Y., W. M. Whitney Co.
Augusta, Maine, Weise's
Birmingham, Ala., New Williams
Bridgeport, Conn., Outlet Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros.
Colorado Springs, Colo., Gray Rose
Coral Gables, Fla., Ruth Boyle, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Kline's
Ft. Worth, Texas, R. E. Cox Co.
Fresno, Calif., Gottschalk's
Hempstead, L. I., Frederick's
Kansas City, Mo., Adler's
Little Rock, Ark., Pfeiffer's
Memphis, Tenn., Loewenstein's
Milwaukee, Wis., Boston Store
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche
New York, N. Y., Oppenheim Collins
Oklahoma City, Okla., Junior Miss
St. Louis, Mo., Sonnenfeld's
Syracuse, N. Y., Addis Co.
Worcester, Mass., John C. MacInnes Co.

KORDAY (denims-tattersalls)
Pages 56, 58
Boston, Mass., E. T. Slattery Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., L. L. Berger, Inc.
Canton, Ohio, Stern & Mann Co.
Columbus, Ohio, The Union Co.
Denver, Colo., Neustetter's
Detroit, Mich., Himelhoch Bros.
Kansas City, Mo., Harzfeld's, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif., J. J. Haggerty Stores
Philadelphia, Pa., B. F. Dewees
Pittsburgh, Pa., Jonasson's
Syracuse, N. Y., Addis Co.
Washington, D. C., Frank R. Jelleff's, Inc.
Worcester, Mass., Richard Healy Co.
Youngstown, Ohio, Chas. Livingston & Sons, Inc.

KORDAY (skirt-blouse) Page 59
Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Boston, Mass., R. H. White
Chattanooga, Tenn., Miller Bros.
Garden City, N. Y., Betty Wales
Jacksonville, Fla., Cohen Bros. Dept. Store
Midland, Texas, Grammer-Murphy

KORDAY (quilted skirt) Page 57
Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott
Los Angeles, Calif., J. J. Haggerty
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's

LaTAUSCA (pearls) Page 57
Available at leading department, specialty and jewelry stores throughout the country.

MADCAPS Page 61
Available at leading department stores throughout the country.

McARTHUR LTD. Page 60
Atlanta, Ga., Davison-Paxon
Albany, Ga., Rosenberg Bros.
Austin, Texas, Collegiate Shop
Baltimore, Md., Town & Country
Beverly Hills, Calif., Martha Dean
Big Spring, Texas, Zack's
Binghamton, N. Y., Bradley's
Burlington, N. C., B. A. Sellars
Cheyenne, Wyo., The Fashion
Denver, Colo., Daniels & Fisher
Detroit, Mich., Stewart Gowns
Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich., Rosemary's
LaGuna Beach, Calif., S. J. Frances
Leavenworth, Kans., Louise Shop
Lynchburg, Va., Baldwin's
Nashville, Tenn., Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
New York, N. Y., Oppenheim Collins
Rutherford, N. J., Town & Tweed
Saratoga Springs, N. Y., The Fashion
Washington, D. C., Hecht Co.
Wheaton, Ill., Kay Howard

PANDORA (sweaters) Page 57
Baltimore, Md., The May Co.
Battle Creek, Mich., Shane's
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N. Y., Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field
Cleveland, Ohio, Halle Bros.
Davenport, Iowa, Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
Des Moines, Iowa, Younker Bros.
Detroit, Mich., Ernst Kern Co.
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox
Houston, Texas, Sakowitz Bros.
Milwaukee, Wis., Ed. Schuster
Minneapolis, Minn., L. S. Donaldson
New Orleans, La., Leon Godchaux
New York, N. Y., B. Altman & Co.
New York, N. Y., Lord & Taylor
New York, N. Y., Saks Fifth Avenue
Pasadena, Calif., Bullock's
Richmond, Va., Miller & Rhoads
Seattle, Wash., Bon Marche
Shreveport, La., Selber Bros.
St. Paul, Minn., Golden Rule
Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

ROCKETTES (shoes)
Pages 57, 58
Atlanta, Ga., Davison-Paxon
Baltimore, Md., Breger-Eisenberg
Baltimore, Md., The Hub
Baton Rouge, La., Goudchaux
Bridgeport, Conn., Meigs Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Strauss
Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie, Scott
Ithaca, N. Y., Rothchild's
Jamaica, N. Y., Gertz
Los Angeles, Calif., The May Co.
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Newark, N. J., Kresge
Newport News, Va., Nachman's
New Orleans, La., Krauss
Philadelphia, Pa., John Wanamaker
San Diego, Calif., Streicher's
San Francisco, Calif., The White House
Seattle, Wash., Nordstroms

If you cannot obtain your favorite Rockettes at these or at your neighborhood store, they are available by mail from Alden's, Chicago, Ill.

SWIRL Page 59
Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Baltimore, Md., Hutzler's
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Cincinnati, Ohio, John Shillito
Evansville, Ind., DeJong's
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif., Bullock's-Downtown
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
New York, N. Y., B. Altman & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa., Lit Bros.
Portland, Oregon, Meier & Frank
Richmond, Va., Thalhimer's
San Francisco, Calif., The Emporium
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C., Hecht Co.

VALENTINES (shoes)
Pages 60, 61
Albany, Oregon, Miller's
Alexandria, La., Engstrom's
Amsterdam, N. Y., Lindsay's Shoes
Bradford, Pa., Oppenheim's
Brooklyn, N. Y., Eli Mackta
Brooklyn, N. Y., Namm's, Inc.
Columbus, Miss., Andrews' Shoe Store
Dallas, Texas, Pennmoor Shoe Corp.
Downey, Calif., Veatch's Friendly Shoe Store
Green Bay, Wis., Arthur Parkes Shoes
Hagerstown, Md., Iyerly's Dept. Store
Harrisburg, Pa., Barbinette Shop
Knoxville, Tenn., Beeler's Bootery
Los Angeles, Calif., Innes Shoe Co.
Los Angeles, Calif., Neeland's Dept. Store
Louisville, Ky., J. Bacon & Son, Inc.
Merced, Calif., Ellis Shoe Store
Mobile, Ala., Ralph's Shoe Store
Montgomery, Ala., Capitol Clothiers
New Haven, Conn., Machol Bros.
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's
New York, N. Y., Foot Rest Shoes—34th St.
Paterson, N. J., Burton's Conformal Shoes
Portsmouth, Va., Professional Shoe Store
Pasadena, Calif., Innes Shoe Co.
Raleigh, N. C., Hudson-Belk Co.
Yakima, Wash., MacDougall's
Yonkers, N. Y., Kramer's Shoe Store





Joyce and her fiancé Dok Stanford chat with Tony Curtis at Modern Screen's recent party. Tony helped Joyce screen test for *The Milkman*, which started her career.

Her hair's the color of Kansas corn, her outlook's as normal as blueberry pie—and all Hollywood seems brighter since Joyce Holden's been around!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

HEY, GOOD LOOKIN'!

■ When she came to the studio she was practically as unknown as a gal can be and still have a couple of friends to say hello. She was just a Kansas City girl who had gotten her legs into TV, laughed easily and spread the feeling around. But that was enough. After a couple of minutes of looking and listening, the head of the talent department started pawing around his desk for a contract she could sign.

As his judgment told him, she could do more than just laugh. The first time she took a screen test it was for Jimmy Durante. When the Schnozzola showed up to see the test, he was very unenthusiastic about her chances to play opposite him in a picture. But when she got through with her number he just fell all over her and cried out gladly, "That's my girl!"

He meant as an actress, of course. The first time she met the boy whose girl she really was to become, he was due elsewhere for a conference. But he didn't go. Forgetting time, place and previous obligations, he sat for five hours across a midnight-to-dawn supper table just dreamily taking her in.

And as for the public . . . the first time she ever made a formal address (*Continued on page 83*)



Girls!

Win One Of 6 Universal-International Studios Screen Contracts!

... your opportunity for fame and fortune! THRILL to an all-expense-paid trip to California and the world's greatest beauty pageant!

ENTER the only world-wide beauty contest!

Catalina Swim Suits

"MISS UNIVERSE" BEAUTY PAGEANT

co-sponsored by *Catalina Swim Suits*, *Pan American World Airways*, *Universal-International Studios* and *the City of Long Beach, California*

Catalina's "Official Miss Universe" Suit — worn by **Piper Laurie**, co-starred in **"Has Anybody Seen My Gal"** — a Universal-International Picture in color by Technicolor.

As your state representative—you'll fly to California via luxurious Pan American World Airways, stay at the finest hotels overlooking the blue Pacific at colorful Long Beach, California.

You'll enjoy breathtaking pageantry and thrills before millions of spectators during the week of June 23, 1952.

You'll compete for the "Miss United States" title—the winner then to compete against beauty winners from 40 foreign countries for the "Miss Universe" crown.

You may win the world's foremost beauty crown "MISS UNIVERSE" and one of six Universal-International Studios contracts or other valuable prizes.

IT'S EASY TO ENTER! *Merely send in a photograph of yourself wearing your new Catalina Swim Suit. Contest now open; closes June 7, 1952. Ask for a contest entry blank at your nearest Catalina dealer—or write: Catalina, Inc., Dept. 312, 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles 13, California.*

around the world...it's

Catalina

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

Suntan by Skol

behind clark gable's feuds

(*Continued from page 51*) establish residence and seek a divorce from Sylvia.

Sylvia checked that move by obtaining an injunction against his Nevada divorce action. Clark agreed to abide by that injunction. He said, however, that come April 26th, he would show up in the Santa Monica Superior Court and bitterly fight the divorce action.

Sylvia's reply was to catch a plane to Nassau in the Bahamas where she has many friends.

Once in Nassau, Sylvia began seeing quite a bit of a certain Mr. Symington, who apparently was very attracted to her.

As for Clark, he was batting zero. His studio suspended him (for reasons to be explained); he took off for Arizona; he was almost killed in a motor accident; and he was keenly disappointed at the criticism of his two latest movies. There was also the very great possibility that because of the California community property law, any divorce settlement would call upon him to give Sylvia 50% of everything he has earned since their marriage—at least $225,000.

In February, a depressed Gable left for New York with Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Griffin. In New York, Clark appeared at an Eisenhower-for-President rally which was televised, and Metro was in an uproar, since Clark's contract explicitly prohibits his appearance on television.

The studio, however, did nothing and finally dropped the matter.

While Clark was in New York, Sylvia Ashley was in an automobile accident in Nassau, and fractured her ankle, suffering a compound break. She flew to New York and was admitted to the very swank Doctors Hospital.

To the surprise of all, Clark called on his wife. His first visit was considered a courtesy call, chalked up to gallantry. But he showed up the second day, too, and the third and the fourth, staying several hours each time.

Whatever he said to Sylvia, she was in a pretty receptive mood. Friends say this was because she'd learned in Nassau that men still found her attractive. Why scare off a potential fifth husband by rolling the fourth over a barrel?

On his last visit to the hospital, Sylvia was most cheerful. They spent two hours together discussing the divorce. Sylvia said she would compromise on her settlement demands, and Clark said he certainly appreciated her attitude, in fact, he was determined not to contest the divorce, to make it as quick and painless as possible.

The amount of the financial settlement Sylvia Gable is to receive, however, was not decided upon. Certainly, it will be much less than $500,000. The chances are she will settle for $50,000 and legal expenses amounting perhaps to $25,000 more.

When Clark was asked directly if a property settlement had been made, he said, "We discussed it, but the details haven't been worked out as yet. I must say though that Sylvia seemed very willing to co-operate. She was much more cooperative than she was seven or eight months ago. We both feel that it wouldn't be good for either of us to be involved in a drawn-out legal fight. We think the whole matter can be settled in a nice, peaceful way."

Maybe it can. That depends on whether or not Clark will meet Sylvia's minimum financial demands. It took him four years to work out a property settlement with Ria Langham, and he finally saw it through because he was desperately anxious to marry Carole Lombard.

This time, Clark isn't desperately anxious to marry anyone, although Sylvia may be. . . .

In any event, after April 26th, when the divorce will probably be settled, Clark may make it his business to see that his path never again crosses Lady Sylvia's.

From that date on, he plans to concentrate on his career. His feud with Sylvia will have been settled and the only hassel left to conquer will be the professional one with his studio.

Last November, the studio suspended him, taking him off his $7,500-a-week salary because he refused to star in *Somebody Loves Me*, opposite Ava Gardner.

Clark loves working with Ava—in fact would rather play opposite her than any other actress on the lot—but he didn't love the script, and therefore turned it down.

"Next thing I know," he says, "they put me on suspension. For four months running, I didn't receive any scripts or anything. To be perfectly frank, I don't see much point in working if I can't act in some pretty good stories. I know that good scripts just don't grow on trees, but other actors get good yarns—fellows like Cooper and Peck and Stewart. Why can't I?"

Clark feels that if he can make one or two outside films a year—that is, away from the studio—he not only will have a better choice of material, but he'll be able to keep more money.

"More than half my salary," he explains, "goes for taxes, and while I'm not griping, it would be a healthy thing to get a piece of some picture."

Clark has reference to the system Jimmy Stewart and Gary Cooper have worked out, whereby they star in a film and reap a percentage of the profits. Stewart cleaned up over half a million on *Winchester .73* in this manner.

Recently, Gable left his old agent, Bert Allenberg, to sign with the Music Corporation of America. MCA is Stewart's agent, also Gregory Peck's, and both of these boys have prospered well.

Now in all fairness to the studio, it must be said that MGM has tried to buy the best story material available for the King. Writers have been hired and paid enormous sums just to develop plot ideas for him. As one Metro spokesman pointed out, "We try to make the best motion pictures possible. Gable is a big star today because Metro made him one. We spent a fortune developing that guy. He's made millions for the studio—no doubt about that but the way some people talk you'd think we were going out of our way to put him into a series of flops. Every film Gable has been in starts out as a potential winner. No one ever hopes to make a bad picture or even a passable one. We want

(*Continued on page 74*)



Here they are, the amazing true-to-life models in the Catalina Hollywood Star Mannikin Collection. Left to right, back row: Tony Curtis, June Havoc, Patricia Neal, Ginger Rogers. Foreground: Shelley Winters, Piper Laurie, Robert Stack.

WATCH FOR THEM IN YOUR HOME TOWN!

■ You'll do a quick double-take when you see the movie-star mannikins shown above. They're only made of wax—but they're so lifelike they almost seem to breathe! These amazing models, created through the cooperation of MODERN SCREEN magazine, will be on display at large department stores throughout the country.

Attired in glamorous new Catalina Swim Suits, styled in California for the stars of Hollywood, these true-to-life mannikins are the work of sculptress Katherine Stubergh, who has, for years, specialized in sculpturing wax figures for all the major studios.

Don't fail to see the Catalina Hollywood Star Mannikin Collection when it visits your town—it's too exciting to miss!

Check the list at right to find the store closest to your home featuring this free exhibition. And watch for Modern Screen's colorful June parade of new bathing suit styles in next month's issue.

STORE	DATE
Burdine's, Miami Beach, Fla.	Mar. 2-8
Foley Bros., Houston, Tex.	Mar. 16-22
Loveman's, Birmingham, Ala.	Mar. 30-Apr. 5
Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.	Apr. 13-19
Thalhimer's, Richmond, Va.	Apr. 27-May 3
Hecht Company, Wash., D.C.	May 11-17
Gimbel's, Philadelphia, Pa.	May 25-31
Macy's, New York City	June 8-14
Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.	June 22-28
Gertz, Jamaica, Long Island	July 6-12
Lazarus Co., Columbus, Ohio	July 21-26

Honored by Modern Screen's Hollywood Fashion Board for "Excellence in Design, Color and Quality of Nylon Hosiery."



See what Holeproof does for Mother...

Gift-wraps precious nylons in a clear, plastic case!

Luxurious gift at little cost. Multi-purpose plastic case with three pairs of sheer nylons carefully tucked inside. Wonderful for women who like to keep their best nylons protected. Equally wonderful: Holeproof's heaven-sent new shade, Camellia Blush. 15-denier sheer; proportioned lengths and widths. $1.50 each lovely pair.

Again awarded the Fashion Academy Gold Medal

Holeproof

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(*Continued from page 72*) all of ours to be hits. Except that you can't win all the time."

Clark, who has been with MGM for 20 years, is a reasonable, kindly man. He's profoundly grateful to Metro, but he knows that he's more than shown his gratitude at the box office.

In the past 20 years, Clark Gable pictures have grossed close to $100,000,000.

Clark feels that he's entitled to a percentage of the profits if he is willing to invest his own money or talent in an independent venture. He has confided to friends that unless the studio agrees to let him do that, he will not renew his contract in 1955.

He feels that since his return from the Air Force in 1945, he has acted in only two good properties, *The Hucksters* and *Command Decision*.

His first post-war film, *Adventure*, was a flop, and as a result of it Clark and Greer Garson, who starred opposite him, don't feel too friendly towards each other.

When Clark reported on the set for the first day's shooting of *Adventure*, he learned quickly that Greer regarded herself as Metro's number-one star. She had won an Academy Award for *Mrs. Miniver*, her films were making money hand over fist, and good old Clark—well, he was the veteran come home, who had to be taken care of. Gable resented Greer's quasi-maternal attitude, her benevolent willingness to have him as her co-star.

When *Adventure* was released it was so bad they couldn't find a producer on the lot who would take credit for it. Gable was hurt. His first comeback effort had laid an egg. Miss Garson's friends attributed the egg to Gable. Clark's pals attributed the egg to Greer.

Today, Gable and Garson hardly talk to each other, and chances of their working together are practically nil.

If you ask Clark about his feud with Greer, however, he says, "She's a wonderful girl, great talent. If the right story came along, I'd be honored to play opposite her."

This is the old Gable gallantry again. It shows up in his feeling toward Metro, too. "With a little luck," he says, "I think I can work everything out." And it's about time that luck broke on Clark's side for a change. For a starter, he's just been put off suspension and the red carpet is down for The King. Everybody at the studio is glad he's back again. **END**

Some years ago Rosalind Russell was appearing in a revival of Philip Barry's play *Holiday*, acting the role of the maverick sister, the one who rebels at the stodginess of her too-practical family. In the play Roz was supposed to be moping in her room upstairs, then come downstairs into the drawing room, face her family and say:

"I know what you've been doing. You've been talking behind my back."

That night Rosalind walked downstairs and faced the others. And then out of her mouth came, with all the hauteur at her command:

"I know what you've been doing. You've been talking about my behind!"

F. Louis Friedman

her life's companion?

(*Continued from page 39*) words before the car door closed were a tremulous, "This is the beginning of a happy end . . ."

But if ever a bride entered the sacred state of marriage followed by predictions of disaster, that bride was Elizabeth Taylor.

Why?

There is no answer to that question. If there is one, Elizabeth Taylor would like to know it. The London-born 20-year-old woman who became Hollywood's most exciting glamor queen in less than a year has never hurt anyone in her entire life, and she has a few questions of her own she'd like to ask:

"Why does everyone keep harping on the fact that Michael Wilding is old enough to be my father? Why do they say behind my back that this marriage won't last a year? Why do they constantly circulate rumors about my relationship with my parents? Why do they try to hurt me?"

Well, Elizabeth, thanks to you, we have the answers to those questions and a lot more. So, as you have often said in a moment of high anticipation—let's get with it!

People are saying that Michael Wilding is old enough to be your father, Mrs. Wilding, because it's true. He is 40 and you are 20. And the contrast doesn't end there. Like a million other men, he has a receding hairline. Photographed from some angles, he looks very nearly bald, which has nothing to do with anything in a man's life, if he is not an actor. But Mike is an actor, so you'll have to go right on reminding him, as you have so often, to put on his hair piece when you go out in public places.

In this respect, you'll have something in common with Mrs. Bing Crosby and Mrs. John Wayne. Bing and the Duke hate like the devil to go the toupee route, but the whole world knows and nobody minds. Matter of fact, in their own particular way, these two guys are just as romantic to their wives, and the public, as Mr. Michael Wilding is to Mrs. Michael Wilding.

Let's take this thing apart, Elizabeth. Not many weeks ago, you became a bride for a second time. When you emerged from the Caxton registry hall in London —and the crowd pressed around you, exclaiming, "Are you happy?" you told them, from your heart, that you were, at last. But it was not like that a little more than two years ago when you and Nicky Hilton rushed breathlessly away from the huge church wedding. Your first marriage was everyone's dream of happiness but your own.

No one, then, was trying to hurt you. They just didn't know you, for you were a woman and had been for a long time while your family and friends looked upon you as a lovely, if somewhat vague and irresponsible teen-ager.

Remember the big party your folks gave for you when you were 16? The guests were largely your studio co-workers. Charming, adult show people who considered a party without cocktails like a waltz without music. It must have seemed a little strange to you that every now and then couples drifted outside to their cars. And when they came back the aroma that wafted in with them had nothing to do with the fruit punch your mother was serving. No. They knew in advance that this was to be a little girl party, so some of them had brought their own liquor.

Remember how your mother felt about this, and the general behavior of some of the guests? You probably agree, now, that she was right. The trouble was not with the party, but with the people who attended it. They came to be amused, and they were, at your expense.

Memories like this can sink in, turning a normal girl like you into a hard-shelled sophisticate. And in your life there were dozens of little episodes that pointed you in this direction. Like the time a photographer was busily engaged in shooting pictures of you in a somewhat daring sweater pose. While your mother was explaining how carefully you had been brought up, you looked up at the photographer a little wearily and said, "What sort of a look do you want now—one that says I'm waiting for time to go by?"

Frankly, no one can blame you for the resentments that began to build inside you. Many another young actress has grown up happily, allowing everyone to live her life, but from the start you wanted independence. Outwardly, you covered up your emotions with a vague and delightfully confused attitude toward everything.

People were constantly saying, "Oh, that Elizabeth Taylor! She's beautiful and unspoiled, but she's in love with love, and doesn't know what she's doing!" The echoes of these remarks must have reached your ears many times in all their senseless, cloying sweetness.

The Elizabeth Taylor-Nicky Hilton married was this fictional character, not you. And while Nicky was courting you, he had to approach you as though you were a Dresden doll. That's how it happened that you and your friends and family never discovered that Nicky was like most other young men. He liked to drink. He liked to gamble. He didn't mean to lie to you about himself, nor you to him. The trouble was that the whole story of the two of you was created out of the vast enthusiasm of people who wanted you to be their idea of Elizabeth Taylor.

So it was a great shock to both of you to discover that you were strangers. Perhaps it's going too far to say that you were simply "too much woman" for Nicky. At least it can be truthfully said that neither of you knew—not each other—but yourselves well enough to give the marriage a chance. People simply couldn't understand how a honeymoon couple with a present of $15,000 in cash to blow in on a European honeymoon could fail to have a good time. Both you and Nicky soon learned that $15,000 is like a bag of peanuts when it collides with the Monte Carlo gaming tables.

If you want to date your factual arrival at adulthood you might put it at the time you dug into your personal resources and paid for the trip home. Even then both you and Nicky tried to make a go of your marriage. But when you came home, you were plopped right back into the old fiction, and the people who hoped to help "this little girl" straighten things out merely made a hopeless mess.

It's just human nature for friends and relatives *not* to blame themselves for what happened. That's why, today, they ask the brutal question, "Why is Elizabeth marrying a man old enough to be her father?" But you needn't allow this to hurt you. After all, it's only a set of words, spoken by many of those who should have learned not to interfere.

Your husband, Michael Wilding, is not even distantly related to the Hollywood wolves who made your life so miserable, just after you divorced Nicky. They sent you flowers and expensive gifts. There was not a proposal in the lot,

(*Continued on page 76*)



"Be Lux Lovely"

says

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"Smooth skin is so important," says Ann Sheridan. Her own Lux-smooth skin is glamour itself! "First, I cream in *active* Lux lather." *Active lather—that's why Lux Toilet Soap cleanses so gently, so thoroughly.*

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use Lux for lovelier skin!



I WAS AT LIZ'S WEDDING

Dear Mr. Saxon:

Liz Taylor's wedding seemed to come as a welcome relief to Londoners from the gloom that had been hanging over the city since the King's death. Michael Wilding was careful to observe the royal request for dark, quiet clothes, and Liz couldn't have chosen a more suitable color than the grey she wore.

All day Monday (the wedding was on Thursday) Mike waited in his Bruton Street flat for word from Liz. He expected a cable which never came. Liz later explained that a cable would have revealed her identity—she was traveling under the name of Virginia Courtney—and she didn't want "to spoil the game." All of Mike's information seemed to be coming from reporters, and, he said, "I seem to be the only man in London who knows nothing about it." He admitted he'd been afraid Liz was joking when she said she'd marry him. His wedding plans were still vague; he seemed to be relying on Liz to make them.

At eight o'clock that evening, while Wilding was eating a solitary dinner, Liz phoned from New York and told him she would arrive the next day. Mike reserved a suite for her at the Berkeley Hotel, and had it filled with seven baskets of pink and white hyacinths. After dark, he went out to the airport to wait for the plane. He waited two hours, and by the time the plane arrived he was very pale. When Liz appeared, she and Mike faced reporters who asked them for the formula of a successful marriage. Bashful and reticent, Wilding said, "I haven't a clue." But Liz replied, "You can't draw a diagram for a successful marriage. It's a two-way business. All you can hope to do is to work very hard at it and believe sincerely that it is a marriage for life." Then her fiance said, "We're just going to work hard at it and hope for the best."

As Liz and Mike stepped into his car she turned to him and said, "Dooling, you've had your hair cut," and then they drove off to Herbert Wilcox's flat for a snack. (He was to be best man; his wife, Anna Neagle, was Liz's attendant.) Mike was the chef and Liz said she was glad he could cook because she didn't know how. Wilding laughingly announced that he was "pretty hot with ham and eggs." It was 11 P.M. then, and they all rushed to Caxton Hall to make a formal application for a license. They wanted to include that day in the three-day waiting period. When Registrar J. D. Holiday asked to see their divorce papers, Mike produced his but Liz looked alarmed. "I don't have them with me," she said. "But everybody knows I'm divorced." She glanced about her pleadingly. Finally, the Registrar decided that a cable addressed to him from the California court would be satisfactory, and they hurried to send a wire requesting it.

At four-thirty the next day (Wednesday) Liz and Mike were off to Cartier's. It took them just five minutes to go in and pick up the ring he had selected the day before and ordered engraved. (Liz had bought the engagement ring herself because Mike was short of American dollars.) From there, they went to the house of a friend in Bruton Street where they stayed for tea and received a Georgian silver ashtray as a wedding gift. It was dark when they started for Liz's hotel, but they took their time walking over, and stopped to look at the store windows, seemingly most interested in those that displayed furniture.

Liz was up at eight, breakfasted on ham and eggs with Anna Neagle. The waiter who served them asked for an autograph, "The last as Miss Taylor," he said. And then he inquired, "Is this wedding going to be for good, Miss?" "What a silly question," said Liz, annoyed. "Of course it is!"

By eleven she was dressed, but the room was so strewn about with her belongings that she couldn't find her shoes. Finally, they were located at the bottom of a trunk. The shoes were very high-heeled grey pumps just the shade of her bag, slightly darker than her bolero suit whose skirt was held out with two starched petticoats, both threaded with blue ribbon. However, nothing was old or borrowed, so Miss Neagle insisted they trade strands of pearls and lent Liz her handkerchief. Mike was waiting at Caxton Hall along with fourteen guests, including his parents. Just before the ceremony began, Mike's father said in a loud whisper: "She's a wonderful girl, very wise, and she promised me she'd make my boy very happy always." Soon Registrar Holiday announced, "You are now married. You are actually man and wife." Shakily, Liz asked him, "May I kiss the groom now?" "Certainly," said the Registrar, and she did—long and tenderly.

Outside, the crowd had grown and had begun to shout. For a moment, Liz looked terrified and clutched Mike's arm. He whispered something to her and she straightened up. Later, she said that she'd been thrilled by the reception, but at first "It looked like a mob come to draw and quarter me."

The newlyweds spent their wedding night at the Berkeley Hotel and held a very informal reception there the following afternoon. Liz was curled up on a settee, smoking a cigarette in a long holder. A short honeymoon in the French Alps had been planned, and Wilding stated they'd live on his £25 travel allowance.

So the wedding was launched—everyone concerned was pleased. And Liz's mother had been quoted as saying, "I think it's wonderful that Liz married someone older than herself. An older man is more considerate, thoughtful and understanding. He will make Elizabeth more considerate and understanding, too."

Yours,
GISELLE LA FALAISE

(Continued from page 74) but there were some bluntly suggestive notes. Yet not one of these dubious gentlemen got as far as your front door.

You lived alone with your friend Peggy Rutledge in your modest Wilshire Boulevard apartment, with Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis for neighbors. You had a light and meaningless romance with director Stanley Donen which was important only to those who make a living dramatizing the lives of exciting people.

Then came Michael Wilding, a quiet, slender chap, with great personal charm, Mike appeared unobtrusively on the Hollywood scene. We all saw him at small parties now and then, usually among reporters and writers and not with the big money crowd, although Mike Wilding was well-known and acceptable even in the veddy social gatherings. What he most liked to do was sit on the floor at parties, meet new people and enjoy the exchange of creative ideas.

And that's just about the whole story, except that this time you ruled out all the people who had "helped" you before. You made life very tough for reporters who were used to explaining your every move. You spent most of your courtship in the company of the Stewart Grangers, and no newshounds were able to penetrate the curtain around your private life.

When you went to Palm Springs, you cleverly let the word slip that you were headed for New York. And about the time the news finally leaked out that Mike had asked you to marry him and the event would take place any minute, you made reservations in Acapulco. That, Elizabeth, was a cute trick. You completely stumped the editors of MODERN SCREEN. They sent a photographer and reporter all the way to Mexico where they cooled their heels for ten days waiting for you to check into the hotel room on your wedding day.

Now, for awhile at least, you'll have to get used to predictions and rumors that hurt when you see them in print. Frankly, you had to hurt a few people yourself. Like the friends you seemed to drop so abruptly. Perhaps now they realize that this was the only thing you could do. They represented a threat to your happiness, for if they had been in on your plans the world would have been, too. And you can hardly be blamed for not wanting to make a circus of your second marriage.

So you've come to the happy ending, and it can be just that, provided you don't feel that you should continue the drastic measures you've employed. For example, you and Mike have a big problem to face. He must spend almost half his time in England, fulfilling his contracts. That means that it will be difficult for you to create a permanent home. There will be long months during which you will be working in Hollywood, alone. That means that there will be inevitable rumors about a separation. But, if you and Mike realize that you have sincere friends among the press, what the other people say won't bother you at all.

As for your studio, it is only natural that with a little more than a year left on your contract, they will seek to renew it. And, with men like Dore Schary interested in your future there should be a way in which you can make plans that will allow you to spend the greatest share of your time with your husband.

Summing it up, Elizabeth, you've had a rough trip through Hollywood, emotionally speaking. You've earned your present happiness, conducting yourself with grace and dignity. And your answer to those who say, "It can't last" should be simple.

Just tell them, "Nothing in this world is forever, but Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding hope to come awfully close to it!" **END**

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MODERN SCREEN presents a new service department in which the stars themselves trade ideas, opinions and problems with our readers. Jan Sterling introduces the first in a series of columns to be written by top Hollywood personalities.

Take my word for it

by JAN STERLING; star columnist for May



Sterling debarks.



Hollywood chow hounds



Home was never, etc.



Mr. & Mrs. in Korea

I HAVE NO APOLOGY for anything I may say in helping to launch this new department in MODERN SCREEN. Just pull up a chair and let's talk. Frankly speaking, I believe that movie stars are entitled to speak up in public and give a certain amount of advice. I don't hold with the idea that no star should admit to being a Republican for fear of annoying the Democrats, or that if she changes the color of her hair she mustn't ever admit it. I'm going to say what I think and believe—and so will Joan Crawford, Janet Leigh, Betty Hutton, and all the others to follow.

I'M IN FAVOR of poodle haircuts, because men will think we're so wonderfully feminine when we let our hair grow out again . . . I'm for Ike, even though I am a Democrat, but I won't be unless he surrounds himself with those I believe are the right people . . . I am for LeLong's #7, when it comes to men's colognes, and if the company appreciates the plug, they can send me a tank car full of the glorious smelling stuff . . . Fearless me, I am for children rebelling against parents when it comes to choosing careers, if the kids have respectable I.Q.'s. I fought to go to dramatic school, and I'm happy in what I'm doing . . . I am against folks insisting that every girl should be an expert cook . . . Maybe she'll marry a man who can work miracles in the kitchen, like I did. No one in their right minds would call my husband, Paul Douglas, a panty-waist, but he's superb in the kitchen. (Matter of fact, for me he's superb in any part of the house.)

IF YOUR BOY FRIEND is in Korea, I may have seen him there. There's nothing heroic about movie stars flying to the battle front. Personally, I had the time of my life when Paul and I went there, along with a lot of other entertainers . . . Somebody asked me if I was afraid . . . The answer was NO. In the battle area, it's like belonging to an exclusive club. Everyone is in the same boat. You either have the pants scared off you, or you don't care. Funny thing, though. To be the only girl among thousands of men somehow almost makes you forget you are a woman. I didn't feel that I was a man, either—just that we were all of a kind. . . .

I was surprised when one night a sentry was posted in front of the van in which I was to sleep. It was explained that the men had been up there a long time without seeing a woman. Paul asked about the sentry and was told, "He's been up here a long time, too." Everyone broke up laughing, and Paul slept at the entrance to my



rugged boudoir. I could hear men shuffling around outside and asking in loud whispers, "Where's the 'broad' sleeping?" But I knew that even without sentry and husband, there would have been no trespassing. They all treated me like angels—those angels!

IF YOU ARE A "DIRTY" BLONDE, which I frankly am without cosmetic aid, you can appreciate the problem of touching up your hair at ten below zero, with only an army helmet to dunk your head in . . . After I had made with the ammonia and peroxide, Paul helped erase the shadowy places I'd missed, with a tooth brush . . . Women ought to look delicate and feminine whether on display before one man or a hundred thousand. Solution: You shampoo your hair once a week. But in a helmet? Try it sometime.

IF YOU'RE PUDGY, which I was as a young girl, you probably are as complexed as a traffic jam. When I was in my teens, I weighed 140 pounds. I was fat all over, and even though some of it was growing weight, I must have been a little horrifying. But I thought I was divine. Today I weigh 108, and I'm not so sure. There's no easy secret to the weight problem . . . Mostly I think it's self-discipline. I don't drink, and I don't diet. Mornings I have eggs. Noons, I eat vegetables. Nights, lean meat. About twice a month I go on a fudge spree . . . Just shun the starchy foods and keep the thought in mind that somebody's going to think you're rather precious. But let it go to the man's head, not to yours.

IF YOU ARE AFRAID of anything, I may have a helpful formula: Don't keep your fears a secret. Admit them. Let those of your friends who are dinner table psychiatrists work you over. Their advice probably will be next to worthless, but you'll laugh at what they think they know . . . Air travel has always given me the shakes. Pretty ridiculous. When we took off for a smooth Constellation ride to Honolulu, Wake Island and all points East, I comforted myself with a St. Christopher medal and a Mazuza. Then somebody gave me a small Buddha, which I took along just in case anything happened over Japanese territory . . . Don't accuse me of being sacrilegious I'm as good an Episcopalian as the next Episcopalian—I hope. (*Continued on next page*)

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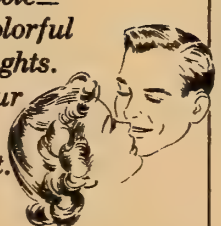
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Take my word for it

continued

I'M WARMING UP. More advice: Don't fall in love with money. I'd tell my kid sister that if I were allowed only one remark. As a child I fell into the "rich kid" classification. Real name: Jane Sterling Adriance; private tutors in Paris and London . . . I had any tendency toward snootiness ground out of me in theater work . . . On the other hand, my husband, Paul Douglas, grew up as a poor boy, which makes him basically a nicer guy than I am . . . Paul gets along with everybody, loves Cadillacs. I drive a little Studebaker, and fight a tendency to be afraid of new acquaintances.

EVER HATE YOUR FACE? Well, I did. For years, all because of a nose that was too full in the middle. It was so bad that every time I looked at anyone I didn't see a face. Only the nose. My dislike spread, privately, to Lana Turner, Betty Grable and 23 starlets with beautiful noses . . . Then, one day, a plastic surgeon of high repute did for me what he had done for so many women. He fixed it. . . . Now I don't care what anyone, including cameramen, thinks about my nose. When



Before *After*

they look at me closely I say to myself, "Well, at least I tried!"

One day you too may want a prettier nose, in which case, here's some advice, well meant: Don't have your nose fixed as a whim, because they can never give you back the old one. Don't do it because you have a complex. First you have to get rid of the idea that your nose is ruining your life. Then calculate carefully. If a nose operation will obviously improve your chance for personal happiness, and you can afford it, go ahead . . . But never without the best of surgeons, and not if you are under 20 . . . You may not know your own mind.

THINGS I LOVE: The advice of an ex-glamor girl who told me: "The best way I know to stay beautiful is to fall in love, scrub your face with soap and water and say your prayers with equal thoroughness, every night."

HOME IS A PLACE a lot of girls are in a hurry to get away from, so they can marry, settle down, and build a nest just like the one they left . . . (Think it over. I mean that as a tribute to your parents.) And while on that subject, I don't agree that children should make friends of their parents. Make mothers and fathers of them, instead. They like it that way . . . I've found my real home, at last. Saw it first, several years ago, and it was a Douglas home then—belonging to Melvyn Douglas. When, a couple of months back, Paul and I called an agent about a house, the first thing mentioned was the Douglas home in the old Outpost section of Hollywood, high in the hills. We took it like a shot, and now we're furnishing . . . We're searching the town for furniture we've always wanted—our first selection being a tremendous king-sized bed . . . I want a Utrillo for over the living room mantel, and for Paul's cooking, an O'Keefe and Merritt or some other veritable Wurlitzer of a stove, and a GE refrig. (No endorsement implied; I just like 'em.)

I'LL CONFESS something. As a child I was a BRAT! I've always been a little spoiled, and my husband, bless his heart, hasn't changed me too much . . . Like a million or more other children, I come from what some people refer to as a "broken home" . . . My parents were divorced, and at an early age I learned what it was to be "more to be pitied than censured." Little devil that I was, I played mother against father, and enjoyed being the center of the stage. Got away with it for a long time, too, before somebody spanked my little bottom. Apparently my beloved father and step-dad didn't put too much stock in the loving psychology concerning children of divorce . . . So I've been living happily ever after. Thanks for letting me talk to you.

Yours,

Jan Sterling

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Jan Sterling personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

. . . and take my word for it

Jan Sterling allowed me to read what she has to say, between scenes of our co-starring film, *Flesh And Fury*, and I asked the editors for an opportunity to help launch this new series. I think you all should know that Jan is as honest and clever as she appears on the screen. Far as I'm concerned, this column is going to be on my "must" list every month. Sincerely,

Tony Curtis



debbie acts her age

(*Continued from page 66*) observed many of our top statesmen and attended a session of Congress. She came away with definite ideas, and is really interested in the voting privilege she will have next year.

On the lighter side, Debbie has finally bought a hat. Her purchase threw the entire household into a tizzie, for Debbie has always scorned any kind of headgear. She not only bought this chapeau, but she wore it, plus gloves, to three consecutive social functions, and Maxene Reynolds sighed happily. "You know," she said to her husband, "I think there's finally a ray of hope after all."

In years gone by, Debbie regarded babies as strange creatures. Lovable, but strange all the same. If you couldn't talk with a character, or dance with a character, what kind of a character was it? Then she became an aunt, and on the day when the baby was left in her care, Debbie toted it over to Gene Kelly's house and from there to MGM, carrying it proudly, and beaming at every compliment.

Debbie's attitude has changed towards her brother, too. Bill had always been the big brother, the guy who knew everything and everybody, but with the passage of time Debbie has caught up with and even passed him in maturity. Now she refers to him as 'my little brother'. Bill doesn't object to this at all. On the contrary, he admires her tremendously.

Debbie's mother and father no longer loom as strange and mystical overlords. In the past three years she has come to know them as real people, to understand their problems and their moods. "I've even got to the point where I know how to work them for what I want," she says, with a grin. Apparently this isn't very difficult, for Ray and Maxene Reynolds have always let Debbie make her own decisions, so she has evolved into a self-reliant girl with sound judgment.

In the past, boys have suffered a lot of pangs over Debbie, and only now she is beginning to realize how unfairly she treated them. "I guess I was sort of scared of fellows then," she says. "And when they'd ask me for a date I'd give them the brush-off. When I look back now, it strikes me I was pretty terrible. I don't know why they even bothered to speak to me." Or, in other words, she is no longer shy with the opposite sex.

WITHOUT being aware of it, Debbie is learning how to talk with people in all walks of life. In her position as a movie star, she's met senators, farmers, lawyers, bricklayers, and the President. Debbie has always liked people, she used to sit on her street corner for hours at a time and watch people go by. But her recent contacts have taught her a lot and given her great poise. Debbie herself says, "Without a movie career, I would have been a jerk."

But growing up has much to do with that, too. Debbie showed definite signs of an oldster when she recently advised a friend not to work so hard at school. The girl in question was bending under the burden of extra-curricular activities along with her regular studies.

"Stick to your schoolwork," opined Miss Reynolds. "Don't knock yourself out working for pins and letters. It isn't worth it."

Two years ago this same Miss Reynolds belonged to every club in school, collected pins and letters like mad, and joined every committee that would take her—and these things were important as life and death to her. But now, from her advanced position

kite-light

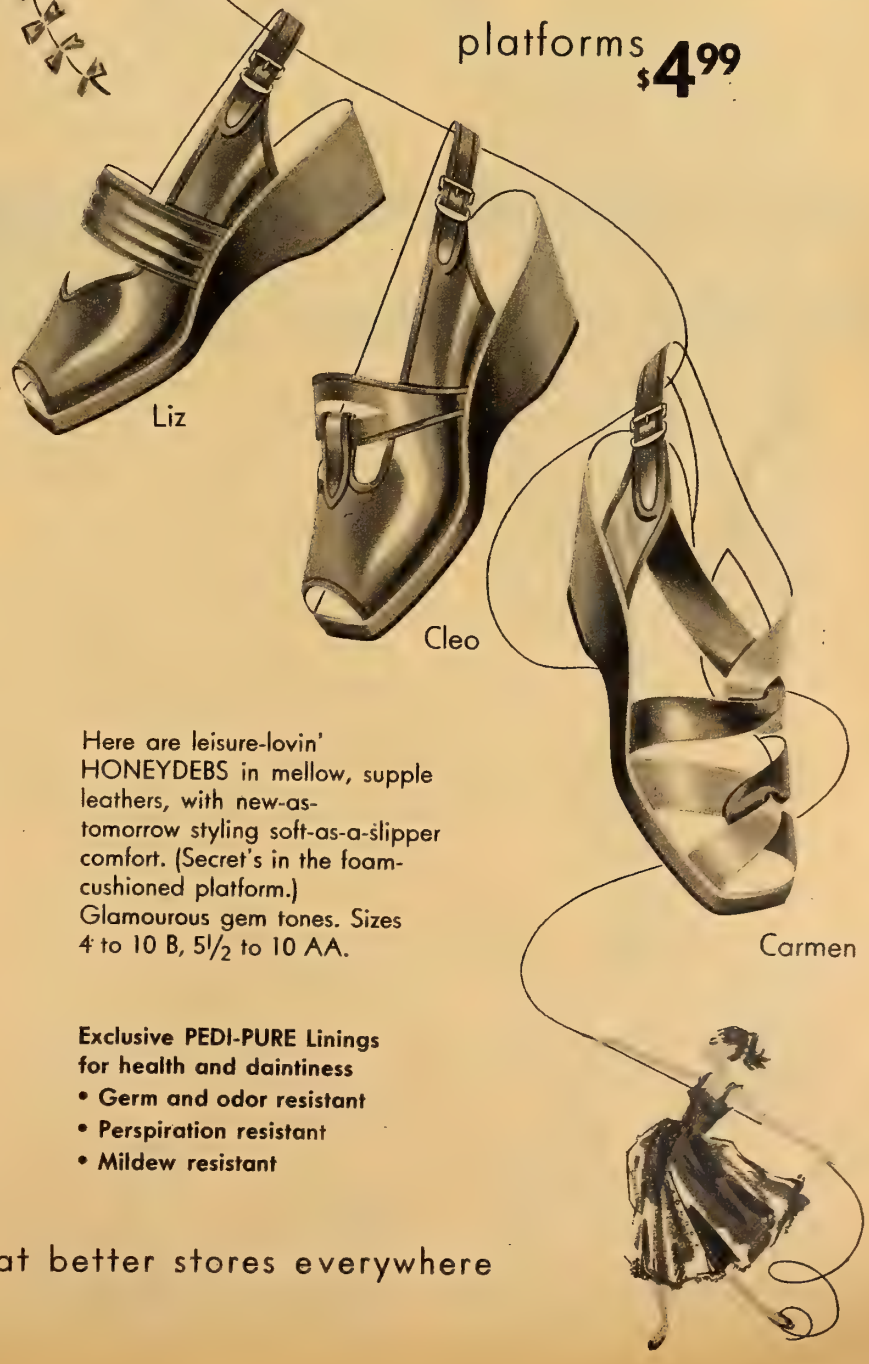
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Debbie doesn't look forward to being sophisticated. There's only one milestone she wonders about. She has made five-dollar bets with everyone that she won't marry before she reaches 23.

The five-dollar bets add up to a small fortune, but Debbie isn't worried about it because she's so positive she'll still be single. Besides, if she *is* married, her husband will be duty bound to dig in his jeans to pay off. But that'll be a pleasure for the man who hooks Debbie! **END**

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My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone....

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City_____ State_____

school assembly. Joyce learned the Hawaiian War Chant dance and demonstrated it, cellophane skirts and all, for the teacher in charge. It was approved and she performed it at the next assembly. Unfortunately, the teacher had not bargained on boy psychology. Though the movements of the dance were strictly in classic tradition, the boys did their own interpreting and responded with wolf whistles.

No blame fell on Joyce as far as the school authorities were concerned, but she was soon aware of an undercurrent of resentment on the part of the girls. This was made quite clear not only when she lost out on joining the sorority she had her heart set on, but in many other little ways. For a while Joyce felt crushed, yet actually, all this was to contribute invaluably to her character. Instead of her ways being standardized as to dress, demeanor and custom by sorority decree, she was free to acquire individuality—and she did. One of the girls in school who originally sided against Joyce, but later became a close friend, was smart enough to figure all this out.

"I wish I had been blackballed out of the sorority now," she said. "We're all like little puppets, talking the same, dressing the same, while you're a somebody!"

Most girls who get to Hollywood have dreamed about it for years; almost every girl gives the possibility an occasional thought. Joyce belongs to the latter group. Hollywood, the movies, and the road to stardom on which she is now traveling, were all unplanned developments. After she completed her junior year in high school her mother, Mrs. D. P. Heckert (Joyce's real name is Jo Ann Heckert) took her and her brother to Los Angeles for a two weeks' vacation. Like many visitors, they liked California so much they began to kid each other about not going back. When the two weeks were up they stopped kidding. They knew they were going to stay.

Joyce busied herself the rest of the summer trying to find modeling work and for want of anything else to do entered a couple of beauty contests. When she was ready to enter Hollywood High for her last year she could lay claim not only to being Miss TV of 1948, but Miss Southern California of that year also. In deference to such honors the president of the student council himself introduced her around, but Joyce soon dequeened herself and got down to normalcy—she found that in Hollywood every other girl is a Miss Something-Or-Other. In her class there were, among others, Miss Eye-Lash of 1946, Miss Soy Bean of 1947, and even a Miss Die-Now-And-Pay-Later!

Her mother found a position in Los Angeles and Joyce shortly got back into modeling and made a bid for TV work. Her face and form hit the covers of several national magazines and Ed Wynn picked her as the girl to bring him his funny hats and props on his TV program. Joyce kept on at school while she worked and became a freshman at UCLA, her last stop before fortune literally cut in on her life. She was whirling around the floor at a school dance when a talent agent tapped her partner on the shoulder.

"If I may?" he asked.

Two days later he had brought her to the office of Rufus Le Maire at Universal-International, and not long after that she was pointed out to Jimmy Durante as the girl who should play opposite him in *The Milkman.*

"I dunno," responded Jimmy, not liking the idea of working with an inexperienced actress. "Let her learn the dance and song routine and we'll see."

Joyce had 24 hours to study her part and Tony Curtis to help her rehearse. If you remember the "It's Bigger Than Both of Us" number from *The Milkman* you know how much she impressed Durante. But he wasn't the only one to cry out, "That's my girl!" The very same words were uttered by a young writer named Dok Stanford when he dropped into a Beverly Hills movie some months later and saw Joyce on the screen. At that instant an empty life flashed before him which he recognized as his own. And he knew that only she could fill it properly. What happened then he has promised faithfully never to write into any of his scripts because it would never be believed.

IT SEEMS that that very same week Donald O'Connor and his wife, Gwen, invited Joyce to go out on a dinner date with them. They had a partner for her, but at the last moment he had to leave town. Donald was wondering whom he might call to substitute when the telephone rang. It was Dok Stanford, who has known Donald for some years. He had a simple request. Could Donald help him meet a girl at U-I by the name of Joyce Holden? It took Donald 15 minutes to convince Dok he could not only meet her but accompany them to dinner if he wanted to. In the end Dok agreed, even though, as he explained, he would have to leave early for another date. But at two in the morning he was still with Joyce, just looking and listening. Don and Gwen had gone home long since . . . neither Joyce nor Dok knew exactly when.

It has been more than a year since that night and the two have quarreled many times—but never for longer than a minute. For this Dok gives Joyce all the credit. The last time they had harsh words they both lapsed into a deadly silence. Finally Dok spoke, or started to. He got as far as "Well . . ." when Joyce cut in quickly. "I forgive you," she announced.

Joyce is quick with words and these generally reflect her feeling more than her thoughts, yet almost always seem to fit well. A member of Unity Church, she was asked to address 300 members at Unity Farm, the national headquarters in Kansas City, last year. Her subject was on the value of religion as she had found it in her life. She had a serious message but somehow, before her allotted eight minutes were up, she was back on her own level of communication into which the fun of living simply has to creep. If anything it strengthened her talk, but her appreciative listeners found themselves laughing and responding like an audience watching a gay comedy.

Whatever the power of Joyce's personal appeal, it seems to take effect within minutes after exposure to it. "All the good top comedians have it," one of her producers, Lou Breslow, has said. "It's something that can't be cultivated or learned. Put Joyce into a crowd and good feeling seems to ripple out from her."

Dok has a friend, a staid corporation attorney, who not long ago celebrated a wedding anniversary with a party at his home. Dok took Joyce, of course, and when they entered they couldn't believe their eyes. As a festive affair it was a complete failure. Mostly there were lone twosomes made up of husband and wife. Otherwise a few men had gathered together to talk business, leaving wives to take up domestic affairs.

"It's like a wake!" whispered Dok to Joyce. "I'll just say a few words to the host and then we'll go."

Dok went looking for his host, and was talking to him when a burst of laughter and music came from the living room. They went in to find everybody in a merry group around a couple who seemed to be giving a rumba exhibition. One was a short, plump business executive and the other, of course, was Joyce—with her shoes off to stay on eye level with her partner. Dok looked at his watch. It had taken Joyce four minutes to break up the frost.

Even Shelley Winters, who is the current "queen" of the U-I lot, is aware of Joyce's potentialities. One time, at luncheon, a group of players, including Joyce, were talking to a writer known to be almost finished with a comedy script all the girls were crazy about. Soon Shelley walked up and addressed him.

"Is that script finished yet?" she asked. "I got to do it, remember. Nobody else but me!"

Joyce turned to Shelley. "I don't blame you, Shelley. It's an awfully cute script and I would just love to do it myself."

Shelley thought a moment, her eyes studying Joyce thoughtfully. "Well, all right," she said finally. "You can do it. You got talent."

Actually it will be up to the studio to decide who will do the script, but coming from Shelley Winters, to whom talent is art, and art is all—this was a statement so momentous as to almost split the studio gossip pipeline wide open

Since over-ambition is not a characteristic of Joyce's temperament, she is not unduly concerned about her career and is content to await the future. Since *The Milkman* she has made five pictures, including *The Iron Man,* with Jeff Chandler, and her latest is a modern spectacle of the west, *Bronco Busters,* in which Scott Brady and John Lund are starred with her.

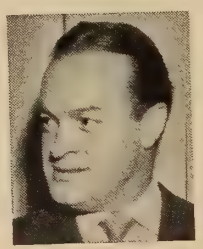
She's going to marry Dok and they keep setting dates to set a date. In the meantime she lives at home with her mother, writes letters to her brother who is in the Navy, and keeps her hand in at cooking. She likes to eat everything that comes in a pot—especially stews and fricassees.

She used to love to buy handbags but had trouble finding shoes to match. Now she has learned to buy them at the same time. She has keen hearing and once, when her mother noticed her with her ear to the wall, claimed that she was listening to termites chewing away at the studs. Her hearing comes in handy when introductions are made. She isn't the kind names fly by. Last year on a visit to San Jose College during a world premiere she was taken to the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity for a brief cocktail party. There were 30 members present and she stayed just 20 minutes. When she left she said goodbye to 24 of the boys by name.

You can be sure that none of the 24, or the 30, for that matter, will forget her easily. And that goes for everyone who meets her!

END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



During Bob Hope's personal appearance at the New York Paramount Theater, the weather was rather cold and windy. On one of the most wintry of days we were standing in line outside before the first show. Imagine our surprise when we saw none other than Bob Hope passing out hot coffee to the line's freezing occupants.

Jean M. Unger
Union City, New Jersey

a simple case of love

(*Continued from page 53*) capacity should lead to big trouble. Jess should feel bitter, outraged, inferior. He should resent, at least subconsciously, his wife's success. Susan, too, should feel cheated, guilty, domineering. After all, she's the major bread-winner in the family, and doesn't that weaken her role as a woman?

The chronic prophets of doom have not only predicted divorce for Susan and Jess, but they're anticipating marital disaster, on the same basis, for Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea, and all the rest of those professional or non-professional couples whose incomes are unequal in the wife's favor.

Of course, if you predict divorce for ten or 20 Hollywood couples, you're likely to be right occasionally. It's like betting on every horse in a race; you're bound to come up with the winner. But in the case of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, which is essentially a case of love, the chances of marriage failure are very small. The Barkers are intelligent people who have faced up to their problems, surmounted the obstacles (although this took a good deal of adjustment) and are now very happily married in a most un-Hollywood way.

"Susan and I," Jess explains, "regard our marriage as a partnership. Whatever each of us earns goes into the family bankroll. The very nature of the entertainment business is cyclical. Right now Susan is having a great run. Next year or maybe the year after, it'll be my turn. There's no point in becoming a neurotic just because your wife is a big success.

"I admit frankly that when a man isn't working, especially an actor, it can get on his nerves. He begins to brood, becomes jumpy and irritable. It's happened to me. But you've got to snap out of it. It's not fair to you, not fair to your wife, and certainly not fair to your children."

SUSAN Hayward, who is probably one of the most intelligent actresses in Hollywood, presents her point of view this way: "I'm not competing with Jess for acting laurels or earning money or anything. I'm collaborating with him. Who can properly judge the relative contributions to any collaboration? In a marriage it doesn't particularly matter if the wife's monetary contribution is greater than the husband's, just so long as they both contribute love and understanding and mutual effort."

It's well known in Hollywood that when Susan is away on location and Jess is at home, he looks after their seven-year-old twins, Timothy and Gregory—when he isn't working.

A year ago when Susan was in Georgia for *I'd Climb The Highest Mountain*, Jess phoned her one evening and said that their housekeeper had quit. "What am I going to do?" he asked. "Who's going to prepare food for the twins?"

Susan promptly dictated a detailed list of instructions on the care and feeding of twins. She also gave Jess a few recipes and suggested that he buy some supplies, and try to cook dinner himself.

A pretty resourceful guy, Jess did exactly that, and when Susan phoned from location each day thereafter to find out how he was doing, Jess assured her that as an amateur cook he wasn't half-bad.

What was even more important, he showed no resentment at bearing his share of the family domestic load.

In Hollywood this is pretty unusual. It calls for maturity, honesty, and the frank acknowledgement of realities. There are dozens of actor husbands who would



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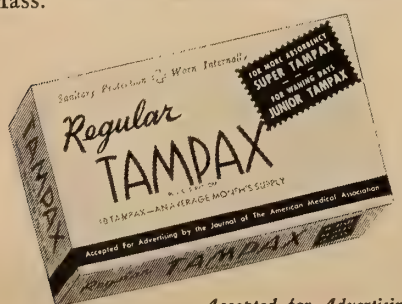
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sooner be caught dead than be seen wheeling a carriage, or shopping at the supermarket. These fathers see their children for a few hours on weekends, kiss them goodnight on weekdays, and consider their responsibilities ended.

Jess Barker is different. In the past few years, he has probably spent even more time with Tim and Gregory than Susan has, because when Susan is working, she leaves the house at six or seven in the morning and doesn't return until seven-thirty at night when the boys are ready for bed.

Thus, while Susan is contributing money to the family collaboration, Jess is contributing love and affection to his sons. When Jess is working, Susan tries to arrange her schedule so that she can devote ample attention to the boys.

Efficient and workable as their marriage is today, there was a time when things weren't running so smoothly.

About four years ago, Susan and Jess were squabbling incessantly, "about little things, minor peeves, quarrels which festered and ran on for three or four days."

This happens in many marriages and unless the quarrels are seen in true perspective, they frequently develop into major troubles.

Well, four years ago, Susan and Jess had many career problems. Susan was under contract to Walter Wanger at the time, and he was ready to sell her contract to a major studio. Jess, who'd been with Universal, failed to have his option lifted. Optimism in the Barker household was at a low ebb during this period. Had two less intelligent persons been involved, the affair would have resolved itself in a divorce court. But Susan and Jess took their troubles to a marriage counselor.

What he told them in essence was this: "You're both in the same profession. Economically, you have the same background. You were poor in your youth, ambitious, eager to get ahead. Whether you know it or not, you're competing against each other. Jess is the man of the house. He feels he should be the dominant wage-earner. Susan is a fine actress. She feels she should exploit her talents.

"Your quarrels probably stem from these frustrations, but a marriage can't last if the husband and wife compete against each other. You've got to compromise and collaborate. And most important of all, quarrels should be settled before you go to bed. Never carry an argument over into the following day."

Susan admits that she and Jess still argue about things. "But every night we kiss before we go to bed, and in the morning there are never any hard feelings."

This intellectual approach to marital difficulties is characteristic of Susan Hayward's entire approach to life. Seek out the best advice and then without any delay follow it through with determination.

Her history bears that out.

She was born Edythe Marrener in Brooklyn on June 30, 1919. Her father was a wireman for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company.

As a little girl, her life was harsh. There was never enough money for little luxuries, and when she was graduated from Girls' Commercial High School, she had to get a job. "I wasn't trained for anything," she recalls, "but I had to earn some money, so I got a job as a model."

Just about this time, David Selznick was beating the bushes for an unknown actress to play the part of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind.* One of his directors, George Cukor, happened to pick up an issue of The Saturday Evening Post in which he saw a fetching picture of the hazel-eyed redhead.

Susan was tested for the role first in New York and then in Hollywood. After three weeks in Hollywood at $50 a week, she was told that she wasn't "right for the part."

Instead of returning to Brooklyn, Susan moved into a cheap bungalow with her sister. "I was determined," she says, "to get a job in pictures."

The job wasn't very long in coming. One afternoon, Susan rented a bike, lost control of it, and wound up in a prone position on the lawn of an agent named Benny Medford. Benny says, "I took one look at her, and I knew she belonged in the movies. I took her out to Warners, and they signed her at $50 a week, but they dropped her after six months. I was sure she had what it takes, and so was she, so we went over to Paramount. She sang a song or two for the boys and they gave her a contract at $250 a week."

At this point, Susan was bent on becoming a great dramatic actress. However, Paramount never realized how good she was. They put her in a series of minor B's and then sent her around the country to exploit other Paramount pictures. She did this for years. Her salary kept mounting, but she couldn't get any good parts.

Finally, Susan decided to strike a blow for Susan. When the Paramount film salesmen came out to Hollywood for their annual convention, she and every other actress on the lot were introduced to the men by studio vice-president Y. Frank Freeman. The other actresses merely nodded, uttered an idle pleasantry and left the stage. But not Hayward. She made a speech. "Most of you gentlemen,"

Youth is not all it's cracked up to be—because there are so many terrible things to find out about!
Judy Garland

she said, "know me already. I've met many of you on tours in your home towns and it's good to see you again. In the past you've been kind enough to ask why you haven't seen me in any pictures. There's one man here who can answer that question. Mr. Freeman, will you please tell these gentlemen why I'm not in any pictures?"

Y. Frank Freeman wasn't studio vice-president for nothing. "Don't worry, my girl," he said. "You'll soon be in plenty of pictures. We have big plans for you."

Susan was given a top role in *Reap The Wild Wind* and then loaned to Columbia to star with Ingrid Bergman and Warner Baxter in *Adam Had Four Sons.* In each of these films, her acting was superb, and Edythe Marrener was on her way.

One night in 1944, when Susan was working at the Hollywood Canteen, a tall, very handsome young actor, who was emceeing the entertainment, came over and introduced himself. He was Jess Barker, and as soon as she heard the name, Susan quickly realized that this was the fellow over at Columbia who was being called the hottest young actor in Hollywood. The fellow who'd played opposite the great ladies of the stage, in New York, and was now scheduled for a featured part in *Cover Girl,* with Rita Hayworth.

That night Jess asked Susan if he might take her home.

That would be very nice, Susan thought.

Jess took her home—she was living with her mother at the time—but when he tried to give her a goodnight kiss, she hauled off and let him have a beautiful right-hand slap in the face.

Barker was stunned and Susan was insulted. She rushed into the house and slammed the door before he could apologize.

Barker couldn't figure it out. Here was an actress who'd been working in Hollywood for years, an experienced young woman who'd been around. What sort of reaction was that?

During the next week, he phoned three times. Susan refused to come to the phone. However, she made it a point to turn up again at the Canteen and run into Jess.

She has subsequently admitted that "in the game of love, the gals are always the pursuers and the men the pursued."

"Every woman," she says, "when she first sees her Prince Charming, tries to find out how she can meet him again—accidentally. But she isn't satisfied unless her pursuit causes *his* pursuit. Of course, after you're married, you're dead certain that it was your husband who did the pursuing. I guess that particular feeling is a woman's face-saving device.

"Actually Jess and I broke our engagement twice in six months before we decided we were absolutely right for each other."

Whatever the Hayward tactics, they worked. In 1944, Jess took Susan as his wife.

During the early years of their marriage, both of the Barkers' careers were on the upswing. Susan left Paramount and was immediately signed by Walter Wanger who started to give her some fine pictures. And Jess was working out at Universal. They were both earning a lot of money, and the future looked good. There was no problem of the wife's overshadowing her husband.

That problem came into being when 20th Century-Fox bought up Susan's contract from Wanger and set about making her one of the really top-flight dramatic actresses in the business.

That's when people began sympathizing with Jess and predicting that his ego would be unable to stand the strain of his wife's success.

They were right for a short period of time—until Susan and Jess with a marriage counselor's aid, worked out their own design for happy living.

Today, despite the fact that Susan has starred in five successive hits—*Rawhide, I'd Climb The Highest Mountain, I Can Get It For You Wholesale, David And Bathsheba,* and *With A Song In My Heart*—the Jess Barkers are easily one of the happiest, most well-adjusted couples in Hollywood.

Susan realizes that because of her success, it is sometimes almost impossible for Jess to get a job. Only recently, Barker was up for a big part at a major studio. "What do *you* need a job for?" the casting director asked him. "Your wife's making plenty of money."

That's a pretty typical attitude in Hollywood, and it is a most trying obstacle to surmount. Barker is a man with lots of talent and courage. He can't go to a casting director and say, "Sure, my wife's making a lot of money, but suppose she stops after three or four years? What happens then? Today with taxes, not very much is left. I *have* to work, just because my wife is working, too, doesn't mean I should retire."

But Jess says none of this, and he never mentions to Susan the problems which beset the actor-husband of a successful actress-wife. He keeps them to himself, makes the rounds of the studios, takes whatever parts, large and small, that are offered to him and hopes one day that a lucky break and a lot of honest effort will land him on stardom's top rung.

Until that day arrives, he and Susan have no intention of endangering what is now one of the most solid marriages in town. **END**

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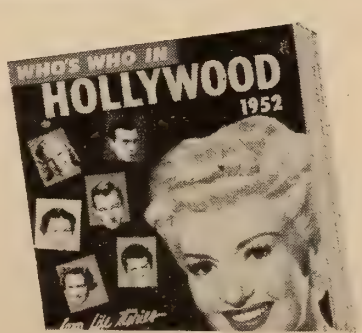
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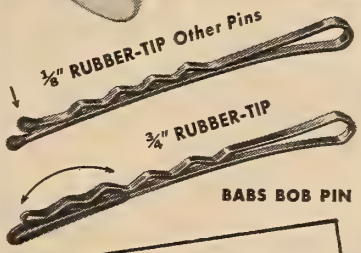
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"someone to watch over me"

(*Continued from page 24*) For 20 exciting, song-filled weeks, the star who had tried to end her life in despair before she met Sid Luft, had made show business history. Not only had she become the world's highest paid performer, but she was acknowledged by all to be tops in her profession. Sophie Tucker, the grand old veteran of song, had wept on opening night at the comeback drama of the glorious Garland voice and sense of showmanship.

Looking back over those satisfying weeks, Judy said, "This whole thing at the Palace has been magical." Huddled in her cotton dressing-gown, she looked youthful and slender once again.

"Sid has done it for me," she said simply.

He re-entered the room which he had left when Judy started to discuss her feelings for him.

"That's my fella," she praised as she watched him adoringly through the dressingtable mirror. Brown-haired, brown-eyed, with much the same coloring as Judy, the soft-spoken Luft is tall, slender and handsome.

There is no inordinate display of affection from this couple in love. Just a quiet acceptance and understanding of what each means to the other.

The telephone rang. It was for Luft who was arranging some last minute details for a closing night party in the theatre. Judy had been disappointed earlier that they might not be able to hold it in the Palace, but Luft with deft, able management had smoothed out the wrinkles, much to Judy's pleasure.

He explained to her in amusing detail how he had accomplished it. Her upturned nose crinkled in gleeful delight at his recital and she doubled up in joyous laughter.

The happy secure girl was far different from the frightened, bewildered, overweight creature she had been before Luft and love changed her life.

Before they first went out together, each was living a day to day existence. Luft, too, was at loose ends.

The romance between Judy Garland and Sid Luft was almost over before it began.

It happened like this:

"Judy Garland, please. Sid Luft is calling."

"Just a moment, sir. I'll see if she's in." The New York hotel switchboard operator left the line. When she returned, she said briskly: "Miss Garland has gone out."

Disappointed, Sid Luft hung up the telephone. Perhaps he hadn't been definite enough about the date he had arranged for that November night in 1950. Maybe Judy misunderstood or maybe she was just kidding a few evenings before when she agreed to go out with him. They had met at a party. Later when the group went to El Morocco, he and Judy had danced together and laughed together, too.

"Well," Luft reasoned as he walked away from the phone, "I guess it's just one of those things."

The same unhappy thoughts were sifting through the mind of the singing star as she paced the livingroom of her hotel suite. In a wall mirror she caught her reflection, all dressed up and obviously not going any place.

"You might as well take your hat off, Judy," she told her shining self. "You've been stood up."

It might have ended there except that a few nights later, the two met again at a New York party, this time a bit frostily. But nobody can be indifferent for long when Judy Garland's around.

"What happened to you the other night?" Luft got up enough courage to ask her.

Judy's famous cascading laugh rang out. "What happened to *me*? I like that. What happened to *you*? *I* was there!"

In the midst of relieved explanations they made another date and kept it.

The Garland laugh which had been stifled too long in the months of personal tragedy and turmoil rang out more often after that and it was no coincidence that she laughed longest and happiest when Sid Luft was at her side.

The sparkle was back in her deep brown eyes, her voice and her smile.

Judy Garland was in love!

Her millions of fans who sat in judgment on everything she did took a dim view of this new man in her life.

"Did Judy do the right thing in divorcing her director-husband, Vincente Minnelli?" they asked querulously. "Should she have terminated her contract with MGM? Will this Luft, Lynn Bari's ex-husband, break her heart?"

The valiant singing star heard these rumblings. In the hectic years before when she was a pliable puppet whose talent and destinies were pulled and tugged at by many, she might have listened, but in her own emotional upheaval of maturity she had broken the strings that had made her bow and sing and dance to others' biddings.

At long last, she was a free soul.

"Judy and I never had any doubts," Luft told this writer.

"I love Judy. I want to protect her from the trauma she once knew. I don't want her to be bewildered or hurt again. I want her to have happiness. She knows now what she wants and that's to be free to make her own decisions, not to be tied down to any studio. I, nor anyone else, can ever force her to do anything she doesn't want to do. When she was a child and a star, everyone was telling her what was good for her. She listened. The only security she knew was that she had a talent, one that she takes for granted because singing is as much a part of her as breathing. She has no desire to retire because she always has to sing."

Whenever Judy enters a room, even if it's filled with glamorous women in jewels and furs, somehow Judy involuntarily takes over the room. That's the magic of her talent.

It was in London, where Judy had cabled Luft in Hollywood to join her "for morale support" that the star asked him to manage a tour she was to make in the English and Scottish provinces. He realized that physical health and exercise were as essential to her well-being as emotional security. In Scotland, Luft, a good golfer, introduced Judy to the game that originated there.

"Her fourth time on a golf course, she shot a 48 for nine holes," he recalled with pardonable pride. "In Glasgow I had a set of clubs made to her measure—she's not very tall, you know, and needed special clubs. We had a little set made for her daughter Liza, too, with her name on them."

After her endurance test of 20 record-breaking weeks at the Palace theatre, Judy proved she is in top condition again.

That last night as she sat in the dressing room and discussed her plans, she admitted with a peaceful, gentle smile that for the first time in many years she had no problems. She was no longer the puppet on the string. No one was tugging at her.

Her future had been planned at her own bidding; marriage to Luft at a then undisclosed time and place, and a sunny sojourn in Florida with rest and golf her prime requisites.

In the latter part of April, she said, she was scheduled to appear at the Philhar-

monic Auditorium for four weeks in her show which carries the credit line, "Production under Supervision of Sidney Luft." After Los Angeles, she planned to take her act to San Francisco. In late fall, she hopes to make her first movie since *Summer Stock*.

"None of this would have been possible," she said glowingly, "without Sid. He and I have accomplished so much in the last year. He's the kind of person you can lean against if you fall down. He's strong and protects me. I respect him. And most important, I like him as much as I love him." **END**

happy anniversary

(*Continued from page 35*) home for her new husband. Many another actress has found the task impossible. Not Doris. When she watched the big man walk up the path from his car with a couple of huge suitcases in his hands, there was a warm feeling in her heart because this man was to open the door to the happiest chapter in her life.

During those first few days, Marty did the usual things that new husbands do. He'd put the cigarette box where the lighter was supposed to be. Or he'd put his slippers at the head of the bed, instead of at the foot. And Doris did things that caused an equal amount of delightful confusion. And it was fun for them all, particularly for Doris' son, Terry, because there was another guy around now. Marty was something of a hero to him.

It wasn't for a week, probably, that Marty's most amazing trait came to light. That was when Doris learned for the first time that she had married a fixer. A tool-crazy amateur repair man.

It was on a Sunday morning. Marty got up from the breakfast table and sauntered over to the window that looked out on to the garden. He observed the area speculatively for a few minutes, then went outdoors. He sauntered around the yard a bit and then, with one foot touching the other he began to pace off the gravel walk, measuring it. Doris eyed him suspiciously through the window and then went into the yard herself. "Good heavens," she thought. "He's probably going to put up an apartment house here."

"Something wrong, honey?" she asked.

"No," said Marty somberly, "I think I'm going to put a brick walk in here."

"Did you ever put a brick walk in anywhere else?" Doris asked quietly.

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right.

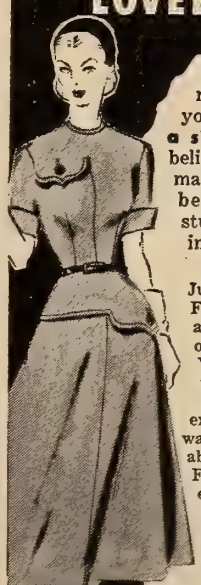
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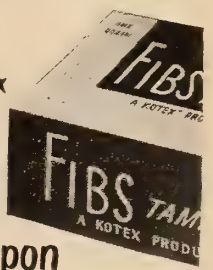
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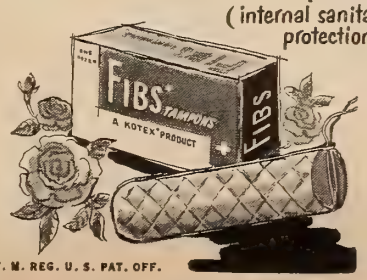


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"Nn-nn," said Marty, "but it's easy."

And it was easy. At five o'clock that evening, 20 feet of neat brick walk had been set. Marty was exhausted, but game. He shuffled off to bed, and was asleep in 20 seconds. At which point Doris exclaimed to herself, "What a man I married!"

WITHIN a very few months, Doris became reconciled to the fact that she was living with an uninhibited jack of all trades. If they were on their way to dinner or a show and Marty snapped a light switch and it didn't work, he would quietly mutter, "This will only take a minute," and scamper to the garage for his tool kit. He would have the switch out of the wall in no time and before you could say "Let's call an electrician," have the thing all over the floor. "He's the only man I know," Doris would say, "who went to parties with tool grease on his tuxedo."

If an electric iron broke it became necessary to keep it a dark secret or Marty wouldn't have gone to the office. If the washing machine broke down, the family lived in horror of the thought that he'd find out. And subterfuge didn't work, because Marty was given to unexpected tours of inspection. Whenever Doris heard a chortle of triumph from some recess of the house, she'd groan in terror because she'd know her husband had detected a flaw in some mechanical contraption that he'd have in pieces before she could get there to save it.

Everything that Marty repaired worked fine afterwards, because Doris would call in the proper mechanic the next day to fix it right—and Marty, not knowing this, swaggered about among his accomplishments like a victory-drunk genius.

"Do you know how we spend our spare time?" Doris once asked a friend. "We'll be sitting in the garden having a nice rest when Marty will say, 'I feel like a breath of air. Let's go for a ride.' And we go for a ride—to the nearest war surplus store. And I spend a couple of delightful hours among shell casings and rubber rafts. And it's worse when I don't go with him. He'll bring back gas masks, radar equipment, winches, jeep wheels and maybe a pup tent or two. And he always claims he has a use for them. When I get my car in the garage I can't get out of it, there's so much junk in there."

A man can be a trial in many ways during the first year of marriage, but Marty and Doris frankly have had no adjustment problems. There are those who say that Doris and Marty are difficult these days because they do not open their home wide to journalistic sightseers. They have a pair of careers that jell perfectly. Doris in pictures and records. Marty as an agent whose main interest is music publishing. Marty, with his fine sense of humor, will talk endlessly with his friends among reporters, but he drives them a little insane by refusing to behave like the usual new Hollywood husband who brims over with intimate anecdotes about his bride. For one thing, he is too busy with his own career. For another, he is too busy with Doris and other important matters—not the least of which is helping the kids in their block perfect a small fort from which they conduct mock wars. More often than not, he is joined by Doris in this worthy project while an army of magazine writers fret about how unavailable they are.

And how does Doris feel about all this? Well, most girls would rather go shopping on a day off than lie in bed and have a store deliver a truckload of merchandise free. Doris Day is no different. There is some secret thrill she shares with all females that comes from peering into glass show cases and trying on shoes and gowns she hasn't the slightest intention of buying.

"It happens often," Doris said. "Marty will say, 'Come on, kid let's go into Beverly Hills and do a bit of shopping.' I dash to the car before he changes his mind, my head whirling with dreams of silk and leather and gold. And do you know where we go shopping? In a *hardware* store. I linger close to the door for a couple of hours, wistfully thinking of Saks and Magnins while Marty wallows in Stillson wrenches and ball-peen hammers. My heart is in the May Company basement—while his is in the screw driver or the nut and bolt department of the hardware store. One day he discovered aluminum nails and he went into such a fit of ecstasy over the astonishing advantages of the things that he almost had me convinced we should buy a couple of barrels of them, get a couple of hammers, and go home and pull all the old iron nails out of our house and replace them with aluminum ones before the building collapsed."

CHRISTMAS time is a time for gifts and part of the joy of Christmas is slyly trying to find out what a person would like, so that there will be a delightful surprise under the tree on Christmas morning.

"Ha!" said Doris Day about Christmas. "Two months before December 25th I asked Marty what time it was. 'Tools,' he said. The next day I asked him what time he'd be home from work. 'Tools,' he said. When he injured his finger in the car door, instead of a masculine oath he howled, 'TOOLS!' And then several weeks before Christmas all his equipment mysteriously disappeared. He'd glare at a useless toaster and scowl that he'd fix the doggone thing in a jiffy if he had even a screw driver. If he had even a nail file with a razor edge!

Red Skelton and Zsa Zsa Gabor were rehearsing a scene at MGM. In the middle of the routine Red suddenly caught sight of Zsa Zsa's immense diamond ring, a square-cut gem that covered half her hand. "Gee," snapped Red, "where do you keep the batteies?"

Mickey Novak

"And when I'd open a knitting box," said Doris, "I'd find a circular advertising a hobbyists' home plumbing equipment in the middle of a ball of yarn, or an ad torn from a magazine in my make-up case extolling the qualities of a Handi-mechanic that would buff silver, drill holes in concrete, serve as a barbecue spit and repair shoes. So what do you think I got him for Christmas? A nice silk robe, a gold watch, a polo pony? Not on your life! I got him tools. I didn't dare get anything else."

And there was the time that Marty surveyed the back yard and decided it should be illuminated at night. Like a master landscape architect, he plotted the position of the lights he intended installing—and when he was satisfied that his calculations were correct, he spent hours in the trees and atop the outer buildings stringing wire and bracketing on reflectors. When it was completed Marty went back to business and stayed away long enough one day for Doris to have the job redone by a quiet little man who knew what he was about.

"But ever since," says Doris, "it has been his pride and joy. When we have guests for dinner, Marty doesn't take their coats and escort them to chairs. He snatches at them the minute they enter the front door and charges them to the back yard where he spends ten holy minutes flicking the switch on and off and telling them how the idea originally came to him and why the biggest light is in the tree where it illuminates the rose bushes instead of atop the garage where it would light up a camellia bed."

BUT any woman can tell you that a man is an inconsistent creature. Suddenly, without warning, almost as though a serious illness has left him, a man will fall into an I-don't-care spell. Like, with Marty, the time the door knob came off the front door. For almost a month he would leave in the morning, grasp the knob and have it come off in his hand. Patiently, he would fiddle with it for five minutes until he had the knob back in place just enough so that the door could be opened. Then he would whistle off to work as though everything were in complete order.

These strange, unexpected periods generally end as abruptly as they begin. One evening Marty was reading the paper. Suddenly he sat bold upright, as though he had been stung by a bee. A frantic light came into his eyes and he leaped from his chair yowling for his tools—and although it was a bitter cold night, he held the door open half an hour while he knelt in a perspiring struggle with the obstinate piece of hardware. And he slept well that night, serene in the knowledge that he had successfully once again defeated a threat to the safety of his family and castle.

There were other things in that first year that had to be adjusted. Things that had to be experienced so they could be recognized as part of the life a woman lives with a man. None of them were serious. Things like the irregular hours a man likes to eat—and the frequent disappearances a man will make into a shower with, apparently, a sole purpose—to drain off all the hot water in the house. There were the volley ball teams he organized among the neighborhood kids, which resulted in the Melcher home being turned into a sort of branch YMCA.

BUT it was fun. At the end of the first year, Doris Day could count up 12 months of uncertainty and surprises, but 52 weeks of laughter and happiness.

And with a year under her belt, she could look back on the experiences with a smile and a lump in the throat. What, after all, is closet space and drawer room compared with loneliness? What is a home without a man puttering about ruining the garden walk and facing electrocution installing mazda miracles in the back yard? What is a house without a lanky, serious-faced putterer who leaves holes in the wall and pliers behind the sofa cushions? What is an odor of creosote when you know it comes from a man's desire to "protect" your garden furniture against the tricky weather. It's sweeter than incense ever was!

Doris Day vows it was fun. And she wants a lot more of it. She wants as much of Marty in her home as there is—all of him for all time.

And nowadays when Doris looks out the living room window and sees Marty coming up the walk empty-handed, she wishes he was carrying something, like more suitcases or another armful of clothes. She wishes there was something to fix, because she likes to see him relax that way. And she hopes he'll suggest they go for a ride or shopping, so they can buy a few more gas masks or obsolete bayonet mounts—or maybe hang around a hardware store finding out what's new in the world of mechanical magic.

Ask Doris Day and she'll tell you the first year was fun—and she's looking forward to many more of them with her man around the house. **END**

movie reviews

(Continued from page 21)

STEEL TOWN

When *Steel Town* puts before our eyes the daily operation of a real—and gigantic—steel mill, it is nothing sort of magnificent. In blazing Technicolor we behold the red, molten steel pouring from the furnaces, the men stoking the furnaces and stepping quickly away from the infernal heat, the derricks carrying steel down the production line for shipment all over the world. All this in *Steel Town* is vital and strong as steel itself. But when *Steel Town* gives us the brawling of John Lund and Howard Duff, two tough, handsome Lotharios of the steel mills, for the hand of Ann Sheridan, then it grows small and tiresome. These two chaps, grown men both, are forever squabbling, betting and blacking each other's eyes for love of Ann, cashier in a steel town beanery. And their brawls are generally on the level of childish arguments over what toy belongs to what child. The boys even carry their feuding into the steel mill, though you'd think there'd be too much hard work to allow them much time for such nonsense. Ann, Lund and Duff are three of our most attractive and capable actors but they are swamped by the juvenile antics of the plot, and by the endless stream of cheap wisecracks that pass for dialogue. *Steel Town* is strictly small time—especially when set against the drama of steel itself. *Cast: Ann Sheridan, John Lund, Howard Duff.* —Universal-International.

AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK

Meet—and love—Aaron Slick, shy country bumpkin, and Josie Berry, the farm lass he woos shyly. Meet—and hiss—Bill Meridew, the dastardly city slicker who nearly comes between Aaron and Josie with his villainous schemes. These three—virtuous farm boy and girl, and the bad man from the big city—are traditional characters in oldtime melodramas, and Paramount has built a droll and engagingly innocent and laughing travesty around them in *Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick.* The movie keeps the settings and atmosphere of the good old days of 50 or 60 years ago, but dresses the story up with songs, Technicolor, and an impudent, roguish sense of humor. *Aaron Slick* ribs the evil plotting of Mr. Meridew to gain Josie's farm and her money, but it does so fondly, with a certain obvious affection for all the characters as part of a bygone age in America. You root hard for Aaron and Josie to outsmart Mr. Meridew, for virtue to triumph over wickedness, for Aaron and Josie to live happily ever after in Punkin Crick—because Alan Young is so downright perfect, and keeps you in stitches, with his portrayal of the awkward, slow yet shrewd and lovable Aaron. And Dinah Shore is buxom and lively as Josie. Perhaps *Aaron Slick* would be more fun if everybody didn't stop to sing so often, or if the Metropolitan Opera's Robert Merrill were more comfortable with the music and skulduggery given him as Mr. Meridew. But when simple farm boy Alan Young is running like sixty from a bull in a meadow, or getting caught accidentally and embarrassingly in the middle of a fast girlie show in a Chicago night club, then there's no doubt—*Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick* is a scream.
Cast: Alan Young, Dinah Shore, Robert Merrill, Adele Jergens.—Paramount.

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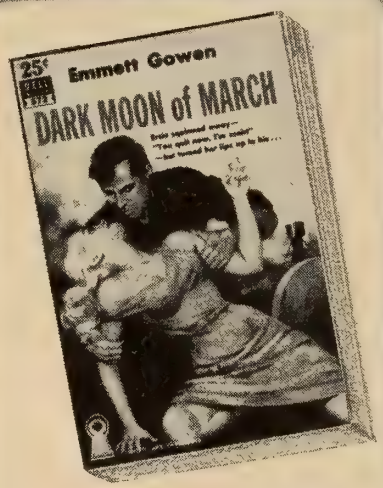
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DARK MOON OF MARCH

by Emmett Gowen

Andrew Neil was a devil with women. Hard fighting, hard drinking and love making were his only occupations until he met and married beautiful Ersie Ragland. Then he reformed, at least temporarily, and settled down as a tenant farmer. But married life was too subdued for him. Andrew still craved a wild life and passionate women. He found both when he met seductive Dove Kennedy. One spree with this temptress led to another until the birth of his second child made him realize that he still had a wife to support. Would he be able to forget Dove now, and the reckless life she stood for? Even if he returned to his wife, could he ever make himself settle down again?



FOR RICHER, FOR POORER

by Faith Baldwin

Love wasn't the only thing that brought Teresa and Chris Russell together. Each one thought the other was wealthy. Their marriage was for profit as well as love. Then on their honeymoon, Chris revealed that he was stone broke and Teresa admitted she was penniless too. Instead of working they chose to live on their reputations. It was easy enough to move from one friend's home to another, sponging off people who knew them only as wealthy socialites. But, Teresa found out that this life was gradually breaking up her marriage. Almost too late she saw that she'd have to convince Chris that their marriage was doomed unless both of them could reform.

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hollywood report

continued from p. 16

ard Keel sent a suit out to be cleaned. It came back washed in soap and water! Rita Hayworth's *Affair In Trinidad* set was closed to visitors. Her co-star, Glenn Ford, immediately sent out word to newspapermen that he'd be glad to see them in his dressing room . . . When Bette Davis gets mad she REALLY gets mad! The British press was very unkind to her independent picture, *Another Man's Poison.* So when London critic Logan Gourlay paid a visit to Hollywood during our terrible rainy spell Bette called him and said, "I'm pleased at least that we're giving you some of your own filthy weather." That evening Gourlay returned to his Beverly Hills hotel room to find a greasy parcel awaiting him. It contained two large pieces of meat, a month's ration for a British family. And accompanying it was a note from Bette: "Nibble, nibble, Ferret!" Ouch! . . . Shortly after this incident the long association between Bette and her secretary, Bridget Price, came to a close. They met on the train when Bette first came to Hollywood. Bridget, now in her 70's, has been handling Bette's fan mail ever since . . . Bette shouldn't get excited over what the critics say. She should read the glowing reviews of her acting in *Phone Call From A Stranger* and relax.



Davis

FINANCIAL PAGE:

John Agar's mother is opening a Beverly Hills dress shop—her first shot at business . . . When Marlon Brando made *A Streetcar Named Desire* he was paid $75,000 per picture. Now he's getting $140,000 . . . Sid Caesar, who sued to get out of his picture contract with Ed Lacker, Jane Greer's husband, settled out of court for $24,000 . . . Mario Lanza finished making *Because You're Mine* and planed up to Nevada to take a look at a tungsten mine he bought . . . Rory Calhoun, who started there for $100 a week a few years ago and then left to freelance, is back at 20th for $1,500 a week . . . Gene Nelson finally got his Warner salary up to $750 a week, but when he went on layoff he still owed $800 to the studio for his fan mail handling—an expensive item for any star.



Lanza

Claudette Colbert packed her painting paraphernalia along to England, where she's making *The Planter's Wife* for J. Arthur Rank. While in London she is fulfilling her promise to Hallmark Greeting Cards to turn out some Christmas cards. Deborah Kerr's daughter, Melanie, is her model . . . Before leaving, Claudette put her Holmby Hills homestead up for sale for $225,000, including swimming pool, tennis court and the lavish studio in which she painted . . . Mickey Rooney's salary still isn't keeping pace with his alimony payments but he managed to buy himself a fancy, copper-colored, 1952 Buick . . . Victor Mature is building himself a furniture appliance store, in addition to his prosperous TV stores . . . In five days Dale Robertson ran up

$163 worth of long-distance lovey-dovey talk from New York to his ever-lovin' Jackie.

SEX APPEAL:

Pat Neal proudly proclaims she has lost four inches all around. Her bust is now 35" . . . Purtiest sight of the season: Jean Peters in her new pink silk Easter suit . . . The glamor bathing suit that Esther Williams wears in *One-Piece Bathing Suit* is so tight she can't even climb to the diving board in it. Has to be hoisted up!

FUNNIES:

A friend told us he saw a picture previewed at Grauman's Chinese, and it was so bad even the *footprints* in the cement walked out! . . . Marilyn Monroe phoned a photog and asked him to postpone her appointment an hour so's she wouldn't be late. You figure it out . . . Red Skelton spotted Liz Taylor's poodle-cut and Liz's toy French poodle in the MGM commissary and cracked: "I wonder which one goes to the other one's hairdresser?" . . . Overheard at the Mocambo: "She's using an old flame to burn up her new boy friend."



Monroe

A wealthy couple spent $2,000 a plate to attend Eddie Cantor's Israel Benefit dinner. Leaving the party, the husband said, "You know, it's cost us $4,000 to break bread with Cantor!" The wife shrugged it off with, "I told you it's costing more and more to eat these days!"

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

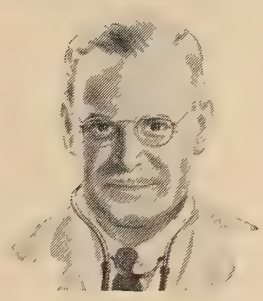
Some Hollywoodians were up in arms against the Academy because Liz Taylor wasn't nominated for an Oscar for her work in *A Place In The Sun* . . . Marilyn Monroe's home lot learned its lesson from RKO. She was loaned for *Clash By Night* to RKO, which immediately elevated her to stardom in the role. And now 20th has decided she's worth being starred too . . . MGM brought Deborah Kerr to Hollywood because of her record as a top British actress. Now Debbie is demanding parts to match her reputation, and can you blame her? . . . Nancy Davis won her release from MGM on the grounds that she was tired of playing pregnant housewives . . . Debra Paget is suddenly running second to Betty Grable in 20th's fan mail race.



Davis

This was Susie Hayward's parting shot to co-star Bob Mitchum when she finished shooting *This Man Is Mine* with him: "Aren't you glad I'm through and you've got two more weeks to work without me? Now you can swear all you want!" . . . After five weeks of rubbing cheeks with bewhiskered Dan Dailey and Jimmy Cagney in *What Price Glory,* Corinne Calvet's smooth complexion is sporting a permanent blush . . . His mother and his brother, Scott Brady, objected—but Ed Tierney finally ran away with Hanne Axman to Palm Springs and got married. Now Eddie is acting in TV films days and driving a cab nights. **END**





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I didn't need a miracle

(*Continued from page 49*) she figured, and catch the next bus back to Scranton.

But Mother didn't reckon with my faith; she only figured in terms of my equipment, natural and acquired:

$10.00 a week
1 female form, suitably (I hoped) proportioned
1 plaid skirt
1 dress
2 white blouses
1 pair brown-and-white spectator shoes
1 set underthings
1 brown shoulder-strap bag (Mother's)
1 comb, 1 toothbrush, 1 pair hose (which soon became zero pair)
1 high school education with thin overlays of hastily absorbed culture (musical voice training, elocution and dramatic courses)
1 great, strong, unswerving faith

That last may seem the most ineffectual item on the list; it turned out to be the most important!

Perhaps I had better explain that I had a very religious childhood. I have not always hewn to that religion, but I have worked out my own philosophy of life, my own ways of worship and devotion. To begin with, I believe everyone is born with faith, but its development is part of the individual's own growth. It must be strengthened constantly, but once it has reached its full development in your own mind, nothing, but *nothing* can shake it. Faith gives you peace of mind. It holds your head high when everything seems to go against you.

TAKE that skimpy wardrobe of mine, for instance. With the daily tubbings it underwent, it should have been threadbare in a month. I'm still convinced I held it together by sheer faith! I remember washing out my underthings, a dress, a blouse, my hose (while they lasted), then trundling them all down to the basement of the YWCA (where I had a room). There I would slip a dime into the electric iron and be assured of 15 minutes of heat. You've never seen anybody press out a skirt or iron a blouse so fast in your life. I may not have stepped out of the pages of a slick fashion book; but, by golly, I was really cleaned and pressed! This is how my faith helped me—I could be satisfied with one dress because I *knew* that someday I would have a whole closetful.

When I was "between assignments"—clerking part-time in a lingerie shop, modelling, or any one of those little pick-up jobs I managed to get from time to time—I had to exist on $3.50 a week! That's all I had left from my $10 after I'd paid my room rent. Subway fares and phone calls did make a little dent in the balance, so I really had to scout around for the most inexpensive places to eat. I found one Italian hole-in-the-wall where I got a mountainous plate of good spaghetti for 30 cents! But you can imagine what all that starch did to this girl's figure. It worried the life out of me, because I knew no producer in his right mind was going to hire a bovine-type ingenue! But I was young and healthy—and determined. I could thrive on adversity because I had a sense of destiny.

Oh, I'm not trying to make myself out a dedicated creature; a 20th century Joan of Arc. I'm only human. The going was really rough at times—most times. And there were nights when I had to fight myself to keep from burying my head in the pillow and bawling my heart out. I didn't drop to my knees and pray—I don't worship in that fashion. I feel it in my heart. God is all around us in all ways. If you have ever watched the sun follow its eternal course from east to west; if you have ever seen a tree bud and blossom; or watched the miracle of rain on a thirsty patch of earth, you'll know what I mean.

But there were months on end when I felt trapped in a monotony of "No casting today," "You're the wrong type," "Too young," "Too old," "Not enough experience." I was a bust! That was the long and short of it. My faith had carried me so far, yet it didn't seem capable of getting me over that last big bump of despair. I needed help. Finally I wrote to a favorite aunt of mine who is a nun—Mother Cleta of the Missionary Sisters of the Poor at Columbus Hospital in New York. I knew she would be able to bolster my morale with the same quiet and kindly advice with which she had met some of my adolescent problems a few years before.

She didn't fail me. Her letter came one morning while I was dressing. I read it over several times, allowing her words of encouragement and ageless wisdom to seep in. She made me realize how foolish I had been to let my faith flag. Let us say it was coincidence that I was given my chance to understudy Tallulah Bankhead in *Skin of Our Teeth* that same afternoon.

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Working with Tallulah was an experience few ambitious girls achieve. She is such a brilliant actress, so vivacious, so vital. Her vitality, as a matter of fact, was so great that *not once* during the entire run of the play did she even get the sniffles! While I did not envy the star, I must confess that like every other understudy in the history of the theater, I used to stand in the wings and pray, "Please let her trip and sprain her ankle—*but don't let it hurt!*" There was no personal malice in this prayer—just that drive, that desire to become a Broadway actress—even for one night! But even with Miss Bankhead's bouncing health, my faith was once more riding high and giving me strength.

Then, once again, that faith had to be put to the test. On the same day that I was asked to fly to Boston and substitute for Gladys George in the road show of *Skin of Our Teeth,* I received a message that motion picture producer Hal Wallis, wanted to meet me with a view to signing me to a Hollywood contract. That inner turmoil started again, "Should I blow my chance in Boston for a crack at Hollywood?" I wrestled with that problem until a half hour before plane time, when it suddenly occurred to me that this was the goal I had set for myself; this was the point to which my faith had carried me. On that stage in Boston lay the fulfillment of my hopes and dreams. And I felt that if this Hollywood opportunity were meant to be, Mr. Wallis would approach me again. And, of course, he did.

Perhaps you know faith best when others demonstrate they have faith in you. I had been signed to a contract for *Hellzapoppin!,* the Olson and Johnson revue. I toured with the show for a year and a half—at $60 a week. That was big-time for the girl who had made $18 a week, some weeks, in the lingerie shop. *Hellzapoppin!* was no great dramatic offering. It was a loud, boisterous, crazy musical.

When we opened in Pittsburgh, word came to me that an uncle of mine who was a priest, Father Pennock, was coming to see the show—and was bringing six other priests as his guests. I began to get panicky. What in heaven's name would my uncle think of me now? He was the man who had helped and encouraged me so very much during the early years; the man whose faith that someday I would be a great dramatic actress had carried me along. What was he going to think of this "tragedienne," I wondered, going through one crazy skit after another?

AFTER the finale, I went back to my dressing room. And there was Father Pennock with his six colleagues. I wanted to burst into tears. But they were all grinning broadly. They'd loved the show. My uncle was still chuckling over some of the sillier gags. He took my hand and squeezed it. "I always knew you'd make good," he said. "You were wonderful!"

That stopped me for a moment. I had expected disapproval; I had received praise! To him, I guess, I was still the girl he had once kidded because she traveled so far for elocution lessons that it took her four trolley transfers to get there. I was still the girl who would study a poem or piece of dramatic recitation for hours just to entertain him and the rest of the family. I was still the girl whose dreams he had listened to and approved years ago. And he believed in me now as he had then.

A long time ago there was a man who didn't believe in me. He was the director of a play I worked in—and he didn't believe in any of the other people cast in the production, either. He didn't trust us to give our best and decided to "needle" us into a proper intensity by warning each of us, "confidentially," that the others were out to steal all the scenes.

His lack of faith boomeranged badly. He got us into an emotional pitch all right, but we all spent more time watching each other than we did thinking and feeling our parts. As a result, nothing went right, and when we realized his trick, as we had to sooner or later, he was in a personal mess as well as a professional one.

For the past two years I have taken special courses in philosophy and psychology at the University of Southern California. But I can assure you, I haven't done this to become either a philosopher or a psychologist, or because I want to achieve any special honors in these studies. I just want to learn more about myself . . . about the faith that has brought me where I am. Where else can it take me? I think I know. I have always believed in eternal life. My belief comes from my faith, and my faith comes from God. **END**

behind bergman's closed doors

(*Continued from page 44*) briefly before answering my question: "Would you like to play in *The End of the Affair?*" It seems her mind had to make the connection between her present contented state in Italy with a far away town called Hollywood. I asked a second time for her reaction about *The End of the Affair.*

"Yes, I've read the book," she said, "but I wouldn't want to do the picture. I'm to start *The Witness* with my husband directing in September. I'd rather work for him than anyone else."

She didn't say so, but somehow I got the idea that perhaps the part in *The End of the Affair* too closely paralleled her own life. I know she'd like to forget both *Stromboli* and all the previously haloed aura cast about her during her life in Hollywood. And *The End of the Affair* would be certain to refresh the public's memory. Besides, despite constant reports of her rifting with Rossellini, I know she's deeply in love with him and really doesn't care about working with anyone except him.

Ingrid told me she expects her new baby in June. She hopes for a girl. She has chosen no name for it, but, in accordance with Italian law, it will have to be an Italian name. I asked how many babies she planned on having. "Oh, I'll just take them as they come," she laughed. "I don't know how many we'll have."

Then I told her that her daughter Pia had grown into a very beautiful girl and had acquired a lot of boy friends at Hawthorne School in Beverly Hills.

"Oh, that's wonderful," said Ingrid with a hearty laugh.

No trace of concern or wistfulness was in her voice. Obviously she has reconciled herself to the fact that Pia will remain with her father, and she will shed no more tears over the inevitable.

I know that she loves her daughter very much and for a while missed her bitterly while she fought so hard for her custody. But time changes everything, and with the passing years, her little son Robertino will do much to fill the void in his mother's heart.

"Have you any regrets for what you've done?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "I'm a very happy woman."

"How do the Italians treat you?"

"I get the same star treatment on the streets here as I did in Hollywood, and my life is about the same as it was before. We have two homes—one in Rome and another in the country by the sea."

"When I last talked to you you seemed rather bitter towards America because of the way the press handled your love story. Do you still feel the same way?"

"No," was her quick response, "I have no bitterness whatever. How could I have when I'm so happy?"

Then I popped the $64 question. "Have you had any film offers from Hollywood?"

She immediately turned evasive. "I'd rather not go into that subject now," said she.

"Well, let's put it another way then. If you got a really good script and had to come to Hollywood to make the picture, would you do it?"

"No," she replied without any hesitation. "Why should I when I have everything I want right here."

Then I added, "You sound so happy, I think I'd better come over there and marry an Italian."

She laughed and said, "If you're serious I'll find one for you." And that was the end of our conversation.

But as I always say, once an actress—always an actress. Once it's in you, it stays. Babies come and babies go, but art goes on forever. Tossing a good script to an actor is like handing a lump of sugar to a horse. In both instances, the power of resistance is mighty low. However, I believe that Ingrid is really frightened of our town. The vicinity of her ex-husband and daughter would certainly produce some awkward situations, and the disenchanted press would no longer stand in awe of her.

WHEN Ingrid Bergman was at the peak of her popularity in Hollywood, she was guarded like a rare jewel. Interviews, if granted at all, had the tenor of a royal gift; and contacting her on the telephone was well nigh impossible. She was surrounded by a solid wall of human beings—press agents, secretaries, servants, and David O. Selznick. It seemed that each wanted to acquire his priority on the star by giving her advice—much of it bad. I suppose that each one thought they had to earn their salaries some way.

At studio request, I sent an assistant to interview her while she was making *Arch of Triumph.* Ingrid was at the height of her fame, though she didn't know it. With Charles Boyer as her co-star and a picture based on an Eric Remarque book, everyone thought the film couldn't miss. It *had* to be great. Ingrid was treated like a queen. My assistant had to interview her while she was making herself up and examining costumes. Her former press agent paced nervously about the room and suggested that the interview would be closed immediately if it got tiring or annoying to Miss Bergman. My assistant would have left right then had not Ingrid ignored the press agent and remained her gracious self.

In view of what has since happened, it is interesting to note that Ingrid was quite concerned about what her native Swedish fans would think of her playing the role of a fallen woman. The picture, despite all of its assets, proved to be a notorious flop. Ingrid tried *Joan of Arc* next.

My same assistant visited the set, interviewed other actors, but deliberately skipped the star. He didn't want to annoy her with such a triviality as publicity. Finally her same press agent came up to him and inquired anxiously, "Aren't you going to talk to Ingrid?" Looking surprised, my man said, "Oh, do you think she'd be willing to talk to the press?" The agent assured him, "She'd love to talk to *you.*"

Since he had not set eyes on Ingrid since the days of *Arch of Triumph,* he couldn't understand what he'd done to ingratiate himself with the Swedish star. He came to the sad conclusion, however, that there's nothing more dismal than a fading star—unless it's the job of selling a picture in which ten million dollars have been invested with no certainty of returns.

He talked to Ingrid and found her as gracious as she'd been on the previous occasion. But there was no mention of ending the interview by the press agent. He was typical of the people surrounding her during her Hollywood sojourn, and I think her fans, to understand her life today, should know about them.

During World War II, I volunteered to get stars to appear one night each week to work in the Canteen kitchen, signing autographs, or entertaining the G.I.'s. On one occasion I called the Selznick studio to get Ingrid for an appearance when another star had dropped out because of illness. The response I received was vague and completely unsatisfactory. So, tired of waiting for a yes or no, I got Ingrid on the phone.

Her answer was, "What time shall I be there, and what shall I wear?"

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Later I tried to get her to appear at a benefit we were giving in Harold Lloyd's garden for the Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children. Ingrid's personal telephone number had been changed, but I left a message which I feel sure was never delivered to her. She lived just across the road from the Lloyd estate and was one of the few important stars who wasn't at the benefit. Ingrid loves kids, and I think she would have been very proud to lend a hand in raising $65,000 in one afternoon for many blind children.

While she was playing in *Joan of Lorraine* on the New York stage I attended the annual publishers convention in that city. I tried to invite her to the annual big party given by the New York Daily News for important editors and publishers from all over the nation. She could have won the hearts of all of them, I'm sure; but I couldn't get through to her. There was the same press agent barring the way. Later when the Stromboli story broke, those same gentlemen of the press might have handled it more kindly had they had the opportunity of meeting her at the convention.

Although she practically became a legend, Ingrid was never a mystery to those who knew her and looked at her realistically. In Hollywood, she was honest and forthright, sometimes contradicting herself, but not unduly shy. After seeing her in *Intermezzo* over ten years ago, I wrote in my column, "She has a unique charm—child one moment, emotional woman the next. A sort of sophisticated novice." I have since had little reason to change my opinion.

I KNOW that she was very lonely when she first came here. She kept a picture of her daughter, Pia, pasted in her make-up kit and cried every day. A friend of mine used to find her wandering around alone at night on the foggy streets of Culver City. He warned her that the practice was dangerous. "But I'm so lonely," she insisted, "and there's nothing else to do. All my friends are so far away."

I'm convinced now that her marriage to Dr. Peter Lindstrom was never as happy as it was touted to be. So she buried herself in acting. "Hollywood is the best place in the world to work," she once said to me, "because there's nothing else to do here." I've noticed that she's expressed no undue anxiety to do pictures since marrying Rossellini and living in Italy.

She explained to me why she insisted on keeping her husband's name out of her interviews. "He's in the medical profession," said she, "and it's unethical to involve a doctor in publicity." Yet, when Rossellini came along, she involved Dr. Lindstrom in headlines that Hollywood's most fantastic imagination could not have dreamed up. A member of the *Stromboli* crew told me that she and Rossellini, while making the picture, acted as naturally and naïvely as children, giving no thought to the fact that their names were making headlines together.

I have argued with her until I was practically blue in the face that one could not be a movie star without living in a goldfish bowl. She never got what I was driving at or at least did not admit it.

When she was making *Joan of Arc,* we had a long session in her dressing room. "After coming here, I didn't understand English very well and gave out statements that the newspapers misinterpreted," she said. "That's one reason I avoid interviews now." "Well, you understand English perfectly now," I answered. "And do you believe in this picture?" She looked at me in a surprised manner, saying, "With all my heart. I've wanted to play Joan ever since I was a little girl." I told her then that if she believed in the picture, if it meant that much to her, she ought to help publicize it so that everybody in the country would know about it. She stared into space, still seeming not to get my point.

I saw her last in Rome; and she was boiling mad at the Italian papers. That day one of them had announced she was expecting a baby. She was living in a nondescript apartment which I had to climb four flights of stairs to reach. Ingrid, without make-up or stockings, was wearing a plain blue cotton dress and pacing the floor like an enraged animal when I entered. As she cried out against the world that was flaying her for her unconventional actions with Rossellini, she used profanity, which I'd never heard her do before. "Americans think they own me. But I have my own life to live. Is it a sin to fall in love?"

This was a question she alone could answer. "It's your problem, and you've got to face it," was all I could say to her. Then she became even more illogical. "But I've been a good wife, not an actress with a long record of romances," she argued.

"That's just it," said I. "The world bought you as a dream. You smashed it. Now people are mad, thinking they've been duped."

Then I asked Ingrid the truth about her expecting a child. She denied it. The date was August 9, 1949, but the rumor was spreading all over Europe, so I, being on the job as a reporter, put it in my column as such. Some months later, a few days before the Christmas holidays, the story broke into the headlines.

Hedy Lamarr tells it. She was shopping in a market on Schlepp Row when the clerk said to her, "Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Hedy Lamarr?" "Yes," she replied hesitantly, "several people have." "Oh," apologized the clerk, "I don't mean the way she looks now."

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

In Beverly Hills, Ingrid had been a neighbor of mine, living less than a block from me on a hilltop home that had originally been built as a playhouse. I was present on a New Year's Eve when the place was christened. We sang Irish songs and square-danced. Everybody had a wonderful time.

When Ingrid bought the place, she made many additions, but I never heard of her giving a big party there. No wonder she thought Hollywood was dull. She engaged so little in our social life. While his wife was in New York with *Joan of Lorraine,* Dr. Lindstrom added a swimming pool to their grounds and had the whole place enclosed by a wire fence 12 feet high. One no longer dropped in on Ingrid as a neighbor. That fence was there, forbidding and uninviting. But Ingrid was a free soul; and nothing—no person or steel wall—was going to hem her in. Her wings would not be clipped.

I'm not passing moral judgment on Ingrid. That's for her and her conscience to decide. I've had many letters on the case. Some say: "Bravo for the girl who had the courage to follow the dictates of her own heart despite public opinion." Others say, "Let her stay in Italy. We don't want her."

Certainly we can not forget moral discipline and set her up as an example for our youth. But are we to continue condemning her when she has tried after her original indiscretion, to conform to society's dictates in her search for happiness? There will always be two schools of thought on that as long as the affair is discussed. And only the public can determine the future of her career.

If people go to see her pictures, she may come back stronger than ever. If they don't she'll be through as a film star. The final judgment lies with the public, as always.

"If it had been anybody but Ingrid," I've heard people say with a sad shake of the head, as if a holy idol had fallen. They either forget or do not know that she never aspired to saintliness. It was a cloak that publicity and fans had wrapped around her; and the measure didn't fit. "I'm first and last a mother and a wife," she told a writer in explaining why she had to have dinner with her family even when working in pictures. Some may say, "A fine mother and wife she proved to be! Didn't she desert her husband and daughter?" Others might say, "Well, isn't she a faithful wife and mother now?" There's the enigma.

I think *The Bells Of St. Mary,* more than any other picture, served to build that saintly legend about Ingrid; and I connived with Leo McCarey to get her into the film. Very often an actress, through sheer talent, carries the impression she gives in a role into her private life as the public sees her. That's what Ingrid did with *Bells.* She would never have done that picture without Leo McCarey's persistence and help from Hopper. David Selznick was supposed to star her in *The Scarlet Lily,* but never got around to making it.

But when Ingrid read in my column that Leo wanted her opposite Bing Crosby in *Bells,* she acted characteristically. She didn't beat around the bush. She was extremely anxious to play a nun. So she went directly to Leo and got the part. And she had a serious quarrel with David Selznick about it. Finally he agreed, but only after it cost Leo McCarey $450,000 for her services.

An apt person she was for it, too. Ingrid was one of the first to break down the pattern of movie glamor girls who thought looking like the next star was a prime requisite for film success. She used little makeup, usually applied it herself. On her first return to Sweden, Ingrid told me, all the actresses were eager to hear what she'd learned about makeup in America. She told them, "Nothing. I still do my own." So naturally they thought she was getting nowhere in pictures.

A publicity man working on *Intermezzo* cast about for a word to describe her appearance and came up with "translucent beauty." The term, arrived at in such a haphazard manner, was fitting then as it is today. Her skin has a warm, healthy glow, as if fed from some inner fire, and that added to the saintly legend.

WHEN Ingrid came to Hollywood, girls were made to appear synthetic princesses. They were short on royalty, but long on synthetic qualities. Their hair carried too much bleach, too much wave, their faces too much makeup. The false eyelashes were too long, the lips oversized instead of natural. But the queens of the cinema, supposedly women apart, had to look different from ordinary human beings. Or so they thought.

Then along came Ingrid who wouldn't fall for this line of guff. Depending upon her natural good looks, she dusted her well-scrubbed face with some powder, applied a small amount of lipstick, and was ready for the camera. She didn't need fabulous costumes. She looked better in a simple skirt and blouse with a scarf tied casually around her neck. Yet Ingrid was a director's dream. She could be photographed from any angle and always looked

good. The late director Victor Fleming called her "bullet proof."

I don't think Ingrid ever quite grew up and that was part of her charm. She hated being stared at, yet she confessed to me she couldn't help staring at other celebrities. "I don't think I'm important as a person," she once said to me, "but my work as an actress is." That was the basis of her naïve conclusion that she could quit being a movie star when she stepped off a sound stage; a conclusion that got her into much trouble. Rossellini was somewhat of the same opinion. Both simply refused to believe that one couldn't shed fame as one does clothes. But they're learning; and they're acquiring a respect for the awful power of the press and aroused public opinion.

Right now Ingrid feels an essential security in Rossellini's presence. He was a party to her sin, if such it was, and I don't believe she'd feel at ease working with another director, especially if Rossellini weren't beside her.

Hollywood producers will star almost anyone if they feel he'll be good box-office. So the real question in their minds is whether the American public will go for Ingrid or not. They're being cautious, and are waiting to see the reception given *Europe, 1951,* the film Ingrid did with Rossellini, before going all out to get her back. Nobody can deny she's a fine actress, but American movie-goers are peculiar people.

I think Ingrid would willingly come back if she were certain that the American public wanted her. She wants us to like her again, but not in a saintly manner. She prefers being regarded as a woman with normal faults and desires. She's learned at last, whether she likes it or not, that she's a public figure. But the one thing that would bring her back to Hollywood causing her to sacrifice her pride, is contained in her statement to me: "I'm only important as an actress—as a person, no."

END

We just learned the origin of Ingrid Bergman's daughter's name—Pia. It means (meant) Peter-Ingrid-Always.

Jim Henaghan

crazy like a fox

(*Continued from page 63*) everything else to Jerry. "If *you* like her, *I* can sing with her," Dean told Jerry, who auditioned songstress Helen O'Connell for their road tour while Dean played golf!

On tour, Dean goes to bed while Jerry stays up all hours of the night rehearsing with the orchestra. Jerry not only goes through his own routines but Dean's as well! Dean usually manages to arrive five minutes before the show goes on. One time when they were playing the Paramount in New York, Dean forgot to turn up at all! Jerry sweated out a solo. Five minutes later Dean strolled on stage wearing blue denims, sneakers, and a smile, all nice and relaxed.

"I'm ten years older than Jerry," Dean, who is 34, told me at a party last week (actually Jerry is nine years younger). "But," he added, "I feel ten years younger. I wake up every morning saying 'Gee, Dean, it's wonderful to be alive.' I leave the worrying to Jerry. He loves to do it, so I let him. If it's okay with him, it's okay with me." The only time it isn't okay with Dean is when Jerry makes a date that takes him away from the golf course.

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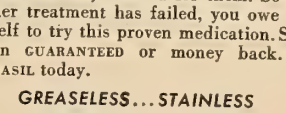
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The first inkling I had that Jerry was the entire business shebang in the partnership was when I first interviewed Dean and Jerry in the Paramount Studio cafe.

"What is your next picture?" I asked them. Dean immediately strummed an imaginary ukulele, after Jerry jumped on the table, made like he was a cross-eyed monkey and lisped, "Why am I so attractive to women?" Before I could answer, someone pushed a big sheet of paper in front of Jerry. Talk about Jekyll and Hyde! The change from monkey to executive took exactly one-tenth of a second. For ten serious minutes Jerry made suggestions and additions for the advertising campaign for their new movie, while Dean ate his lunch and smiled at me between bites. When the man with the paper was gone, the kidding resumed.

Jerry never clowns until the business is finished. But when it is, he goes all the way. Once, on his way out of a Paramount office, he sat down in Barney Balaban's secretary's chair, pressed the inter-office phone button and told her boss "Get your notebook, kid, and come out and take dictation."

Another day I heard him shout to Y. Frank Freeman in the Paramount cafe, "I thought I told you to wash my car this morning!" Mr. Freeman, President of Paramount, was entertaining Sir Anthony Eden at the time!

LAST year Martin and Lewis made a million dollars each. This year the take will be higher. And if Jerry were the boasting type, which he isn't, he could say "I get the medal." When Jerry told Dean of the gigantic eight-million-dollar deal with NBC for television and radio, Dean said, "Just send the money to the house." Jerry signs every check for business expenditures. Dean never asks who to or how much.

Before signing the fabulous contract, Jerry, who thinks of everything, inserted an unusual clause—"time out for a nervous breakdown"! It's all in there, seven weeks off every year for a possible nervous breakdown. Came in handy last year when Jerry collapsed from overwork.

Dean calls Jerry "Little Mother Hen." But a mother hen forgets the chick when it can scratch for itself. Not this one. With the scratch goes a hundred per cent protection. When they're on the road, Jerry sees to it that Dean is not disturbed when he is resting. All the telephone calls are channeled through Jerry's room. And this can be murderous. When stars of the caliber of Martin and Lewis hit a town, everyone tries to call them from the mayor to the mademoiselle on the corner.

When they travel by train, Jerry gets up an hour before Dean is even awake, to get the baggage assembled, breakfast ordered and to attend to all the bits and pieces of detail that go with getting off a train with a traveling company.

In arranging the tours, Jerry never forgets to make it possible for Dean to fly back to his family for a quick visit on Sundays. And his press agent, Jack Keller, has to call ahead in each town to be sure there is a telephone in Dean's theater dressing room so he can phone wife Jean between numbers. No phone for Jerry—he's too busy taking care of everything and everyone, to call during a show.

But when Jerry was resting (supposedly) in Arizona recently, he remembered to call Dean in Hollywood to remind him of an appointment with the tailor for a new tuxedo! The mortality rate of Martin and Lewis clothes is high—think of their shows and you'll see what I mean. Jerry's wife Patti swears her mate owns a thousand pairs of socks, hundreds of bow ties and so many suits, there are some he bought a few years back he hasn't gotten around to wearing yet.

NEVER fight with Dean unless you want to take on Jerry, too. "If anyone hurts my partner, he's my enemy," I heard Jerry tell a columnist who picked on Dean when they first came to Hollywood.

This actually happened. When Dean and Jerry were in Georgia for the start of *Jumping Jacks,* Jerry decided that his role over-shadowed Dean's. He called Hal Wallis, and told him "You build up his part or I walk off the picture."

And when Lou Costello sued and settled with Dean for lending him money early in his career to fix his nose—which Dean insisted he had already paid back, you'd have thought it was skin off Jerry's nose, he was so mad. When Lou, who forgets a fight easily, asked for Martin and Lewis on his TV show, Jerry's "No!" was heard all over Hollywood.

You somehow don't expect a comic to be methodical. Most of them are up on a cloud of gags. But this Mr. Lewis has a pigeon-hole mind. Everything is catalogued. Every news clipping, every magazine story ever written about them, is somewhere in the 180 leather-bound volumes in Jerry's library. Every radio show (their own and guest shots) is transcribed and arranged according to date. Jerry has a kinescope of every television show he has ever done, including a guest shot on mine (that was a collector's item!). He has a 16mm print of every one of his movies. Every movie and radio script is bound between leather covers with gold-letter titling. Jerry has a complete list of every play date, the attendance in each theater, the weather in each town at the time, and how much money they made. You can call Jerry at any time and ask, "Where were you on such and such a night, what was the weather like, who did you see and how much did you make?" All he has to do is look it up in his amazing library, and he can reply in a matter of minutes.

Janet Leigh only needs three months work to get her college degree. She was an honor student at College of the Pacific when she left to accept a movie contract.

With so much to do, Jerry cannot waste time. Although he hasn't yet gotten around to saving much money, he doesn't believe in wasting that, either. You've probably heard of his home made movies. He has some wonderful casts: Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis, Shelley Winters, Farley Granger. But the entire production never costs more that three or four thousand dollars. That's cheap for a movie that runs 40 minutes with sound and music.

Talking of the music. When Jerry invited Hal Wallis to see his home-grown *Re-Inforcer,* Wallis said to Jerry, "I can't quite place the music, but it's very familiar." "Sure is," grinned Jerry, "I borrowed the music track from *The Furies*—your picture, remember?" He took the expensive score from *Sunset Boulevard* for his hilarious *Fairfax Avenue.*

Jerry's camera equipment is insured for $75,000. This is his big hobby. But even a hobby has to pay off for Jerry. One day soon he will direct as well as star with Dean in pictures and TV.

Jerry is delighted with his ability to make money—it's not every young man of 25 who can earn one million dollars per annum. I'd say he is the *only* one. But he never has thrown it around. He used to rent the Maria Montez home in Beverly Hills and almost bought it—except for the price, $90,000. "I could sign a check for the whole amount," he told me gleefully at the time. "But it's too much to pay." So he bought a house for $75,000, with a big pool and playroom where he shows his movies to very select audiences.

Dean wouldn't know how much money he has, in the bank or in the business (the boys are incorporated in a capital gains set-up under the name "York Productions"). But Dean is an easy touch. Tell him you need it, and he won't ask why; he'll just delve into his wallet and if it's there, it's all yours.

One of the big problems of any popular act is to get the people out of the theater so that new paying customers can come in. If you can't get 'em out, you make no profit. When Dean and Jerry appeared at the Paramount, the kids came in the morning with their lunch and munched through five shows. There is no law that can turn them out. Jerry solved this one too, and it is now standard procedure with all popular acts. As you know, he sent word to the kids to come around backstage, "and we'll put on another show from our dressing room." While Dean and Jerry clowned and threw down hats, ties and coats, a new audience and new money filled the theater.

Six years ago, when Dean and Jerry were new in the business, they put their signatures to everything and anything. "Just show us a piece of paper and we'd sign," Jerry told me. This brought them a lot of trouble, especially lawsuits. Dean used to say "I'm the best dressed man in town. I have 50 suits—all pending."

So Jerry made a new rule—they won't sign anything without an okay from their lawyer. This can be very irritating—to other people. A magazine was on a deadline with a byline story by Dean and Jerry. They couldn't go to press without a signed release. "See my lawyer," persisted Jerry. The lawyer was out of town. The magazine had to yank the story.

"IF we ever fade," says Jerry the worrier, "we may as well take care *now* of the ones we love." And he does mean their relatives. Dean has an uncle—Leonard Barr, half of the dance team of Barr-Estes, kickabout dances. They kickabout on every playbill with Dean and Jerry. Jerry has a cousin on his payroll. His father is a singer. Jerry makes sure personally that his father gets good bookings.

Jerry seems to have inherited his worrisome nature from his mother. When I wrote in my column about Jerry's bad health last year, I received a sizzling letter from Jerry's ma that nearly burned in my hands. I apologized to her then and now for causing her anxiety. But a reporter has to be objective and report the news.

Both Dean and Jerry are great family men, they love their homes, their wives and their children. Jerry has two boys, Gary, seven, and Ronnie, two. Dean has five altogether—four from his first marriage. Dean likes nothing better than to stay home evenings, playing with the baby on the floor, while his pretty blonde wife relaxes.

Jerry, more gregarious, brings people home all the time. And it's lucky that Patti loves him, because Jerry has no idea of food and how much it takes to feed unexpected guests. Like the time dinner was planned for six and Jerry showed up with four extra people. Patti, who had prepared one small duck, corralled him in the kitchen and really told him off. "What's the excitement?" Jerry demanded. "So just put more stuffing in the duck!" But he'll never do that again. Because home is the one place which Jerry lets someone else run. *Mrs. Lewis.* Which proves again how smart *Mr.* Lewis is! **END**

"now I can talk"

(*Continued from page 55*) people. He knew he spoke the dese-dem-dose lingo of New York's Lower East Side, and he was afraid people would criticize his speech.

"But I've gotten over that," he said. "I've found that people don't like you because of the way you speak or cut your hair or turn your collar. They like you if you *want* to be liked.

"I didn't know that when I was a kid." He threw the switch again and the train tore down the track. "I *needed* friendship, too, but I never had it. And you know something? I still need friendship. Everybody does. That's why Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin and I started the Gar-Ron Club, which is a combination of the names of Jerry's children, Garry and Ronnie. We make home movies, shoot pool, play golf and tennis, swim, go off on picnics—all that kind of jive.

"Well, I came to a brand new place—Hollywood—and I wanted to be liked. Somebody at U-I once told me, 'Kid, I want you to go out and pick me up a right-handed punching bag.' Well, I knew there's no such thing but I went out and pretended to look for it anyway. Why? Because this is a strange new place to me, and I don't know these people too well, and if one of them enjoys this kind of thing at my expense it's the least I can do to gain his friendship.

"Should I go up to him and say, 'Who are you trying to shove around, wise guy?' Of course not. If this is the kind of thing this guy does for kicks, let him have his kicks. And if another actor makes fun of the way I talk, let him be my guest. Let's all enjoy ourselves. You know something? It's a small price to pay for a little affection, love and friendship."

I had known all this about Tony long ago, when he hadn't been able to express himself on the subject so well. Humility is a basic trait with him.

"My business is acting," Tony continued. "I want to do it more than anything else in the world, and do it well. I knew I was limited, at first, because I talked out of the corner of my mouth, and this made me afraid. Suppose I had gotten temperamental when the breaks started coming my way, and coming, miraculously, despite my defects? Suppose I'd started throwing my weight around, like some stars do? Then the people at the studio would have started talking behind my back and the next thing you know columnists would have been printing stories about an incompetent so-and-so like me kicking up his heels, and I'd be through. No, one fault was enough, without piling another on top of it.

"Then I met Janet. Because she loves me, and because I love her, I have the security I lacked when I was a kid. I'm able to go to work in the morning now and not be afraid."

"Afraid? I never suspected it," I said.

"It's true," said Tony. "An accent is a tough thing to iron out. But Janet has given me self-confidence. I know that whatever happens to me from now on, whatever calamity befalls—if people don't go to see my pictures or if nobody comes to interview me for a movie magazine, or whatever—that my wife will always be there when I come home at night, and she'll kiss me and say, 'Come on in, Tony, and have dinner, and then we'll watch the fights on TV, or you can play with your train.'

"Security is what does it—the security of a loving wife, of a home, and of friends. That's what really counts."

Then all of a sudden it was 1941—eleven years ago!—and Tony was 15 years old, and he and I were in a factory in New York City. He was acting it all out for me, and, although this Saturday morning of our interview was a coolish one in Westwood Village, I could feel the heat of that sticky, humid summer afternoon on the Lower East Side and see and smell the grimy factory in which Tony worked.

"I had been a counselor at a camp in the Catskills earlier that summer," he said, "but the job didn't pan out for some reason or other—I really don't remember exactly why—and I got back to New York broke. I had to have a job. I read the want ads. One said, 'Boys wanted between 15 and 18 for summer work.'

"It was a broom factory. They picked six of us out of a big gang of kids and put us to work for $12 a week. My job was to stand at a high desk-like machine and run the uneven brushes through a cutter as they came off the assembly line, to even them off. The cutter jabbed away at my knuckles and nails and made them bleed.

"It couldn't get hotter than it was in that place. I was drenched with sweat—and blood! But the foreman watched us like a hawk, and if we took a break and stayed away for a few seconds longer than he thought was absolutely necessary he would poke us in the back of the neck when we got back and snarl, 'Whaddya think we're running around here—a kindergarten? Keep workin', kid, keep workin'.

"Nights, when I got home, I was ready to kill anybody or anything. I could still feel him poking me and telling me to keep working. I got to hate that man.

"And yet, now that I look back at it, I've got plenty to thank him for, too. I think if he was around now I'd give him five percent of my salary, because he provided me with a drive—a drive to better myself. Some impulses are based on hate, I guess, and maybe it's healthy and maybe it isn't, but that foreman—and, I suppose, my environment—prodded me into trying to make something of myself. Whether I've achieved something big or not is another question, of course, but you've got to admit I've bettered myself—at least to the extent of making $400 a week against that original $12. And it'll be much more soon, I hope, because I'm due for a raise. But $400 isn't an awful lot, all things considered, is it? Only $230 of that is take-home pay. The rest goes for taxes. And I give my folks $100 a week and live on $130. We live frugally, Janet and I, as you can see. But it's still a lot better than a cold water flat and a factory, isn't it?"

I had to agree. The phone rang. He answered it. "Hungarian Underground!" he announced. "Janie? I love you I love you I love you—"

The words rushed together, just like that. No periods, and accent on the word "love." I got out of the room while he talked to his wife, although he beckoned me to stay.

When he called me back in, five minutes later, he said, "She loves me too. Where were we? Oh, yes—

"I've just finished making *Flesh and Fury* at U-I. I play a deaf mute boxer. Joe Pevney, who used to be an actor, directed it. And, because he was an actor, he inspired me. He's not the kind of director who worries about camera angles. Instead, he sat me down before each scene and gave me a reason for everything I did. As a result, I didn't stand around looking dopey like I've done in other pictures. I've enjoyed this one more than any of the other pictures I've made because of him.

"I got such a shock when Joe would say, 'Tony, how do you feel about this scene?' I got chills up and down my spine, because I kept thinking, *'I'm* being con-



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sidered—*I'm* being asked for my opinion! Mama, you should only be here and see what's happening! Somebody is asking for *my* opinion— and eleven years ago I was working in a broom factory! It breaks down to $600 a minute to make a picture, and Joe Pevney is taking time out, Mama, to ask your little Tony's opinion!'

"I met a lot of established actors when I first came to Hollywood. Some of them fluffed me off and I was hurt because, as I said in the beginning, I wanted to be liked. But then I kept getting better and better parts. And those same actors don't fluff me any more.

"Nowadays I run into kids who are just starting in the business and they seem to be afraid I'm going to fluff them too, but I don't. I make it a point not to. And please don't make me sound conceited when you write this. Naturally, I don't go out of my way to fawn on people, because I'm no different than anybody else. You can't like everybody. Nobody can. But when I meet some young actors that I like I try to be nice to them, just as I hoped those established actors would be nice to me three or four years ago.

"I think I can truthfully say I've never been envious of anyone. I've found it difficult enough to worry about my own personal life and development as a human being and my career without worrying about six other actors and how they are doing. If they do well, more power to them. This is what they want, and let me sidestep here a little to say that my favorites of them all are Marlon Brando, for his uninhibited wildness and because people see him in movies and wish they could go up to their bosses and tell them where to get off like Marlon does; Cary Grant and Laurence Olivier, because they're such great artists and make it a real joy to watch them; and Jerry Lewis, because he's the funniest performer in the world."

TONY loves his folks inordinately, and they keep cropping up in his conversation. But now I was pinning him down about the people who had helped his Hollywood career most, and he said there were eight of them. "I'm not including my folks," he said, "because—well, because this is the way they are:

"Before I married Janet I went to my father for his blessing, and he said, 'Kid, I don't care who you marry as long as you're happy. Just be honest.' How could you help but like people like that? So let's stick to my Hollywood career. These are the eight people who've helped me the most out here:

"First, Janet, because, although she's younger than I and hasn't been around as much she's, well, she's the transformer of my electric train, let's say. She motivates me. And she's kind and considerate and understanding.

"Second, Jerry Lewis, who gave me confidence when I needed it. He kept saying, 'You've got talent, Bernie. Work at it. Develop it.'

"Third, George Rosenberg, my agent, who loaned me money when I was flat broke but has never yet taken a cent of commission! I'll pay him back, of course, when I'm making more money under a new contract that's coming up. It's not the studio's fault that I'm not making more money. After all, they took me when I was an unknown and made a star out of me. My raises keep going right along, in the natural course of events.

"And George has done other things, too. When my father had a heart attack George saw to it that he had a private room in the hospital and took my mother to see him every day. He also bought me a TV set at cost, gave me a jacket, and called me into his office to encourage me whenever the going got rougher than usual.

"Fourth, Bill Goetz. People will say, 'Well, Tony's got to say something nice about Bill Goetz because Bill Goetz runs the studio.' But this isn't true. Bill called me into his office, too, to watch the World Series with him. And he came on the set and said, 'Tony, if you have any little problem at all come and see me about it. You're an important property here at Universal, your pictures are going over big, you've been a nice boy, and we appreciate it. Thank you very much.'

"How do you like that for the head of a studio? And when I pass him on the lot he calls out, 'Hi ya, pal,' and I holler back, 'Hi, buddy.' You know how tough it is to run a studio, but Bill Goetz has time to stop and say hello to everybody. He's a real sweet, wonderful man.

"Fifth, Al Horwits, head of publicity. He could push a lot of people but has picked me out and pushed my career tremendously. Another wonderful guy.

"Sixth and seventh, Leonard and Bob Goldstein. Bob discovered me in New York and Leonard, his twin brother, gave me my first starring role, in *The Prince Who Was A Thief*.

"Eighth, Sophie Rosenstein of the talent department. She worked night and day with me, helping me to straighten out my speech and giving me dramatic lessons.

"And those are the top eight. Now, you've noticed I've mentioned everybody who heads a department. But there are plenty of others, who hold less important jobs at the studio, who've helped me. Wonderful publicity people like Betty Mitchell, Jean Bosquet and, most of all, Frank McFadden, who explained to me at the very beginning all about the studio, how it works, what it's like to be an employee in a big industry, the responsibilities not only to yourself but to the people you work with. And how, if something is upsetting you, you go to somebody in charge who can help you solve your problem and not take it out on somebody who doesn't understand it, as I've heard some players are apt to do.

"Then there's Sol, the studio barber, who lectures me while he cuts my hair. Things were going well with me one day and I was feeling cocky. He took a look at me and said, 'Tony, you seem like a nice boy. And that's important. But you know what, Tony? Something else is important too. Stay a good boy *always!*' I've never forgotten that, because it seemed so important to Sol that things should stay good and nice in this tough racket.

"And Johnny, the cop at the gate. He let me sneak a friend from New York past the gate a few years ago. My friend wanted to see the back lot. Johnny showed me that even though you're tied down by rules you can break one now and then for a friend, and none the wiser. This releases you and teaches you not to take your job too seriously.

"The boys in the studio gym have been true blue, too. Whitey Egbert, the trainer, has taught me that if you believe in something you should believe in it all the way. Don't give up for anything. Here's how Whitey is: if you're arguing with him and he doesn't like what you're saying he puts up his hand to warn you to stop and then turns off his hearing aid. He has also taught me not to get too carried away with myself.

"And Frankie Van, who runs the gym, let me work on the cuff when I couldn't afford to pay him $10 a month for using his facilities.

"Bob Laszlo is another pal of mine. He's a prop man. He taught me to put things away. I used to leave props lying around and he would pick up after me. He said, 'I don't care how important a star you become, you've got to learn to be nice and put things away. The little things are im-

portant, Tony. Stars are important, sure. But the little guy who works behind the camera makes a big contribution, too, and all these things together make one picture. And I don't care how smart you are, Tony, or how big you become, there are certain rules that a real person observes.'

"I've heard of stars who say, 'What do prop men know about a star's problems?' They know plenty, believe me! They've been around a long time, longer than a lot of stars that you never hear about any more. Bob, for instance, came up to me on the set one day and said, 'Tony, I saw you do that scene. It was very good. But don't you think you should *feel* it?'

"He felt there was something lacking in my acting. And he was right! I had been doing everything else perfectly, but I hadn't been throwing myself into the scene, feeling it like Bob knew, from long experience, I should be feeling it. And I was flattered that Bob had singled me out to share his knowledge with me."

Tony was playing with his train again. It was nice to hear about the people he liked, I said. Now how about the people he disliked?

"Why lie about it? There are a lot of people I dislike," he said. "I dislike the same percentage of people that any other normal human being dislikes. If I said I didn't I'd be a liar.

"I dislike certain people for being vicious. That's the unforgivable sin, in my eyes. I don't like people who come up to me and say, 'Tony, you were great in your last picture,' and then knife me. It's happened more than once, and when I know they've told somebody else I'm not so hot I look them right in the eye and say, 'Why do you do this to me? You talk behind my back and then tell me how great I am to my face. Why?' That stops 'em!

"Then there are the people who say, 'Kid, the reason that certain deal worked out for you was because I put in a good word for you'—and all the time you know they're lying. And the ones who never stop reminding you that you'd never be where you are if it wasn't for them.

"Probably the most disheartening of all are some of your old friends who imagine you've forgotten them simply because you've become a star. Some of them actually seem to get a perverse delight out of the thought that you're too important for them now. But when you're with them and try to act as naturally as you did in the old days they accuse you of patronizing them.

"I got one letter from an old friend that illustrates perfectly what I mean. He was my closest boyhood buddy—in fact, my *only* buddy. We were so close that one day we cut our fingers with knives and held them together so that our blood mingled. We swore then and there that we were blood brothers for ever and ever.

"So what happens? I'm here two years and I get a letter: 'Dear Tony—or should I call you Bernie?—I wonder if you'll remember me?'

"It threw me off my feed for a whole week. People seem to think that if you're a success the most important requisite is that you forget your old friends. Actually, they must think very little of you to imagine that just because you're doing well you'll forget them. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly."

He knit his brows and thought a while. "I've been very fortunate," he said, finally. "And some day, if it ever blows up, I'll think nothing of going back and opening a shoe shine parlor in the Bronx—if I can find a good spot and saying, 'Okay, I've had it—I've touched success. And now I'm happy.'"

Janet phoned again, just then. The "I love you I love you I love you" routine began. Then, "Okay, honey, knockwurst and beans for dinner, and you'll cook 'em. I love you I love you I love you. Real crazy!"

He hung up with a smile on his face and winked at me. **END**

a house for a horse

(*Continued from page 48*) travel agencies and gathered a wide assortment of posters.

"I picked up the trick of using gay posters to liven drab rooms when I was working for Billy Rose at the Diamond Horseshoe in New York," Virginia explains. "I used to room with other show girls in pretty miserable apartments. No matter how bad they looked we'd get some travel posters, tack them up, and the apartments would come to life."

Besides collecting poster art, the O'Sheas bought the sort of furnishings that give a home character. When Mike was on location in Mexico, he picked up some beautifully carved figurines. On another trip he bought a magnificent wooden Iroquois head that now occupies a prominent position on the mantle. He also purchased a statuette of St. Jude by the great Mexican sculptor, Magyana.

While Mike was finding objets d'art, Virginia was using her spare time to poke around local antique shops. Once she came home with a cranberry-glass kerosene lamp that she converted into a kitchen lighting fixture, and gradually she acquired some marble-topped night stands, a few odd tables, and a quaint old desk.

When they visited friends who were full-time ranchers, the O'Sheas noticed that their homes were equipped with Navajo rugs. Sometimes the rugs were hung as tapestries, or else they were scattered on the floor. In a few places little rugs were used as table mats.

When Virginia asked about the Indian handicraft, she was told that Navajo rugs are not only decorative but are supposed to be lucky as well. The Indian weavers deliberately leave a little hole in each rug so that the evil spirit can escape.

Just about the time when Virginia was won over by Navajo rugs, she and Mike discovered Van Gogh.

The O'Sheas were in Chicago en route to New York when they fell in love with Van Gogh's paintings. The studio representative who met them at the train wanted to take them to the Pump Room at the Ambassador Hotel, but Virginia objected.

"The Pump Room is wonderful," she said tactfully, "but we'd rather skip it and take in the show at the Art Institute."

Admittedly, Virginia Mayo does not look like a girl who prefers the Art Institute to the Pump Room, and the Warner Brothers representative was amazed, but like a good fellow he said nothing and drove the O'Sheas to Michigan Avenue.

In Virginia's own words, "The Van Gogh paintings hit us like dynamite. The canvases were so vivid and exciting that Mike and I were speechless. We walked through the exhibition twice before we could express our feelings. Finally, we decided to buy a couple of reproductions. We settled on a print of a sun-drenched wheat field and a moody blue still-life.

"By the time we got through buying the prints, we were really in danger of missing our train to New York, so we grabbed our pictures and ran out of the Institute. People turned and stared as if we were robbers."

With the Van Gogh reproductions as inspiration Virginia decided that it

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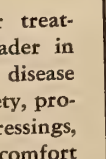
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was just about time to remodel the house Mike had originally bought for his horse.

So they knocked out halls, pushed back walls, made one large, beamed living room. They panelled the dining room, added a fireplace, gave Mike a new set of personally planned closets, and added a kitchen that has every conceivable appliance—a garbage disposal and dishwasher, a ventilator fan over the stove which keeps the room free of cooking odors, a large freezer and refrigerator, and every gadget from Mixmaster to Toastmaster.

For herself, Virginia ordered a large dressing room and bath as an addition to her bedroom. The dressing room is separated from the bedroom by louvred doors which can be closed when she's dressing or when she wants to hide her sewing clutter. Virginia's sewing machine is one of her proudest possessions and stands in a corner of the room near her mirrored and marbled dressing table.

Many of the large architectural changes in the O'Shea house were made while Virginia was abroad working in *Captain Horatio Hornblower.* She spent her time away from the camera working out decoration plans to put into action later.

A week after she returned to Hollywood, Virginia had her living room walls painted chocolate brown to match the chocolate carpet. She left the beamed ceiling white and ordered an over-scale, three-piece sectional couch so large that she, Mike, and Duke, her Boston terrier, can stretch out full length without being crowded. The couch is in a direct vision line with the television set.

The large, comfortable living room is well-stocked with books and records. And on one wall there is a larger-than-life painting of Virginia. It shows her as Lady Barbara, the character she played in the Hornblower picture, and it was given to her by the studio as a token of gratitude.

If you ask Virginia where she acquired her furniture she will tell you candidly that she bought the new pieces at Barker Brothers, Los Angeles' big furniutre store.

"I'm not a trained decorator," she admits, "and I didn't know how my decorating ideas would work out. The safest way to test them was to buy furniture through a large store and have it sent home. The pieces that didn't fit were returned. Those that did, stayed. You can't engage in that sort of practice with custom-made pieces."

Virginia's own room is furnished very simply. The draperies originally hung in the old dining room. Except for a double bed and some table lamps, the only other pieces in the room are an easy chair and a small desk.

Mike's room is about as Western as you can get without being in a saddle. Virginia decorated it while Mike was on location in Arizona. She filled it with heavy oak furniture, Navajo rugs, and red wall paper. When Mike returned home, his wife had him close his eyes and guided him into the room. He took one long hard look, then grabbed Virginia and kissed her. "The boy from Brooklyn," he said, "always wanted to be a cowboy." Which is why Virginia always smiles when she says, "Mike proposed and won me with a house he bought for a horse!" **END**

(Michael O'Shea can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's The Model And The Marriage Broker. *Virginia Mayo will soon appear in Warner's* She's Working Her Way Through College.—*Ed.)*

you're wrong about jane russell

(*Continued from page 43*) "Know-nothing" on Jane Russell.

We, therefore, must begin from scratch.

In the first place, no camera has ever done her justice. Through the cold crystal eye of a lens Jane Russell is a sultry wench with hot, brooding eyes, a mass of jet, unruly hair, a kissable mouth and a nose with nostrils that tend to flare at the sight of a male. This is not so. Her complexion is creamy and outdoorish. Her eyes are dark and thoughtful. They snap or smile, they're never, in public, at least, hot and heavy-lidded. Her features are classic, thin and sensitive and her nose crinkles into a grin and never flares at anything.

Even when the camera is focused on that portion of her anatomy which has made her most famous, it exaggerates a quite normal symmetry of design into an RKO trade mark.

When the Las Vegas situation developed into such headlines, MODERN SCREEN decided to break a precedent and talk to Jane to clarify the true personality of this movietown enigma.

We dispensed with the eye because it was well when we spoke to her, and began with the figure.

"Does it bother you," we asked, "hearing all the jokes that are made about your anatomy?"

"No," she said, "it just bores me."

"But don't you realize," we pressed, "that your proportions have become something of a trade mark?"

"Sure," she said, "It's like the label on a can of tomatoes."

That answer should settle once and for all the question of anger on the part of either one of the Waterfields over allusions to Jane's figure. It is a dull part of the routine of being a movie star—but Jane and Bob realize that they're stuck with it.

A great deal has been written about Jane Russell and religion. It has been intimated that she is something close to saintly in private life and as athletic an organizer of gospel gatherings as Billy Graham. It has been said that she formed a group of Hollywood stars and executives into a sectarian force that met weekly, or oftener, in one of the town's largest churches in religious revivals.

That is not true. Jane Russell is neither saintly nor a revivalist. She confesses frankly to a quiet faith and she also confesses, with a glint in her eye, that she gets a bit of plain fun into her life. She has attended and probably still does attend an occasional service with the Hollywood Christian movement that has received so much publicity, but she is not a steady member and most certainly not the founder.

"Those fabulous gatherings of celebrities you read about me getting together," she says with a smile, "are anything but that. And it's odd that someone hasn't found it out before. The group I do meet with began way back when we were all kids. It consists of my brothers, their wives and a few close friends, all of whom were a bit on the hellion side when we were kids. You know, kids who drove cars too fast and smoked too early and things like that. We meet at my house and we sit around on the floor in blue jeans. If you were to peek in the window, you'd think we were having a party. Well, we all decided that now we are grown up, a little religious education wouldn't hurt us, so we get together and have discussions and Bible readings—and it's fun."

ALL you have to do is talk to Jane Russell on any subject for ten minutes and you can see that she isn't capable of going overboard about anything. She has

too many interests and, according to her own admission, she's not steady enough on her course to become a fanatic.

"I'm a starter," she said. "I begin things but I never finish them. I started to paint —and never got very far with it. I even started to write," she laughed, "and always wound up whatever I was doing in the middle of a paragraph."

The papers would have you believe that Jane Russell is something of a one-woman orphan asylum, and that she and her husband have every intention of assembling most of the unwanted children of the world in their own small nursery. Last year, some European correspondents even got pretty ugly about it when the word spread that Jane didn't want all the kids that were offered to her for adoption on a trip abroad.

The truth is that right now Jane and Bob have in their home the adopted family they expect to wind up with. It consists of two children.

"Everybody has the idea," Jane said, "that I am the Mother Machree type. Well, I'm not. I am not the sort of woman who can't resist patting a kid on the head in the street. And I certainly don't want every child I see. Bob and I feel deeply for the parentless children of Europe and this country and we like helping them, trying to place them with couples we know who are childless. It's that simple."

The incident of the trial adoption of the baby Jane brought back from London last year, although it will no doubt have a happy ending, is rather humorous. Jane happened to mention casually one day that

A G.I. asked Bob Hope about Jane Russell. "Nice girl," said Robert. "And there's nothing phony about her."

she would like to adopt another child. It made the papers, and mail began pouring into her hotel offering her babies from all over the land. The phones were busy for days with parents asking Jane to take one of their kids.

The mother of one child, however, was more enterprising. She showed up at the hotel with an infant and managed to get to see Jane in person. She shoved the tot into Jane's arms and tearfully begged her to take it to America and raise it as her own. Jane was overcome and took the baby with her. When she got to Hollywood, she walked into the house with the kid in a set of new blankets and showed it to her husband.

"How did he take it?" we asked her.

"He hit the ceiling," she said.

However, Bob Waterfield's attitude has changed and he is as fond of the little Irish lad as Jane is. The little boy will be reared as his son.

It is interesting that Jane's desire for a family is not a frantic one, as it so often is with a good many childless women.

"I guess," she said, "that it is because I was part of a large family. And when Bob and I built our house we just automatically put in space for children."

So, contrary to popular opinion, Jane Russell has no intention of maintaining a foundling institution. The press just took for granted that she did.

As for her career, Jane Russell is not the movie-struck girl that most motion picture stars are. She looks upon pictures as a business—and when she leaves the sets at the end of a day, she forgets Hollywood. As a matter of fact, Jane sometimes feels she would much rather be something else.

"I don't know exactly what," she said, "but I have a feeling that I would be equally as happy in another line of work. Making movies is hard work for me but there are real compensations such as the money and the nice people I've been thrown in with."

HER private life, too, is unusual for a movie star of her prominence and glamor. Bob Waterfield, her husband, is the boss, no question about it, and Jane refers to him as "my old man," a phrase bristling with respect. When Jane gets through with a picture, Waterfield doesn't live her kind of life—she lives his. When he was in the service, Jane quit pictures and went along with him as many other soldiers' wives did. And when he is on the road during the football season, with the Los Angeles Rams, Jane tags along as a football wife.

Bob Waterfield, although he has a number of good friends in the film industry, prefers the company of football people. Not sports people, just the football clan. He lives football and, according to Jane, finds most other subjects dull.

"As a matter of fact," Jane said, "he is now beginning to worry what he's going to get into when he passes the age that a man should quit throwing passes. He has a keen mind and an analytical one. He doesn't care for coaching, so he'll have to find another outlet for the talent for strategy his years as a quarterback have developed."

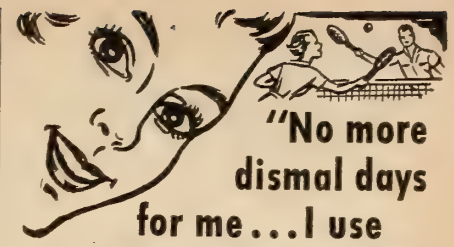
Whatever it is that Bob Waterfield does, though, it is quite certain that it will not be a cushy job plucked from the fringes of his wife's career as a movie star. It will be something that will still allow Jane to speak of him respectfully as "my old man."

JANE RUSSELL is very much of a family girl. She is fiercely fond of her mother and brothers and all the in-laws and children. All told are nine grandchildren in the Russell clan. Her brothers are sturdy men making their own way in the world on their own. Two of them have not the slightest interest in movies. The other two, though, would like to be in pictures —and they try for parts whenever the opportunity arises. But unlike a good many young Hollywood hopefuls, they don't sit around growing beards waiting for the phone to ring. They have families —and they are busy at other occupations between movie roles.

"They're pretty sensible about that," Jane says admiringly. "When there's nothing doing in the studios, they get jobs in service stations or driving trucks."

It would be a disservice to Jane Russell to write an analytical study of her without mentioning the one that has made her one of the most popular actresses in Hollywood. It is a quality difficult to describe because it is almost masculine, and that is pretty hard to tag onto a girl as exquisitely feminine as Jane.

The Las Vegas incident—and the contention that if the reporters had asked Jane Russell how she got the shiner she'd have told them—is a good way to begin describing it. She has a basic honesty that will not allow her to lie to escape a result. It is masculine in a sense, because it is based on a fearlessness found usually in brave men who wind up their sentences with, "So make the most of it!" Jane Russell is the kind of person who would say just that. Consequently, there are no petty bickerings on her pictures. She does the best she can in front of cameras —and she has not time for the usual "protection" of scenes and billings, etc, that seem to make up such an important part of the average siren's life in film. And she has no time for people who pretend. Lay it on the line and you can get with



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Russell. In the main, even the greatest complainers get to like this.

There is in Jane Russell a tremendous humor. She is alive every minute and when not being leered at by a paid villain for a picture, she is a cut-up rather than a femme fatale. Horseplay is fun to Jane and so are somewhat funny jokes when a gang of easygoing laughers get together.

We have, then, in Jane Russell, a mystery woman devoid of mysteries. A movie star, famed for religious crusades who wouldn't think of it, and who, instead, placidly practices a set of religious rules that are based on the simple principle that any kid as strong-willed as she was could use a few thoughts along the spiritual line.

The next time you read a story in the newspapers about Jane Russell that appears a bit far-fetched, don't buy it completely. Just say to yourself, "Now why don't those reporters ask Jane herself about it? She'll tell them the truth—for sure." **END**

ava fights back

(*Continued from page 37*) And the people who heard him laughed, and spread the crack around.

Or Columbia Records releases a new Sinatra disc, "I Hear A Rhapsody," and the voice is the way it always was, but someone thinks it's clever to say, "Why do they waste that gorgeous hit on a guy who doesn't have it anymore?"

This kind of smearing has gotten to be a habit, and a sort of nasty game. People apparently want to see how much the Sinatras can take before they crack. When the newlyweds flew to Europe recently to attend a Command Performance and entertain American troops in Weisbaden, they were accused of battling from here to Germany and home again, and of ruining the performance by being wet blankets. The fact that they spent all their spare time in Germany entertaining soldiers went by the board without any comment. That kind of information just wouldn't fit in with the rest of the picture that's being painted.

The Sinatras can take criticism, as the past few months have shown, but now they're fighting back in their own subtle way. It may be a while before the public sees them as the honest, decent people they really are, but they'll come into their own again because they have to; they're on the right side.

FIVE or six years ago when Frank was earning a million dollars a year and handing out $150 gold cigarette lighters to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, he was considered a wonderful little fellow. When he preached against racial and religious intolerance, he was held up as a progressive, patriotic American. When he made *Anchors Aweigh,* he was called "the brightest star in the MGM constellation of luminaries."

When, unpublicized, he paid the hospital bills for Mildred Bailey, his office boy, and half a dozen others, even his detractors admitted that he was a generous man. He was invited to the White House, exclusive country clubs and the finest private homes in America; everyone who was anyone sought his friendship, and more than 200 fan clubs saw to it that he never received less than 800 letters a day. Girls swooned when he crooned, night clubs offered him $50,000 for a week's work, and symphony orchestras pleaded with him to sing if only for one night.

How come that within the short span of two years, people are hacking away at his reputation with all the energy they'd use to tear down a skyscraper?

The most popular reason offered is that Sinatra made a mistake by being honest enough to leave his first wife because he had stopped loving her, rather than stay around and make both their lives miserable. He left all right, but he was willing to turn over to Nancy one third of his annual income up to $150,000 and 10% of everything above that. And nobody can keep him away from his children whom he visits two or three times a week.

This is no attempt to white-wash Frank Sinatra. Undoubtedly, he has plenty of faults and has committed many indiscretions. He has from time to time surrounded himself with a band of incredibly seedy characters. He is chronically allergic to sensible advice. He is stubborn and temperamental, but insofar as the American people are concerned, he has given them hundreds of hours of fine entertainment. It is lamentable to think that he is now being dragged down into a mine of ill-feeling, and that his talent, which is still considerable, is a target for ridicule.

Contrary to garbled reports originating on the street, Sinatra's voice is not completely gone. It is still very much in evidence.

Have you seen and heard him in *Meet Danny Wilson?* His voice was never better. His acting has charm, and quick wit. Yet the local Hollywood yokels were prepared to take in the movie with a laugh—of derision.

Not long ago, Frank was sitting in his office on South Robertson Boulevard in Beverly Hills. He was talking with one of his television writers. Taking inventory of his position, and thinking about the past few months, Frank became justifiably depressed.

His office building was up for sale. His television program couldn't attract a sponsor. He hadn't had a good-selling record in over a year. Universal had shoved back the release date on *Meet Danny Wilson,* a picture in which he had worked for no salary but a percentage of the profits. His three children were polite to but not particularly enthusiastic about his new wife. He was $40,000 in the hole. There was an even-money chance of CBS cancelling his TV show by June of this year. His fan mail had decreased to a new low. Many of his old friends had deserted him. The 200 Sinatra Fan Clubs had dwindled to four. He felt that the Palm Springs house should be completely done over for Ava—after all, what wife wanted to be reminded of her predecessor? But where was the money coming from?

It all seemed so staggering, that Frank leaned back in his chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Boy," he said, "I'm really in a spot. I've got to get moving."

But for the first time in his life, Frank Sinatra looked beat. No human being can stand up forever as punching bag to the world, and that afternoon Frank knew it. He came perilously close to breaking down. Fortunately for him, he has a resilient nature and has since bounced back.

THAT same afternoon seven miles away, in the Pacific Palisades house she had rented from dance director Bob Alton, Ava Sinatra was feeling none too well herself. She was on lay-off, earning no money (she works only 40 weeks a year) and worrying about when the studio would cast her in another *Show Boat.* Critics who had seen her in *Pandora* and *Lone Star* had criticized her films as adequate vehicles but not the hits Ava once thought they might be. She had just turned down parts in three different pictures.

During her romance with Frank the studio had been none too happy. Fortunately for her, she had many journalist and photographer friends, and they saw her through this trying period. They put her on magazine covers and planted dozens of well-written stories about her activities.

It was Dore Schary who took her out of the doghouse. He cast her in nothing but "A" pictures and ordered the publicity boys to go all-out on a Gardner build-up campaign.

But as Ava began turning down scripts, the studio began to feel that she was being unduly influenced by her new husband, that she wasn't playing ball, and it was decided to let her stew in her own juice.

On this particular afternoon, Ava was stewing. She was also stewing about the housing situation. She had given her small Nichols Canyon home to her sister Bappie. Frank had given his Holmby Hills house to Nancy. The only house left to the newlyweds was the Palm Springs mansion which was in the process of being re-done, and the re-doing was costing a mint.

In addition to all of this, Ava seemed to feel that that everyone in Hollywood was anxious to have her marriage founder on the rocks, to say, "See, I told you it wouldn't last."

That night, Ava and Frank worked out a design for living. They decided to leave town. They would live at Palm Springs away from the gossips and gloom-prophets. They'd stay down on the desert five days a week, drive to Los Angeles on Mondays, return to the desert on Tuesday nights after Frank had finished his TV show.

It worked for a while—not very long—a month or so. Then the stories started anew. Frank has walked out on Ava. Ava had walked out on Frank. Both of them were fighting like a pair of desert rats. Frank was washed-up, so finished that CBS had him down to $3,000 a week, and he was borrowing money from his agent, MCA.

As for Ava, she had had enough. She was moving back with her sister, maybe going home to Smithfield, maybe asking Charley Feldman to get her out of her contract with the studio.

None of this was true. None of it *is* true. But at long last, instead of doing nothing, Frank and Ava have decided to fight back.

A few weeks ago, for example, a Hollywood press agent called Sinatra down at the desert. "You know how terrible your public relations are," the publicist diplomatically began. "What you need is someone like me to put you right with the fans."

"Don't worry," Frank said good-naturedly. "I'll work it out."

In contrast to former days, Frank wasn't truculent, or aggressive, he was simply confident that he could win his public back, that eventually the public would judge him by his work.

"We figure," Ava told friends, "that our behavior is the best way to fight back at all the rumor-mongers. Let them say anything they want to about Frank and me, but years from now we'll still be together, and people will come to realize that all these stories about us are pure baloney. Not that we don't have our quarrels and arguments. But this marriage is really working."

Ava's new policy calls for her to accompany Frank at every opportunity, to let her actions give lie to the rumors. She doesn't particularly like large formal functions—they make her nervous—but when Universal recently threw a big shindig for *Danny Wilson*, Ava was there. When Ava, in February, received a magazine award for her performance in *Show Boat*, she and Frank were the happiest couple at the Hotel Ambassador.

When Frank finishes his TV show on Tuesday nights, he and Ava dine at Romanoff's before returning to the desert.

Ava is even learning how to cook. For her birthday, which comes on Christmas Eve, she whipped up a pot of spaghetti for Frank and their good friends the Axel Stordahls.

As for Sinatra, he knows that his career has temporarily turned sour, that impetuous adolescent moves on his part have antagonized the press and consequently the public. But with Ava beside him, he feels that he will never again make those same mistakes, that after a few years of marriage to Ava the public will again respect him as a decent, hard-working family man. He has offered to go to Korea on a USO tour or any place the Army wants him. He is making every effort to atone for his past errors and to become well-liked.

Many persons have asked if Ava can keep Frank a faithful, loving husband. They smile snidely before you can offer a reply or opinion—so sure are they that they can already see the crooked handwriting on the wall.

They forget that Frank is imbued with an indomitable will, that he originally pushed himself to the top by his own efforts, that whatever else he may have been, quitter was never one of them.

Right now, he is trying desperately to get the lead opposite Betty Grable in *The Farmer Takes A Wife*. He also has another film lined up at Universal, and the nightclubs of Las Vegas still offer him $10,000 for a week's work. Maybe he isn't the great attraction he once was, maybe he has two strikes against him, but so long as he has Ava, he's a long way from being out.

Ava and Frank Sinatra are fighting to make their marriage a success, and as the Good Book sayeth, "He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone . . ." **END**

how casual can he get?

(*Continued from page 41*) something to Bob, but Bing did not realize how Hope felt.

Well, the old Hollywood grapevine began to hum and it soon came to Bing's ears that Bob was hurt. This upset him. Bing is inordinately fond of Bob. How to apologize? How to make amends? He waited until he ran into Bob casually one day and then he said, "About that dinner. Well, I was afraid I might say the wrong thing." And then, grinning at Bob, he added, "Besides, I wasn't hungry that night."

That did it. Bob understood this was an apology and took it as such. And they are the best of friends again.

The autograph seekers get sore at Bing every now and again. At a recent football game, for instance, they started crowding around and yelling, and Bing told them to go to their seats, he wasn't signing a single book. This, he feels, is a display, and he's worried lest someone will think he enjoys that kind of "I-can't-let-my-public-down" attitude. Besides, he had come to see a football game. And, he figured, so had everybody else. But on his way out, long after the disgruntled kids had gone to their seats grumbling, a little girl waiting by his car asked for his autograph. This was up Bing's alley—one child who did not obstruct the view.

THERE is absolutely no ham in his character. When he was asked, "How does it feel to know that more people have heard your voice than that of any other man?" he answered. "Thrilling, if true. But it's just Decca publicity." And in evaluating his acting ability (he won an Academy



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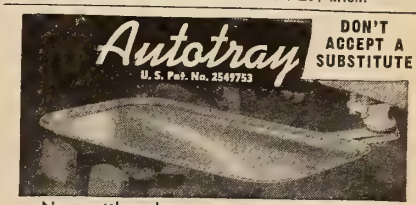


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Award, not for singing, but for acting in *Going My Way*) he said, "I believe I'm a fair actor when I'm playing a character who is like Bing Crosby. Any other assignment I can't handle at all, so I'm no actor." At all times he's Bing Crosby, and as Bing Crosby he doesn't impress himself. He doesn't even keep a scrapbook (he never has). Naturally, his office—where his two brothers and his father run his many enterprises—keep clippings, but Bing just "doesn't go for that name-in-the-paper" routine.

Yet, once when he was in Canada he received a call from a little town in Vermont called St. Albans. On his way back to New York when his train passed through St. Albans, and would Bing accept a jug of Vermont Maple Syrup? He would indeed. A newspaper reporter arranged for the stopover and, en masse, the citizens arrived at the station. The mayor made a speech as the syrup was presented. Schools were let out so the kids could see Bing. "I'm very big in St. Albans," he says, proudly.

But he'll turn down a formal banquet attended by the most important dignitaries in the United States.

He'll give a national magazine writer the run around (if there's something more pleasant to do like playing golf) but he'll pose in a chef's hat with a cup of coffee and doughnut and let the caption read, "The face most conducive to dunking," to help out an old friend who's just opened a restaurant.

For years the Hollywood Women's Press Club has voted him the most uncooperative actor in Hollywood. They finally picked on somebody else because Bing just didn't seem to care. Wouldn't send the press girls insulting wires, or mend his ways by becoming available for interviews and photographs.

You can imagine that consternation reigned when at last year's HWPC's Christmas party the new Santa Claus turned out to be Bing Crosby! The girls demanded to know how it had happened. What whimsical gesture was this?

It was discovered that one of the members had happened to bump into Bing on the street and told him she thought it would be a funny gag. "Sure," Bing said. "I'll do it."

Later when he was asked why he had come to the party where he was such anathema, he said, "I would have come a long time before but nobody ever asked me."

Bing is not lazy, he is simply relaxed. As he says, "There's nothing to be accomplished by running around in circles."

He is orderly and methodical. He arises at seven in the morning, eats a big breakfast, writes letters—business as well as personal—in long hand. Then he makes his telephone calls. He is always prompt and expects other people to be.

When Bill Morrow first came to work as Bing's writer on his radio show, Bill was prone to breeze into the gag meeting from 15 minutes to a half hour late. He soon learned that this was not going down well with Bing. So early in their relationship Bill learned to be strictly on time. But Bing still remembers and will say, "We'll set up the meeting for nine-thirty so Bill will be here by ten."

DESPITE the fact that the Crosby enterprises are vast—everything from a pocket-sized breath freshener to a baseball team—Bing does not consider himself a good business man. He allocates authority to those who know how to accept it. When he was asked why, with all his money, he kept on working, he said, "First I owe quite a bit of money and besides, there are a good many people who, in one way or another, are dependent on my working."

You may be amazed to hear that Bing owes money and that he admits it. Well, to begin with, he is not, as people think, the world's richest man. And, as with all widespread business organizations like his, bad investments have been made. "Lots of my money goes to taxes," he says, "the rest is reinvested in outside interests. I've had to borrow money to keep a lot of these going. If they pay off I'll be in clover. Until they do I've got to keep working. If I quit now I'd be in the red." But Bing does not hoard as he has been accused of doing—either his old records or his dough.

So far, Bing has been adamant about television for himself, although Crosby Enterprises have put together a series of television shows. The reason that he will not undertake a show of his own at the moment reveals another interesting facet of his nature. Despite his easy going appearance, his casualness, Bing is a perfectionist. He does not want to step into a medium that is still disorganized, still finding its way. Because he is a perfectionist, any show that he would do would be far too expensive since, "I don't think I'm big enough just to get up there and ad lib," he says. The problems of TV are still too complicated. So even though he may seem relaxed to the point of indifference his actual behavior belies this. His as yet unreleased movie, Paramount's *Just For You* was made in record time, as are all his films. His radio show is performed with the least "running around in circles."

It was not laziness on Bing's part but his love of perfection that made him the first person to put a big radio show on tape and have it rebroadcast on the designated night. The network objected. They had never used taped stuff before. Wouldn't the public complain when they learned their talent was not performing at that exact moment? Bing thought not. And Bing can be a quietly stubborn guy when he knows he's right. For the advantages of tape are many, even to the listening audience, the main one being that any part of the show that falls down can be re-recorded. All the performers were with Bing for, to them, it meant doing shows ahead of time so they could have an occasional vacation.

It was known in radio circles as "the battle of the tape." But by being a quiet fighter—no scenes, no screams—Bing won.

In his pictures he will never do what he believes is wrong and according to every man who has ever directed him, "Bing has an unerring instinct for knowing what is right for him."

"Keep it simple," is his motto.

A simple, well-ordered life gives him more time to spend on his 25,000-acre, well-organized Nevada cattle ranch, more time to travel. And there's always golf. So why should he complicate his life with TV or anything else unless he has to?

He wants his four boys to know the value of a buck but he also wants them to know the rewards of generosity. In his own words this is what he wants out of life: "I'd like to be justifiably proud of our sons."

Light-hearted as he is, there is one thing that really upsets him. He does blow his top if the boys' grades in school are not too good or if he hears that they have been boastful. There are two types that Bing cannot abide—a braggart and a gossip. All he asks of the boys is that they become well-rounded human beings, that they educate themselves to be what they want to be, that they learn to shift for themselves. As he says, "Just so they're not spoiled. Not pig-headed nor bigheaded, just level-headed." And when any one of them falls short of this ideal Bing gets really mad.

Bing is a religious man. He believes in going to church (he is a Catholic) and does so himself as does his family, but if you are not a churchgoer that's your business. Tolerance is the keynote of his philosophy of living. And he puts his philosophy into practice. His philanthropies are many—and these are non-sectarian—but he doesn't like them talked about. Although his most rewarding experience was, in his own words, "singing to our men overseas."

For all his methodical ways, for all his vagaries, the charm of the man comes through when you really know Bing Crosby. Ask a group of newspaper people who went on a recent junket to Elko, Nevada, with him. It was for the opening of his film, *Here Comes The Groom*, and most of the press arrived with their typewriters ready to mow the man down. Bing began by winning the staid Boston contingent—first-naming both the men and women—and ended by harmonizing with the whole group.

But the interesting thing is that Bing doesn't deliberately set out to charm the press just because it amuses him to do so. He did not appear as Santa Claus at the Hollywood Women's Press Club because it delighted him to be quixotic. It was only that this is what he felt like doing.

In many ways Bing is the least complicated and best controlled actor around. Having no ham in him he does not wear his emotions like diamond studs. He never over-dramatizes himself and, although he lived through, at one time, a severe personal tragedy there was never any breast beating. During a time when he had a grave decision to make he wore the same manner that has characterized him for years. Nobody but those closest to him, whom he consulted, knew he was less than merry.

He never makes a snap decision, which is one of the reasons why he is a good craftsman, a good husband and a good father. In order to get along with Bing you have to accept him as he is. You have to accept the fact that there are private places in his heart.

Once, someone put this question to Bing: "If someone asked you 'What is Bing Crosby really like,' what would you say?"

He sucked on his pipe a minute, and then he said, "I've always seemed a pretty dull fellow to myself."

That's Bing Crosby's estimate of himself. And, the funny thing is, he means it. The funnier thing is, he's the only fellow who, after having met Bing Crosby, would give that opinion. **END**

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The Capitol Theater in Cincinnati was filled to capacity when Victor Mature made a personal appearance there. Victor mentioned that since Cincinnati was close to his home town of Louisville, Kentucky, he had a lot of relatives there. Naturally, the audience applauded wildly—all except one fellow who snickered. Vic looked up into the balcony where the sound came from and said, "There's my cousin, now—his name is Immature!"

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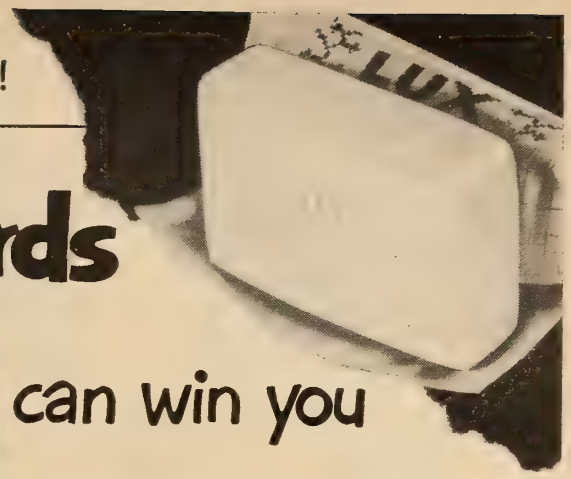
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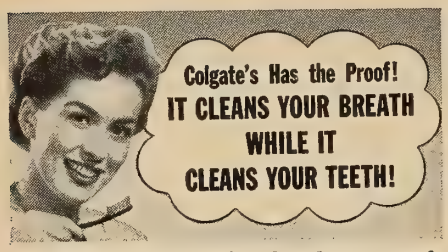
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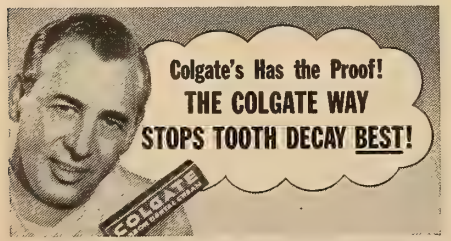
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modern screen

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MGM

Movie-of-the-Month Calendar



JUNE						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

"SCARAMOUCHE" starring STEWART GRANGER, ELEANOR PARKER, JANET LEIGH, MEL FERRER, brings to the screen Rafael Sabatini's swashbuckling story of the most fabulous adventurer in a romantic era! M-G-M's spectacular "Movie Of The Month" for June filmed in the glory of color by **TECHNICOLOR!**



"LOVELY TO LOOK AT" starring KATHRYN GRAYSON, RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL, dancers MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER in a musical gay as Paris . . . in color by **TECHNICOLOR!** An eye-filling treat for July!

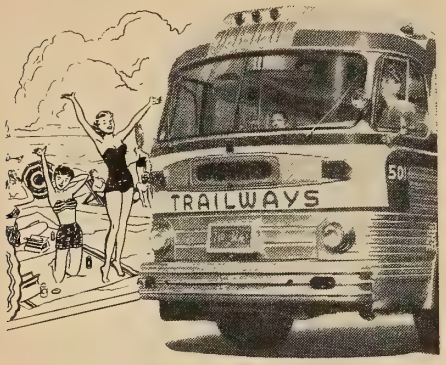
JULY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		



AUGUST						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30

"IVANHOE" stars ROBERT TAYLOR, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, JOAN FONTAINE, GEORGE SANDERS, EMLYN WILLIAMS in Sir Walter Scott's exciting story enriched with color by **TECHNICOLOR!** From the company that gave you "Quo Vadis"!

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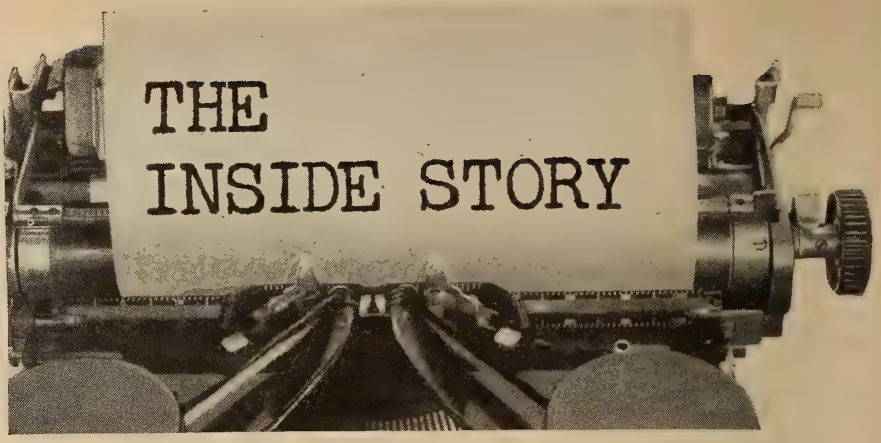
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THE INSIDE STORY



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Why is nothing ever mentioned about Gene Tierney's oldest daughter, Daria, who should be eight by now?
—B. B., DORCHESTER, MASS.

A. *Daria is in a boarding school in Pennsylvania.*

Q. Is it true that Elizabeth Taylor paid for her own engagement ring?
—V. C., KANSAS CITY, MO.

A. *She advanced the money for it.*

Q. How many times has Dick Powell been married and how many children does he have?—Y. D., DENVER, COLO.

A. *Powell has been married three times, has four children, two of whom are his by adoption.*

Q. How much does Mario Lanza weigh now? —T. R., NEWARK, N. J.

A. *167 pounds.*

Q. I hear that Elizabeth Taylor and Alan Ladd are both Christian Scientists and that when Ladd was in the Army he refused to okay an operation for the removal of his appendix. Is this truth or rumor?
—A. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Truth.*

Q. Is it true that Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire are really quite bald?
—D. O., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Does John Wayne have a nasty temper? Is that why he's so difficult to direct? —H. H., RALEIGH, N. C.

A. *Wayne has a quick temper but takes direction easily.*

Q. Does Doris Day bleach her hair?
—B. C., CHARLESTON, S. C.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Does Jimmy Stewart have a clause in his contract which forbids the mentioning of his great war record? If so, why? —U F., MEADE, PA.

A. *Stewart refuses to trade on his outstanding Air Forces record, wants to be judged publicly only on his record as an actor.*

Q. I understand that June Allyson gets a spending allowance of only $10 a week. How does she manage to live on that?
—B. H., PATERSON, N. J.

A. *She seldom pays cash for anything, has all her bills paid by her business manager. Most of the $10 goes for tips.*

Q. Is it true or just publicity that Betty Hutton reads the Bible before she goes to bed each night?—V. F., MOBILE, ALA.

A. *Before she retires, Betty drinks a glass of milk, reads her Bible.*

Q. How old is Bette Davis? How old is her husband, Gary Merrill? Isn't Betty the boss in this marriage because of her superior earning power?
—E. V., PORTLAND, ME.

A. *Bette is 44. Merrill is 37. He wears the pants.*

Q. How come I hardly see photos any more of Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray and their children?
T. R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. *Mrs. MacMurray has been chronically ill for the past ten years. Because of that, the family does little socializing, absolutely no night-clubbing.*

Q. What caused the split between Nancy Olson and Paramount?
—T. L., PEORIA, ILL.

A. *Nancy wants better parts.*

Q. What happened to Marilyn Monroe's first husband?
—R. I., DEL MAR, CALIF.

A. *He committed suicide.*

Q. I understand it cost Bob Taylor a fortune to divorce Barbara Stanwyck. How much did she settle for?
—N. U., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A. *Their home valued at $100,000 and 15% of his gross income, annually.*

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The 24th annual Academy Award night brought out an unprecedented number of celebrities. (*Left to right*) Ronald Colman; Humphrey Bogart, winner of the best actor award for his work in *The African Queen;* Greer Garson, who accepted the best actress statuette for Vivien Leigh, now performing on the Broadway stage; Danny Kaye, emcee of the ceremonies; Arthur Freed, winner of the Thalburg Memorial Award; Karl Malden, best supporting actor (in *Streetcar Named Desire*); George Stevens, winning director of *A Place In The Sun.*

BETTY HUTTON AND CHARLIE O'CURRAN ELOPE . . . CARLETON CARPENTER "MIXES

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



When Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran flew home from their Las Vegas elopement, Betty's little girls, Lindsay and Candy, met them at the door.

"Are you going to live here with us?" five-year-old Lindsay asked her brand new step-father. Charlie said he was.

"You can set up a bed in our room," the little girl offered. "We know Mother likes to be alone." (!)

Betty certainly looked the part of the blooming bride at the champagne-and-cake reception at her home the afternoon following the elopement which surprised the natives and kept me up all night working on my scoop.

Her dress was white satin and she wore orchids in her hair and carried an orchid corsage.

"How does it happen that you come up with a white satin gown if you and Charlie got married on the spur of the moment?" I asked her.

"Oh, I bought this two years ago," she laughed, "—just in case!"

I have a hunch this marriage of Betty's



Dale Robertson and his pretty Jackie do the town on one of their rare nights out. The Robertsons expect an heir—or heiress—early in June.



Jane Powell came to the Academy Award dinner with husband Geary Steffen, later sang one of the songs nominated for an Oscar.



Slowpokes Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis, who finally made it to the altar, still had that "honeymoon look" at the Oscar dinner.



Lauren Bacall almost leaped out of her seat when her Bogie was called up for an Oscar. Lauren kisses him as Greer waits her turn.



Newshounds took a second look when Carleton Carpenter squired Joan Evans to the Oscar fete. He says he's "serious" about Barbara Ruick.



Jane Wyman beamingly introduced young Travis Kleef eld, to all her friends at the Academy Award party, later called off their engagement.

CHEMICALLY" WITH BARBARA RUICK . . . MARILYN MONROE GIVES A STRAIGHT ANSWER TO A CURVED QUESTION!

may work out. First, Charlie adores her and la Hutton is a gal who loves admiration and attention. Second, he is rapidly coming up as a very talented and high priced choreographer in the business. He gets a big salary which means that money will not be a problem between them as it was in her marriage to Ted Briskin.

Third—but far from least, O'Curran has an easy going, likeable disposition and when Betty gets upset about anything he just kids her out of it.

So I says—Good luck and much happiness, Mr. and Mrs. O'Curran.

CARLETON CARPENTER admits he is more serious about Barbara Ruick than he has been about any other gal in his life.

"She's a wonderful girl," says the long, lanky boy they call Stretch. "Great talent. Great sense of humor. Chemically we mix well."

But as for marriage:

"Who knows?" he says. "I can't see myself getting married. Wouldn't it be *hysterical* if we just up and did it, though!"

For one thing, Barbara understands Carleton's haphazard way of dating—a purely spontaneous thing. He says he never knows where he will be or what he'll be doing three hours later and can't make plans in advance. He likes to call a girl, ask her to go out, then go pick her up—just like that. He believes honesty is the best policy for a girl and boy—saves misunderstandings later on.

LOOKING Back Over "Oscar" Night: When Humphrey Bogart won, Lauren Bacall leaped from her seat as though she had been shot with electricity, also tripping Bogey before he got started down the aisle.

My girl, Jane Wyman, was a vision in pale lavender and so cute when she sang the prize winning "In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening" with Danny Kaye. (Bing Crosby was in San Francisco.)

Of the girls who appeared on the stage—Janice Rule's lovely white chiffon gown with its "smoke" colored bodice and overskirt was voted tops.

Too many of the girls tried to pull a Marlene Dietrich and wore black gowns when they made the presentations. Zsa Zsa Gabor's skirt was slit even higher than Dietrich's—but it didn't rate the wolf whistles "grandma" got with hers.

Leslie Caron loped onto the stage. The little French girl is a fine dancer—but she ain't much of a walker!

Eleanor Parker was the most beautiful "loser"—and by far the most gracious in applauding the decision to Vivien Leigh.

Shelley Winters just nudged Vittorio Gassman. And how come she wasn't wearing a smitch of makeup—not even lipstick?

Carleton Carpenter surprised the sidewalk jitterbugs by showing up with Joan Evans instead of Barbara Ruick.

Arlene Dahl's floating pink Fontanna gown was the loveliest of the evening.

Debbie Reynolds sat where I could watch her and everytime a winner was announced she'd yell, "Oh, Gee!"

Montgomery Clift, all dressed up in black tie, was with the Kevin McCarthys—but Monty didn't look disappointed. He hadn't expected to win. (*Continued on next page*)

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Betty Hutton sang for the Marines only a few miles behind the front in Korea on a recent USO tour. (For more about Betty see pg. 22.)

When Bette Davis first walked onto the stage hardly anyone recognized her with her poodle haircut. Even emcee Danny Kaye said with some surprise, "Well, it's BETTE DAVIS!"

Almost overlooked in the excitement of this year's winners was Broderick Crawford who won two years ago for *All The King's Men*. But Brod had his own private reasons for being happy: he sat and held hands all evening with his pretty Kay. They actually beam since the reconciliation.

Just a note to the Academy Awards itself: If the actual winners are out of town and cannot attend in person, arrangements should be made to pipe them in via radio as was done last year. There's something awfully cold about an Oscar being given to a stand-in—no matter how glamorous.

"URGENT that you see Miss Jane Wyman at once in the Polo Lounge," the maitre d' whispered in my ear, at the Cinema Editors' Dinner.

"They wouldn't put me through to you on the telephone. And I wanted you to be the very first to know that Travis and I are engaged," Jane said.

Her eyes were twinkling like twin stars as she went on to tell me how happy she was.

But just when everyone thought that Jane and Travis were going to elope, Jane telephoned and told me her engagement was broken.

"Has it anything to do with the difference in your ages?" I asked. (He's just 26 and Jane is much older.) "Nothing in the world," she said. "We are the only two people, I guess, who weren't conscious of the difference in our ages. The dawn came after we sat down and talked over our future and we both knew it just wasn't right."

Travis, who inherited a fortune from his father, is actively engaged in a housing project in San Diego. As soon as he and Jane broke their engagement, he left for San Diego. Jane turned off her telephone and talked to only her closest friends.

I really think she is very upset, but as she said, "It's better to break it now than to have a broken marriage later."

Recently, Jane had dinner with Ronald Reagan (her ex-husband) and his bride, Nancy. Because of their children, Jane and Ronnie



It was all around them! A dead man's curiously twisted smile, a still-heard echo in a hidden catacomb, a glowing bed of fiery jewels! Here treasure-hunt flared into man-hunt—turning a torrid corner of the tropics into flame!

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What's what with Scott Brady and Susan Ball? No comment from them, but they've been seen around town a lot lately, here with George Fisher.



Arlene Dahl's dreamy pink gown walked off with "prettiest" award on Oscar night. Lex Barker agreed but kept getting tangled up in it.



Bette Davis with her new poodle cut, and Gary Merrill resplendent in a plaid dinner jacket, were a snappy twosome at *Zapata* premiere.

will always be friends.

MANY people will say that Marilyn Monroe did wrong in posing in the nude for an art calendar several years ago when she was broke. But she did right in admitting that the picture is hers.

"I was broke," Marilyn explains, "and when Tom Kelly, the artist-photographer, told me that he had an order for a nude art study and that his wife, Natalie, would be present throughout the sitting—well, I just couldn't turn down the money.

"When the calendar was circulated, my studio almost had a fit. Some of my friends advised me to deny to my last breath that I had posed for the picture. They even said I should say I had posed only for the head and that it had been pasted on a nude body.

"But, heck" sighed Marilyn, philosophically, "it looks like my body, too. I just decided to be honest about the whole thing and pretty soon people will forget about it, I think."

Marilyn may not be the brainiest blonde in town—but she's honest and she's sincerely trying to make a successful career for herself. Since she clicked, she hasn't played the nightclub circuits with a different beau every night, either.

Her only serious date recently has been Joe DiMaggio, who seems to have a real crush on her. Whether or not Marilyn returns the interest, I don't know.

I do know—she is the perfect doll for 20th Century-Fox to star in the life story of Jean Harlow when the platinum blonde's career is made into a movie.

Nobody recognizes Tony Dexter in public. Saw him dancing with his wife at the Cocoanut Grove the other night and when he tripped slightly a bobbysoxer at the next table said, "Who's that man who *looks like an actor* who almost fell down! ! !"

This goes to prove what I've said all along—Tony's makeup as Valentino changed his natural appearance more than anyone thought.

He'll need a couple of good roles using his own face before he begins to be greatly pestered by the autograph hounds.

P.S. Believe it or not—Tony is still No. 1 man in my MODERN SCREEN fan mail!

PAGING Jane Powell in A Hurry: Janie, I'm getting a lot of criticism about your silvery hair. Your fans don't like it because they say it makes you look "gray headed," and you're too cute and too young for that. If you just intended it to be a silvery-blonde tint—something musta happened in the dye job.

Such is the life of a columnist. Gene Tierney stopped by my table with Kirk Douglas and all the time we were talking she called him "Kirkie." I printed that.

Then she went to New York and told a reporter that she never called him "Kirkie" in her life and wondered how it started?

Our "usual" weather (this year, anyway) with the rain coming down in buckets and most of the canyon roads roaring like rivers, didn't keep the guests from attending the Donald Nelson party in their home atop Coldwater Canyon.

Only Joan Fontaine and Collier Young sent regrets. Joan, who also lives in a hillside house, said she was afraid she couldn't get back to her children.

My escort was Leo Genn, handsome and talented British actor, who was the guest of honor. If you saw *Quo Vadis* you know just how fine an actor he is.

Leo called for me carrying a red umbrella belonging, he said, to his landlady. We drove through water up to the hubcaps of the car—and when you're swirling around mountain roads—that's no fun, pals. I must say Leo was most amusing and comforting about the whole thing.

Once there—we forgot about our perilous journey in the gayety of the warm, flower-bedecked house and the many guests already there.

I had a long talk with Gregory Peck who is taking Greta and the three boys to Europe to stay at least a year and not to avoid the income tax.

"We'll stay a year IF I can get a job," said Greg, deadpan.

"I'm not worried about THAT," I laughed. P.S. He has a job in *Roman Holiday* with Willy Wyler which will be filmed in Rome.

The Pecks plan to take a house in the south of France and then go to Finland for the Olympic games. Greta looks awfully cute—she's so much thinner, about size 9.

JEAN PIERRE AUMONT still looks so very sad but he tells me he finds comfort in talking about Maria Montez with all the people who knew her.

"I used to try to avoid talking about her," he said. "But now it is relief to my heart."

Seems I run into the Walter Pidgeons at every dinner party I attend. They are about the most popular dinner guests I know. That's because Walter is always so gay and makes a point of being pleasant to everyone.

After dinner was over—by at least three hours—up the canyon in the still pouring rain came Hedy Lamarr—and surprise, surprise—there wasn't a single complaint out of Hedy, even about the weather. Luscious Lamarr is usually having more troubles than the old lady in the shoe—with her children, or her career, or a husband, or life in general.

Yes, we all had a very gay time at the Nelsons'. During the regime of FDR, Donald was a top official in Washington and he and Valerie, his pretty English wife, are very popular in our town.

WHEN Hedy Lamarr finally went into court to divorce Ted Stauffer, hotel operator, she charged him with beating her. This, indeed, came as a surprise, for when they separated Hedy said it was "just one of those things"—no bitterness on either side. She told me his business activities kept him in Mexico and her interests were in Hollywood.

As surprising as her charges were—Ted was as eager to have the marriage ended as Hedy—so he put up no defense.

Now Hedy, the Beautiful, is free to take on Husband No. 5 if she is so minded.

Might be director Stanley Rubin, who has also courted Gloria Graham and Coleen Grey. But, by the time this is in print, somebody else will probably be Head Man in Hedy's heart.

The Letter Box: "Leona," of Detroit, who is 15, writes: "I can understand Elizabeth Taylor falling in love with and marrying an older man like Michael Wilding. I'M in love with Michael Rennie!"

Helen Baker writes: "Hasn't Frank Sinatra had about enough bad luck? Let's start printing some nice things about Frankie." I agree—enough's enough and Frankie has certainly had it.

Vivian Westmorland, Cincinnati, doesn't believe that Dale Robertson drinks only milk. It isn't the only thing Dale drinks, Vivian, but it's his staple—five quarts a day!

Well, guess that just about winds us up. That's all for now. See you next month!

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famous columnist for The Hollywood Reporter



LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Make a bet that Betty Hutton's new marriage will be every bit as tempestuous as her previous one—and for no other reason except that Betty LOVES excitement. At the press conference following her wedding to Charlie O'Curran she told me, "I met Charlie seven months ago, when he was directing my dances in *Somebody Loves Me*. We fought like cats and dogs. And the more I fought with him the more I loved him!" . . . The Dale Robertsons expect their baby in June. If it's a boy, Dale won't let Jackie name him Junior. Says he: "It's too presumptuous." . . . Mona Freeman will unveil her new glamor personality any picture now. She left Paramount, after a nine-year contract there, because she was tired of playing little girl roles.



Freeman

Aly Khan's household help at Chateau de l'Horizon has been notified to expect a visit from Princess Rita sometime this summer. But his lawyer went back to France with this word from La Hayworth: "Let me think about it. I want to make up my own mind about a divorce or reconciliation" . . . Meanwhile, Rita's whirl with Kirk Douglas, after his brief romance with Gene Tierney, rocked Hollywood. Odds aren't too good, however, on the Rita-Kirk kindling continuing, since his children are coming out to spend the summer with him . . . And here's another hot one: Oleg Cassini wants to make it a third try with Miss Tierney. His argument: "A successful Hollywood marriage, where the wife is a movie star, includes a husband who is willing to humble himself and wait on her hand and foot." Oleg's willing! . . . Her parents objected strongly to Joan Evans' romance with handsome, young, used-car dealer Kirby Weatherly, who used to be an actor, to no avail. This one's a real sizzler . . . Will Deanna Durbin ever make a picture again? She writes from France: "Never happier, just singing lullabies to my baby."



Douglas



Evans

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Talking with John Agar at a party in Beverly Hills, I found him a trifle on the unhappy side about several writers who have been sniping at him because of his brush with the Los Angeles Traffic Department almost a year ago and a brief stay (less than two months) at the Sheriff's Honor Farm. This criticism has cost him several good movie jobs, since they implied he was unreliable. But John hasn't touched anything stronger than a coke since then! Also, he has been almost painfully punctual for interviews and whatever else has been asked of him—and, in his desire to be completely cooperative, has gone in for publicity promotions from which he once studiously shied.



Agar

Some writers have implied that John was angered with his former wife, Shirley Temple, for taking their baby across the country to Washington, D.C. John refutes it with, "Where else should a little girl be but with her mother?" One "reporter" wrote that John's wife, the former Loretta Barnett, was older than he and a one-time starlet, and that his actions had brought disgrace on Hollywood—none of which is true. And John, who has been remarkably patient about this shoddy treatment in the press, (*Continued on page 14*)



"My guy is afraid to marry me...

afraid I'll turn out to be like his own sister! Maybe the things they say about her are true. But if you don't love your husband... and you're crazy about somebody else... haven't you got a right to do something about it? Like Mae did! My guy's afraid that maybe I'd act the same. And you know something? Maybe I would... maybe I would..."





JERRY WALD & NORMAN KRASNA PRESENT

BARBARA STANWYCK · PAUL DOUGLAS

ROBERT RYAN · MARILYN MONROE

CLASH BY NIGHT

with

J. CARROL NAISH • KEITH ANDES • Produced by HARRIET PARSONS • Directed by FRITZ LANG • Screenplay by ALFRED HAYES

BASED ON THE PLAY BY CLIFFORD ODETS

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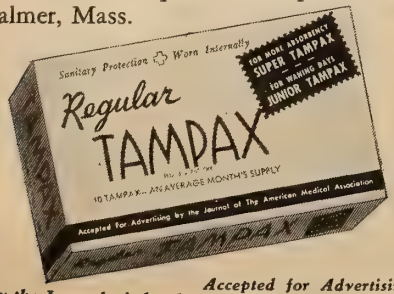


Give the Girl Credit

These daughters certainly bring new ideas into the house—break the ice of old habits, so to speak. For instance it's ten-to-one that your daughter discovered Tampax before you did—*Tampax*, that improved method of sanitary protection (worn internally).

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax needs no belts, pins or bulky outside pads. It really represents a highly modern idea in monthly protection—helps take the pressure off your mind at "those times." With Tampax there's no worry about odor or those revealing edges or ridges that you see showing through other women's skirts or dresses. Your social poise is sure to improve when you wear Tampax.

Daintiness is the key word for Tampax—from the slender white applicator (you needn't touch the Tampax!) all the way through to the final disposal. Pure surgical cotton provides unusual absorbency. ... Sold in 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Full month's supply may be carried in purse....Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

said that several times he was on the verge of chucking the acting game and going into the job he always wanted before he came to Hollywood—a golf professional . . . Maybe it's time the tearer-downers let John alone. He has proved he's a regular guy, has learned his lesson, and should be given a fair opportunity to regain his former status in movies.

Ann Blyth presented Dick Clayton with a pair of St. Genesius cufflinks (St. Genesius is the patron saint of actors) when he quit being an actor to be an agent for other actors . . . Linda Darnell and Pev Marley celebrated the finalization of their divorce decree by dining together . . . Cutest couple of the month: Joan Benny and Gary Crosby . . . Second cutest: Susan Zanuck and Rock Hudson . . . Lana and Lamas tore back from a Palm Springs rendezvous in her white Jaguar convertible, which still bears the initials LTT (the last T for TOPPING!) on the door . . . Joan Bennett and her ex-husband, Gene Markey, have been getting sparkier and sparkier.



Blyth

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

U-I stopped Peggy Dow's pay checks—because her honeymoon just wouldn't stop! . . . Andre De Toth packed the three kids to Veronica Lake in New York, prior to their divorce, and moved in with his mother . . . Errol Flynn refused to let Pat Wymore puncture her earlobes for earrings. He just doesn't like punctured earlobes!

The big squabble between Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier, aside from the $8,000 she claims her ex-husband owes her for furniture he moved from their house and tax money that she loaned him, centers on daughter Deborah. Bill refused to let his daughter accompany her mother to Europe for some picture-making there . . . I hear their respective bosses aren't too happy about those home movies Tony Curtis and Jerry Lewis have been making . . . Icicles—but Icicles!—when Jane Wyman attended a party with Travis Kleefeld and either snubbed or just plain didn't see—I dunno which—Diane Garrett, who used to go to parties with Kleefeld . . . The only trouble I've been able to discern in the Ruth Roman-Morty Hall household is that he likes to live in New York and she likes Hollywood . . . One fan yelled "Shell Gas!" when Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman showed up at the *Viva Zapata!* preem. But isn't that Vittorio the quiet one. Shel kept prodding him and muttering, "Say something to me—people are watching!" . . .



Lewis and Curtis

His friends say that Franchot Tone's devotion to his sons is greater, much greater, than any love he's ever had for Barbara Payton—so much so that ex-wife Jean Wallace made a firm stand for full custody. "He spoils the boys terribly," Jean said, "by giving them $10 or $20 every time he sees them."

QUICK QUOTES:

Loretta Young: "When I went to school the only thing I understood about figures was that they're good to hang clothes on" . . . Betty Grable, when I asked her how she prepared for her role in *The Farmer Takes A Wife:* "I attended the County Fair last summer" . . . Jane Russell, after she "ran into" that black eye in Las Vegas: "Everyone is happy as a lark at my hearthside" . . . Jan Sterling's line of snazzy dialog, directed towards Tony Curtis in *Flesh And Fury:* "Mother told me never to sell myself cheap, 'cause I'll never hit the jackpot that way!" . . . Joan Crawford: "I have been reported dating Scott Brady and feuding with Gloria Grahame while we were shooting *Sudden Fear*. But when you're making an independent picture you haven't time for sex or feuds—and I resent it because both make for a happy life!" . . . Ava Gardner: "I should have married sooner. I'd be a mother by now".



Crawford

ODDS BODKINS:

The only two charge accounts Marilyn Monroe has in town are at bookstores. What does she do—decorate her apartment with dust jackets? . . . Jean Peters has a new vocation: designing costumes for Hollywood's new little theatre group, The Gallery Players . . . All of a sudden there isn't a more conscientious actor at 20th than Dan Dailey, and what's brought on the change I wouldn't be for knowing . . . Checking through my files I found that Mickey Rooney directed Aldo Ray's first picture, *My True Story,* two years ago at Columbia. Ray, the town's new rave leading man, played a bit as a chauffeur in that one . . . Tin plate on the door of Walter Wanger's bungalow at Monogram Studio: "No Peddlers Or AGENTS" . . .

Penny Edwards left Republic and got a new contract at 20th because she was fed up with riding and never getting any love scenes in Rep's Westerns. So what happens? Her first picture at 20th is Ty Power's *Pony Soldier,* in which she rides, rides, RIDES and has never a love scene! . . . Did you too notice that Katie Hepburn's hair seemed to get redder and redder as *The African Queen* unreeled? . . . Bing Crosby started an ice cream company. Now you can see him (movies), hear him (radio), spin him (records), breathe him (cold cure) and smear him on your kid brother's kisser . . . Jonas Schrift, Shel's pop, saw his daughter in *A Place In The Sun* at the Academy Award Theatre. When the canoe tipped over and Shel drowned he left the theatre because as far as he was concerned the picture was over! . . . Mary Livingstone fainted in Palm Springs recently. As Jack Benny rushed to her side a teenager ran up to him and thoughtlessly squeaked, "Mr. Benny, kin I have your autograph?". . . Ava Gard-



Crosby



How you can be a Beauty Queen

—try a Perma·lift girdle in the perfect length for you

Wherever you go whatever you do, you'll look like a queen in a "Perma·lift"* brand new, grand new Girdle. This tummy smoothing, hip rounding, little bit of daintiness is—oh—so blissfully easy to wear. Most important, too, it is styled in three lengths—Short, Average and Tall—so you can be sure, whatever your size, it will stay put always. Your favorite corsetiere can fit you perfectly, so see her as soon as you can. At an—easy on the pocketbook—price, the Girdle $5.00, matching Pantie $5.95, in Snowy White.

You'll also love the dream designed "Perma·lift" Bra to match. Styled with the famous Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups, you're gently, firmly supported from below. Wear it daily, wash it nightly—the uplift is guaranteed to last the life of the garment. For the Junior figure—$2.00.

*"Perma·lift"—A product of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not an oily cream —Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



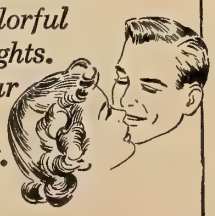
Wonderfully mild and gentle —does not dry or irritate!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.





Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

hollywood report continued

ner's scenes in *Snows Of Kilimanjaro* with Greg Peck took two weeks of shooting, during which time she meets her hero, marries him, becomes pregnant, loses the baby, hunts a rhinoceros, goes to war—and dies! . . . Stewart Granger ordered a new British midget car for his own Jeannie Simmons, same color as his . . . Northern California newspaper headline: "Ava Gardner's 3d Husband Arrives in Town."

HOME FIRES BURNING:



Gardner

Bob and Dorothy Mitchum called the baby Petrina, after Bob's grandmother . . . Sue and Alan Ladd celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary by giving each other gun racks. You heard me. Gun racks . . . Frankie calls Ava "my li'l ol' Southern cawn pone" . . . Ava calls Frankie "my Old Man" . . . This is the way Tony Curtis answers the phone at home: "Hungarian underground!" . . . Arlene Dahl reports that she and Sexy Lexy saw *The Blue Veil* and decided to raise a family! . . . The Barbara Rush-Jeffery Hunter heir is due in August.

Joanne Dru leased Carole Lombard's old house on Beverly Drive and swears it's having an effect on her career: "I actually find myself bouncing around on the set like Carole used to in pictures!" . . . "Matronly" is the way returnees from Rome describe Ingrid Bergman. And Greg Bautzer has secured a $22,000 refund from the Government for her, in back income taxes—all of it airmailed post-haste to Italy . . . Bing escorted his Dixie to Don Loper's and bought her 18 Easter outfits . . . Barbara Perry, Bette Davis' sister, is now handling Bette's fan mail. She inherited the job from Bridge Price, Bette's secretary for 20 years . . . Dana Andrews' oldest son will report to the Army when he graduates at Hollywood High in June . . . Danny Thomas has spent $100,000 remodeling his old-fashioned Spanish house (it cost $35,000) in Beverly Hills . . . Rocky Cooper had the final word when Patricia Neal went to Europe: "Gary should enjoy a period of bachelorhood. Then we'll see what happens."

TIME TABLES:

The time table scanners are all focussing on Liz Taylor, whose American dollars financed her honeymoon with Mike Wilding in Switzerland and who mentioned three times in one overseas interview how much she wants children . . . But no matter how you slice it, Liz and Mike LOOK like two very-much-in-love people . . . Cary Grant and Greg Peck are both playing 18-year-olds—Cary in *Darling, I am Growing Younger,* Greg in *Kilimanjaro* . . . By the way, back to Liz, she's been signing autographs "E. T. Wilding."



Grant

SEX APPEAL:

Zsa Zsa Gabor threw out her chest when a photog asked her to look sexy and sputtered: "I ALVAYS luke saxy!"...



Moore

Hollywood's photogs are now calling beefcake poses "Brando art," following Marlon's muscle-ripplings in *Streetcar Named Desire* and *Viva Zapata!* . . . The Breen Office made Hal Wallis tone down Terry Moore's cleavage in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Or should I say tone UP? . . . There'll be no Jane Russell-type buildup for Katie Grayson when she gets loaned by M-G-M to RKO for a co-starrer with Tony Martin, and for two very good reasons: she doesn't want it and she doesn't need it!

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Humphrey Bogart, who has been banned by some of the toniest nightclubs in Manhattan, turned right around on his recent trip to New York and banned El Morocco and the Stork Club! . . . Judy Holliday is slugging it out with Harry Cohn, her boss at Columbia. He has her tied up for a few more pix at $50,000 each. But she let herself in for it in order to get *Born Yesterday*. She insists she's worth $150,000 a picture now . . . Ronald Reagan refused to endorse a beer ad submitted to him on the grounds that this is a bad time for Hollywoodites to incur bad public relations by doing so . . . But Bob Hope endorsed one and then turned his $10,000 check right over to the Cerebral Palsy Fund.

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Rory Calhoun, who have been living on $35 a week as prescribed by his business manager, asked the very same b. m. for a $1.20-a-week raise. Got it, too . . . A very well-known swashbuckling star's check for $40 bounced at the Cafe Gala . . . And talk about woes—poor Dean Martin lives on $20 a week! He claims the Internal Revenue Department allows him only that much weekly and is "sitting on" the rest of his take-home pay . . . Judy Garland's best break in years: the $400,000 she made on her Palace Theatre date in New York . . . Sylvia Gable won't get that huge lump sum she demanded from Clark. Instead, he'll pay her yearly remittances . . . Buddy-boy Brando was paid $125,000 by 20th for doing *Zapata!* That's $50,000 more than he got from Warners for *Streetcar* . . . Gene Nelson raked in $9,000 for his three weeks onstage at the Strand Theatre, New York—which is exactly $6,750 more than he makes for the same period in pictures! You figure it out.



Garland

Hedy Lamarr asked a company that sells cultured pearls for $25,000 to endorse its product. They countered with an offer of $15,000. She didn't endorse it . . . Bette Davis made the mistake of disposing of her percentage in *Another Man's Poison* for some ready cash. The picture will take in $750,000 more than was originally estimated . . . Randy Scott signed for four hoss operas at Warners. He'll get $460,000 for the four.



New! Miracle tip for fingertips...

Spillpruf CUTEX

Now, Cutex brings you an amazing new nail polish bottle! Designed with a miracle device, it prevents polish from flowing when bottle is overturned—protects clothes and furniture from costly accidents due to spilled polish!

Yes, Spillpruf Cutex is better in every way! Made with long-wearing Enamelon, it sets hard as a jewel—gives lasting "non-chip" wear. Such a heavenly range of colors too—one lovelier, livelier than the next!

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Stays on till you take it off! Never smears on glasses, cigarettes or people! Never leaves a kissprint! *Creamier* because it contains pure lanolin! Ten glorious colors, to harmonize with your favorite shade of Cutex Nail Polish.

Ask for Cutex today! You get so much more—for less money!



SPILLPRUF CUTEX **15¢** *plus tax*
STAY FAST LIPSTICK **29¢** *plus tax*



adds glamour confidentially without pads or puffs

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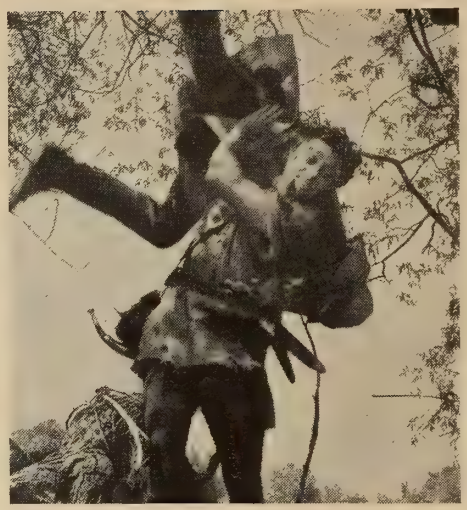
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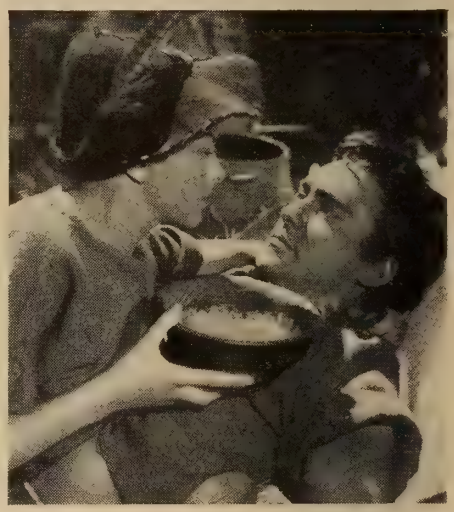
MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the month



Robin Hood (Richard Todd), loyal to his absent King Richard, fights the tyrannies of Prince John's opportunists by rallying around him a band of fighting men in Sherwood Forest.



Maid Marian (Joan Rice) visits her childhood sweetheart, Robin, in his lair. She tells him that King Richard has been imprisoned in Germany during the Crusades and must be ransomed.



Robin, flanked by Friar Tuck and his men, challenges the entrance of the Black Knight into the Forest. The patriotic outlaw does not recognize the Knight as the King he has fought so hard to ransom. After the King reveals his identity, he revokes Robin's sentence as an outlaw, names him Earl of Locksley and, in addition to a knighthood, gives him Maid Marian's hand in marriage.

ROBIN HOOD

■ Walt Disney's all-live-action retelling of the Robin Hood legend was made in England with a strictly British cast, yet much of it is reminiscent of a horse opera, with the zing of arrows replacing the roar of guns. Far from detracting from the tale, this makes it all the more fun. Richard Todd, in the title role and in the spirit of things, plays his part mostly with a twinkle in his eye and a mischievous grin. But the story makes the roguish, romantic side of Robin's nature subsidiary to the patriotic: It tells how his faithful band helps hold the plundering proclivities of King Richard's regent, Prince John, in check until the monarch returns from the Crusades. The intrigues, the chases and the daring escapes are shown against a background of medieval customs and the English countryside, caught in full flavor by Technicolor cameras. Most of Robin's familiar friends and foes are here: an eccentric but vastly amusing Friar Tuck; a properly robust Little John, and a regal Dowager Queen. Pretty Joan Rice is pert and believable as Maid Marian, except when she dons boys' clothes, when she still looks pretty and pert. All in all, this Sherwood Forest makes a more than satisfactory substitute for the worn Western prairie.

It's "real George"!!! (translated from the jive... it's Terrific!)

That real, cool pash-pie* and that real George double-bubble!*



Tony CURTIS

*(meaning - that sensational dream-boat!)

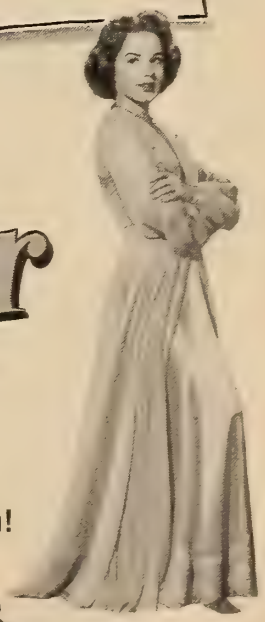
Piper LAURIE

*(meaning - that thrilling new heart throb!)



Terrific Together in

"No Room for the Groom"



The romantic tale of an unkissed bride and her fit-to-be-tied groom!



with Don DeFORE • Spring Byington

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Produced by TED RICHMOND • A Universal-International Picture

Universal International



DEADLINE—U.S.A.

It's improbable that Humphrey Bogart will win another "Oscar" for his performance in *Deadline—U.S.A.*, but it is a satisfactory piece of work nevertheless, and he deserves a rising vote of thanks from the American Society of Newspaper Editors for the finesse with which he plays a crusading editor. Bogart fights a triple battle: (1) with his late publisher's heirs, who want to sell their newspaper property for amalgamation with another metropolitan daily; (2) with the city's crime overlord, and (3) with his former wife. He loses one of the battles but wins the other two. If this sounds pat and according to pattern, it is both those things, and Bogart's part is one that has been played, with variations, by many actors. But the plot and the playing have this in common: They are so intelligently handled that what is mostly just melodramatic excitement sometimes takes on a kind of dramatic punch. Thus when Bogart talks about the importance of a free and non-monopolistic press, he delivers his speech so sincerely—and the words he speaks are written so well—that the effect, for the moment at least, is quite telling. Telling, too, is Kim Hunter's characterization of a woman grass-widowed by the press of press-time, and there are portraits of a harassed, hard-working city editor and a group of reporters that are as real as printer's ink. All this may explain why the picture seems, in retrospect, slightly disappointing. It is so much better in parts than most melodramas, and so much more successful in capturing the flavor of newsprint than run-of-the-mill films, that one wishes it were more: a really good motion picture about the serious side of newspaperdom. That is something that the movies have seldom produced. Maybe Hollywood's rising young writer-director, Richard Brooks, who deserves credit for this one, is the man who can do it.

Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Kim Hunter, Ed Begley, Audrey Christie, Ethel Barrymore.—20th Century-Fox.

THE MARRYING KIND

American movies are often criticized for failing to do one thing that foreign films manage so well—picturing the average lives of average people in a realistic manner. Here, however, is a film from Hollywood that does just that and in a consistently entertaining fashion. This is no West Coast dream world, peopled with overly sophisticated players living in palaces and dressed in tomorrow's styles, but you or I, or that guy over there, and his wife. "That guy" is Aldo Ray, and his wife is Judy Holliday. *The Marrying Kind* is the story of their trials and tribulations in the first years of married life. Ray plays a New York Post Office employe who meets a girl in Central Park and, after a whirlwind courtship (movies, ice cream cones, Coney Island), marries her and settles down in a Manhattan housing-project apartment exactly like thousands of other average city dwellers. In the next few years they have fun, fights, two children, one major tragedy and the kind of domestic crisis innumerable young couples have gone through. How they face the latter and what follows provide the climax of the film. Credit for keeping the picture a fascinating one up to and through the denouement is due to five people who had more than a hand in it. Ray and Miss Holliday prove almost ideal choices for the couples to whom the title refers. Each is endowed with a de-

ceptively different sort of personality—looks, voice and manner that are personable yet seemingly uncultivated and therefore believable as those of the "people next door." Ray's unique high but gruff voice and his ability to project the feeling of a very real nice guy should make a top-tenner of him if he can avoid carbon-copy roles. Miss Holliday, on the other hand, shows she can modify her heretofore mannered delivery; she makes a touching and most believable wife and mother. Partly, possibly, because they are husband and wife, Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon have written a script that, even if it is not wholly original in conception, justifies the title's generalization. The matrimonial give-and-take of their dialogue is not only amusing but has the ring of truth in it. And George Cukor's direction exhibits a masterful restraint appropriate to the "average"—but, as many couples have found it, exciting—subject.

Cast: Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray, Madge Kennedy.—Columbia.

MACAO

In *Macao* director Josef von Sternberg returns after twenty years to the China coast, the scene of one of his best-remembered films, *Shanghai Express*. But *Macao* is more of a milk train—a melodrama that never lives up to the early promise of its locale or the torrid reputations of its principals, Robert Mitchum and Jane Russell. The story appears to have been compounded of the more boring ingredients of a Chinese puzzle, and it is just about that intelligible. On a coastal steamer to Macao, Portuguese island seaport off south China, come Mitchum, an American of uncertain background, and café singer Jane Russell. Things begin to get complicated fast. Jane steals Bob's money and identification, and when they disembark, an American gangster who runs Macao's leading gambling house suspects that Bob is a New York cop sent to lure him back to the States for imprisonment. From here on in, complication piles on complication, mistaken identity on mistaken identity. All eventually ends well for the principals; at least it ends, which was probably the scriptwriters' best idea.

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell, William Bendix.—RKO.

BELLES ON THEIR TOES

Few sequels live up to their predecessors, but *Belles On Their Toes* (a sort of "Life with Mother Gilbreth") achieves the same family-album quality that *Cheaper By The Dozen* evoked so successfully. Life of course was never like this, even with one's own loving family, but it's nice to remember it that way. *Belles* opens as white-haired, widowed Lillian Gilbreth (Myrna Loy) sits at her youngest daughter's graduation exercises. Her thoughts slip back to the year her husband died, and while she mentally reviews what has happened since, a long flashback tells the story on the screen. There was her attempt to provide for her family by taking up her husband's efficiency-engineering lectures where he left them off; her rebuffs because she was a woman, and her final success (one memorable night after she made a name for herself, the New York Engineers Club discovered her sex and refused her admission, although she was to be guest speaker). Mostly Mother Gilbreth remembers how all the members of the family pitched in and helped through the difficult years. But if they

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Holds the set longer than any other permanent



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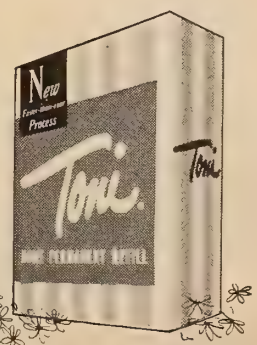
Never before a wave so lovely! So lively! So lasting!

You'll forget all other ideas about permanents the first time you use New Toni with Priceless Pink lotion. For it gives a soft, natural-looking wave that holds the set longer than any other permanent.

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were difficult, the years were full ones too. Then her eyes open with a start. The exercises are over, and a new generation is on its way. With that generation may come yet another Gilbreth picture, but one hopes not; the two have been so satisfactory. This one is Myrna Loy's movie, as the first was Clifton Webb's, and she takes over as an efficiency engineer who is also the mother of an enormous brood would be expected to do. Ably abetted by Jeanne Crain and a necessarily large cast, she turns in a performance that helps make *Belles* one of the best, and certainly the biggest, family movie so far this year.
Cast: Jeanne Crain, Myrna Loy, Debra Paget, Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Bates.—20th Century-Fox.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

This is the inspirational story of the making of an American: Giorgi Papashvily, a Georgian (Near Eastern variety) who comes to the United States in the Thirties knowing little of the country's language and practically nothing of its customs. It tells how, with the help of a group of his expatriate friends, he becomes first a construction worker, then a cook and finally an orange grower in California; and how he woos and wins a West Coast girl named Helen. This story of an immigrant is neither Horatio Alger tale nor epic struggle. Based on the autobiographical book of the same name by George and Helen Papashvily, it is very human, often even moving, and manages to retain much of the simplicity and semi-humorous detachment that made the book a best-seller. This is made possible partly through the performance of Academy Award-winner José Ferrer, who shows movie audiences another facet of his many-sided art. If there is a quibble to be made about his handling of the role, it would be about the very facility with which he does it; sometimes he speaks faster than would be normal for a neophyte at English, and he seems to be almost too alert in "catching on" to American ways. But generally he is not only a young and winning Giorgi but manages the difficult accent in a manner that is never cute or self-conscious. Kim Hunter, who looks prettier with each movie appearance, plays Helen admirably, and a whole raft of first-rate character actors complete the cast as Giorgi's Georgian friends.
Cast: José Ferrer, Kim Hunter, Oscar Beregi.
—Paramount.

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

As a screen musical, *Singin' In The Rain* possesses two rare virtues: a relaxed, unpretentious production and a story line just about as unhackneyed as anything that has come along since *On The Town*. By more than a coincidence, the direction and writing of both pictures are the work of the same teams (Gene Kelly-Stanley Donen and Betty Comden-Adolph Green, respectively). Gene Kelly is in the new film, too, and he gives his usual ingratiating performance as a dashing, Douglas Fairbanks-type hero of the silent screen. Jean Hagen is the other member of a famous acting team. She presents a genuinely side-splitting portrait of a silent-screen actress whose voice is hardly wired for sound. Complications set in for her partner when she begins to take seriously studio press-agentry linking her romantically with him; and complications set in for her when *The Jazz Singer* opens and sets movie people talking. (Her

voice is a high squeak and her diction the sort that maligns pure Brooklynese.) How Kelly, his side-kick (Donald O'Connor) and his sought-after (Debbie Reynolds) manage to salvage both his romance and his studio's investment provides the rest of the plot. As a special added attraction, Cyd Charisse appears in a couple of stunning dance numbers. *Singin' in the Rain* is a rare musical treat. *Cast: Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, Jean Hagen, Cyd Charisse.*—MGM.

FLESH AND FURY

The pretentious title that adorns this film hides its most engaging quality—that it is a comparatively worthy motion picture made on a comparatively modest budget. *Flesh And Fury* is no *Golden Boy*, but it is a surprisingly honest and often very touching fight story. It features far-and-away the best performance Tony Curtis has yet given. And the part of the fighter he has to play is not a particularly easy one: For most of the footage he is both deaf and dumb. Acting such a character calls for a kind of mute sensitivity that Curtis projects quite effectively from the time Jan Sterling, as a blonde named Sonya with a heart set on gold, first sees him fighting a preliminary bout in a small-time arena. The screenplay follows his rise in the ring to the point where he is ready for important matches. Then he meets Mona Freeman, who offers him understanding companionship that contrasts sharply with Sonya's passion for dollars and cents. From here on in, the film contains so much unnecessary melodramatic action that a good deal of its original effectiveness is lost. Yet its purpose remains a serious and laudable one—to show that some sort of insecurity grips everyone, so that a man who feels unsure of himself need never feel alone.
Cast: Jan Sterling, Tony Curtis, Mona Freeman.—Universal.

VALLEY OF THE EAGLES

The star of *Valley Of The Eagles* is its locale. The vast, panoramic reaches of far-northern Scandinavia and the nomadic Lapps who inhabit them provide a very real, rather overwhelming background for a spy story that is actually no great shakes. Yet the barren austerity of the setting lends a certain authenticity to the simple scenario: about a Swedish scientist who helps chase his wife and his former assisant through desolate snow regions to recover a sensational invention stolen for the possible military use of another nation. This is country where man is pitted not only against man but against pitiless nature, and the purposes of nations seem puny by comparison. The performances are keyed to this stark fact; the members of the predominantly British cast, play their parts in appropriately straightforward fashion. But it is the land itself and the phenomena native to it that make the film consistently interesting. The shots of a fight between hungry wolves and the Laplanders' trained eagles, for example, or the northern trek of a Lapp tribe with their reindeer, are unique among those ever introduced into a feature picture. It is because director-writer Terence Young's basic documentary approach is so sound—because he has mixed his melodramatic screen-writing so well with a measure of the wild melodrama of nature—that he has come up with a really exciting off-beat film.
Cast; John McCallum, Nadia Gray, Jack Warner.—Lippert Pictures.

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New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR



Wearing a white satin gown (she bought it two years ago "just in case") Betty and her new husband Charlie O'Curran share the first piece of cake at their wedding reception. Their midnight elopement came as a surprise!

Hutton's Prince Charlie

by Maurice Saunders

"I'm through with love," Betty cried—and everyone believed her, except a mild-mannered Irishman named O'Curran.

Just a few short weeks ago, Betty Hutton gave an interview to George Fisher, the CBS Motion Picture Editor, in which she stated quite frankly that marriage, as far as she was concerned, was just a word that started with M. Expanding on her views, Betty said that one unfortunate try for wedded bliss and a couple of sour engagements had convinced her that her true love was and would be her career—something she'd had since she was three years old. It was a serious discussion and Betty Hutton meant every word of it.

The next time Betty Hutton appeared at George Fisher's microphone, she had an entirely different story to tell. As a matter of fact, at that time her name had been changed to Betty O'Curran—and she was married to a dance director, Charlie O'Curran, a fellow she didn't even *bother* to get engaged to.

How did it happen?

Well, as Betty put it on her second appearance on the program, she had just gotten back from Korea where she had played for thousands of soldiers, lonely men grimy with the soil of hard living and battle. She had played camp after camp and dozens of forward positions—and during each performance she stood on a rude stage and gazed out at a sea of male faces huddled together in the cold or rain and saw loneliness. And she told Fisher: "I guess when I looked at all those men and realized that not one of them was really mine, I decided I wanted to be married. I was in love with Charlie, and I suppose it was then that I decided I'd marry him—even though I didn't realize it at the time."

If you knew Betty Hutton intimately, you would know that this was the way it had to happen to her. If you knew the heartbreak she had suffered at the time of her divorce from Ted Briskin, and the loneliness she suffered during the few years she had to live alone, you'd know that a shock like meeting terrible loneliness and need face to face would propel her into making (*Continued on page 83*)

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Hope comes to Indiana*

By Sgt. Karl K. Deigert

■ Nobody noticed the cold that night at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. Instead of the usual gloomy faces and complaining voices that hang over an army camp, the post was filled with laughter and excitement. Thousands of soldiers gathered expectantly outside the post's sports arena. A huge sign atop it shouted: "Bob Hope In Person Tonight!"

And to think I was responsible for it all! Weeks before, I'd entered a nationwide contest to pick the town where Bob Hope would premiere his latest picture, *My Favorite Spy*. The patients in the army hospital where I was in charge of Special Services needed entertainment badly—and this was a terrific opportunity to get it for them, I figured.



I forgot all about the contest after I entered it—until my commanding officer called me into his office. "We just got a phone call from Bob Hope! You won second prize in that contest. Get started making arrangements for an all-star show, soldier, two weeks from today!"

Boy, what arrangements we made! The arena was completely remodeled, a new stage built, a new sound system installed.

Bob and his troupe rolled into camp to the strains of the band's "Welcome, Mister," that day, and the new arena almost burst its seams. Almost 5,000 men jammed into it for the first show (there were two shows scheduled for the arena, and one for the hospital).

The applause was thunderous as Hope walked on stage. He fell to his knees, praising Allah in typical Hindu fashion. After bandleader Les Brown helped him off the floor, Bob grabbed the microphone and began sending jokes in all directions.

"Where's Crosby?" one of the soldiers yelled out. "Well," answered Hope, "Dad was coming out here with me, but he had a nasty accident—he fell off his wallet!"

The rest of the troupe—Gloria Grahame, Jerry Colonna, Jan Sterling, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, and Marilyn Maxwell came on stage one by one to do their act. Hope was always in there pitching; he clowned with each one of them, danced, sang, and brought the house down time after time.

Without a doubt, no one in the audience except myself knew that the man who was giving his all to entertain them had been ordered to bed by a doctor several hours prior to the show. However, Hope had refused to disappoint the men, and had gone on with a fever of 102 degrees.

When the show was over, Bob went down into the audience to talk with the patients. I'll never forget how his face changed when he looked at one of the youngsters who'd come back from Korea with half his face blown away. The patient managed to smile at Hope, and there was happiness shining out of the one eye he had left. After Hope shook hands with him, he directed a steady stream of jokes in his direction for about ten minutes. As I watched, I realized how tough it must be to try to bring laughter to men who have so little to live for. While Hope joked and mugged, I thought I saw a tear rolling down his cheek—but whoever heard of a great clown crying!

When Hope left the base that night, more than 10,000 soldiers had had their morale boosted 100%.

Now I am on my way to Korea, where I hope to continue my work in Special Services, to try to bring a little laughter to the men wounded over there. I'm sure I can't fail, for I had as a teacher a great "soldier in greasepaint"—Bob Hope.

** Bob Hope's trip to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, was a special second prize, not originally planned for his radio contest. This display of good citizenship in the highest tradition of show business earned Bob Hope the* Modern Screen *award in 1952.*

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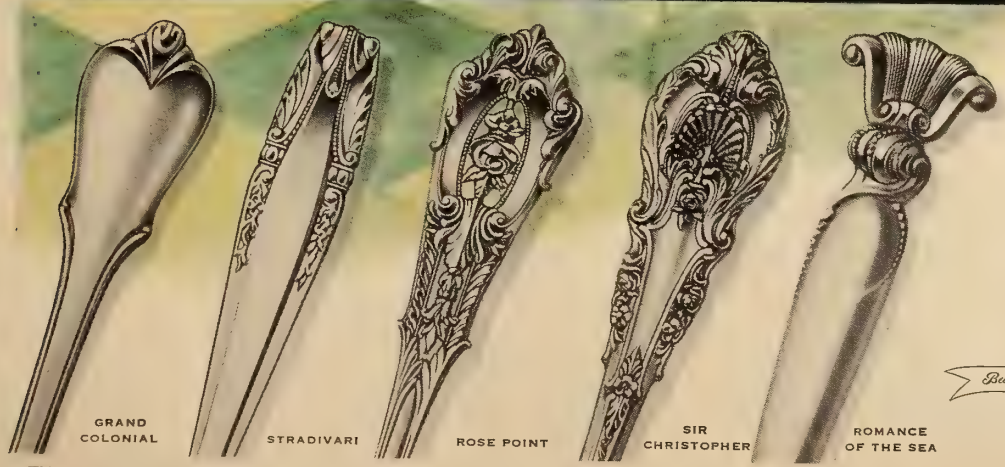
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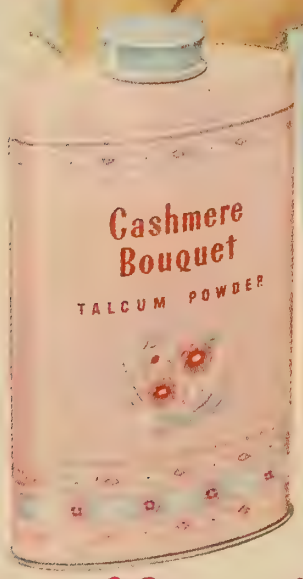
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by Giselle La Falaise



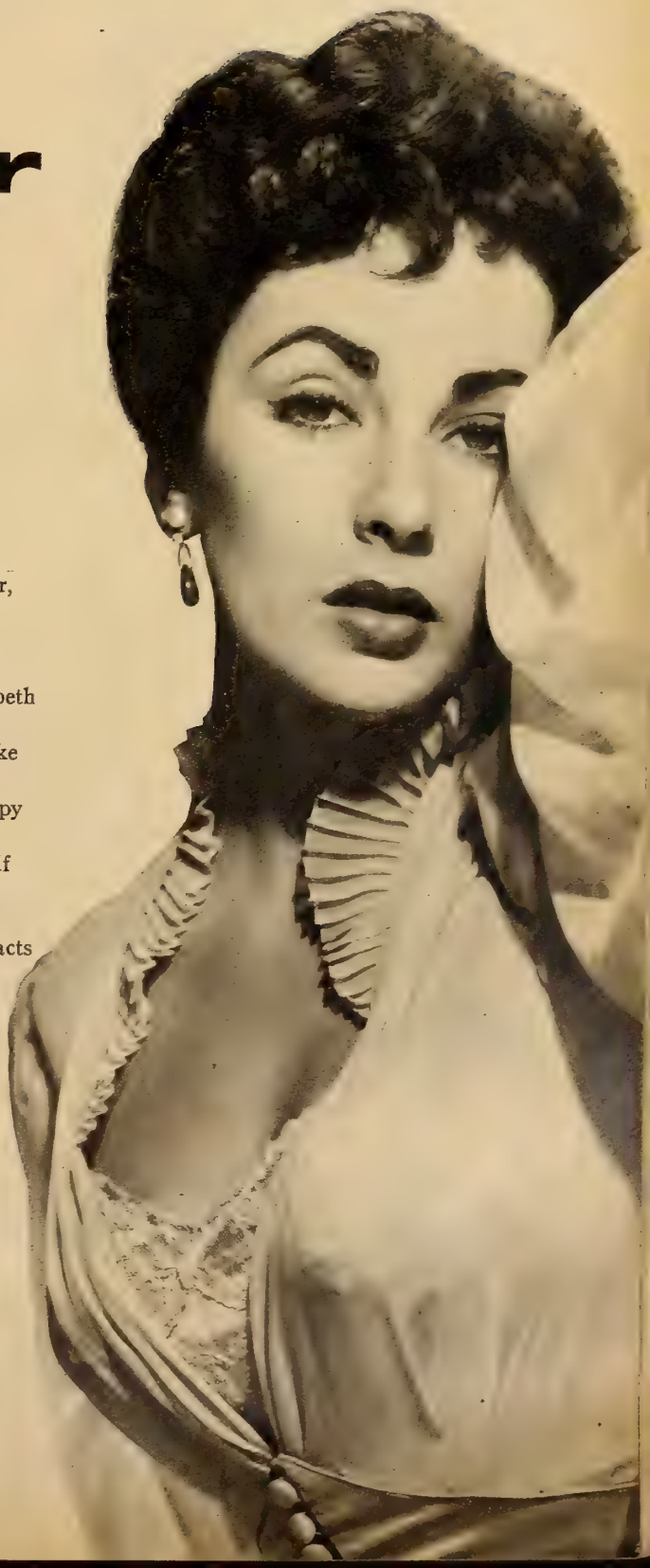
Her honeymoon bliss in the Alps revealed nothing of the inner turmoil Liz felt before marrying Mike.

L'Alpe d' Huez, Switzerland: Nothing delights a journalist more than to suddenly encounter, especially in a remote part of the world like this, an exclusive, "now it can be told," scoop on the year's most enchanting bride.

To begin with, let it be known that Elizabeth Taylor, the exquisite princess of Hollywood, didn't stroll dreamily into this marriage to Mike Wilding. She ran swiftly. The speed with which Elizabeth deliberately wrote her own happy ending to the romance Hollywood couldn't understand was such that the bridegroom himself seemed a little taken aback.

But that was before he knew what had been going on in Hollywood after his picture contracts called him to England, forcing a temporary separation from his beloved Liz. And it was before Elizabeth told him the things she found impossible to say by transatlantic telephone.

I must explain, here, that although Hollywood spends most of its waking hours manufacturing stories about great loves, it seldom recognizes that kind of love when it actually happens. In fact, many of the geniuses who create stories of noble passion for movie audiences don't believe what they preach on celluloid. That is why so few people in Hollywood could convince themselves that Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding were serious (*Continued on page 95*)




second
honeymoon



Photo by Parry-Beerman

MODERN SCREEN brought you the poignant drama of the John Waynes' break-up. Here is the sequel—the only possible one—reconciliation.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

One day early this year, John Wayne sat in a wicker chair on the verandah of a Mexican hacienda, his feet propped up on a small table. He was staring listlessly across a lush green landscape at the purple sea that broke half a mile away on a white beach. He had been sitting there for hours, soaking sun and thinking. A friend sat a few feet from him chewing on pieces of coconut meat and listening to a small portable radio. But there was no conversation between them.

Although nobody spoke about it very much, Wayne had his troubles. He had been sitting this way for more than a month, all of his thoughts on the separation that was keeping him away from his wife, Esperanza. There had been no serious quarrel, no publicity, just one of those quiet talks in which a woman tells a man it's all over. And the man in this case had picked up his hat and walked, then flew, until he got a long way from his home where he could think things over. It required a lot of thinking, because John Wayne was in love with his wife and he wanted to win her back.

Presently the music changed on the radio and a French singer crooned a ballad. Wayne lifted up his head and looked at the set. "J'attendrai" was the name of the song—and it held a special meaning for Duke Wayne. When the chorus was over, he got to his feet.

"Come on," he said to his pal, "let's get out of here. I want to go home."

"Right now?" asked his friend.

"Right now," said Duke. "J'attendrai" means "I'll be waiting." I've been waiting long enough. I'm going back to see if Chata will let me in the house."

She didn't. Wayne (*Continued on page* 81)





Rita's night-clubbing with Kirk Douglas took the columnists by surprise. Kirk was her first date in Hollywood, as Rita had been in virtual seclusion since filing for divorce from Aly Khan in Reno.



"I'm not an actress, I'm a dancer," says Rita. *Affair In Trinidad* got off to a slow start because she refused to work with an unfinished script. Now *Affair* is finished and her next film is *Salome.*

by LOUELLA PARSONS

A MODERN SCREEN FIRST: THE ONLY AUTHENTIC INTERVIEW

■ Since her return to Hollywood Rita Hayworth has flatly refused to answer or discuss the following "forbidden" topics:

Is she still in love with Aly Khan?

Is there a chance of a reconciliation even though she has picked up her divorce papers in Nevada?

Is she "broke" because of footing the bills during her marriage?

Is she giving up the Moslem faith and returning to her Christian religion?

In which faith will she bring up her children—particularly two-year-old Yasmine, daughter of Moslem Prince Aly?

How has she taken the bitter criticism heaped on her head since Aly came into her life?

Has she been unreasonably temperamental since her return to Columbia?

Where—and why—is she "hiding away" with her two children in Beverly Hills?

Without fear of contradiction I can tell you that these questions were practically taboo with Rita.

Her only answer to anything pertaining to her private life was "I cannot discuss that subject"—and the freeze was on.

As an old friend of Rita's, I had tried to break down that wall of resistance. I had called her several times—but she did not return any of my phone calls.

On one occasion I had met her briefly in an office at Columbia and she'd answered a few questions in a perfunctory way. Frankly, I was hurt.

Rita had always told me her troubles ever since she was just little Margarita Cansino. I had attended her wedding to Aly Khan in France as the only newspaperwoman and one of the three American friends invited so I couldn't understand her attitude.

I sincerely believed that Rita needed help, that her side of her headlined marriage and separation should be put before the fans if they were to take Rita to their hearts again. Some of the things I thought the public had a right to know were the very subjects Rita was steadfastly refusing to discuss with even her closest friends.

So, once more I put in a call to her and—surprise, surprise—she answered!

I told her I wanted to talk with her—to really let our hair down—and she, herself, suggested *her* home for the meeting. Which proved one point; she was no longer trying to make a mystery of her whereabouts, at least with me.

The address Rita gave led to a simple and unpretentious place she has rented for herself and the children at the end of a secluded street in Beverly Hills. It is a small place of nondescript style—English, if anything—with a large garden

RITA TELLS ALL!



SO FAR WITH HOLLYWOOD'S MOST FABULOUS BEAUTY.

and much tall shrubbery in the back. Later, Rita described it as "a little on the murky side," but it is comfortable and convenient for her small household.

The maid let me in and no sooner had I entered the hallway than I was completely taken over by a little two-year-old charmer who was tugging at my skirts and pulling me toward the divan in the brown-and-chintz living room.

"I'm Yasmine," this adorable little thing introduced herself. "What's your name?"

"Lolly," I replied.

"Come on, Lolly," she said. "Let's look at my picture books."

In nothing flat I was completely under the spell of this darling blue-eyed, reddish-haired baby daughter of Rita and Aly.

You could just eat her with a spoon. No photograph has ever done justice to this child who is so gay and so lovely to look at, with her mother's vivid coloring and her father's gracious charm.

I think if Aly saw her as she is now he would be down on his knees to get Rita to take him back. Whatever his faults, Aly is a devoted father as his love for his two sons has proven.

Yasmine and I were bent over a picture book, and she was chattering like a magpie when Rita came in breathless from a dash up the steps. She was wearing a red sweater and blue jeans —a most informal array for an (*Continued on page 93*)



It's not all gravy

Lanza's the target for every crackpot, and a slave to the public now. Read how a nice, plain guy is trapped in the snarl of his own success story.

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ One Sunday a few weeks ago, Mario Lanza was awakened at eight in the morning by an insistent hammering on his front door.

Half asleep, Mario struggled into his robe and shuffled downstairs.

He opened the door, and a telegraph messenger handed him an envelope which contained the following wire: DON'T KNOW IF YOU REMEMBER BUT WE WERE IN VARE JUNIOR HIGH TOGETHER STOP MY MOTHER DESPERATELY ILL PLEASE WIRE FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS TO BELOW ADDRESS.

Mario shook his head in disbelief. He couldn't for the life of him recall the identity of the sender.

Two days later, he received a special delivery letter from the same person which said in part, "I didn't want to believe all those stories about your growing snobbish and swell-headed, but since you haven't sent the money after my fervent plea, what else can I believe?"

The fellow who sent that letter was a perfect stranger to Mario, who has an excellent memory. "Yet," says Betty Lanza, "you'd be surprised by the number of similar requests we get from people we've never heard of. As soon as the newspapers carried the story that Mario made a million dollars last year, he became the target for every crackpot, beggar and confidence man in the country. It's gotten so bad we've had to hire someone to separate the legitimate requests from the loony ones."

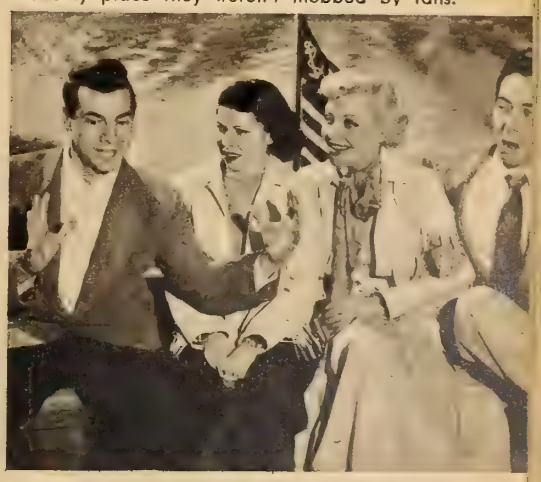
Six years ago, when Mario Lanza was a concert singer with the Bel Canto Trio, he dreamed of being rich and famous, of owning two cars, providing his parents with luxuries, and taking pretty good care of himself. (*Continued on page 86*)



Mario gets little chance for simple pleasures he loves (*above*). He's much too busy. "Success is a snare and a delusion," he says now.



Recently the Lanzas went to Las Vegas for a rest. The local reservoir was their sanctuary—the only place they weren't mobbed by fans.



Mario can only dream of "the one that got away," with no time to go fishing. He and Betty visited the Andy Russells in Las Vegas.

She doesn't want a taste of fame, a crumb of affection or half a loaf of life. Shelley wants *everything* and won't settle for less!

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

for Shelley— ALL OR NOTHING



Shelley praises Vittorio to the skies. "He's remarkable, brilliant and a great artist," she says. "Our marriage will be the most important thing in my life. I'll work at it night and day."

■ They were sitting around in Hollywood talking about Shelley Winters. Opinion was pretty equally divided. There were those who loved her and those who hated her, and nobody could change anyone's mind. Finally, someone said. "You know, I think Shelley is a wistful girl."

"Wistful!" Someone else exploded.

"Shelley, wistful? Why, I want to tell you when I was writing a script for her I did every scene two ways. I could have killed her off in any scene on any day, and it was only that threat that kept her in line."

"You ought to see her at an interview," a girl said. "She stands there snapping her fingers and saying, 'Come on, get on with it. I have a lot of things to do.' Real cooperative."

"I love her," a columnist said. "I love her honesty, and what she said about her performance in *A Place In The Sun*. She said, 'Every time I see it I get better.' That's refreshing after all the phony humility in Hollywood."

"Speaking of *A Place In The Sun*," a young starlet said, "I was at the opening. I love Shelley. When I said hello to her and Farley she couldn't have been sweeter. She showed me her dress—all torn where some kids had stepped on it—but she didn't care. Then she saw somebody else she knew, and rushed down the aisle to speak. The usher told her she was in the wrong place, so she dashed out into the lobby and pretty soon—well practically immediately—she was rushing (*Continued on page 97*)



john speaks for himself



In Hollywood, flattery will get you somewhere—but not with John Derek. He won't kid you . . . or let you kid him!

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

■ Some months ago, John Derek, a writer, and a studio publicist were basking in the sun on the Dereks' patio while an interview went on.

"What do you like to read?" the writer asked John.

"Not much," John said, stifling a yawn. "Never did read much. There were too many other things to do."

"Really!" said the writer with raised eyebrows, and the studio publicist tried desperately to catch John's eye.

"Patti likes it, though," continued Mr. Derek. "She has her nose in a book all the time. Can tell you anything you want to know about them."

The interviewer shifted in his chair, and the publicist coughed.

"Do you and your wife go to nightclubs very often?"

"Nope. Can't afford it. We don't go out very much at all. It's comfortable up here on the hill and besides, we can't afford a baby sitter."

The writer put down his pencil and looked at John in disbelief. "Oh, come now," he said.

Suddenly, the publicist broke in. "John," he said, "what's that stretch of flat land over there to the south?"

John grinned. "It's an irrigation project, and I've told you three times already." He turned back to the writer. "As a matter of fact, we're up to our ears with this house. It's mortgaged to the hilt. It's pretty expensive land, you know—"

Here he trailed off and looked at the publicist, who was plucking a piece of lint from his sleeve. John laughed. "He always does that when he wants me to change the subject, but I'm going to finish what I (*Continued on page 91*)



John prefers romping with his son, Russell Andre, to matching wits at Hollywood cocktail parties.



Oh what a gal is Annie Baxter, who threw away the rule book long ago and lives just the way you'd love to!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

IF YOU KNEW ANNIE!

■ One sunny afternoon last spring, Anne Baxter was strolling barefooted along the glamorous Sunset Strip in Hollywood, thoroughly enjoying the sights. She'd started out properly shod on the daily two-mile hike—doctor's orders, for she was just barely expecting Katrina then—but the dusty path through the Hollywood hills was hot and the shoes oppressive, so she'd just yanked them off. Then, dropping down to Sunset Boulevard a mile below her house, she couldn't squeeze them back on her feet. That didn't particularly bother Anne, nor what happened next:

Out of the corner of her eye she spied the sleek, black Cadillac cut over to the curb and the door swing open. Anne revved up her lackadaisical gait and pretended she was chewing gum. The sharpie who leaned out and invited, "How about a ride, kid?" was unprepared for the round, brown eyes which beamed innocently at him and the rosebud mouth which made a loud smack as if popping the gum.

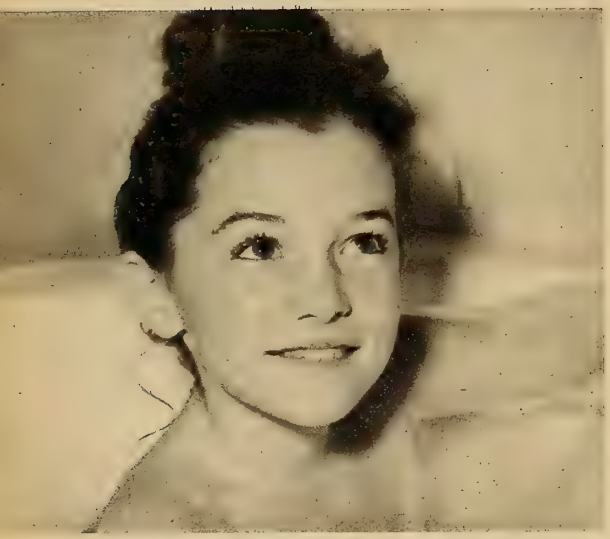
"Oh, thanks, mister, so much," she chirped guilelessly, "but my mama's waiting for me up at the corner." As she tripped merrily on, the car roared off with a supremely disgusted wolf snapping back the bitter insult, "Jailbait!"

Anne padded on up the hill to her house on Pine Tree Place and burst through the front door happily. "Guess what just happened to me!" she begged John Hodiak excitedly, and since he couldn't possibly guess, she told him.

"Why the rat!" exploded her lord and master. "I'll murder him! Imagine the nerve—and you in your condition and everything—" and he leaped for the phone to call the cops, the fire department, the FBI or whatever might be necessary to right the wrong. It took a few minutes, but Anne (*Continued on page 60*)



LOVE CONQUERS ALL, THEY SAY—AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, JUST ASK THE GENE KELLYS!



Nine-year-old Kerry is a delight to her Swiss schoolteachers. "Most rich American children are pampered and spoiled," they say, "but not this one!"



Gene, chatting here with talented Japanese actor Henry Nakamura, is always anxious to give new performers a break, plugs them whenever he can.

love is better than

by Jim Burton

■ There are five reasons why, according to amateur psychologists, Gene Kelly's marriage should have foundered years ago:

(1) Gene is Catholic, and Betsy is Protestant.

(2) Gene is 12 years older than Betsy.

(3) Gene's acting career has been fabulously more successful than Betsy's.

(4) Gene is well-educated, a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh. Betsy never went to college. She's been a model, dancer, and actress from the age of nine.

(5) Wealth is conspicuous by its absence in Gene's background. Betsy comes from a fairly well-to-do family—her father is an insurance broker and her mother was a schoolteacher.

Despite these vital differences, the Gene Kellys have been one of the most happily-married couples in Hollywood for the past 11 years.

How come?

The reason is simple: Gene and Betsy, instead of being temperamental and self-centered, live for each other—not tempestuously with "sweetheart" and "honey-bunch" as their every other word, but in a calm, deliberate, mutually considerate manner.

A few months ago, Gene was flying over Paris en route to Munich to star opposite Pier Angeli in *The Devil Makes Three.*

It was a fast flight but a rough one, and all through it Gene kept clutching at his side, trying to mask the grimaces of pain which broke out on his face.

When he checked into the Hotel Lancaster, Gene, who hates being sick, had sense enough to call the house doctor.

An examination revealed that he was suffering from an acute case of appendicitis, and would have to be operated on at once.

"Your wife," the doctor said. "Where is your wife? She must be notified immediately."

"Skip it," Gene said.

Irritated by this phlegmatic American, the doctor said, "This is no laughing matter. (*Continued on page 62*)

"I want to do whatever brings Betsy the most happiness," says Gene. "Isn't it funny," Betsy adds, "that's exactly how I feel about Gene."

anything



The Kellys believe in normal, down-to-earth living, prefer this unpretentious home to an elaborate mansion.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

Jimmy wanted a dream house high above the sea—but Gloria brought him down to earth! (It's a much safer place where four kids are concerned.)

now there are six*

by Marva Peterson

■ A few months ago Jack Benny was gazing out of his window and suddenly he thought he saw a parade.

"Mary," he shouted. "Come to the window. The circus is in town."

Mary Benny came and looked. She saw a tremendous German shepherd trotting up the avenue followed by two small boys on bicycles, a tall, attractive girl accompanied by an even taller, leaner man, and a nursemaid wheeling a pair of twins.

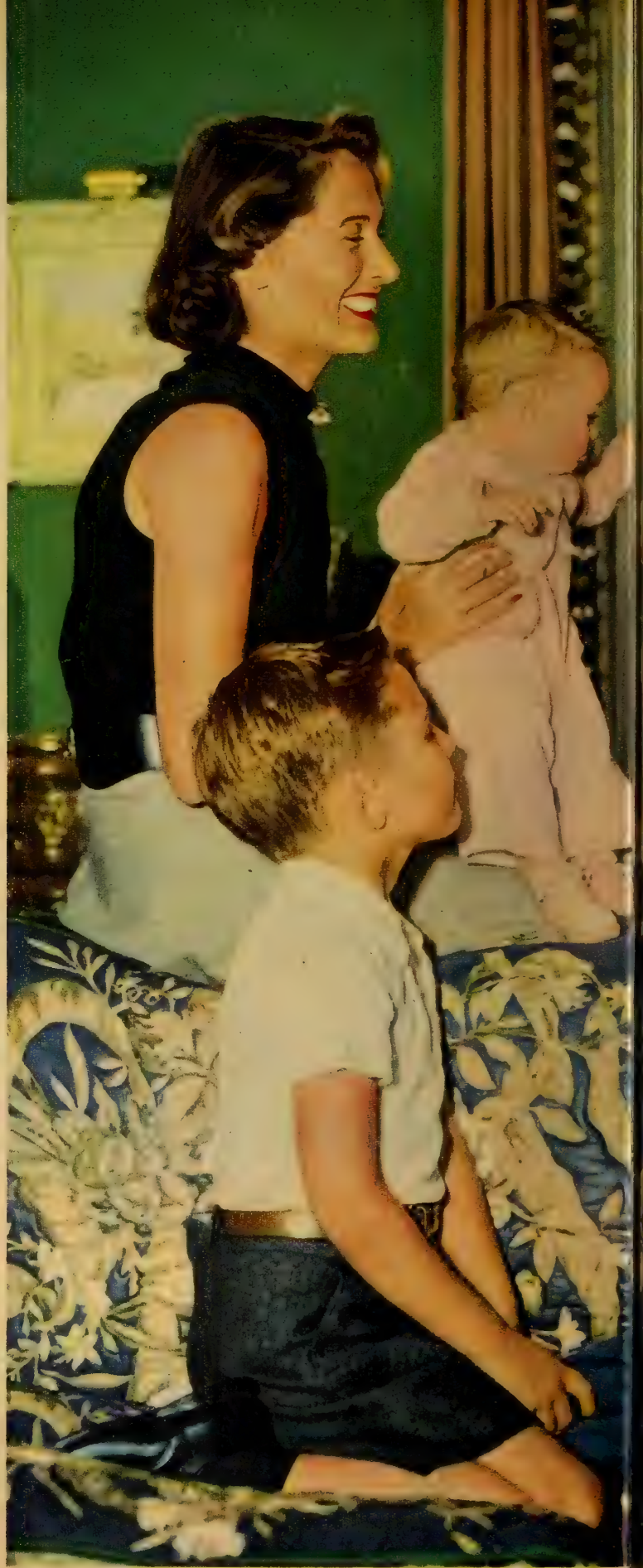
"Don't be silly," Mary explained. "That's no circus. Those are the Jimmy Stewarts out for an airing."

"You mean that dog is Jimmy Stewart?" Jack quipped.

Mary tossed her husband a married look. "The dog," she said flatly, "is part of his tribe."

Benny rubbed his head. "Can't figure it out," he said. "A few years ago the only thing the guy was married to was a golf ball."

The events of the past few years have left 44-year-old James Maitland Stewart only a mite less bewildered than his longtime pal. In August it will be three years since Jimmy and the goodlooking Gloria Hatrick McLean were (*Continued on page* 46)



*Here are the six who inhabit the Stewart "dormitory." Its bedrooms are

already filled to capacity: Michael, Gloria, Kelly, Judy, Jimmy, Ronald.



Gloria's favorite room is the library, where she spends lots of time reading (especially Jimmy's scripts). Family mementos line the walls, fill the cabinets and bookshelves to overflowing.



The oval table and period chairs give the dining room an old-fashioned, comfortable look. But the room is rarely used, since they do little entertaining, prefer to "be alone together."



The master bedroom is in a separate wing of the house. Decorated with Gloria's furniture from her old bedroom, a desk and TV set were added to give the room a masculine touch.

MORE →

now there are six

continued



Jimmy's idea of owning an isolated home with a breathtaking view was changed when reality, in the form of four vivacious children, descended upon him.



Dark green paint did wonders for the old woodwork in the living room, and cracks in the ceiling were covered with painted burlap. Original oil paintings form an elegant setting.



Much to his delight, seven-year-old Ronald got "daddy's old living room furniture" for his own bedroom. He's so thrilled with it all he really enjoys keeping his room spic and span.

married in the Brentwood Presbyterian Church. That wedding, as both of them fondly recall, was followed by an idyllic Hawaiian honeymoon completely free of script worries, housing worries, child worries, or miscellaneous worries.

There was swimming, sunning and romance and carefree, ecstatic happiness until one day—poof! The honeymoon was over, and life in Hollywood began.

When you're a 40-year-old bachelor and you marry a beautiful divorcee from Larchmont, N. Y., who has two sons—you've got problems.

First problem for the Jimmy Stewarts was they had too many houses. Jimmy owned a comfortable bachelor cottage in Brentwood and Gloria owned a good-sized house in Beverly Hills, one she had purchased after selling her mansion to the Frank Sinatras.

Jimmy's proposed solution was to sell both of these houses and build a low-slung modern job on the Palisades. "He made his dream house sound very attractive," Gloria remarks, "and I hated to destroy his lovely illusions; but I simply had to tell him the truth. Hillside homes aren't particularly good for children. The views are heavenly, but let baby toddle outside for one minute, and the next thing you know, (*Continued on page* 64)



the JUNE ALLYSON story →

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF JUNE'S EARLY LIFE—
PHOTOS FROM DICK POWELL'S PRIVATE SCRAPBOOK —
FOR THE MOST COMPLETE STORY OF
JUNE ALLYSON EVER WRITTEN, TURN THE PAGE.

the JUNE ALLYSON story

a childhood memory set

■ Her earliest memory is of riding in an automobile, curled up on the shelf between the back seat and the rear window, watching the receding flow of scenery. It was a balmy day, probably spring, and the rare treat of an auto ride sent little waves of happiness through her. The driver and her mother had been talking earnestly for a long time, but June had heard none of it until her mother's voice cut like a knife across her mind.

"Oh, I couldn't do that! I couldn't put her into a home!"

June was only three, possibly four, too young to know the real meaning of her mother's words. But she caught the feeling of them, and suddenly the brightness of the day was gone for her.

That memory set the keynote for most of June's life. She was born in a nondescript apartment on 143rd Street and St. Anne's Avenue in New York. Her parents' marriage was already on the brink of disaster, and when June was six months old her father walked out on his family.

Her mother was distraught. There was no money in the bank, only a few dollars in the vase on the living room table, and there were two children to support, June and her brother Henry. She went to her parents and asked if she could move in with them and bring the children.

The Provosts were good people, saddened by their daughter's plight, but they lived in a tiny apartment and had a limited income. "Clara, we're sorry," they said. "We'd like to take all of you but there is only room for you and one of the children. You'll have to choose between them."

Clara took June, because June was the baby and more dependent. Henry was sent to his father. Then Clara got a job in a printing plant.

June and her brother saw each other only once more during their childhood. It was one Christmas time when her parents were attempting a reconciliation. Clara had bought her husband a new derby hat for a gift. The children found it and playfully tore the rim from the crown. They emptied the ashes from the coal stove and sprinkled them through the apartment and then rode Henry's bicycle through the rooms. It was their version of 'playing train'.

It seems to June now that the spanking that followed was the last thing that happened before she and her mother were back with her grandparents. The Provosts had now bought a house, out in Throggs Neck on the East Side, a rambling, ancient affair with peeling paint and tiny rooms, but it seemed grand and immense to June. There was a hydrangea bush in front, and the snowball blossoms in summer were a wondrous thing to the child born under the Third Avenue El. The house was full, for it now sheltered a couple of aunts with broken marriages behind them, as well as June's cousin Helen.

June's grandmother was a tiny, plump woman with a kind face behind the spectacles she wore a bit low on the nose. She made a wonderful substitute for a mother while Clara was at work, surrounding June with love and taking all her dreams and problems seriously. June was happiest when her grandmother would play the piano, and she'd dance and (*Continued on page 67*)



A LONELY CHILD, June rarely enjoyed happy occasions like this outing with her mother and Aunt Helen (in white). Earlier in life June had overheard talk about her being sent to a home. It haunted her childhood days.



HOLLYWOOD BECKONED after June had worked herself up in a series of Broadway musicals and was beginning to feel at home in New York. On the Coast, frightened and lonely, she made *Girl Crazy* with Mickey Rooney.

BY JANE WILKIE

the keynote for her life



"THE SHY VIOLET" was the title of a poem June recited at school in this costume. She had an attack of stage fright and dissolved into tears. Only six, she already felt insecure.



A NEAR FATAL ACCIDENT was in June's past, but not forgotten, when she posed at 13 in her confirmation dress. Her adored grandmother had died; June's highschool days were troubled ones.



JUNE'S FIRST BREAK came at 16. The taunts of schoolmates who said she couldn't dance, drove her to try out for a chorus job on Broadway. She got it. Here she's in *Sing Out The News.*



LOVE WALKED IN when June met Dick Powell on the set of *Meet The People.* To June he was a big star and she couldn't understand or take seriously his interest in her.



SUCCESS WAS FUN and after June had won her own niche in Hollywood, she learned at last to relax and enjoy life. With Dick's reassuring love to guide her, the harsh memories of childhood faded.



SECURE AT LAST, June is at the height of her fame. (She won the Modern Screen popularity trophy in 1951.) More important to her is the fact that she has a family of her own to love.

MORE →

from Dick Powell's private scrapbook



First anniversary, August, 1946.
(Dick was late for the wedding.)



They'll always remember this rare, wonderful vacation in Honolulu.



Pamela joined them in 1948.
"I'm adopinated," she boasts.



Mrs. Powell relaxes this way in the backyard.



Ricky was born on December 24, 1950, at St. Johns Hospital.



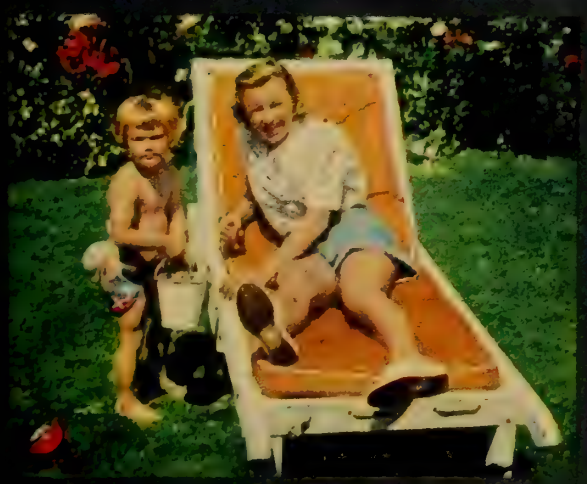
One-day-old Rick refuses to smile for the cameraman.



Four years with Dick, and June was seaworthy.



A new kind of snowman discovered in Sun Valley.



Pam and June spend half the summer on the lawn.

my favorite role:

"THE GIRL IN WHITE"

by June Allyson

■ I suppose every actress remembers certain roles with a special fondness. That's how I think of Dr. Emily Dunning in *The Girl In White*. True, it's my most recent part and freshest in my memory, but there are two good reasons why I enjoyed it so much.

The first was the cast with whom I worked. When you get to the studio at seven A.M., the strain of waking before dawn is somehow relieved when you sit down in the makeup department next to an actress like Mildred Dunnock. (She played the mother in *Death Of A Salesman*.) The very thought of working with such an accomplished performer thrilled me. Then there were Arthur Kennedy and Gary Merrill, Jesse White and Marilyn Erskine—a gay bunch that was fun between scenes and a great challenge before the camera.

The second reason is that at last I played the part of a doctor. I never thought it possible, because there are so few women doctors in this world. Dr. Emily was the first woman admitted to the medical staff of a New York hospital. To accomplish the goal she'd set for herself, she had to overcome opposition from every mother's son she encountered.

I'd always wanted to portray a doctor because once I actually wanted to be one. I first got the idea as a child when I was in the hospital after an accident. There was a doctor on the staff who was so kind to me—he'd come to see me as often as he could, and it seemed that he really understood me. I don't remember his name or his face, but he had bright red hair, almost orange, and I'd lie there for hours, anticipating the moment when that flaming head would come into view.

I thought then that I'd like to help people the way he did. The idea stayed in my mind for years, and when I began to work in show business I determined to put aside as much money as I could to eventually study medicine. *That* plan went up in smoke in a great hurry, because it took every cent I earned to pay the bills, and although I knew then I'd never make it, I've had a soft spot for doctors every since.

Of course, I didn't realize then what troubles I'd have had in college. The role of Dr. Emily Dunning taught me a lot—how only the very highest grades and (*Continued on page 85*)

Howard Keel's a movie idol who hates being idolized—a public figure who has a "Keep Off" sign on his private life.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL

NO TRESPASSING



■ Swimming season was on down at the creek, so this last week of school an ornery sort of kid named Harry Keel told his dad he'd like a haircut. "Make it short," he suggested, "so it'll last me a while."

His pop nodded, pinned a towel around his neck, stropped his straight-edged razor and shaved him as smooth as an egg.

"Great Jumpin' Judas, Pop!" swore Harry. "You've ruint me! I look like a picked turkey buzzard!"

His dad cracked him a playful flip with the towel. "Get along to school now," he ordered.

Harry got along, but he grabbed his cap first and pulled down the earflaps to hide his disgrace. He kept it on when he took his seat in class. "Harry Keel," the teacher barked, "take off your cap in the schoolroom!"

Harry shook his head. "No ma'am."

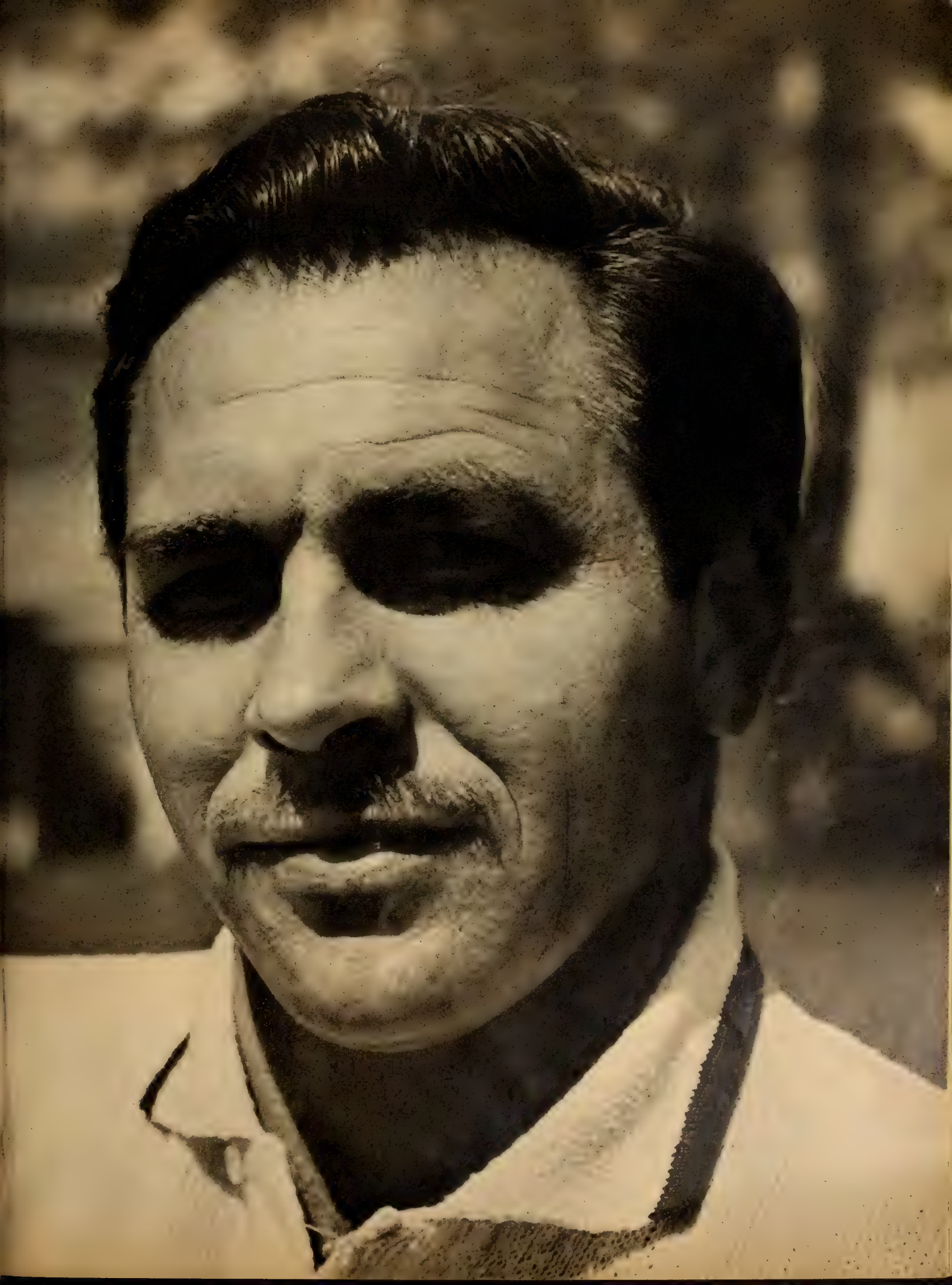
"Take it off, I said."

"Uh-uh."

She stalked down the aisle, snatched off the head piece and hung it on the rack. Harry jumped up, retrieved it and jammed it back on. She took it off again. He put it on. The antagonistic shuttle continued for 12 trips—a silent, resolute battle of wills. But in the end Harry was wearing his cap. They called him "Coonie" after that—"Coonie Keel"—because he looked like a skinned raccoon, but there was a certain admiration in the jibe. Obviously he was a kid with a mind of his own and one to be reckoned with.

That one-boy rebellion occurred a good stretch of years ago, in the little coal mining town of Gillespie, Illinois. But it's still going on, in essence, a good many miles West, in Hollywood. Harry Keel was his own boy and now he's his own man—all 76 inches of him.

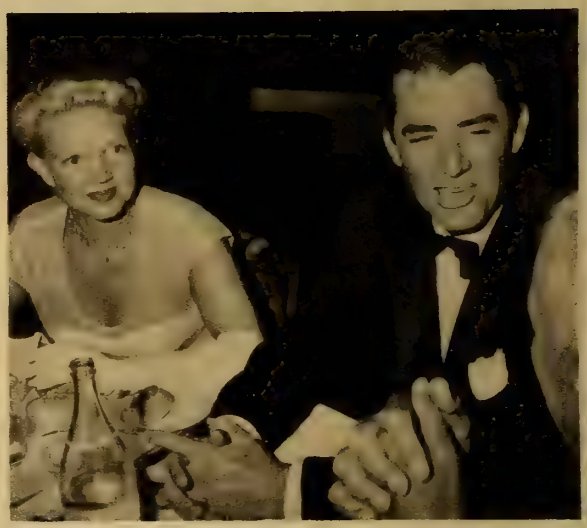
A few weeks ago, Howard stepped down from a plane at the Los Angeles Municipal Airport, shook (*Continued on page 103*)



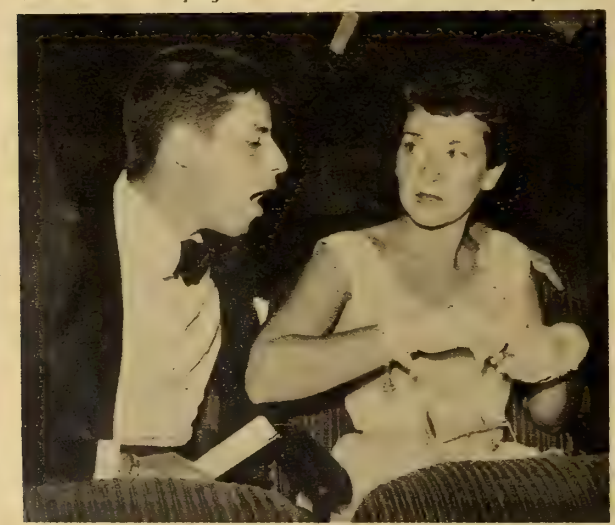
MERRY WIVES OF



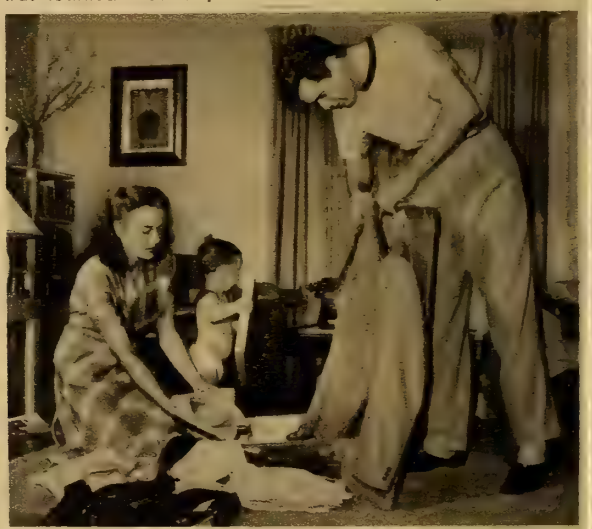
Fans would have been amazed to know that while Howard Keel was climbing to stardom, his wife Helen wasn't buying minks. She was trying to make ends meet in their tiny home.



Greta Peck yearns for anonymity. She's never forgotten how an ordinary auto accident became a first-page riot when it was learned that she, a famous actor's wife, was involved.



Patti Lewis usually stays home with her sons while Jerry, one of Hollywood's busiest stars, is forced to travel. Now, says Patti, she knows just exactly how a sailor's wife must feel.



Jessica Ryan once accompanied Robert when he went on tour. She found herself either sitting alone or walking alone while her harried husband had to make personal appearances.

Want to be ignored?

Want to be criticized?

Want other women to make passes at your husband?

Then marry a star—don't forget we warned you!

BY JACK WADE

■ Oh, to be the wife of a movie star. Mrs. Gregory Peck, say. Mrs. John Wayne. Mrs. Mario Lanza. Mrs. Burt Lancaster. Mrs. William Lundigan . . . it sounds wonderful.

Here, certainly, is wifehood without drudgery, motherhood without slavery, life blessedly devoid of penny-pinching. Picture yourself at those lovely social affairs floating in tulle or sparkling in

HOLLYWOOD (oh, yeah?)



The public sees Dean Martin more than his wife Jeanie does since he rocketed to fame and became a popular figure overnight.



There was no "other woman"—only work that separated the John Waynes and led to marital discord. Now reconciled, Esperanza is resigned to her fate.



Luckily, Betty Lanza glories in Mario's popularity; otherwise she'd have trouble ignoring all the fans who adore him.



The MacDonald Careys are a solid family unit because Betty knows how to deal with predatory females—she forgets about them.



Norma Lancaster realizes that as Burt's wife, she carries his reputation in her hands. This means she can't ever let the public know that life isn't all glamor.



When Bill Lundigan is mobbed by fans, they give Rena the brush-off. She's used to it; it's part of being a star's wife.

sequins, with innumerable handsome men brushing your fingertips with their lips.

But is it like that?

One woman who must have thought so introduced herself to Norma Lancaster at a beauty parlor late one afternoon. "Oh! Aren't you lucky to be the wife of Burt Lancaster!" she gushed. Norma, whose feet were tired from shopping all day, and whose little ones (for whom she won't let anyone else cook) wake her early every morning, just nodded dumbly. When she got home, however, she told Burt, "The next person who talks to me like that—well, I'll just blow my top!"

Of course Norma didn't mean that. Blowing one's top is a luxury the wife of a star cannot permit herself. She carries her husband's reputation in her hands at all times. Even more, there is the public conception of his glamor which she must make sure she never shatters, even though sometimes this is exactly what she feels like doing.

The minor, as well as the major irritations are many. It is supposed to be a wife's privilege, for instance, to feed her husband's ego. Sociologists agree that this is a normal way of cementing a marriage. But what (*Continued on page 100*)



He's been called "the most talented young actor on the 20th lot"—Jeff Hunter is Hollywood's answer to the hue, cry and demand for brand new faces . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

dreamboat's a-comin'

■ One afternoon, up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the postman delivered a package to skinny 12-year-old Henry Herman McKinnies, Jr., who raced back up to his room and tore it open excitedly. Inside, as a reward for a Ralston cereal box-top and 50 hard saved cents, was a miraculous object—a Tom Mix Makeup Kit.

Henry dug out the precious ingredients and set to work making himself into the most horrendous Frankenstein-like apparition he could dream up. Then he ran in the dusk up the street and knocked on the front door of a neighbor's house.

The woman who answered took one look, screamed, slammed the door and locked it. Pushing his luck, Henry Herman tore ecstatically around to the back door and banged. This time the man of the house confronted him angrily, ripped away the fright wig, putty and false eyebrows.

"Henry McKinnies," he barked, "beat it right home this minute and wash your face—and don't you ever go around fooling decent people like this again! If you keep it up, some day you're gonna get shot!"

That was a good dozen years or so ago, and while he has been fooling people off and on since, Hank McKinnies has yet to get blown to glory —unless you call zooming to Hollywood stardom a shooting affair.

In that hurry-up process, it's true, there've been some occupational hazards. Diving in *The Frogmen* Hank was chased by man-eating Caribbean barracudas. Smoke-jumping in *Red Skies Of Montana* he was almost roasted alive by naphtha flames. Doing *Cry Of The Swamp* he got chewed by a boa constrictor and mauled by a bear. And there was the bruising business of being belted around the set by husky Dale Robertson, while playing Chad the cad in *Take Care Of My Little Girl.* But despite it all, Henry Herman McKinnies, Junior, famous today as Jeffrey Hunter, has managed to stay in one tall, dark and handsome piece. And in Hollywood, Jeff, through some fast and effective footwork, has certainly done all right for himself.

It was barely two years ago that 23-year-old H. H. McKinnies, Jr., was warming a desk seat (*Continued on page 71*)







Married 16 months, Jeff and Barbara love to stay home in their Westwood Village apartment where they vary domestic chores with testing their acting skill on a tape recorder. Barbara hopes to present Jeff with a son come June.



people might say she's

"You kill me!" Debbie says when they ask if she's in love—but there's no denying the gleam in her eye when Bob Wagner's around!

BY JIM NEWTON

■ Around noontime the other day a dusty coupe rolled to a stop at a drive-in restaurant halfway between MGM and Fox Studios near Hollywood. Inside, a tall, good-looking guy with ruddy cheeks, a chiseled profile and a rebellious shock of dark brown hair grinned at his pert companion, a tiny doll with green-gold eyes and saucy curls here and there on her head.

"What'll you have?" asked the boy.

"Oh, you know," she answered.

He ordered a jumbo strawberry malt and a hamburger with pickles for her, and a steak sandwich and coffee for himself. While he instructed the car-hop the girl unfolded the morning paper to catch up on current events. Suddenly she said, "Oh, no!"

"Oh, no what?"

"Can you take it?" she exclaimed, rattling the paper his way. "We're in Cupid's Corner again! Look, it reads: 'Things must be getting serious with Debbie Rey-



in love

nolds and Bob Wagner. The other day she helped him move his things to his new house in the rain!' "

"Well, didn't you?"

"Of course—but—well, I think it's a scream. It simply breaks me up. I mean, it wasn't raining at all," protested Debbie. "It was a nice, clear day—only a little cold. Remember? You loaned me your sweater and on me it looked like a skirt."

Now, that little scene is not particularly startling, (*Continued on page 106*)

if you knew annie!

(*Continued from page* 41) calmed him down.

"Why, Darling," she explained. "I'm not mad. I'm thrilled. Think what a compliment that was."

Now, there are very few mildly expectant mothers in Hollywood or anywhere else who would take a constructive view like that, very few, in fact, who would report the pass only to their loving husbands. Certainly you could hunt among the stars a long time to find one who wouldn't fly into an outraged snit and call out the Marines—or at least her press agent—to make the most of it. And among them all just about the last gal you might expect to react with a pleasantly tickled funny bone would be Anne Baxter, who, for some weird reason, enjoys the reputation of being a serious, elegant lady with about as much spice as a tax-collector.

Why this should be is a mystery, partly explainable, perhaps, by the fact that Anne has had only one husband to her name, and that in the dozen years she has been around Hollywood she has never had any more scandal attached to her career than has Gigi Perreau. A certain impression, too, was bound to get around when Anne played the predatory and ruthless Eve Harrington in *All About Eve,* and almost won her second Oscar for being so convincingly deadly, deadpan and icy in her ambitious drive for success.

In any event, there are a lot of mistaken impressions about Annie Baxter hanging around Hollywood and elsewhere which can stand correcting.

Not long ago, when Anne signed up to go on a Movietime, U.S.A., tour, the directors briefed her anxiously. "Now, Miss Baxter," they said, "of course we want you to keep your natural dignity and all that. But at the same time we'd like you to put across the idea in public that you're just like the girl next door."

"Unfortunately," Anne came back truthfully, "I have about as much natural dignity as a chimpanzee and the girl who once lived next door to me, frankly, was as dull as dishwater."

John Steinbeck, the distinguished author who's a pal of the Hodiaks, turned a neat phrase her way just the other day: "Anne—" he told her, "to me you always look like you're peeping over the bushes hunting a surprise!" Actually, that's just about it with A. Baxter. She lives on surprises, she couldn't live without them. Sometimes they're for herself, though more often for others, but however they wind up, they fit a nonconformist creed of daring independence which her crusty old grandpappy, the great modern architect Frank Lloyd Wright handed her long, long ago.

"Anne," he said, "remember this: Never form a habit. Never fall into a rut. And above all, never do anything because the others do." And so help her she hasn't and doesn't, no matter what—in her home, her studio, or with her friends or family. In fact, the recent arrival of Miss Katrina Hodiak is a case in point.

A LITTLE over a year ago when Anne first learned she was wearing a halo she was also set to make *Follow The Sun.* In Hollywood it's custom and cricket to spread the news the minute that interesting condition occurs. First to the studio which by law can retire any *enceinte* star to the boneyard pronto. But Anne saw no reason why she should skip a part she was dying to do, so she kept her mouth buttoned and played the part for all it was worth.

Well, when Annie was six months along, and still nobody knew, Hedda Hopper suddenly snared her for her radio show.

"The jig's up," John told his wife, "Hedda will take one look and, brother, the world will know!"

"Want to bet?" asked Anne.

She went to the broadcast. She wore her mother's dress, and a tight girdle, and she talked faster than Hedda can, so that that keen-eyed sleuth never got a chance to look below Anne's jabbering jaws.

In fact, nobody in Hollywood ever did guess, until the Hodiaks announced it themselves.

Now that is undoubtedly one kind of a record for Hollywood, but it's also typical of Anne Baxter and how she operates. So is the fact that, mulling over names for her first born, she came up at one point with "Heidi Hodiak," to make John snort, "Whose daughter do you think she's going to be—Cab Calloway's?" And last July Anne tore out to a gala Hollywood ball, almost fell in the fishpond, came home and sat around toasting her baby's arrival in champagne, until twinges sent her off to the hospital next morning where she had Katrina as easy as pie.

The plain truth is that Anne Baxter is an intriguing mixture of a sophisticated Bohemian and an unreconstructed scamp, who writes a personal declaration of independence with every move she makes.

A girl who can show up at a Press Photographers Ball in black transparent trousers, a bejeweled G-string and nothing between that and her sketchy bra but an amber colored bike light at her navel is, to put it mildly, individualistic. Anne got the flu from that escapade, but she also stole the show.

But that any of this should be a surprise to the customers is rather a surprise itself. Because rugged individualism obviously runs rampant in Anne Baxter's blood. Her architect grandfather, stunned all of America almost 50 years ago by designing houses that made functional sense but looked to shocked Victorian eyes like zig-zag orange crates. He has been blasting stereotyped ideas all his life and still does at 84. His daughter, Catherine, Anne's mother, is a woman of strong notions who once, when papa was away, redecorated her room in fluffy ruffles and bird's-eye maple just because she darned well felt like it, and kept it that way when her modern-minded father came home and exploded like Vesuvius. Nowadays, Catherine stubbornly re-arranges the furniture at the Hodiaks each time she visits them—and the minute she leaves, her daughter puts everything right back where it was.

When Anne was only a junior miss up in Bronxville, N. Y. and a prospective debutante, she took a studied look at the prissy Ivy League future in store for her, and she shook her head. When she was 11 she faced the family with the facts of life. "I'm going to be an actress," she stated. "Do you mind?"

"Heavens no," they told her. "Be a plumber if you like. But be the best!"

So Anne ran alone into Manhattan to drama school, intrepidly mixed with the mobs at the subway and nobody at her house gave it a thought. She was on Broadway at 12, when most girls are just starting to hide their dolls, and in Hollywood at 15.

One week when Anne was 16 she was deposited with family friends at their summer house on Catalina Island. These were very nice people and Anne, of course, was a very nice girl. She was already in pictures then, but because her mother didn't vibrate to Hollywood Mrs. Baxter was living up North in Burlingame. Anne had a companion, really a chaperone, named Miss Tickett, a dear, sweet soul, but a little difficult to shake at times.

At Avalon Anne sensed her opportunity, so she faked a telephone call and told her hosts she was called back to the mainland. She took the noon boat but she didn't go home to Miss Tickett. Instead, she decided to paint Hollywood red, but that's hard to handle when you're 17 with nobody to take you around. What Anne finally wound up doing was eating creamed chicken by herself in a respectable tea room, but that didn't satisfy her reckless urge. So she just drove and drove—finally winding up way out in the Malibu mountains at Lake Sherwood. There is absolutely nothing to do at Lake Sherwood except listen to hoot owls and plopping bass, but there beneath the shaggy oaks, Annie communed alone with nature and found it reckless and romantic enough, finally falling asleep in the car.

In the morning she drove back, tidied up at a gas station, and finally reported dutifully to Miss Tickett, who had called Catalina unfortunately, learned of her departure, and suspected the worst. But she said nothing, and from then on Anne got the freedom she yearned for and the privilege of dating—without a chaperone cramping her style. It may also be forgotten that Anne Baxter got around very successfully from then on, and in the experimental process of meeting men was engaged three times before she saw John Hodiak in the Fox commissary one noon.

That romance has been long since reported too, but even today if you mumble something about how John Hodiak courted her, what you get from Anne is, "Courted *me?* Don't be silly. I courted John. I had to tell lies, play hard to get and all kinds of things. It was really rugged to break the man down, even after I knew he was interested."

But she finally did, of course, six years ago come July seventh, and although John came down with mumps immediately before and Anne got carved with an appendectomy right afterward, in between they had a lovely wedding in the garden of her mother's house in Burlingame. The reception which followed must have been a party to remember—and a tough one to leave. Some of the guests got confused and ended up in Hawaii. When John and Anne finally pulled themselves away in a rain of rice they planed to Colorado Springs and the Broadmoor Hotel, where they finally got to bed at five A.M.

BUT even on her honeymoon Anne couldn't bring herself to carry on like the rest of the newlywed hand-holders strolling down lovers' lane and blushing prettily around the lobby.

What the new Mrs. Hodiak hove up with for a honeymoon idyll was spending a night in an old Rocky Mountain ghost town that even the natives had forgotten. She packed a hamper with steaks, garlic, French bread, salad greens and wine, John rented a car and they whizzed off. Well—it poured all night long, the ancient shack leaked and they almost burned it up, along with the steaks on the wood stove. There was no plumbing, no water, no heat. Swilling coffee to keep alive, they didn't sleep a wink—and in such a frayed condition had their first fight.

Six years of marriage haven't tarnished the spirit which triggered that frantic excursion, and life for Anne Baxter is always loaded with excitement. Maybe that's because, as she explains, "the only rule we have around here is that there aren't any."

At the Hodiak's Hollywood home (and it is smack in Hollywood, not fashionable Bel-Air or Beverly Hills) a deceptive air of calm and order prevails when you first walk in. But just stick around. If Petunia and Shoo-Fly, the poodles, don't

suddenly decide to have a family in the front hall with Anne playing midwife, then some characters with hammers and saws may wander in and noisily start changing this and that around, according to a fresh idea John or Annie got the night before. One such flash inspiration a year ago changed their whole house from English to contemporary modern with about everything in the joint shifted except the dishwasher. Last birthday John came home to find the dining room wall hung with shirts on a yellow pasteboard panel luridly labeled, "GIGANTIC CLEARANCE SALE!" Anne had raided Brooks Brothers that morning for every color and style they had. A party is likely to gather like a summer storm at any minute, with Clifton Webb dancing the "Afternoon of a Faun" perhaps, and Anne making like Lily Pons. One thing's certain to see almost daily use—the champagne loving cup which sits by the fireplace etched "Anne" and "John." Elaine and John Steinbeck gave them that thoughtfully. They knew how everything with the Hodiaks has to be celebrated—a new part, a new dress, or a 30-foot putt.

Long ago, Anne and John Hodiak learned that the planned life was impossible, because studios don't fit their shooting schedules to wedded companionship. So they gather their good times together on the first bounce of opportunity.

One evening three years ago, John rushed into the house, shouting, "Hey, I just got 18 days!"

"In jail?" Annie asked him.

"No—my fool—I'm free, off the hook, at liberty, nothing to do. It's real, it's true, and it's in writing."

"Now isn't that a coincidence!" cried Anne, "—with me a liberty belle too. And I had a dream last night. . . ."

"You and your dreams—"

"It was in Technicolor," continued his wife. "I saw blue, blue water and coral sands. Dark people with brightly colored scarves wrapped around their heads. Houses on stilts . . . where's that? Wait a minute."

She came back with two things. One, her dream book—it's called "What's in a Dream?" and has 10,000 visions and what they mean, and two, a handy, descriptive atlas. "This says I'm definitely going on a trip," she informed him, "and *this* says it's Jamaica."

"*Jamaica!*" howled John. "Not *that* far. Wait a minute!" But he knew he was licked.

That was on a Saturday night. Sunday they checked the weather in Jamaica by phone, packed their bags, called goodbyes and got permits. Monday they were on their way—and the doctor jabbed them with their smallpox shots going out the door in their traveling clothes.

That's pretty typical. And although in Kingston the shots took too much effect and Anne wound up with fever and was found laid out cold on a park bench, in the end it turned out to be some trip. Hodiak, who hates to dance, even learned the West Indian rhumba.

Life, of course, is not all a dish of cherries jubilee for Anne and John Hodiak. They have their problems like everyone else. Anyone who ventured dreamily that they've never had an argument since that honeymoon night in the Rockies would be laughed by both of them right out the front door. But underneath the explosions lies a love that is deep and real and stubbornly defended.

They buck horns constantly on trivial matters. Hodiak has threatened to bop Anne if she doesn't stop leaning over his shoulder when he's reading a book and inquiring, "How far've you got?" Being a sports fan he's long ago registered supreme disgust with indoor Annie's athletic talent, and compares her golf swing to the ballet version of a dying swan. On the other hand—Anne can't lure him out dancing, and she's put up for years with his criticism of the clothes she picks. The other day, after holding her temper when he criticized a shaded chiffon dress she'd bought at a sale with, "looks like the colors ran," she led him right back to the swank Beverly Hills shop and said, "All right—*you* pick it out!"

The models trotted out with all the French imports in the place, and in no time at all John easily picked a heavy white satin number with gobs of style.

"Now that's perfect for you, Anne," he declared. "We'll take that."

So they took that and John reached for his checkbook, as Anne grinned at the lesson he'd learn.

"Six hundred dollars, please," said the salesgirl sweetly.

But even in trying situations like that John is really proud as a peacock about his wife. At 28, Anne Baxter looks like that high school kid the smoothie in the Cadillac took her for. She's still tiny and cute with an even smaller waist—22—than before the blessed event. There's only one thing that really bothers her in the looks department—her nose. Nobody else worries about it, but she thinks it's a little too retroussé. A makeup man had her in his chair not long ago and cocked his head professionally. "Hasn't your nose been fixed?" he asked.

"Listen," snapped Baxter, "do you think I'd have it fixed *this* way?"

Ordinarily though, Anne Baxter isn't the touchy type. She's a serious actress, of course, so serious that sometimes, lost in her acting job, she'll forget to speak to her best friends at Fox. Other times, for no good reason at all, she can get crazily corny when the going is toughest.

Recently, on the set of *The Outcasts Of Poker Flat*, Anne tied into a climactic scene where the snowbound Sierra troupe sat around for days in a cold cabin and chewed on chicken bones. Through the long scene Anne was called on to lift up her skirt periodically, to stow away gold dust, pistols and props of the Bret Harte Forty-Niner drama in a pocket of her petticoat. The act became a sort of trademark for her role. And the chicken—after three straight days—began to gag everybody around.

Anne showed up the last morning, flipped up her petticoat, stared at the eternal fowl, yelped, "What—chicken again? and hauled out an endless stream of weenies which she handed around. The laughs pleased her so much she repeated the gag that afternoon with a motheaten stuffed squirrel somebody dug up for her in the prop department.

There is really only one thing that ever brings out the red in her hair very seriously. That's when somebody takes a cruel and groundless crack at her marriage. Not very long ago a misguided press agent at her own studio found himself in deep dutch from an unlucky yarn he dreamed up for publicity's sake. Anne was on location in Colorado with nothing much happening to stop the presses so the agent made up a squib: Anne Baxter, he wrote, went panning for gold in a mountain stream—but instead of striking it rich, she only lost her wedding ring!

It was innocuous enough, but by the time Hollywood had worked that one over, it came out like this: Anne Baxter alone on location and lonely, was so mad at John Hodiak for chasing around in Hollywood in her absence that she had hysterically tossed her wedding ring into the creek! Well—when Annie heard that she made more than a pop with her prop pistols. She practically blew off the roof of 20th Century-Fox. Some hasty explanations convinced her it was one of those things and nobody got scalped or even lost a good job. But it's a cinch it won't ever happen again.

Anne Baxter plays her marriage straight and for keeps and that's no joking matter with her. Right now the girl who has never tended any sacred cows knows one thing at least that is sacred to her—her home with John Hodiak and Katrina.

When Katrina came to her house last July, Annie's grand old progenitor, Frank Lloyd Wright, sent her a snappy telegram. "KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK," he wired. So the other day, Anne thought it was time grandpapa, who has mighty good critical taste, deserved a look.

Bundling up baby Katrina, John and Anne carried their custom-designed project over to "Taliesen," the famed Arizona desert home of the dean of American architecture.

The white-haired expert sat in the sun for the first look at his great grandchild. "Well," he tapped his cane impatiently, "let's see him!"

"It's not a him—it's a her," explained Anne, opening the blanket.

Her grandpapa studied the object thoughtfully. "High head," he pronounced, "—brains. Let's see her legs." Anne uncoiled the wrapper to oblige. "Very good supports," grumped the man who should know. "Very important."

At that point Katrina stuck out her tongue and pronounced a mild raspberry, as some babies are wont to do. Mr. Wright grinned. "I think she'll get along," he allowed.

He might say the same thing about his granddaughter, and maybe he has. If not, anyone who really knows Anne Baxter could oblige. A girl who has beauty, brains and a more than slightly sassy slant at the world will get along all right—in Hollywood or anywhere else. **END**



Cerebral Palsy Fund has many boosters like Glenn Ford, here with Jack Martin, John Ostling.

love is better than anything

(*Continued from page* 42) This is a major operation. Your wife should be told."

Gene shook his head. "There's no point in upsetting her," he said. "You perform the operation. I'll call her afterwards."

The operation was a success, and a day later Gene asked his nurse at La Clinique des Belles Feuilles to put in a transatlantic call to his wife in Beverly Hills.

Betsy said later that it was six A.M. when the phone rang. "Gene, was very sorry to wake us," she explained. "He just didn't want Kerry and me to worry in case we read anything in the paper. 'I had a little stomach ache,' he said, 'and they took out my appendix.' Then he asked when Kerry and I were coming over, and I told him we'd have to put all our things in storage and rent the house and take Kerry out of school, and then we'd sail on the Ile de France."

As you read this, Betsy, Gene, and their nine-year-old Kerry are all living in Europe—but the above incident will give you a small idea of how thoughtful the Kellys are about each other. Gene wouldn't think of worrying Betsy about a little thing like an emergency appendectomy. And Betsy, if Gene wanted her and their little girl in Europe, wouldn't think twice about all the trouble involved in closing down one home and finding another abroad.

BETSY says, "In my household, Gene and his career come first." And while Gene doesn't like to discuss it, he sincerely hopes that Betsy will become the top-flight actress she so wants to be.

Gene very probably could wangle a term contract for his wife at MGM. But Gene isn't that kind, and neither is Betsy.

"I want to get ahead on my own ability," she says, "not because Gene Kelly is my husband."

It's a well-known axiom in Hollywood that two careers in one family don't mix, especially when one is obviously more successful than the other. Either the wife or the husband becomes jealous and resentful, and this leads to trouble. Observers have been predicting such trouble in the Kelly setup for years, but it hasn't come to pass. Gene understands his wife's ambition, has faith in her talent and feels sure that with luck she'll make her mark in the acting world. Meanwhile, he not only encourages Betsy to be active in little theater work, but a few years ago, when Orson Welles cabled her an offer to play in *Othello* in Africa, Gene insisted that she go.

"But who'll look after Kerry?" Betsy asked.

"Don't worry," Gene said. "I will."

Betsy flew to Africa and then to Italy and did act opposite Welles, but he didn't have enough money to finish the picture, and eventually Betsy came back to Beverly Hills.

However, the point is that sacrifice is an integral part of the Kelly marriage. But the Kellys don't call it sacrifice. They consider it only an expression of love.

"More than anything else," Gene says. "I want Betsy to do whatever brings her the most happiness."

"Isn't that funny?" Betsy says. "That's exactly how I feel about him."

This mutual understanding is why Gene and Betsy have gotten along so well despite their background of differences. Take the question of religion. Gene is a practising Catholic. He very much wanted his daughter to be raised in that faith. He talked it over with Betsy, and she, knowing how much it meant to Gene, readily assented.

Every Sunday Gene and Kerry go to mass. A few weeks ago, before Gene flew to Scotland to scout locations for *Brigadoon*, he and Kerry attended services in a beautiful little cathedral in Switzerland. "One of the things I like best about Sundays," Kerry says, "is going to church with Daddy."

While Gene takes care of Kerry's religious education, Betsy takes care of her schooling. It was Betsy who insisted upon enrolling Kerry in a public school instead of a private one.

Whene Gene asked Betsy to come abroad, Betsy not only enrolled herself in the Berlitz School of Languages but also enrolled Kerry. ("Kerry's accent is better than mine," says her mother.)

IT is a tribute to Betsy Kelly that her daughter is unspoiled. Only recently, the headmistress at the Swiss school Kerry attends, told a reporter, "What a refreshing little girl Kerry is. We've had lots of experience teaching daughters of wealthy Americans. Most of them are terribly spoiled and pampered, but not this one. I think it is because her parents are such good people, really democratic. I remember a few months ago when Gene Kelly first arrived in Switzerland. It wasn't long before all the children in town were calling after him, 'Hello, Geno. Hello, Kelly.' Wherever he went a pack of children followed him. Just as they did in his picture, *American In Paris*. He is very popular, and so is his wife. Kerry is very lucky to have such parents."

When you're a star, it's a relatively difficult job to keep your child from being spoiled. The Kellys have succeeded, but not without cost.

Veteran actress Ethel Barrymore still commutes to and from her studio in an automobile of 1925 vintage.

From time to time, for example, Gene is usually voted one of the most uncooperative stars of the year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club. The reason is he doesn't like to pose for home layouts.

"It's okay once in a while," he explains, but you let a young girl know that she's being treated as something special, and well, it's tough keeping her hat-size normal. That's what Betsy and I pretty much want to do—see that Kerry lives a normal childhood."

The Kellys plan to stay in Europe for at least another year. Gene finished *The Devil Makes Three* in Germany late in March. *Brigadoon* will be finished in Scotland, if all goes well, by the end of the summer. Then Gene wants to start a third film, *Invitation To The Dance*, in Paris.

Right now Gene and Betsy don't know whether to leave their nine-year-old in Switzerland for a year, and fly back to see her every other weekend, or whether to enroll her in different schools as they hop from country to country.

"I think we'll keep her in one school," Betsy says. "More normal that way."

With the Kellys, the accent is always on normality, being yourself, down-to-earth, never putting on any airs.

Betsy, for instance, is frank to admit that in her opinion she isn't Gene's intellectual equal. "He's older than I am," she explains. "He's had a better education and wider experience, and consequently, he knows more."

"Only about certain things," Gene adds facetiously; "Betsy has plenty on the ball. She's a fine dancer, a good actress, a wonderful mother, and an understanding wife. The thing I like most about her is her rate of growth. We were married when she was very young, hardly 18. She'd graduated from the New York Professional School and had danced in a few clubs but she wasn't very worldly. In the 11 years we've been married, she certainly has learned a lot. Betsy is at ease in front of anyone. She has a fine sense of values, too. She knows what's important and what isn't."

THE most important thing to Betsy is keeping her marriage on an even keel. She grew up in a happy home. Gene was the first man she ever fell in love with—she was 15 at the time—and her whole adult life has always revolved around him.

Gene was the dance director at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe who insisted upon hiring Betsy as a dancer. That was way back in 1938. Gene and Dick Dwenger, the pianist, used to take Betsy out to lunch, and the young girl from Cliffside, N. J., would hang on to Gene's every word. To her, whatever he said was the law.

"When Betsy first started going with Gene," her mother recalls, "she used to refer to him as Mr. Kelly. It was always 'Mr. Kelly said this.' or 'Mr. Kelly said that.' She looked up to him with great veneration."

Betsy still venerates Gene. "When he first came out to Hollywood," she says, "they thought he was just a hoofer. Gene has not only brought a new concept to the musical film but he's developed into a writer, director, and choreographer. I think he's done more to popularize the ballet than any other man in America. He's an exciting person to live with, because he's constantly breeding ideas. He generates a tremendous amount of energy and it's almost impossible to keep up with him. His skiing is a pretty good example of that. One week of lessons with his instructor in Switzerland, and he was racing down the steepest hills.

"Lots of people come up to me and say, 'I bet it's pretty tough living with a guy like Gene.' It isn't tough at all. He eats meat and potatoes practically all the time. He doesn't give a hang about clothes. He sleeps late when he isn't working, which is practically never. He doesn't quibble about little things. He's a basically kind man, and he likes people.

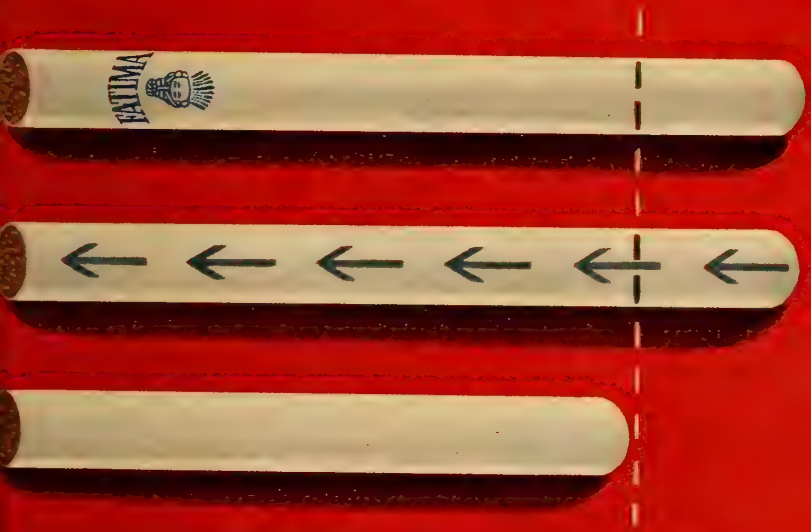
"I remember one evening when he was making *Singin' In The Rain*. He came home that night and said, 'Bets! You should see that Donald O'Connor. Boy! Can that kid dance! He's really out of this world.' He plugged Donald so much that after the picture was released, Donald was signed by two other studios. I honestly think Gene has helped more young players get started at MGM than anyone else, with a few exceptions like Billy Grady and Joe Pasternak.

"Gene not only helps people but he loves to entertain them. A week after he had his appendix removed in Paris, friends wrote me and said, 'Your husband is crazy. He is dancing for the American troops in Germany against the doctor's orders.' Gene's like that. Action keeps him happy. As a matter of fact, action and one other word are symbols of our marriage. The other word is love. We think that you can be happy anywhere if you're active and you're in love."

After 11 years of marriage, Gene says he's more in love with Betsy than ever. "We have our arguments," he admits. "But you should've seen me in Europe before Betsy and Kerry came over. People said I reminded them of a kid who had just lost his mother. Now that my family's with me, I feel like a kid who's eaten his candy and has it, too." END

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now there are six

(*Continued from page* 46) baby has dropped 600 feet into the Pacific Ocean. Jimmy eventually realized this, so he sold his house and moved into mine. Before we could start looking for a new one, 20th Century-Fox offered him a job in London in *No Highway In The Sky*. Jim said he'd take it providing the whole family could go along, so we all went to England."

While they were in England the Stewarts had no housing problem at all. The boys were enrolled in a British school. The studio took care of all the hotel bills. But one morning Gloria realized that as far as she was concerned, the European junket was over. What is known in show business as "an act of God," had happened. She was pregnant.

Understandably enough, she wanted to return to the U.S.A. and be under the care of her own doctor. Jimmy said of course. He saw Gloria and the boys off and then returned to his picture work in *No Highway*.

One morning at four A.M., the phone rang in his London hotel. Jimmy groped for it. "What's the idea of calling anyone at this hour?" he muttered.

"But the call is from Los Angeles, California," the operator said.

"I don't care where it's from," Jimmy mumbled. "I'm asleep."

"Here's your party, sir," the operator said.

Jimmy tried to carry on a coherent conversation, but he was too sleepy, so he just nodded as Gloria explained that she was in excellent condition, the doctor told her she could expect twins in May, and everything else was fine.

"Thanks for calling," Jim said. "Wonderful to hear your voice."

As he hung up the receiver, however, his eyes sprang open. Twins! Did Gloria say twins? Was he going to be the father of twins? Did she actually say it or was he dreaming?

He grabbed the phone. "Operator," he screamed. "Get me that party in Los Angeles again. ..."

For the prospective father of twins there was no sleep that night.

Now, the requirements of a family with four children are vastly different from the simple requirements of newlyweds.

As soon as Jimmy returned from England, he abandoned all thoughts of a romantic cliffside house and began looking for a substantial home in a substantial family neighborhood.

One afternoon he and Gloria stopped their car before a solid-looking, two-story, ivy-covered brick structure in Beverly Hills.

"This place," said Gloria, "looks like a dormitory to me."

"Well, that's what we need," Jim answered, "isn't it?"

Gloria grinned, "I guess it is." And that settled it.

The Stewart "dormitory" contains the necessary number of bedrooms: five on the second floor. The front stairs leading up to them have a landing which the family aptly calls The Great Divide. The children's rooms are off to the left, the parents' to the right. Seven-year-old Ronald, who began going to Black Fox Military Academy last fall, always makes a point of turning a square corner at this dividing line.

"I used to think," Jim says, "that maybe our room was too far away from the kids, but when the four of them get up at six in the morning, I'm real glad that they're in one half of the house and Gloria and I are in the other."

Another house feature which makes Jim happy is the full basement. Most homes in Southern California have no cellars. His does, and Jim plans to re-model it into a sound-proof playroom. When the younger set gathers at the Stewart place, as they will in a few years, Papa Stewart says they'll be promptly ushered into the basement where they can raise hallelujah to their hearts' content.

Like all large Beverly Hills homes built before the war, this one includes a roomy kitchen, butler's pantry and breakfast room, as well as living and dining rooms, and a library. Gloria's favorite nook is the library.

She's the omnivorous reader in the clan who not only scans all the scripts sent to Jimmy, but frequently synopsizes them as well. She recommends stories to him, and sends rejected scripts back to his agent. She also cues Jim on his lines.

"In ten minutes," he says, "Gloria reads more pages than I do in an hour."

Princeton-reared Stewart reads about as rapidly as he talks.

In contrast to the typical Hollywood-home library, which has everything but books, the Stewart library is well-stocked with reading matter. It also contains Jimmy's collection of airplane models, a dozen family photographs, and the various gag gifts he and Gloria have picked up during their travels. The room is furnished informally, as is the rest of the house.

"The twins came so quickly after we moved into this place," Gloria explains, "that we didn't have time enough to make a production out of furnishing it. We pooled furniture from Jim's old house and mine, and then I hired Helen Conway, a decorator, to re-upholster a few of the pieces. She made us some new living room draperies and got us a couple of oversize tables. You know, just looked after the essentials."

Oddly enough, the Stewart house looks as settled as if they'd been living in it for years. The furnishings are basically traditional, and the color schemes are all subdued.

The living room, for example, is done in muted tones of beige and green. Two large sofas and a large coffee table in front of the fireplace dominate the room. A baby grand piano stands in one corner and a very fine French Provincial breakfront in the other. The furniture, however, plays second fiddle to the paintings in the room. These are really the attention-getters.

The Utrillo over the French commode was Gloria's Christmas gift to Jimmy the first year they dated each other. Her gay portrait beside the piano is provocative not only because it is well-done but because it was painted by Claudette Colbert who is developing into a portrait painter of the first rank. The canvas above the mantel is by Suzanne Eidendieck, and

easy money!

June will soon be bustin' out all over with greenery and you might as well collect a little long green for yourself. All you have to do is read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste, because we're giving away (for free) one-dollar bill each to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Jon Kilbourn's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Hutton's Prince Charlie (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ The Love Secret Liz Never Told (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ Second Honeymoon (John Wayne)
- ☐ Rita Tells All (Rita Hayworth) . . . by Louella Parsons
- ☐ It's Not *All* Gravy (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ For Shelley—All Or Nothing (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ John Speaks For Himself (John Derek)
- ☐ If You Knew Annie! (Anne Baxter)
- ☐ Love Is Better Than Anything (Gene Kelly)
- ☐ Now There Are Six . . . (Jimmy Stewart)
- ☐ The June Allyson Story
- ☐ No Trespassing (Howard Keel)
- ☐ Merry Wives Of Hollywood (Oh, yeah!)
- ☐ Dreamboat's A-Comin' (Jeff Hunter)
- ☐ People Might Say She's In Love (Debbie Reynolds-Bob Wagner)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Joan Crawford

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

_____

_____

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those on either side of the fireplace are Roualts. In addition to the work of famous artists, Jimmy has bought paintings by a couple of unknown disabled veterans. "I like 'em as well as the others," he says.

The Stewart dining room with its old-fashioned oval table is physically traditional. "But spiritually," Jimmy says, "this room is a nothing, largely because we never entertain. I don't know why we don't entertain, either. Seems like Gloria and I just like to be alone together."

"People do come to our house," Gloria hastens to explain, "but I'm sure they think we're odd. We go upstairs every night at about eight-thirty and watch television from our bed. I tell Jimmy our friends are going to think we're nuts, but he refuses to worry."

The master bedroom to which Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart retire is done in soft rose. Gloria's old bedroom furniture decorates it, so to keep it from appearing too feminine, Gloria added a desk, a table model television set, and Bello, her German shepherd who sleeps there more or less regularly. Gloria likes to sleep with the windows open. Jim does not. One night a few months ago, the master of the house complained that it was freezing in the room. Even Bello had walked out. "And look what *he's* wearing," Jim yelled. Next day, Gloria drove to town and bought an oversize electric blanket.

In the children's half of the Stewart dorm, each of the boys has his own room which he's expected to keep in order. This chore comes easily to Ronald. He inherited Jimmy's old furniture, and he's so proud of it that he actually enjoys polishing the pieces. He hero worships his step-dad and copies many of his ways.

Six-year-old Michael, however, is a bit lax when it comes to tidying up. He always has excuses, too. Gloria listens to all of them, then usually lets him off easily. Gloria is the relaxed type of mother who feels that since Mike will probably never have to make beds or clean house there's no sense making an issue of it. "Just wait until Mike gets into the Army," Jim warns her. "He'll never forgive you."

Right now the double feature attraction in the Stewart household are the infant girl twins, Kelly and Judy. Jim insists that these two will be taught how to cook and do housework. Gloria isn't much of a cook, and Jim never stops razzing her about her few dismal attempts at preparing canned soup. "The twins," he vows, "will make up for their old lady."

At this moment, however, the two little girls spend most of their time sleeping. They share a suite of two rooms with their nurse, and these rooms bulge with cribs, clothes chests, and baby-tenders.

In the evening when he returns from the studio, Stewart heads straight for the nursery. He picks up the twins, places one in the V of each elbow, and watches both of his daughters perform. He views each new childish development with the surprised awe of the typical new father.

A few nights ago he came home and was told that Kelly and Judy couldn't be put into the same playpen since they insisted upon fighting, and that there wasn't enough room in the nursery for two playpens. Next day Jim phoned an aircraft factory and had them send out a sheet of plexiglass. He cut the plastic and ran it from one side of the playpen to the other dividing it in two. Kelly and Judy now see each other but can't get at one another.

"I always knew," Jimmy Stewart says, "that my four years in the Air Force weren't wasted." **END**

(Jimmy Stewart's latest picture is Universal's Bend Of The River.—ED.)



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a childhood memory . . .

(*Continued from page* 48) stand on her head with an amazing display of energy. June's grandfather was a small man with a huge moustache who had brought his wife over from France, and had learned too late that America's streets weren't paved with gold. He had a stern look, and June never quite had the courage to show her affection for him. She knew, though, that he loved her.

School brought an aching sense of loneliness, for June was acutely shy and found it difficult to make friends. She buried herself in her schoolwork, loving her studies but afraid of her teachers and her carefree schoolmates.

Twice her father sent a message that he had a gift for her, naming a place to meet him. After school was out, June would go to the appointed street corner and wait. Her father never came. She recalls being swept with a terrible fear during these times. She'd go home and tell her grandmother, who'd rock June back and forth in her arms, comforting her.

JUNE remembers clearly the events of the day the accident happened. Clara had taken her to Coney Island as a special treat, and on the way home June said she wanted to ride her bicycle.

"You'll have to take off your Sunday dress," said her mother, but June didn't stop to change her clothes. She got on her bike and soon was playing cops and robbers with the boy next door. She had just made a sprint down the block, with her dog Teddy running by her side, when the boy jumped out from behind a bush. "Stop!" he yelled, and put up his hand. It was the last thing she remembered. The great dead tree had dropped one of its huge branches, and June and her bicycle and her dog lay twisted beneath its mass.

IMAGINE THAT!
Joan Bennett (a grandmother) measures the same around the waist as she did when she arrived in Hollywood 20 years ago—21 inches.

Dorothy Kilgallen in The Journal-American

When she came to, she was stretched out on the drainboard of the kitchen sink. Her grandfather was supporting her with one hand and with the other was tenderly bathing her head. Her mother and grandmother and aunts were standing huddled by the door, and they were all crying.

"My head," said June. "It feels funny." She put her hand to it and immediately blacked out once more. Consciousness returned just after the ambulance arrived.

"The doctor is going to stitch your head where it's been hurt," they told her, "and if you don't cry, we'll give you a quarter."

Who could keep from crying? June was terrified when she saw the ambulance and refused to allow them to carry her to it.

The interne shook his head. "She's much too upset to force her," he said. "Is there anybody in the neighborhood whose car we could use?" The people next door offered theirs, and June rode to the hospital on the interne's lap.

At the hospital, they told Clara her daughter had a fractured skull and serious spinal injuries. "You must be brave," they said. "She won't live through the night."

But when Clara was admitted to the room the next morning June had not died. She was swathed in bandages and the only thing visible was her left eye. Her eye and one white, swollen hand. Clara sank to her knees beside the bed and wept.

Rose Marie Reid

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The months spent in the hospital melted into a haze of confusion for June. Her mother was there every day and so were her grandparents, but one day faded into the next, remembered only for the blood transfusions and the kindly red-headed doctor, and finally she was taken home.

There was a brace on her back, a steel and muslin contraption that she was to wear for many years to come. She lay for more months, listening to the sound of the children at play outside in the streets, and dreaming horrible dreams at night because her cousin Helen had told her, "You'll go crazy, you know. Everybody who's had a skull fracture goes crazy." They told her, too, now that she was home, that the accident had killed her dog. They did not tell her that the doctors said she would never walk again.

She began with faltering steps and the family watched with happiness. Soon she was running around the house and waiting hand and foot on her grandmother, who was now almost always confined to a chair. June didn't understand why until Mrs. Provost was taken away to the hospital. Grandmother was very sick, they told her, and she must be very quiet when they brought her home. Mrs. Provost never came home. June was walking home from school one day, alone as always because of the added shyness given her by the wearing of the brace. Her cousin met her in front of the house, and with the cruelty of children, blurted out the news. "I guess you won't be so happy to know," she said, "that Grandmother died today."

Marriage is a wonderful thing if you don't find a reporter hiding in your bedroom.

Audie Murphy

June stared at her cousin in disbelief, then pushed past her and into the house. When she saw her mother crying in the hall, she knew it was true. All that night they tried to coax June out of the bedroom where she had locked herself. But Mr. Provost pleaded, "Leave her alone. Leave the child alone."

When her grandmother died it was as if all the love had gone out of June's life. Mrs. Provost's last words had been whispered to Clara, "Take good care of the little one. Make sure she's happy. Please."

Not long after, Clara married again. Her new husband's name was Arthur Peters. They moved into a walkup apartment, no different from the rest of the walkups June had known, except that now, for the first time, she had a bedroom of her own. It was small but cheerful, with twin beds, which June thought the height of elegance. For the first time, too, Clara was home during the day. She quit her job at the printing plant and June began to know her mother.

One night she was awakened by Peters. "We're going to take your mother to the hospital. Hurry and get dressed."

Even the fact that her mother was about to have a baby was overshadowed by the thrill of June's first ride in a taxi. The phone was ringing in the apartment as they climbed the stairs on the return trip, and Peters was told that Clara had given birth to a baby boy. He hurried June downstairs again into the night and back to the hospital, and June was so enchanted by the cab that she thought no one could ever have been as happy as she.

The baby Arthur was a joy to June. She helped feed and diaper him and sometimes, when she'd see him sleeping in his crib, she was seized by the fear that he was no longer alive and would prick him with a pin just to make sure. He had grown to the highchair stage the night June felt for a certainty that she was not part of the family. Clara and her husband were talking together at dinner and cooing at the baby, and June suddenly felt as if she weren't there, as though she were invisible.

This began what was perhaps the unhappiest period in June's life. There was nothing tangible in her feeling of being unwanted, it was a slow building up through the years of childhood lived without a family like the other kids, lived without assurance like the other children, and now, with the brace strapping her back, without the ability to play like the others. There seemed to be no warmth anywhere—at school, at home, or with her playmates. She had always felt inferior to everyone, even before the accident, and was always trying to prove to her small friends that she was worthy of them.

Now, at 14, she decided to accept a dare. The muscles in her back had been strengthened by her swimming at school under the direction of swimming coach Marie Spinosa, a girl who was largely responsible for June's ability to pick up the last bit of courage that remained in her. Marie had taken June with her to all the schools where she taught, and eventually her pupil was winning ribbons for her ability.

June had seen a number of Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movies, some of them many times over, and still trying to prove herself to her classmates, had boasted that she could dance as well as the famous stars. Other kids didn't like June. She never spoke unless they spoke first, and of course couldn't join their games because of the brace. But she was always hanging around and so they made her the scapegoat for their practical jokes. Now she was telling everybody she could dance.

"So go dance," they said. "Who cares?" But one of them showed June a newspaper advertisement. Chorus girls were wanted for *Sing Out The News.*

June thought about it all that day. And the next day she played hookey for the first time.

She went to the theater and left her name with the man at the door, then wandered uncertainly through the dingy rear of the theater, a pitiful little figure in skirt, blouse, flat shoes and bobby socks. Arrived at the scene of action, she was momentarily blinded by the bright lights, and then she saw the other girls who had come to audition. They were tall and willowy, and June thought they were beautiful. She stood for a moment taking in the display of pulchritude that any Broadway theater draws for chorus auditions, then made up her mind to bolt and run. But at that moment someone called out her name.

"You're next," bellowed a man in a bow tie and short sleeved shirt. "Whaddya do?"

"I—uh—dance," June squeaked.

"Sing?" said the man.

"Uh-huh."

"Where's your music?"

"Music? I haven't any."

The man spoke to a piano player in the pit, who began to pound out a rhythmical tune. June took a deep breath and did a series of the time steps she'd learned in two dancing lessons and then practiced at home. When she felt she'd done enough of them, she broke the monotony with a twirl or two.

"Hmpph," said the man in the bow tie. "Let's hear you sing."

June's voice then was as barnacled as it is now, and she managed to get out about four bars before the man held up his hand to stop her. "You're hired," he said, and June almost fainted from the shock. To

this day she doesn't know why she got the job, and insists it must have been for laughs.

For laughs or not, she got through the show, and went on to work in *Very Warm For May* and *Higher And Higher*. In *Panama Hattie* she had one speaking line, and in *Best Foot Forward* she was teamed with a trio who sang and danced.

A new life for June had begun. Clara didn't understand show business, had never seen a play, but she did advise June to return to school. June went back after a few months and when she finally got her working papers she moved into the Women's Club, severing her life from that of her family. It was a split that came without hard feelings, but hers was now a life apart from theirs and she began to make friends. There was Miriam Franklin; June was maid of honor at her wedding to Gene Nelson. There were Jane Ball and Penny Porter, kids in show business. These people were the first to accept June, to make any effort to know and love her, and June has never forgotten them.

Her room at the Women's Club cost about $12 a week, her earnings were about $45 a week, so she could budget. Things weren't always bright. There were times between shows that shook to pieces her careful savings. When things were rough she tried other ways of earning a living. She entered amateur contests at the local theaters, and she never won, but she kept on smiling. Once she entered a radio contest, planning to sing "The Lady in Red." She started off on the wrong key, and after a few bars was cut off the air. "What went on?" Clara asked her afterward. "You started to sing and then something went wrong with the radio. An organ started playing."

She tried modeling, too. They frizzed her hair and glued on false eyelashes and tried to make her look what she wasn't. Even for 'junior clothes' June just didn't make the grade. Her last modeling job was a bathing suit pose, for which they took her to a waterfall and sat her on a rock. June promptly fell off the rock and into the water, and that ended that. There was a brief stint at the Copacabana where, even though short girls were in season that year, June was the runt of the chorus.

Although her income was erratic she managed to support herself, and once in a while would wonder, as she stood in the wings of a theater, why she was there and how she'd ever got there. With her work in *Best Foot Forward* her salary shot to $125 a week, and she moved to Tudor City to live in the Windsor Towers, an apartment house as elegant as its name. At this point she had been helped to gain her footing not only by the girls in show business, but by one boy in particular. Tommy was the second person outside June's family to give her understanding. Tommy came from a well-to-do family, had been paddling around in show business for a few years, and knew the ropes. At this time June was impressionable and naive. She felt it was lucky that a boy like Tommy should have come along. He took her to fine restaurants, introduced her to exotic menus, encouraged her to read the classics, and saw to it that she ate regular meals and got enough rest.

June spent three years in New York show business, and was so bewildered by it all that it seemed to fly by and then fuse into a muddle of faces and frightening moments and fleeting bits of happiness.

Then came the offer from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The studio wanted to film *Best Foot Forward,* and they offered a package deal to certain people in the show. June was included. She was happy, naturally, for by this time she was ambitious, but it was ironic that now, when she'd found a few things that were dear and familiar to her, she had to abandon them for a city whose very name frightened her. She packed her clothes and her brace into a suitcase, said goodbye to her mother and brother and to Tommy, and boarded the train with Penny Porter, who sang in the chorus.

Penny was excited and frightened. June was just frightened. She had never been farther from home than Boston and Philadelphia, and at those times she had been with a whole gang who knew what to do. Now, on this great train that sped across 3,000 miles, June didn't even know whether she should tip the porter, or if so, how much. She sat staring out the window, often dabbing the tears from her eyes, and on the second day out of Chicago a kindly, middle-aged woman who had heard June crying asked what was the matter. June told her about her new job and how frightened she was and the woman melted in sympathy. "I'm sure you'll be a big movie star some day," she said. "May I have your autograph?" June smiled at that, it was so preposterous, and obliged with her signature.

She had thought that a welcoming committee would be on hand at Los Angeles. But there was no one. The two girls climbed into a cab and June said the name of the only hotel she'd heard of—the Beverly Wilshire. They rolled up before its polished doors almost an hour later and from their double room, June phoned the studio. She was bounced around from one person to another until she finally talked with someone who knew who she was, and this person informed her that she had just gone on a six-week layoff.

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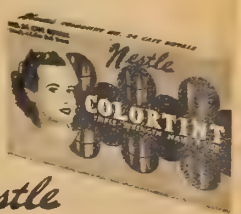
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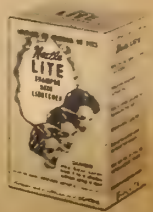
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Wilshire was astronomical. June's knees shook when she informed the manager that she was broke but he looked at the pale and earnest face and told her she could pay later when her finances were straightened out. In desperation June went to MGM, where they agreed to advance her three weeks' salary, and she moved into the Town and Country Apartments on Wilshire Boulevard.

The night she came home from her first work before the cameras she opened her suitcase and took out the brace. For the last few years she had been wearing it only periodically, when her back was tired. She stood looking at it for a long moment, then took it downstairs and into the backyard, where she put it in the incinerator.

It was the final severance from the old days, the last reminder, and with its departure came a new June Allyson. She was still afraid of the 'important people' in Hollywood, yet she covered up with a gaiety that became synonymous with her name. But alone in her apartment, she sat and pictured the Peeping Tom outside, the burglar who might be listening at her door. Often she went across the hall to the apartment of Hyatt Downing and his wife and slept on the couch in their living room. The Downings insisted that she get a housekeeper-companion and introduced her to Bess VanDyke, a motherly woman who gave June the sense of belonging that she needed.

They moved to another apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, and it was while living here that June's career soared to the top. She worked in *Meet The People*, and in *Two Girls And A Sailor*. With the release of the latter film she became a star; not in actuality, but in the minds of the movie goers. Magazines and newspapers flooded the studio with requests for interviews and the studio was delighted. They liked this merry little character, never knowing that she was quaking inside, and they were pleased to see that she was on her way up. To June herself, it was unbelievable, the eighth wonder of the world. She would look in the mirror that hung over the couch in her living room, and make a face. "Some movie star," she would say to herself. And to Bess, "I'm not beautiful to look at, and I haven't a beautiful voice. But I *am* a beautiful swimmer." Still trying to prove herself.

To the men in Hollywood, June was a paradox. The bachelors gathered like bees around honey but they went away puzzled. She wore little makeup and her clothes were tailored. She was far from a glamor girl. She didn't like nightclubs and was afraid to take a drink. She knew so little about cocktails that she once astounded a writer who was interviewing her at home. "Would you like a drink?" June called from the kitchen. And when the writer accepted, June asked how to concoct it. "Why, it's simple," shouted the writer. "Just put three fingers of liquor in a glass and add ice and water."

A few minutes later June appeared with a glass filled with a purplish liquid.

"What," said the writer, "is *that?*"

"Your drink," crinkled June. She had put three fingers of port wine into a glass and added water.

Her complete naturalness made up her appeal, and it took studio makeup men many months to learn that June Allyson did not look like herself when her makeup was too heavy, her eyelashes too long. June never wore anything but street makeup for still photography, and after battling with her for a long time, photographers learned she was right.

When June had been in Hollywood a couple of years she was discovered by Dick Powell, who was refreshed rather than confused by her type of appeal, and soon found himself thinking of marriage. June couldn't believe that he was serious, but they were wed in August, 1945, and their marriage and house and children have all been the subject of thousands of stories.

June's mother has been shaken by pride and astonishment at her daughter's phenomenal success. Clara has come to California several times to visit June and Dick, and has met the great names of Hollywood quietly and shyly. Clara married again recently, to a man named William Brenner, who has finally given her the happiness she has sought.

From her home in New York, Clara keeps in touch with June through letters, and proudly writes of her son Arthur who is taking a premedical course at Columbia University. He has grown into a lean and handsome young man, quiet in his pride of his sister. When June first became famous she received scores of requests from Arthur for her photograph.

For June, life is a lot smoother than it ever was, but there are new wrinkles. Because she is in the spotlight she is a target for criticism, as are all celebrities. The same people at the studio who once worked overtime to help June now say she is difficult and temperamental. Faced with the gossip, June sighs, "Of course it bothers me," she says, "but I've found it impossible to please everybody. I tried at first. I bent over backwards. And after a while I heard rumors that I wasn't what I should be or that I was what I shouldn't be. So I said to myself, 'All right, let's try it another way'. And I began doing as I pleased. The rumors still go around, but no more than before.

"Hollywood is like the Court of St.

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James," she says, "and I'm no diplomat. If a writer asks me if I like his script and I don't, I tell him so. If a designer asks me if I like a dress and I don't, I say so. I figure if they didn't want my opinion they wouldn't ask me, so why lie? Besides, I can't. I don't want to hurt people's feelings, but I can't see any sense in buttering them up if I have to lie about something. Even Richard says to me sometimes, 'Sweetheart, when somebody asks your opinion about something you don't like, can't you find something *nice* to say about it? Just to take the edge off.'

"All I can say is, I'd be no good as an ambassador."

But as a mother, she does fine. With the arrival of Pamela, June realized that she had what she had always wanted, and her attitude toward her career began to change. For the first time it was no longer important to her. When Ricky was born the feeling was strengthened and the studio, instead of being second only to her family, began to fade away in her thoughts. June wants, more with each day, to do nothing but stay home and play with her children and be with her husband. Fame never appealed to her and still doesn't, because at heart she is as shy as the little girl who could never make friends. She sought a career only to earn her own living and to find her place in the sun. She wanted a career for security, and she has that security now in her family. **END**

dreamboat's a-comin'

(*Continued from page 57*) at UCLA studiously chasing his master's degree in radio programming and technique. He didn't know a soul in a Hollywood studio, he'd never looked at a camera in his life or vice versa, and "Jeffrey Hunter" was a tag he'd never considered answering to. But by now at 25, with eight solid pictures to his credit, he's a star whom his boss, Darryl Zanuck, calls "the most talented young actor on the lot." Moreover, from Seattle to South Key, you could pinpoint the fair set's reactions to Hunter with the title of his newest picture, *Dreamboat*. Dreamboat —that's him all over.

Brunette or not, Jeff is Hollywood's newest fair-haired boy—a six-foot-one-inch symphony of sex appeal, talent and personality.

And in the past 24 months events have rocketed off for him in swift enough succession to make a jet pilot dizzy.

Take that May Day in 1950 when he scribbled his name below the blocks of fine print that were to change his life. In the morning Hank had gone to classes as usual, his thoughts concentrated completely on the one more day necessary to wind up his studies. He'd already pushed out of his mind the campus drama job he'd done in *All My Sons*, and the unrealistic aftermath—a screen test at Paramount where the answer was a fast "No."

But when he dropped by the Phi Delt house that afternoon there was a note, "Call your agent." So Hank called. "We've got a contract," said Paul Kohner. "Come over to Fox."

"Fox?" puzzled Hank. He'd never been there. He had no idea, of course, that screen tests, turkeys or not, make the rounds in Hollywood like prom-trotters, and that a man named Sol Siegel had spied his, said, "I've got a part for that boy —get him!"—just like that.

The ink was still wet when Hank ventured, still a little dazed, "I'll be back day after tomorrow."

"Day after tomorrow," they corrected



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him tersely, "you'll be in New York City."

"But—" sputtered Hank, "I've just got 30 minutes more class work—then I'm through."

"Thirty minutes is too much," they said. "You're hopping off by plane at dawn. You're in a picture—*Fourteen Hours*. It's shooting in Manhattan. Goodbye now."

Well, at dawn Hank was winging East, all right, his first ride on a plane, his first trip to New York since he'd gone there in rompers, his first job in a movie—and behind him was a collegiate goal he'd steered for since his high school days, missed by 30 short minutes!

And when he came back, he'd hardly unstrapped his bags when the telephone rang. "We don't like your name, Hank," said a voice. "Nothing personal—but think up a new one, will you? And make it snappy. Got just an hour to get the ads and publicity going on your picture."

Hank sat down at his handy portable and pecked out all the names he could think of—front and back—on index cards. Up in the office of Harry Brand, the publicity chief, he dealt himself "Jeffrey" with one cold hand and "Hunter" with the other. They paired up. "How about Jeffrey Hunter?" he asked as the deadline passed.

"Hi, Jeff!" grinned that genial executive.

Now, a resilient laddie who can switch both his life's plans and his name that fast without psychic upheavals is obviously quick on the uptake and able to field a fast bounce. But by now Jeff Hunter knows that anything can happen so you'd better keep yourself ready to jump. All along it's been that way with him.

WHEN Producer Julian Blaustein called him in for his first big movie break in *Take Care Of My Little Girl*, for instance, he asked a few questions: Was Jeff by any chance a Greek letter man?

Jeff said he certainly was. He was a Phi Delta Theta at Illinois Alpha chapter, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. What's more, he had been chapter president, and the tong meant a lot to him.

"UM-hmmm," purred Mr. Blaustein happily. "That's fine—just perfect. Well, I suggest you resign at once."

"Resign?"

"Why, yes—before you get kicked out."

Blaustein explained: He was all set to rip collegiate Greek letter fraternities and sororities into quivering shreds with the movie expose *Take Care Of My Little Girl* —and Jeff was to be the main ripper. "After *Chad Carnes* hits the screen, Jeff," he assured him, "you will not only be kicked out by your lodge but possibly tarred and feathered."

So there went another prop from Jeff's security, another Hollywood clipping of the cord with his past—or so he thought. But he did such an acting job that he was swamped with letters from all the brothers saying "Bravo!" the national publication, *The Scroll*, wrote him up in glowing terms and instead of a heel he turned into a Phi Delta hero.

Actually, of course, none of these twists and turns have been unwelcome to Jeff Hunter. In fact, results have been swell. Maybe the habit of changing his course fast is why he proposed to pretty Barbara Rush, now his wife, on their second date, and a hurry up outlook could be why they're expecting a family addition so soon. At any rate, right now Jeff is supremely happy with the hand fate has dealt him in Hollywood, and thankful too, which is only fitting and proper. Because Jeff was born on Thanksgiving Day, 1926, right after his mom had shoved the cranberry sauce in the icebox to set and started on the walnut stuffing.

"But nobody at our house got any turkey that day," Jeff grins, beating you to the punch. "The turkey was me."

That event took place on Hepser Street in New Orleans where the first H. H. McKinnies and his bride, Edith Burgess McKinnies, had migrated from Arkansas. So there's Rebel blood in Jeff's veins. But if you listen for any "you alls" to fall from his lips today, you'll be disappointed. In fact, making *Cry Of The Swamp* down in Waycross, Georgia, not long ago Jeff had to keep a tape recorder turning to catch the native patter so he could copy it for his Cracker character. That's because, almost before he could get used to his grits and gumbo, the depression made Yankees of his folks and switched Jeff into the first quick change in his life. His dad, a refrigeration engineer, moved North to get a job in Milwaukee, and that's where Hank grew up, right by nippy Lake Michigan in the Whitefish Bay part of town.

JEFF'S inclinations toward the drama were just so-so for a long time until he got his more gnawing athletic ambitions smashed along with his nose, several ribs, collar bones and assorted parts of his chassis. He was only a normally show-off kid who liked to fool around with puppets and collect pennies from backyard magic shows. Sometimes, too, especially when it involved little girls he liked, he romeo-ed in kiddie plays at school.

see the first pictures of **rita hayworth** and her children at home in hollywood in the **july** issue of **modern screen** on sale **june 6** with an exclusive cover of rita

Once, in eighth grade a doll named Sally, who was his real life passion, teamed up with him in "The Birds' Christmas Carol" but it was very rough putting out artistic emotion with the whole football team, who knew how things stood, yelling cat-calls in his flaming ears. He didn't run across anything quite so mortifying as that until he hit Hollywood and had to smooch heavily with Jeanne Crain right after they'd been introduced.

But mostly what made Jeff tingle as a boy was sports. Football, basketball, baseball, track, skiing, swimming—whatever was in season, but football was his big charge. When he was only 11 he copped an All-Wisconsin junior gridiron contest for punting, passing, and dropkicking, and from seventh grade on he fullbacked and usually skippered a championship squad.

"At that point, I had only one ambition in life," Jeff admits, "college football." So, of course, that's what he didn't get.

He bruised too easily. It became a discouraging family routine setting Jeff's bones and sewing his rips and tears. After the last play of a championship game in his high school freshman year when Jeff's tackle reaped a face full of cleats, blood and a prolonged trip to dreamland, his mom laid down the law.

"I know you'll play football," she said, "so go ahead. But don't expect me to watch you. I can't take it." And she never saw another game, although Jeff kept on playing until a splintered arch sent that varsity hero dream glimmering for keeps. But by that time he had plenty of other interests.

Jeff had been exposed to piano lessons and they took (today he pats a keyboard beautifully, plays the organ, too). He was channelled to dancing school, and he got family applause for every bit of personality expression from the Tom Mix makeup kit on up to class plays. Result was that by the time he'd graduated from Whitefish Bay High School, there wasn't much he had missed in spreading his talents around. Jeff was class president, student body head, and—most important to him—a big operator in local radio programs, notably "The Children's Theatre of the Air" and "Those Who Serve." These brought him his first paycheck ($12.50) a tuxedo, and a radio course scholarship to Northwestern University. Only, before he could use it, Jeff was in the Navy.

At Great Lakes he struck for a radar technician's rating, but he soon discovered they had too many "sparks" already so he went back to primary training hoping to get to Japan. He wound up in sick bay with measles, complications and a medical discharge.

Then came Northwestern where Jeff called his shots for three years. He majored in speech and radio, minored in psychology and English, acted in the University plays, the NWU Radio workshop and guild. Summers he collected credits at the NBC Radio Institute in Chicago, and played summer stock in Pennsylvania. Along the way he found time for campus hi-jinks, parties and escapades—and in the date department—if Jeff didn't have a new girl pinned every semester he thought he was slipping.

After collecting his sheepskin, Jeff headed for Hollywood in a new car his dad gave him for graduation. Jeff knew, as anyone does, that the big league of radio is right in Hollywood. That he got switched soon to the other Hollywood big league was purely by accident, not design.

"All I knew about the movies," Jeff will assure you, "was what I learned on a family trip when I was 13. Nothing."

When his next studio visit rolled around —for that Paramount test—nine years had passed, but the sight Jeff saw this time was definitely more enchanting and significant in his swift changing young life. Specifically, he saw pretty, doe-eyed Barbara Rush, a Pasadena Playhouse alumna from Santa Barbara, who was one of those Paramount "Golden Circle" starlets. And when Jeff saw her he wanted to see her again, so he did. Neither Jeff nor Barbara, however, will pretend they had any idea of making a team at first. In fact, their first date was a very incompatible affair.

THE way Barbara tells it, Hunter first trapped her foolish heart by promising a day at the beach. Picturing a lazy idyll on golden sands lapped by soothing surf under an azure sky, "I went all out *Vogue*," Barbara remembers. "New tailored slacks, gay blouse, floppy hat and cute gold sandals. I even bought a stylish picnic hamper and had my hair set."

Well, Jeff stopped his car on the dizzy brink of bleak Point Dume. He lifted up the back end of the car and hauled out a

rubber boat, spears and fins. How she descended the face of that precipitous Gibraltar Barbara will never know, but at the base there were jagged rocks, crashing waves and carnivorous seals who chased her—she swears—with slavering jaws. She spent the day bobbing about in the rubber craft, holding on for dear life while Jeff disappeared happily in the maelstrom, coming up now and then to drop a wriggling, impaled and bloody fish in her lap.

"I must have loved him," sighs Barbara, "or else I suppose I'd have murdered the man." Instead she agreed to a second excursion, which was more her style for romance. They went to the Santa Ynez Inn for dinner and after that walked to a promontory of the Pacific Palisades to look at the sea.

"Nice spot," observed Jeff. "Someday I'd like to build a house here—that is, if you'll marry me." Barbara had run into that kind of fast work before, but Jeff seemed to mean it so she said she'd think it over.

She thought it over while Jeff made two more pictures and then he thought she'd thought long enough. So even if she did yearn wistfully to be a June bride, last December, after finishing *Take Care Of My Little Girl*, Jeff drove to Sedona, Arizona, where Barbara was on location, and got pretty masterful about it. They hookeyed off to Nevada and were married December first at St. Christopher's in Boulder City, had a two-day honeymoon at Las Vegas and then Jeff was yanked back from bliss and exiled for two long months to the Virgin Islands to make *The Frogmen*. And that "hello-goodbye" kind of married life is what the Hunters have been up against ever since.

In the 16 months that they've been Mr. and Mrs., Jeff and Barbara have been together exactly eight. Unfortunately, both of them seem to draw distant locations—when the only location they dream about is a certain apartment high on a sunny hill in Westwood Village.

For a long time after they set up housekeeping there, the Hunters parked on the floor and slept on a mattress right on the rug. By some frantic shopping they finally assembled a bed, a stove, refrigerator and a couple of chairs. Now their home's cozily furnished in Early American things, and boasts a piano and electric organ. But it took over a year. No wonder they don't want to desert it, even for Hollywood's most brilliant affairs. After leaving one the other night where the hostess eyed them blankly and said, "How do you do? Who are you?" Jeff told Barbara, "Honey, I guess we're both just too homegrown to make the glamor grade."

Maybe they are. The old empty-headed giggle girls and whoopee boys who used to paint Hollywood red seven nights a week are few and far between these days. Most of them—like the Hunters set of best friends—Dale and Jackie Robertson, Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner, John and Pati Derek, Nancy Gates and Bill Hayes, Peter Hansen and Betty, Mitzi Gaynor, to name a few, are young people with resources and interests for themselves beyond the schools for scandal.

With that gang, quite often Jeff and Barbara roll up to a mountain cabin at Big Bear for a week-end of sports—skiing in the winter, hiking and sailing in the summer. Or they dance at the Palladium, roll down to a beach beauty spot for a picnic.

Neither Jeff nor Barbara smoke. Jeff takes a drink when he wants it, Barbara doesn't even do that. They like food and the fun of cooking it (they almost set the kitchen on fire the other night with one of those flaming dishes a picture magazine plugged). They like music—Cole Porter, Jerome Kern and the modern classics. They both play the piano, still study it too. They like books; Jeff's a worm who haunts the UCLA library up the street. They like sports—swimming, spear diving, touch football, handball for Jeff and swimming and hiking for Barbara. They like the arts; they have serious hobbies—photography, painting. They trade ideas and are purposeful about improving themselves in the business they're in. At home Jeff and Barbara keep their tape recorder winding constantly, checking their speech; they try out their parts on each other. "I could have stepped into Jean Peter's job any time she got sick," grins Babs, "I knew it by heart." There's a group going every Monday night skippered by Estelle Harman, Jeff's former drama teacher at UCLA, where young professionals from radio, TV, the movies—budding actors, song writers, script writers, even a night club singer join in to kick new ideas and notions around. "To tell the truth," says Jeff, a little guiltily, as if it's against the Hollywood rules, "We find it's fun to work and improve. I don't see why just because you're an actor, you have to be a screwball, too."

Jeff's got the straight thinking good sense to realize that the easy gravy days are over for his generation. He knows he'll have to work and prove himself—and often change himself—and so far that's just what he's done. He gives the mossy old Cinderella success story a flip with the back of his hand and about time too. In fact, Jeff Hunter has a favorite line for that: "Luck," he'll tell you, "is just when preparedness meets opportunity."

That's the way it's happened to him—and that's a good line to paste in your hat and keep there, as Jeffrey Hunter has, whether you're chasing success in Hollywood or anywhere else. **END**

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The new Tangee lipstick applies with an amazing smoothness—no hard "pull" . . . never looks caked, dull or lifeless. Tangee is extra rich in lanolin. So lips are kept moist, inviting—protected against cracking or chapping.

Tangee's exclusive PERMACHROME formula contains only natural ingredients—nothing that may burn or dry your lips. Try Tangee and see!

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8 DEWY-DEWY, FASHION-KEYED SHADES AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS

LANA TURNER, starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
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LANA TURNER . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Lana Turner uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

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Yes, Lana Turner uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Lana Turner, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

winners all for surf and sun

stars' choice: one-piece swim suits

At Santa Monica's Sand and Sea Club, the *Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board* chose and posed in the outstanding swim suits of the season.

A. BARBARA RUICK, of MGM's *Scaramouche,* wears Cole of California's "Take-off". Corded Lastex with hairline stripe—shirred front panel, front zipper, button bra closing.* About $20. Tartan Suntan Lotion, Grantly sunglasses in foreground.

B. JOANNE DRU in Sea Nymph's front zipper suit. (Photo and description, Page 78.) Grantly sunglasses, Eastman Kodak in foreground.

C. SALLY FORREST in Jantzen's "Whistle Bait." (Photo and description, Page 76.)

D. JOYCE MACKENZIE, currently in 20th's *Deadline U.S.A.,* wears Catalina's "Hibiscus Sarong"—a draped suit of dull satin Lastex trimmed with cut-out Hibiscus California Hand Print flowers.* About $17.

E. DOROTHY HART, of Lippert's *Loan Shark,* wears a Form Control swim suit by Surf Togs. Satin Lastex, it has a new built-in "Phan-Tum" girdle, ruffled trim on bra and pocket.* About $13. Rainbelle umbrella for rain and shine. Casual shoes by Joyce of California.

For colors and sizes on A, D, E—see Page 80.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.


A


B

modern screen's

hollywood approved fashions


D


E


C

There *is* something new under the sun— these award winning swim suits, favorites of the glamorous stars who model them.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.

hollywood approved fashions

winners all: for surf

Dazzling summer magic—
Sally Forrest, MGM star, chooses a glamor suit of Lastex faille with contrast trim for the bra lining, halter-tie and side lattice work. Sizes 32-40. Red with white trim, white with black trim, lime with black trim, royal with white trim or black with lime trim. About $15. "Whistle Bait" by Jantzen.

Important news in swim suits—
cotton print. Joan Taylor, appearing in Paramount's *War Bonnet*, wears a one-piece boy short suit with pockets and a pully-cord neckline (you can tie the cord halter-style). Sizes 10-18. Available only in "Sitting Duck" pattern—green with ivory print. About $15. By Carolyn Schnurer.





Models (*at left and on page 79*) paraded groups of swim suits before the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board: 1. Caltex 2. Carolyn Schnurer 3. Surf Togs 4. Catalina 5. Jantzen 6. Cole. The stars on our Board posed in the Award Winning swim suits of their choice (*on these and the other fashion pages*).

and sun

Jan Sterling (below) Paramount star currently appearing in Universal-International's *Flesh And Fury,* poses in a one-piece dream suit of Twill Weave Orlon Lastique that glamorizes every curve—note the new button motif and the unusual bra cuff. Sizes 32-38. Lime, berry, Play green, charcoal or electric blue. About $18. "Silver Streak" by Caltex of California.





Figure flattery, indeed.
Marion Marshall (above) currently appearing
in Paramount's *The Stooge,*
sleek and trim in an acetate and nylon doeskin Lastex suit—the
front is softly shirred and button trimmed,
the bra ruffle-edged—can be worn with or without straps.
Sizes 32-38. Black, Kelly green, aqua,
Alice blue or coral rose. About $9.
By Surf Togs. Eastman Kodak Brownie
8 mm. movie camera. About $44.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

Casual Shoes by Joyce of California



Wonderful for swimming and sunning! Jordan's zipper-front suit worn by Joanne Dru of 20th's *The Pride of St. Louis.* Of acetate Lastex Chenille (horizontal stripe pattern), it has a halter-neck and side pockets. Sizes 32-38. Ice blue, chartreuse, white or mauve. About $9. Sea Nymph by Jordan. *In the foreground,* Grantly sunglasses by Foster Grant—protection for eye beauty. .



Gantner's suit, "Lovely Liar," assures a high bustline, tiny waist and slim hips! Worn by Vanessa Brown, this suit of nylon Lastex features a new petal-like bra top that opens to reveal a contrast flash of white. Sizes 32-38. Black with white or Liberty blue with white. About $13. By Gantner of California. Vanessa is in U.A.'s *The Fighter.*



Strictly glamor—Marilyn Monroe and—Rose Marie Reid's sculptured swim suit! The metallic-like fabric is elasticized satin woven with non-tarnish Lurex thread; the double-scallop detail has button trim. Sizes 10-16. Gold, green or pink. About $35. See a full color photo of Marilyn in this swim suit in a future issue. Marilyn is next in 20th's *We're Not Married.*

winners all: for surf and sun



7

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.



Adele Mara, appearing in Republic's *Sea Hornet,* poses in a suit of Nyralon Lastique trimmed with an ultra-feminine draped-and-tied cuff of filmy nylon tricot. Sizes 32-38. Butterscotch with burnt straw, pink with cherry, purple with lilac, turquoise with turquoise or mint with dark green. About $13. SeaMolds by Flexees (SeaMold swim suits are "figure-typed" for individualized, perfect fit.) Tartan Suntan Lotion for golden perfection, head-to-toe.

Below—cont'd from page 76, more groups of swim suits before the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board: 7. Gantner of California 8. Sea Nymph by Jordan 9. Rose Marie Reid of California 10. Form Control by Surf Togs 11. Sea-Molds by Flexees. Board Members: Marilyn Monroe, Jan Sterling, Marion Marshall, Sally Forrest, Joanne Dru, Vanessa Brown, Joyce MacKenzie, Joan Taylor, Barbara Ruick, Dorothy Hart and Adele Mara.



8



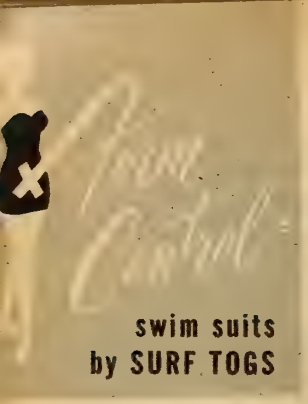
9



10



11



with the patented* built-in "Phan-Tum" girdle

Look Better . . . Feel Better . . . Swim Better! The suit that does more for your figure . . . without bones, squeezing or binding. Hidden magic flattens and flatters . . . gives gentle support on the beach or in the swim. Suit shown 12.98, others to 18.98. Ask your favorite store for the "inside story" or write SURF TOGS, 1370 BROADWAY, N. Y. 18.

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where to buy modern screen's hollywood approved fashions

swim suits and accessories

Con't from pp. 74, 75—sizes and colors on A, D and E:

(A) COLE OF CALIF.: Sizes 32-38. Blue, white, ultra-violet, Mars red or Apollo gold— all with black trim. (D) CATALINA: Sizes 32-38. White with red, cruise blue with gold, limeglo with turquoise, spice brown with gold or turquoise with gold. (E) FORM CONTROL: Sizes 32-38. Lime, aqua, gold or black.

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores:

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TARTAN (Suntan Lotion) Pgs. 75—A, 79

Available at all drug stores throughout the country.

(*Continued from page* 31) arrived in California the next day and did everything he could think of to get in touch with his wife, but by this time lawyers were involved, 'loyal' friends had moved to Chata's side and it had been decided for her that it would be best if she didn't see Duke anymore—at least not until after the divorce. John Wayne slept that night in a twin bed, with an actor pal snoring in the other. But before he went to sleep that night he said something to himself that he had said many times before. "I'll be waiting."

A few weeks later, loafing about in search of something to keep his mind occupied while waiting, John Wayne was in Monterey, California, visiting some friends he hadn't seen for a long time. They were all sitting around chinning late in the evening and Duke decided to take a walk outside. He hauled himself out of his chair and started for the door. A rug flew from under his feet and he fell heavily to the ground and slid along a fieldstone hearthstone almost into the fireplace.

His friends rushed to his side and helped him up and it was then they discovered that his right ear had almost been torn off in his skid on the stones. A doctor was called and Wayne was promptly put to bed where surgery was performed on the ear. Someone present decided Wayne's wife should be told of the accident, so a wire was sent—and everyone went to bed.

The next morning a florist truck stopped in front of the house and a huge, tasseled box was delivered, addressed to John Wayne. Wayne looked at the box with an expression resembling horror when it was brought into his room.

"What the devil is that?" he demanded.

"Looks like flowers," said his host, grinning. "Imagine a big fellow like you getting flowers."

"Get them out of here," roared Wayne.

"Aren't you even going to open them up?" asked his host. "They might be pretty."

"Get them out of this room!" Wayne howled.

"I'll tell you what," said the host, "I'll just put them here by your bed—and if you want to you can have them put in a vase later. 'Bye, dear."

He ran before Wayne could throw a lamp at him.

After looking at the box for a few minutes, Wayne pulled at one of the tassles and a ribbon came off. He peeked beneath the lid and then quickly tore it off and stared into the box. On a bed of ferns lay a bundle of tall-stemmed red roses. Wayne flipped through them looking for a card, but he couldn't find one. Then he dumped the roses out on his bed and one by one counted them. He counted them twice to make sure. There were 17. He didn't need a card.

With a howl of pleasure that must have been heard a mile away, Duke Wayne leaped from the bed and began dashing about looking for his clothes. The other members of the household came running into the room.

"What's the matter?" someone asked.

"Nothing's the matter," said Wayne. "I just want to get my clothes—I'm getting out of here."

"But you can't," said his host. "The doctor said. . . ."

"I don't care what the doctor said," cried Wayne. "I've got to get home. There are 17 roses in that box. Don't you know what that means?"

The host shook his head.

"Of course you don't," said Wayne pulling on his pants. "The trouble with you

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is you haven't got any sentiment. Out of my way."

And in ten minutes John Wayne was tearing down the highway headed for Hollywood.

That was the most important incident in The Romance of the Seventeen Roses —the love story of John and Chata Wayne. It was the cue for the reconciliation, after a misunderstanding that had threatened to break them up. And it had a background that you shall hear about later.

ACCORDING to John Wayne's mother, "Duke only had three girl friends in his life—and he married two of them."

The first Mrs. John Wayne was his high school and college sweetheart, a fine girl and mother of his four children. They'd have been married to this day, his friends feel, if it hadn't been for two things. One, the first Mrs. Wayne was a devoutly religious Catholic, steeped in church work, and John is a Presbyterian. He couldn't and didn't join her in this work. The second reason was that Mrs. Wayne was highly social and Duke Wayne hates society folks with a passion. They had no common ground after they had matured.

It seemed, for a long time after Duke Wayne was separated from his first wife, that he would never again have any interest in a woman. He was a solitary man who refused to date a girl for any reason, no matter how silly it looked for him to stag it. But one day, in Mexico City, he accepted an invitation to lunch at the Reforma Hotel—and seated across from him he saw a tall, dark-haired girl with a smile that cracked the ice around his heart in 30 seconds. He was polite and pretty formal and when the luncheon was over he left with a casual handshake and a "nice to have met you."

But later on that afternoon a messenger appeared at the girl's door.

"Flowers," he said, "for Miss Esperanza Baur. Sign here."

Miss Baur, then a motion picture actress in Mexican films, opened the box and saw 17 red roses and a card which read: "Today's the seventeenth of November. Seventeen will always be my lucky number. . . . John Wayne."

The next day they drove to the floating gardens of Xochimilco, a fabulously beautiful place near Mexico City where lovers can rent gondolas and be poled through acres of exotic species of flowers while troubadors follow in another boat singing romantic ballads. There John Wayne bought Esperanza 17 blooms again—and, because she had a pug nose, called her the Spanish translation, Chata. That's what he's called her ever since.

Six months later, on the 17th of January, 1946, Duke Wayne and Chata were married in the same chapel in Long Beach where his mother had been married. And as they left the church, John handed her another bunch of roses—17 in number—and he said: "Remember? I told you 17 was my lucky number."

Until late in 1951 there was never a breath of gossip about the John Waynes. Their home life was idyllic. It was, of course, no wishy-washy marriage. They had their quarrels and their minor differences of opinion, but there was never anything to amount to a hill of beans.

Early in the marriage there was the incident of the bed. Six-foot-four Duke Wayne just didn't fit in the bed he shared with his wife. He is a restless sleeper anyway, and after a few tosses and turns the covers always came out of the bottom of the bed and John's feet would stick out. When they got cold, he woke up—mad. And by that time Chata was getting sore because of the squirming and muttering and pretty soon they'd grow really furious with each other. That first bed might have amounted to something big if Duke hadn't gone out one day and bought a huge couch, six by seven feet, which they still occupy.

There have been times during the marriage of Duke and Chata Wayne when his yen for manly pastimes has been an issue. Maybe he'd stay out too late, held by a poker game that just wouldn't end. But Chata, as she grew to know him better, made concessions for Duke's restless spirit. She did the smartest thing possible. She found a big barn of a house that had enough room for all of Duke's friends —and moved the family into it before Duke knew what was happening. The house has all the comforts a man dreams of. Horses in a fine stable, a riding ring, a pool, a gun room and a working bar where a fellow can put his feet on a rail and swap stories with a pal.

The differences of opinion that brought about the Wayne separation of a few months ago have never been made public. It is judged that they came about on what had been planned as a vacation trip to South America. Duke had just finished a couple of pictures for RKO and Howard Hughes, as a gesture of gratitude had offered him the use of a fancy airplane and a couple of pilots for a tour of the Latin American countries. Duke, Chata and a few close friends set out in fine style, but before long it seemed that everything was going wrong. They had plane trouble. They had weather trouble. The whole thing grew pretty tiresome.

One night Duke found himself a short distance from a remote Marine base and, being a staunch supporter of that branch

Mike Curtiz, my favorite character, asked, "What's a big word for colossal?"

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

of the service, he made a solo side trip to say hello to a small group of GI's stuck in the bush right next door to nowhere. The party he gave them, they say, went on for a couple of days and when Wayne got back to his friends Chata was pretty mad. Then, just when the trip began to look as though it might develop into fun after all, Duke got a rush call from John Ford to fly to Ireland to start a long-time Ford project, *The Quiet Man.*

Intimates of the pair say that Chata didn't like that either and even though she joined her husband in Ireland for a short stay, the whole business rankled her. At any rate, she came home alone—and when Duke got back they had that conversation and he took off for Mexico to think things over.

ANYBODY who saw John Wayne during that period of bachelorhood can tell you that he was a miserable man. Maybe, though, if you didn't know him you couldn't have told it, because he pretended in public to be having the time of his life. But he'd sit in the sun and remember Chata and the song, "J'attendrai" and what it meant in English. And when he'd decided that he had had enough of waiting and went home to do something about it and couldn't get to talk to his wife, he was sure that Chata was lost to him forever. Then he really suffered. And his journey to Monterey was a melancholy one.

The day Duke Wayne got the 17 roses without a card was the shortest he ever remembers. Driving to Los Angeles was like floating along in a dream, and that night when he got into town he didn't pause to wash up, he just drove home and into his driveway and parked and walked to the front door of his house. He rang the bell and Chata answered the door. Duke stood there with his hat in his hand and that shy grin on his face—and Chata let out a small cry when she saw the massive bandage on his ear.

"Are you all right now?" she asked.

"Sure—I'm fine now," said Duke, and his wife opened the door so that he could come in and she could take care of him.

Later that night, with Chata in his arms, Duke was happy again.

"Remember our honeymoon?" he asked.

"Sure I do," Chata said. "We went to Honolulu and it rained all the time we were there."

"They tell me," said Duke, "that the weather in Honolulu is great right now. They don't expect rain for months maybe."

"You want to go to Honolulu?" Chata asked.

"How'd you like to try that honeymoon again?" Duke asked.

Chata wanted to.

It was raining the day the *Lurline* sailed. Los Angeles was in the grip of the worst storm in years. Everything was at a standstill. The huge dock that is generally crowded with people on sailing day was almost deserted. Only a small crowd of hardy residents of the area were there to see friends and family off and they were gathered in a tight knot, huddled together against the wind and the rain in a dripping shed near the gangway.

A long black limousine pulled to a skidding stop on the flooded macadam fronting the dock and Duke and Chata and a party of their friends got out. With his coat held protectively about Chata, Duke ran her to the gangplank and, after a hasty showing of tickets, skipped her up the slanting loading ramp into the warm belly of the ship. Their friends followed them—all in a jolly mood.

In their suite, the party toasted the voyage and the second honeymoon. The sailing was delayed because of the fog conditions in the harbor, so Duke and his guests sat in the room and made happy talk until the throaty whistle on the smoke stack announced that the trip was to begin. Then they shook hands all around and Duke and Chata were alone.

They stood in the lanai that was part of their suite and watched the berth slip away and then the other ships in the harbor disappear astern. Then they passed the breakwater and ahead of them was the broad expanse of the Pacific that, this day, was chopping and rolling in the storm.

"It's sunny out there," Duke said. "Maybe tomorrow we'll see it—and then Honolulu."

Chata didn't say anything, she just looked as happy as she was.

After a while there was a knock on the door. Duke opened it and admitted a steward with a big white box.

"Come in and put them in a vase," he said.

The man opened the box and, after putting water in a vase, inserted, one by one, 17 long-stemmed red roses. And Chata just looked at them without saying anything, sure that if she spoke she'd cry.

When the man was gone, Duke put his arm about his wife and turned her around so that she faced him.

"You know what day this is?" he asked.

"No," said Chata, "should I?"

"It's St. Patrick's Day," Duke said. "The 17th of March." And he looked over her shoulder at the roses. "'I told you that 17 was my lucky number."

"I never forgot," said Chata.

And the steamer ploughed through the murk and the fog and it never carried a happier pair of honeymooners to Hawaii—or anyplace else for that matter. **END**

(*Continued from page* 24) a change in her own lonely life.

Hollywood is still chuckling over the five-day engagement last year of Betty and writer Norman Krasna. It is, according to the cynical comics of the town, still one of the funniest bits they've run across. Imagine a girl meeting a fellow, getting engaged to him in a few days—and then, after a week or so, calling the whole thing off without reason. Well, it isn't funny at all.

The engagement of Betty and Norman was a dead serious matter to her—and the breaking of it was more serious. It was a flash affair that had all the elements of a lonely boy and girl elopement—with both depending on time to bring them love. It is very unlikely that Betty was any more in love with Krasna than he was with her. And the ardor they both professed was much more likely the expression of a wish than the statement of a reality.

Betty Hutton is by nature a person who can not stand being alone. She has to have someone around to laugh or cry with, someone to tell her troubles to. She plays hoydens on the screen, but in private life she is as sentimental as a pixie and as emotional as a small child. And after a couple of years of having no one, almost any man who came along and read her a sad poem or played a prank with her could have had a big portion of her heart.

Norman Krasna was a man who did both—and to top it off he showered the unhappy Betty with the attentions a prince would tender a princess. He was kidding himself, it turned out, but he felt such a passion for the lovely Betty that he sent her an expensive piece of jewelry as a present every day. And Betty swooned under such treatment and told the press and everyone who would listen that at last she had found love—and a man of her own.

The reason for the breaking of the engagement has never been divulged, but those in the know say that it was just that they both realized one night that they were kidding themselves and that it wouldn't work. Like sensible people they broke it off fast.

A friend who talked to Betty Hutton a day or so after the press got the news of the split says he has never spoken to anyone more despondent. And she wasn't weeping because she had lost Krasna, but because a dream had been shattered, a pretty picture of a full life with her *own* man was in ashes. She took it very hard.

You may recall that you never heard Betty quoted as speaking of marriage to her current boy friend after that. She was the constant date of a musician named Pete Rugolo for months, but whenever a reporter asked her if it might develop into a wedding, Betty would give some version of the expression, "Are you kidding?"

Even when she met and began dating the handsome O'Curran it was the same thing. Sure they looked like people in love. They held hands in public and they danced cheek to cheek, but they didn't expect it to mean anything.

EVEN though she didn't realize it at the time, the meeting of Betty Hutton and Charlie O'Curran was different. A hint that it was different might have been taken from the picture they were both assigned to work on—the story of the long marriage of Benny Field and Blossom Seeley, called *Somebody Loves Me*. O'Curran, a comparative newcomer to Hollywood, had been signed by Paramount as the dance director of the show. Betty was introduced to him in the studio rehearsal hall,



but as far as she was concerned, he was just another dance director—and they generally had a different one on each of her pictures.

If there is ever a setting in which a couple of movie people can get to know one another well, it is in the rehearsal hall, for the principals of the picture must spend as much as eight hours a day learning and practicing routines. During this time the star either grows to hate the slave driver who tells her she is not doing it quite right yet—or she develops a rapport with him, admires his talent and grows to like him personally. The latter is the way it was between Betty and Charlie.

All during the rehearsals for *Somebody Loves Me* and during the shooting, the relationship between Betty and Charlie was a business-like one. On the set they had a lot of laughs, but when the six o'clock whistle blew they went their separate ways. That's how it was for about three months until the picture was ended, and they had to say goodbye for good.

If you've ever gone away to a summer resort and met a nice fellow or a girl and had a lot of fun you know the feeling of saying goodbye. Suddenly, for the first time maybe, you feel a lump in your throat and you are surprised to find out that you don't *want* it to end right there. That's just about what happened to Betty Hutton and Charlie O'Curran. It was at the quiet little party the stars and producer threw for the cast and crew of the movie on the last day of shooting. Everybody was telling everybody else what fun it had been working together. People were shaking hands all around and saying, "Hope we work together again sometime."

Betty Hutton took Charlie O'Curran's hand and they both murmured something like: "It was swell. Maybe we'll see each other around the lot." And then they both knew that they didn't want it that way at all. And Charlie said something like: "It was wonderful, but now it's over. Why can't I call you and we can have lunch . . . or something?" And Betty couldn't help herself and said something like: "Gee—I wish you would. Is tomorrow too soon?"

NOBODY in Hollywood paid too much attention when Betty began dating Charlie. Everyone knew, or thought they knew, that she was on the rebound from Norman Krasna—and that any guy she went out with was just a shoulder to weep on. That, of course, is because Hollywood is not able to detect the subtle signs of a growing affection. Betty is very demonstrative, so Hollywood paid no attention when she held Charlie's hand. Hutton always did that.

Fate soon took a hand in the relationship between Betty Hutton and Charlie O'Curran. Betty had decided that, having a few weeks off, she was going to make the journey to Korea to entertain the soldiers there. And, knowing that the boys might not see a real bang-up show for a long time, she decided to give them an entertainment something like they'd be able to see on Broadway. She asked Charlie to help her with the dances and they went to work back in the Paramount rehearsal hall for another 20 days. Now they were working together every day and dating every night.

Before she left for Korea, Betty got an offer to play the New York Palace Theatre—and she accepted it. That meant that once again she'd have to have Charlie's help in the routining.

Then one cold winter morning, she took off from the Los Angeles Municipal Airport in a huge airliner for the hazardous flight across the Pacific to Japan. She sat in a window seat, surrounded by the other members of the troupe and looked out at the crowd seeing them off. When the powerful motors began to whine and then roar into action, she suddenly felt a pang of unhappiness. She searched the crowd outside and finally saw Charlie standing off by himself watching the plane with a glum expression on his Irish face. She wept—and she never took her eyes from him until the ship lumbered down the runway to the take-off point and the knot of friends and Charlie was far in the distance. But she knew then that he was what she wanted to come back to. He was a dear friend—and maybe she was in love with him.

No movie star ever worked harder, or experienced more hardships than Betty Hutton did on that tour of Korea. Several times a day she got into the costumes of the show and sang and clowned about the make-shift stages for those endless stretches of lonely faces. She was never without a joke or a loud, raucous laugh for the GI's. But she couldn't forget that she was looking at misery and want at every performance. She did her best to help the soldiers, but she couldn't seem to help herself, or wipe out the picture of sadness that was always before her.

She was singing a ballad, a love ballad, when she knew what she wanted. All of a sudden she knew she wanted Charlie, not as a dear friend, but as a husband and a father for her two children. It was then that she knew her cynicism was not good, and that she had to forget the disappointments and heartaches of the past and give love a real chance with Charlie.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis habitually whoop it up in the Paramount Studio commissary every lunch hour and, as a gag, studio head Y. Frank Freeman generally walks over and offers them a couple of bucks to keep quiet. The last time he tried to silence the boys, Jerry Lewis screamed: "Don't try to put on airs with us, Freeman. We knew you when your name was Mona!"

Mickey Novak

BETTY HUTTON proposed to Charlie O'Curran. She had been home almost a week and although there had been a warm reception for her when she got off the plane, she and Charlie had drifted back into the old rehearsing in the daytime and dating at night routine. On St. Patrick's Day Betty and Charlie worked on the dances for the Palace engagement. When they finished, shortly after six o'clock in the evening, they drifted across the street from the studio to a restaurant for a bite of dinner. They were accompanied by Betty's secretary, Betsy Dalton, Charlie's assistant, Bea Allen and Buddy Fraker, a Paramount studio photographer. They had dinner and were sitting around with coffee and cigarettes. Suddenly Betty leaned toward Charlie.

"Okay," she said, "do you want to or not?"

"Want to what?" asked Charlie.

"Get married," said Betty.

Charlie nearly leaped across the table. "Do I *want* to?" he cried. "That's all I'm able to think about!"

"When do you want to do it?" asked Betty.

"Right this minute," stammered Charlie. "Right now. It's St. Patrick's day."

Betty almost leaped across the table this time, but somehow order managed to creep into the situation. Charlie was too nervous, so Betty's secretary got on the phone and called the Paul Mantz Air Charter Service and had them warm up a plane. Then the five of them piled into a car and without stopping for even a tooth brush, dashed to the airport. Within half an hour they were on their way, but they were not sure whether they could have the ceremony that night. It seems that the only person in Las Vegas that Betsy Dalton could get to listen to her, because she had made the arrangements in her name, was a bell boy at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn.

When the plane landed at Las Vegas it was close to midnight. The bell boy was there, the only local greeter. When he learned who was really to get married he went into high gear. He arranged for a license clerk to meet the party at the courthouse and issue the certificate. Then he got Judge Frank MacNamee out of bed and headed for the wedding chapel. The group assembled there and in a few minutes, after a quiet ceremony, well studded with tears all around, Betty Hutton became Mrs. Charles O'Curran. And the hugs and kisses the bride and groom shared when it was over were warm and sincere, for now they never had to be alone again.

Still guided by their friend the bell boy, the O'Currans repaired to the Desert Inn where they were given the bridal suite and everyone sat down to weeping and laughing and drinking champagne until the small hours of the morning.

The news of the elopement came as a surprise to Hollywood, but it was happy news. The couple came back the next day and held a small reception and press conference for their friends and reporters. Photographers took their pictures, but had a hard time getting Charlie and Betty to stop looking at each other and into the camera. When the party was over, the newlyweds went right back to Paramount and the rehearsal hall where the work at hand went on as usual. Except that now when Charlie addressed Betty, he called her Mrs. O'Curran.

It was there that George Fisher, the CBS man, interviewed them again. When the tape machine was set up, he advanced with his microphone and asked Betty to explain what had happened in the short time since she'd told him, on the same program, that she had no liking or use for marriage.

With Charlie holding tightly to her hand she thought it out very carefully—and then she said what we told you before.

"Loneliness is a terrible thing," she said. "Nobody knows how lonely a movie star can be. Everyone thinks that because a girl is in pictures she can have all of the men and the love and affection she wants. I know different. I know I was feeling sorry for myself when I used to say I'd never marry again. It was just that maybe I'd lost faith. I'm glad I found that faith. I found it in Korea in the faces of the men I sang and danced for. I guess when I looked at all those men and realized that not one of them was really mine, I decided I wanted to be married."

Betty Hutton's two children, Lindsay and Candice, have known Charlie O'Curran for a long time, but there had to be a formal declaration of his new status. Betty, as soon as she got home from Las Vegas, told them both that there was now going to be a new head man around the house. The children like Charlie very much, and Candy took the announcement with evident delight. Lindsay, who is bound to come around one day, took a philosophical view of the whole thing, but she had a single reservation.

She looked Charlie over carefully, decided to accept the situation, but had to add a comment. "Shucks," she said, "I wish it had been Roy Rogers!" **END**

the girl in white

(*Continued from page 51*) near perfection in every way would have been required, as well as patience and humility to meet opposition. I talked to Dr. Jones about it—she's the woman doctor who's head of the hospital on the MGM lot, and she gave me an even greater interest in my role. She began 50 years ago when Dr. Emily did, and had the same difficulties. Once she walked into the hospital room of a little boy who was a mastoid case, and he looked at her in horror.

"Go 'way," he said. "I want a doctor, not a nurse!"

"But I *am* your doctor," she told him.

"Huh," he sniffed. "You sure look like a lady to me!"

After my talk with Dr. Jones I grew so interested that I invited even more than the usual crew of doctors to dinner at our house. It's a lucky thing Richard enjoys them, too, for our table has been visited by allergists and psychiatrists, pediatricians, obstetricians and diagnosticians. The whole works. I learned a long time ago not to start talking medicine when you're socially involved with a doctor, but our friends in the profession always get around to it sooner or later, maybe because they know how interested I am. I sit there and forget to eat, and Richard says it's the only time I stop talking.

The picture was fun all around—the challenge of the role and the days on the set. Richard came down one day and took a lot of crazy pictures, as is my husband's wont. And another day, when Pamela had the sniffles, she told Richard that she wanted to go to the studio.

"But why?" he said.

"Mommy's a doctor today and she can make me well."

So Richard gave in to her, as he always does unless I'm around, and brought her down. They put her in an ambulance driver's uniform—a miniature copy of mine, and by the time she was decked out in that, she'd forgotten all about her cold.

Gary Merrill is a lovable madman, and wore his Bermuda plaid shorts around the lot (he always looks as though he's going to take off on a safari). Once Bette Davis came to visit him on the set and walked around all day in her stockinged feet. That made me feel pretty good, because it's my own favorite way of walking. It was the eating-est set I've ever been on, which was a good thing for me, because I'd had a rough case of the flu before the picture began and had lost a lot of weight. There were whole days of eating scenes—dinner with the men and tea with Mildred Dunnock—and I began to gain a few pounds. As if those scenes weren't enough, Gary always kept a bag of popcorn hanging on the side of the camera.

Funny thing about the picture. Usually when I begin a film I work so hard at first that in two weeks or so I begin dragging around the set. But in my role as Dr. Emily, I felt responsible in an odd sort of way. I knew *she* wouldn't have given up, so I just plain forgot to grow tired.

WEARING the doctor's white coat was a real thrill, and so was the time I saved children from a burning building, and the time I mended the shoulder of a man who'd been injured. Then there were the guinea pigs for a laboratory scene—when one got loose and went scurring around the set all the women were climbing walls. Me—I wanted to take one home for the children. But I was most excited about the scene where I watch Arthur Kennedy experiment with radium.



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(In the picture, he wants to go to France and work with a woman whose name is just beginning to make news—Madame Curie—and he works with radium in his spare time.) I stand beside him and watch as the jar lights up. I really lost myself in that scene. It was as if I were witnessing a real radium experiment, and of course that captivated me, because science was always my best subject in school.

I was so wrapped up in the picture that I wrote about it to my brother Arthur, who is studying medicine at Columbia. He didn't seem too impressed, so I suppose he's going to be prejudiced against "hen medics" just the way all the men in the movie are. Well, even if Arthur wasn't impressed, I'm still immensely proud of him. It was one of the greatest thrills of my life when, during his sophomore year at Culver Military Academy, I asked him what he wanted to do in the future. He just looked at me in that quiet way of his and said, "I want to be a doctor." He stuck with his decision, too, even when at graduation time Richard tried to talk him into attending Annapolis.

"I want to be a doctor," said Arthur.

"But with the world situation," said my husband, "you might be better off to think about—"

Arthur just smiled. "Maybe brain surgery," he said, then looked at me and winked. I've never been able to figure out whether he was enlisting my help against Richard's advice, or deciding I might need help some day myself.

He's working awfully hard now. The other day he sent me a letter he'd received from the University, commending him on his grades. There were none below B plus. I got funny and told him there was nothing wrong with straight A's, but then I was sorry when I got a letter from my mother. She reports that he does nothing but study, and when she suggests that he relax a little, he says, "I can't. I promised June I'd do my best. And this is it."

I'm proud of him all right, because he's making the grade even if I didn't. I hope that after he sees *The Girl In White*, he'll think twice before refusing to sympathize with some beleagured female doctor. As a matter of fact, I hope the picture helps, even in some small way, the women doctors of this world. I enjoyed it, and I hope you will. **END**

it's not *all* gravy

(*Continued from page 35*) "Now I know," he says, "that success is a snare and a delusion. It means work and worry, responsibility and duty. It's a treadmill. Once you get on, you can't just get off. You've got contracts and obligations. The expectancy of success is a good deal more than the actuality."

By nature, Mario is a plain, generous, easy-going man. He likes to relax, loaf, travel, talk all night with his friends.

Ever since success came to him, he's been able to do none of these things.

A few weeks ago, when Al Hall, the director of Mario's latest picture, *Because You're Mine*, was hit by the flu, the film shooting came to a halt. Mario had a week off.

"I feel sorry for Al," he told Betty that night, "but just think of it! I've got seven days off. Where would you like to go?"

Betty thought for a moment. "Why don't we go to Las Vegas?" she suggested. "Andy opens there next week." Andy is Andy Russell, the crooner who is one of Mario's closest friends.

So the Lanzas flew to Las Vegas. On the night of their arrival Mario and Betty sat down at a table in the hotel dining room. Within three minutes at least a dozen guests had recognized Lanza. They crowded around his table asking him to sign autographs. Mario smiled and scribbled his signature across the menus. Then two girls came over and uninvited, pulled up some chairs. "We're from Philadelphia, Mario," they said. "Do you mind if we join you?"

Mario grinned wanly.

"But we're expecting other guests," Betty said.

"That's okay," the girls said. "We'll leave when they get here."

The Lanzas tried to order some dinner, and eventually they did—but they never got to eat it. Word spread throughout the hotel that Mario Lanza was in the dining room, and an estimated 80 people flocked in for autographs.

From that point on the Lanzas had to take all their meals in their room. They couldn't eat in restaurants, clubs, or hotels. Everywhere he went, Mario was mobbed.

One morning, Mario received a long distance call from Los Angeles. "Don't forget," his secretary warned. "You have to fly in by noon today. You've got your radio show to do."

So Mario flew back to Hollywood and sang his heart out. Then he caught the midnight plane back to Las Vegas. When he arrived he was dead tired, and went to sleep almost immediately.

They woke him at eight the next morning. The sun was very bright, and the photographer from the studio publicity department wanted to get some good color stuff.

It was a great seven-day vacation. Mario did absolutely none of the things he wanted to do.

"Now that I have a few bucks," Mario says, "I don't even have the time to spend it. I get $25 a week spending money from my business manager. The other day I put my hand in my watch pocket and I found three weeks' allowances."

"That's nothing," his wife says. "Tell about the time we went to Honolulu. We thought we would have a wonderful vacation. After all, Hawaii is such a beautiful resort spot. Well, Mario was talked into doing one concert for Freddie Matsuo, a great guy. Only the one concert turned into four, and Mario didn't even set foot on Waikiki Beach. He came back home more tired than when he left."

Every now and then, Mario entertains the idea of quitting motion pictures, and restricting his activities to making a few records and perhaps one concert tour a year.

When Laurence Olivier portrayed Nelson after he has lost an eye, Olivier had to wear a false lid of his own. Shrugged Vivien Leigh when asked what she thought of her husband's disguise, "What does it matter? Larry can do more with one eye than most men can do with two!"

But this is an impossibility, because Mario's career gives employment to at least 100 people, and he's the kind of man who thinks of others before considering himself.

IF MARIO misses one recording date, 65 musicians receive no salary that week. If he gives up one radio show, another 20 musicians go without pay.

No one knows exactly how many people Mario Lanza is supporting out of his own income. When you ask him, he says modestly, "Who cares? I believe money should be spent. The man with money is the man with headaches."

Mario not only supports his wife, two children, three in help and two secretaries, but also his parents.

When Mario first signed at MGM, he was earning $750 a week. He sent for his parents at once and rented a home for them on South Crescent Drive. He then ordered his business manager to see that they got almost half of his monthly movie salary.

While at Metro, Mario met a man in the research department named Felix Wayne. When Metro let Felix out, Mario put him on his personal payroll as an executive.

When Coca-Cola began to dicker with Mario for a radio show, he was willing to listen. "Fine," said the men from the advertising agency. "Your musical conductor will be Percy Faith."

"No," Mario said. "My musical conductor will be Ray Sinatra."

"Who ever heard of Ray Sinatra?" the agency boys asked. "Percy Faith is a conductor of stature, an orchestra leader of renown. We have him all signed up."

"That's great," said Mario. "But you don't have Lanza."

The agency boys went around to see Betty. "Why is your husband so insistent about having Ray Sinatra?" they asked.

Betty smiled. "I guess," she explained, "Mario thinks he can use the work."

A year or so ago, a Hungarian composer named Nicky Brodsky, was stranded in New York. Brodsky, who had composed some of the finest operetta music in the Balkans, wanted desperately to come to Hollywood. But no one in Hollywood had a spot for him. Mario not only brought Nick Brodsky out to Hollywood but paid his expenses, and soon Brodsky got into Metro where he composed "Be My Love" for his young sponsor.

Mario also sends his mother-in-law a weekly allowance. Practically no other motion picture star can make this claim. Betty's mother works as an interior decorator in Marshall Fields Department Store in Chicago. She is 56 years old and has three daughters to support, and Mario thinks it only fair that she have a little extra spending money.

Only recently, Mario lent his name to his uncle Arnold for use on a brand of supplies to be known as Lanza Groceries. Any profits from this business will go to the Lanza relatives.

During his Oregon workout last year, a workout in which he cut his weight from 240 lbs. to 180, Mario met Dale Goodman, an ex-GI who had parted with a lung on Iwo Jima. Mario learned that Dale had always dreamed of owning a chicken ranch. Mario purchased such a ranch and went into partnership with Dale.

One evening last October, Dale phoned Mario. "I hate to bother you with this, Mario," Dale said, "but our new baby is suffering brain hemorrhages. The doctors around here don't know what to do. Is there anything you can suggest?"

"Try not to worry," Mario pleaded. Mario got on the phone, and in a couple of hours, two top Chicago specialists were flying to Rogue River.

Ask Mario how much that little bill came to, and he grins, "Two ninety-eight," he says.

A month before this incident, Betty's aunt May from McKeesport, Pa., sent the Lanzas some newspaper clippings. The clippings told the story of a one-day-old infant who had been abandoned in an apartment house vestibule. The baby had

been sent to the Pittsburgh Hospital where, because of his lusty cries, the nurses had nicknamed him, Mario Lanza.

Mario was proud as a peacock to think that strong, lusty volume was almost synonymous with his name. That night he said to Betty, "Is it okay with you if I send that little baby in Pittsburgh $500?"

Betty answered with a kiss.

When no one claimed the foundling at the Pittsburgh Hospital, he and his $500 were sent to the Roselia Foundling Home where he was named Mario Lanza II. As soon as this item hit the press, the Mother Seton Sisters of Charity who run the Home, were swamped with adoption offers. Hundreds of couples wanted little Mario for their very own.

By the time you read this article that blond little blue-eyed baby will be living comfortably with his new parents in a healthy decent home. What counts, too, is the fact that the Mario Lanza Fund is now established at Roselia, and Mario will add to it each year.

One more illustration of where the Lanza money goes and why Mario can't quit. Remember 11-year-old Raphaela Fasano, the little girl from Newark who lapsed into a coma last September because of the supposedly incurable Hodgkins Disease?

Well, Raphaela has improved so much that she is now attending fifth grade at the Dayton Street public school. She attributes her miraculous recuperation to Mario Lanza. It was he who not only sang to her on the phone from California but paid all her expenses to Hollywood. He supplied her with the best medical care and imbued her with the will to improve. Mario still phones Raphaela whenever he gets a chance.

"I DON'T mind the responsibility that comes with success," Mario explains, "because after all that's a man's role in the world—the acceptance of responsibility. The thing that gets me about success is the way you become a target for every Tom, Dick, and Harry. As soon as you're in the public eye, people begin taking potshots at you. You ask for a little favor, and all of a sudden they accuse you of being temperamental. You don't hear what one guy is saying, and right away you're a snob. You have 103 temperature and the doctor orders you to bed, and right away they say you're a baby, and 'My, doesn't he take care of himself.' You make an innocent statement like 'I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for Kathryn Grayson because she was in my first two pictures,' and overnight the newspapers are building up a big Grayson-Lanza feud.

"When you're married to someone like my Betty, feuds are impossible, anyway. As soon as someone gets angry with me, Betty rings him up. She believes in clearing the air at once. She tells everyone how I'm really such an angel and how hard I work. They don't fall for that angel routine, but they realize that I work pretty hard and that constant work will keep anyone pretty tense."

What can Mario Lanza do about his work schedule? Friends predict that eventually it will cost him his health and his voice. "He cannot make pictures," one voice coach recently pointed out, "and also do radio shows, recordings, concert tours, and study opera. Not even Caruso would dare tax his voice that much."

Mario's answer is, "I can't help it. I'm a man who likes to sing. I sing for pleasure not for money. Money has given me a lot of headaches and fame has taken some of the fun out of life. But when I sing a song and people's eyes light up, that's worth all the bother, all the responsibility, all the headaches. As to how long I can go on singing—that's in God's hands." END



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by JOAN CRAWFORD; star columnist for June



Harmony—Crawford-style



Telephone-itis



In the swim



One-house woman

WHEN IT COMES TO PERFUMES, why do I have to go crazy about one like *Tuvaché Zezan,* which nobody can afford to give me? . . . and which I haven't got. Otherwise I like simple things. I like mountains better than deserts, trails better than roads, grass better than asphalt. And maybe a simple, black mist mink. The other night I had a dream. I was an international perfume thief. I jimmied my way into the perfumery, poured some *Tuvaché Zezan* all over myself, got home and squeezed a fortune of it out of my clothes into a handy little container. Naturally it was a silly dream. Any woman wafting out a scent like that would never reach home. She'd have to call the police to help beat the men off her! Oh, well, I do have some negligees by Tula of New York to lighten my life. Which is a roundabout way of getting to an idea that has been in my mind for some time: that the real test for any article of clothing is whether you still like it long after you have bought it. By this test, you'll be surprised to note, price tags don't mean a thing sometimes and Ohrbach's (just sometimes) can beat out Magnin's. Anyone who doesn't think of clothes in terms of long wear these days is either crazy or has fallen into a Texas hole in the ground and come up all covered with oil.

DON'T YOU GET TIRED of movie stars who complain about taxes? Well, lie back and relax . . . here's more of it. To live the way I have to live if I am going to continue to earn a livelihood in this business for my brood and myself is practically a rat race. It's not just a question of not being able to entertain, or keep up a wardrobe, or maintain myself in a style to which I wish I hadn't become accustomed now. I have to have someone to do the cooking when I am working so I have to have a cook. I must have someone to look after the children while the cook is watching her pots and I'm away at the studio, so I have to have a nurse. Letters *must* be answered if you are in public life, aside from the fact that I love to answer them anyway, and that means someone to help handle the correspondence. But how? You work and get a lot of money at the paymaster's window and then you must walk over and hand it to the man at the treasury department wicket. He counts it and gives you a look that says: "I don't know. I kind of expected more. What did you do with the rest?" My only answer could be, "Brother, I just lived. That's all. Just lived. I'm not a dime ahead and a hundred headaches behind!"

THE ABOVE WILL BE my only discussion on politics. I know that last month Jan Sterling said she



thought a movie star is as entitled to say what she thinks about the Republicans or the Democrats as any ordinary citizen. Jan is right. But an ordinary citizen doesn't command the attention or criticism a movie star does . . . and who is there to prove that the latter knows any more abou it? When it comes to making faces at the camera maybe I can show you a trick or two. But when it comes to the art of government, well, I have four children I'm supposed to govern around my house and I'm still learning about *that.* What I think I have learned in that department is that you have to give a child a line to follow. You must show that you love him as you make him follow it . . . but follow it he must. This is in connection with the living you do together, the art of becoming a harmonious member of the family group. You do not attempt to take possession of their souls or their future. That belongs to them, to be decided by them . . . with your help, if called on, but not your influence. I insisted that the kids learn to swim (actually I didn't have to insist) but after they knew it was up to them whether they wanted to go swimming or not.

GETTING BACK TO TAXES for just a split second, even if I promised not to—I just remembered that once in my early heyday I threw a party for 722 people. Just imagine! I get sick thinking of it. I could feed the whole family and staff a hundred meals now on what that shindig cost, probably more. But . . . that was Crawford. Before that party there were times when I scrubbed floors. I might as well be honest—there are days now when I am back at it. You are walking through the house, everybody is busy, and there is a dirty floor. I don't know what dirty floors do to other women but they just STARE at me! I can remember women in my family saying they were old-fashioned—they liked to cook on coal stoves. I'm old-fashioned too, I like to cook with gas. When I get near an electric range I feel like the warden about to turn on the juice and execute the poor condemned. I guess that's why I like real logs in a real fireplace. I just can't imagine anything inspiring or romantic about one of those electric fireplaces that look like someone's Christmas tree fell over in it.

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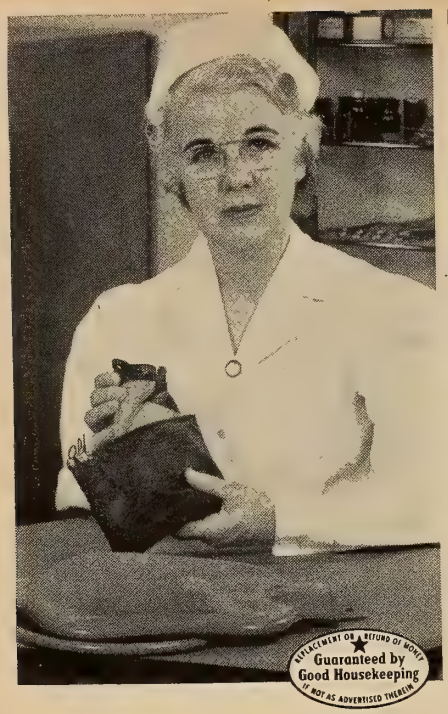
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a poodle dog. I put Cliquot, my poodle, on my head and studied the effect in the mirror. I'll take my poodle with four legs. I'll also take Sheila O'Brien as my clothes designer, and, for that matter, I am fashion and design consultant for Peter Pan foundations myself. I'll also take the train when it comes to traveling. Give me the Chief and Super-Chief and 20th Century Limited. You can jet. I won't fly. I'm frightened period. I hate fast driving. To make sure there is no fast driving *I* do the driving sometimes even when I'm out on a date. I learned on a Ford, now have and love my Cadillac. I think the greatest drivers in the world are New York cab drivers *but not when they insist on talking to you.* They're always leaning back with their face turned towards you while the car is shooting like a bullet in the other direction. Their talk's all right, but I'd rather keep quiet—and live.

A FAN ASKED ME the other day what kind of men I like. I thought about it and the answer was just men. I'd rather he not be handsome (also he shouldn't look like a grizzly) but the main requirements begin and end with his being a man. I think that more than his looks would be a character trait or two—for instance honesty. . . . The older I get, the more I've been around, the hungrier I am for the honest word. I'd rather hear something disagreeable from someone who means it than the greatest compliment in the world from someone who will say anything to please you. With the first you are at least not wasting your time. With the second, anything said, good or bad, is an insult. I can forgive such a person, but I'd much rather—and do—forget him!

WHEN DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL invented the telephone he practically helped create a part of Joan Crawford. I'm on it from open eye to shut eye. I'm supposed to be the only player in Hollywood who can make up while speaking over the phone; that's the best part of having square shoulders—you can cradle on either side. I've talked over the phone while getting my hair touched up (you know I've always lightened it to get the proper highlight effect for the camera). I can knit, read the comics and smoke a cigarette all while on the telephone. I've even done a one-handed Lux job on some underthings and carried on with a long-distance call.

MY LIPSTICK IS MADE especially for me by Henri Bendel of New York and I carry it and the rest of my make-up in a Hopalong Cassidy pencil box for kids. Handiest thing I have. If you would like another contrast I am crazy about imported black caviar and find it almost as good as hot dogs at a beach picnic with the kids. And even if I do like Tula negligees (as I've said before) there is nothing like a long-sleeved, fingertip nightgown to sleep in. For some reason this reminds me that I once lost my shirt investing in a beach club. From now on when it comes to the beach I'll put my money in nothing more expensive than a beach umbrella. And any time I get an urge to buy anything I know just what to do—head for the five and ten!

EARLY THIS SPRING I asked a friend what was good for dishpan hands and she said, "Lunch at Romanoff's." I suppose dinner at La Rue's wouldn't hurt either. Another friend advised Ethyl gas. "To wash in?" I asked. "No, to get away from the kitchen," she replied.

ALL MY LIFE green has been my lucky color. The other day I found out that among racing drivers it is the hoodoo color. You'll never see a racing car painted green. Shall I do over my ultra-marine and white bathroom or let it go for another 500 laps the way it is?

IT'S BEEN YEARS since I haven't had to plot my day even as I awake in the morning. It's been years since I haven't listened to the radio on a Sunday. It's been years since I've worn slacks on the street, if I ever, which I didn't. It's been years since I had a real estate problem—20 years nearly since I bought the first house I ever owned, the one I'm still living in, the one I will never leave for another. It's been years since I decided that chewing gum is all right if that's the way you feel about it, just like jiggling your left foot when nervous in the presence of strangers. It's been years since I've had water to drink except between meals and then lots, since I could sit and do nothing, since I could sleep late, since I gave any thought to diet.

I THINK anyone who has thoughts of success must prepare themselves for it. I'm not sorry that I took French, music, singing, opera and studied Shakespeare with no chance to use any of it in my work. I'll take that back. In the picture I am now making, *Sudden Fear,* there is some Shakespeare. Yes, Crawford takes off on the old Bard for passages from Romeo and Juliet and Mid-Summer's Night Dream. Now there is TV ahead and I am going to get into it. I'm prepared in every way except the ability to get up in front of the mike. That's still a bugaboo, so my TV will be on film. But so will most of planned TV entertainment, I'm certain. I suppose I'll have to get up just as early, work just as hard . . . and keep just as little. But I wasn't going to talk about *that* any more!

THE WORLD DOES CHANGE, people think more about what's going on than ever before, yet so much is afoot that they know less. Psychiatrists are having their day and girls whose phones don't ring often enough to suit them are convinced it must be because they secretly hated their Aunt Mollie. Kids think anything you want of them is a gag and there is nothing serious until they don't get what *they* want, at which time it turns tragedy! Through all this I walk around the house carrying a bunch of keys that would weigh down a jailer. What have I got under lock and key? Nothing in particular, come to think of it. There is only one key that counts, no matter how the world changes, and that one opens up our lives for love. It is the key to the heart. I think I'll throw the others away.

Yours sincerely,

Joan Crawford

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Joan Crawford personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

john speaks for himself

(*Continued from page 38*) have to say."

The publicist drew his hand slowly over his face in a slow burn. John couldn't be perfect, of course, he told himself. Here he was, handsome, talented, well-liked by everybody. He'd been given the Golden Apple by the Press Club last year in appreciation of his cooperation. But there was one trouble with John; he simply refused to tell anything but the truth, the whole truth, regardless of the glamorless impression it made.

John feels there is no reason for him to embroider his true qualities. When people ask him a straightforward question they get the same type of answer. Once, he was asked the approximate cost of producing a movie, and by the time he finished replying the reporter had the entire budget in his lap, down to the electricity bill and the cost of coffee on the set.

John is innately honest and never gives the quality a second thought. It isn't that he never lied. When he was a kid he sometimes ditched his homework and played hookey and alibied his way out of punishment. He used to crawl under the house to smoke and come out hours later, confident that the odor of tobacco had left him. His father, overwhelmed by the stench that had clung to John's clothing, would wait until after dinner to say casually to his son, "You don't smoke, do you?"

"No, sir."

"You ought to try it some time. Maybe you'd like it."

"I'm just not interested," John would fib.

But his honesty increased with age. In school he had a science teacher who, in John's estimation, was a double droop, not only lacking general intelligence but also knowledge about the subject he taught. John didn't like school and he didn't like teachers, and one day in science class the teacher began needling him. John stood it as long as he could, then announced in clarion tones, "You don't know any more about science than any one of the kids in this class." He was promptly expelled, but he'd spoken his mind—and maybe it was the truth.

JOHN is not timid. If he has a gripe he says so. When he was a private in the army, he was the natural victim of many a bully. He didn't object to an order to pick up a piece of paper, but if a sergeant began bellowing that Pvt. Derek was not picking up the piece of paper to his satisfaction, John would straighten up and look the man in the eye. "*Why* am I doing it wrong?" he wanted to know. "What improvement can you suggest?" Naturally, he spent a lot of time doing extra detail, and some of it was because officers, noncommissioned or otherwise, had been foolish enough to ask John's opinion on some matter. Even when it was a question that required a diplomatic answer, John wasn't diplomatic. He said he thought the policy was all wrong or that Ordinance was completely snafu, or the Lieutenant's belfry was full of bats.

John doesn't like to hurt people's feelings and avoids it whenever possible. If he meets a woman acquaintance whose new hat, in John's opinion, is for the birds, he refrains from any mention of it. But if she asks him how he likes it, she invariably wishes she hadn't.

In the same vein, he assiduously avoids asking people their opinion of his pictures or performances. If one or the other or both happened to be bad, John knows it only too well and doesn't want to force anyone into a tactful lie. One of the reasons

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he shuns Hollywood cocktail parties is because they're always filled with people anxious to gush over each other, and to lavish praise on any actor's latest picture. "Half the time they haven't even *seen* the picture," John says, "and you know it by the way they gurgle a compliment and then change the subject, afraid you'll ask them about some particular scene. It just seems to be standard practice to tell an actor you enjoyed his performance.

"Hollywood's a funny business, anyway," he continues. "There's a sort of double talk that goes on all the time."

John's conversation stays out of the slot reserved for movie stars, where a typical question-and-answer session would sound like this:

Question: Are you flabbergasted by the success of your career?

Actor: Oh, my word, yes! Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and have to pinch myself. There I am, lying between silken sheets in a room papered with Picassos, and it seems that only yesterday I was sleeping in freight cars!

John Derek's answer to the same question: "Gosh, no. I just wonder what's taking it so long to get better."

John knows, deep down, that his first break came only because of his looks. The majority of movie actors are signed to a contract on this basis, and studio bigwigs then offer up prayers that these actors will also have talent. The average actor assumes, once he is signed up, that he oozes with talent, or he wouldn't have been given a job. But John looks at it differently. He knows he's been given a chance at movies because of his face. He has no control over his looks, but he can gain control over his ability to act, so he pours all of his energies into the ambition.

He feels a strong urge to prove himself, and when making *Saturday's Hero* insisted on doing all the football scenes himself. The studio had hired Mickey McCardle, alumnus of the USC team to work as John's double, but John had other plans. Before the picture's start he spent just short of a month working out every day, and the men he worked with were professionals who didn't pull their punches. Before the actual picture was finished John had sustained a slight concussion and his face had been ripped open. Mickey McCardle had appeared in two shots, both of them long shots. Despite John's justifiable pride in having gone in as a rookie and suffered the bone-crushing scenes, he was completely truthful when strangers asked if a double had been used for him. "Yes," he said, and then told them about Mickey McCardle.

Recently he was asked if this had been wise, and it was pointed out to him that people hearing about McCardle would then take it for granted that the USC halfback had done every single one of the action scenes. "No," said John. "The way I look at it, they didn't believe I did the work before they asked me. And if I'd said no—I didn't have a double—they wouldn't have believed that, either."

JOHN has a sincere feeling that truth is recognized and appreciated by people. He feels this particularly when appearing on the stage during personal appearance tours. At first he was scared to death, and having little faith in the speech prepared for him, chucked the whole thing and began to talk with the audience. This went along great until he found himself all tangled up in one sentence that had already gone on for two whole minutes. He was genuinely confused and the audience knew it and went along with him. Months later, out on a second tour, he recalled the good reaction and thought he'd try the confused act this time. The audience met it with a deathlike silence, and suddenly John realized they knew he was bluffing. He never again tried to fool an audience.

Once he was told at the last minute that he was to speak to the Junior Chamber of Commerce in a small Pennsylvania town. In less than ten minutes he was plunked at the speakers' table in a great, cold room, and scores of men were sitting there, just looking at him. John stood for a long moment, wondering what on earth he should talk about. Then he threw up his hands in a helpless gesture. "Look," he said. "Individually you're probably nice guys, but as a group you scare me to death. I don't know anything about a Chamber of Commerce. I've never been a business man. What do you *want* me to talk about?" And the ice was broken.

Another time he was pushed onto the stage of a theater in St. Paul where a Red Feather drive was in progress. Many celebrities had already spoken, and all of them had been billed to appear at the benefit. John was thrown in at the last minute and felt it wasn't his audience. They hadn't come to see him.

"You know what?" he began. "You didn't expect to see me up here and I didn't expect to be here. I feel pretty silly. I'm staying at a hotel across the river in Minneapolis, and that's where I belong right now." He added a few words about the charity and bolted from the stage. He got as big a hand as anybody else, and he feels it was because he spoke the truth. "This is what I felt, and I knew I could say it."

He has gone even farther with audiences. More than once he's stood before a group of people who have been noisy and rude, and he has proceeded to tell them so. His frankness wouldn't have been appreciated by an individual, but collective audiences liked it. They knew they'd been rude and vulgar, and they admired a man who had the courage to tell them so.

He doesn't mind admitting when he's wrong, or when he is ignorant of a subject. John will follow a conversation to any point until he is stumped by a twisted meaning or an unfamiliar word, and then interrupts to ask for clarification.

His frankness has often lost him friendships even before they are made. He will tell people the truth for a reason he figures to be to their advantage, but some misunderstand his motives and back away. When a newly arrived actor is walking on air because he's certain of getting a role that John knows has already been decided for someone else, John will pat him on the back and say, "Don't build up your hopes. I don't think you're going to get the part." Or when a starlet's ambitions are bolstered by the fact that the director seems to think she has talent, John will inform her that the director's mind is not on her work.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was leaving a Glendale theater after a premiere, when the lady in front of me put her hand back and grabbed mine. As she turned around, I noticed it was Barbara Stanwyck. She had reached for Mary Livingstone's hand, and had gotten mine by mistake.

Mrs. Gordon Cheesman
San Diego, California

He doesn't attempt to put up a front. He is on a strict budget, he drives a medium-priced car, and although his home is his only extravagance, the house itself is a small and unpretentious affair in comparison with the mansions bought by most movie stars.

John's entire wardrobe is restricted to one suit and a few pairs of slacks and he feels no necessity for building up a reputation of sartorial splendor. As a matter of fact, he has a small horror of interviews because he knows he's a Hollywood movie star and as such is expected to live up to it by adding gingerbread to the facts and inflating the truth. He can't bring himself to do it, and feels he continually disappoints the people who would prefer to have him a more fabulous character.

John needn't worry. He says he doesn't read much so it's probable that he's never seen the words of a wise philosopher who once wrote, "Truth is the secret of eloquence and virtue . . . it is the highest summit of art and of life." **END**

(John Derek will soon be seen in Columbia's The Prince Of Pirates.—Ed.)

rita tells all!

(*Continued from page 33*) ex-Princess.

"I'm seven minutes late," she called cheerfully, "but I got stuck at the studio. I'm so sorry."

She swept little Yasmine up in her arms, kissed her, tickled her in the ribs and as the little girl squealed with laughter, took her out of the room and deposited her with a nurse.

When she returned she explained that Rebecca (her eight-year-old daughter by Orson Welles), who normally would have welcomed me, was down with chicken-pox so she hadn't been able to do the "honors."

Rita sat down beside me on the divan. "It's good, Louella, so good to see you again."

Our hands clasped in that understanding which goes beyond words. And all the misunderstandings that had stood between us since her return to Hollywood cleared away in that quiet renewal of our friendship.

For the next two hours we talked. The fading light of day turned into darkness; and still we sat on the divan side by side, not even bothering to turn on the lamps. And the things she told me made me realize that once again I had Rita's confidence, and that she trusted me to tell her story.

RITA has been a miserably unhappy woman since she left Aly Khan, so unhappy that she has wanted to hide away, even from her friends. Although she had "sat out" the necessary six weeks in Nevada, preparatory step to a divorce, she could not bring herself to file suit then and there from this man she has loved so deeply. Perhaps she will always love him. But she cannot live with him.

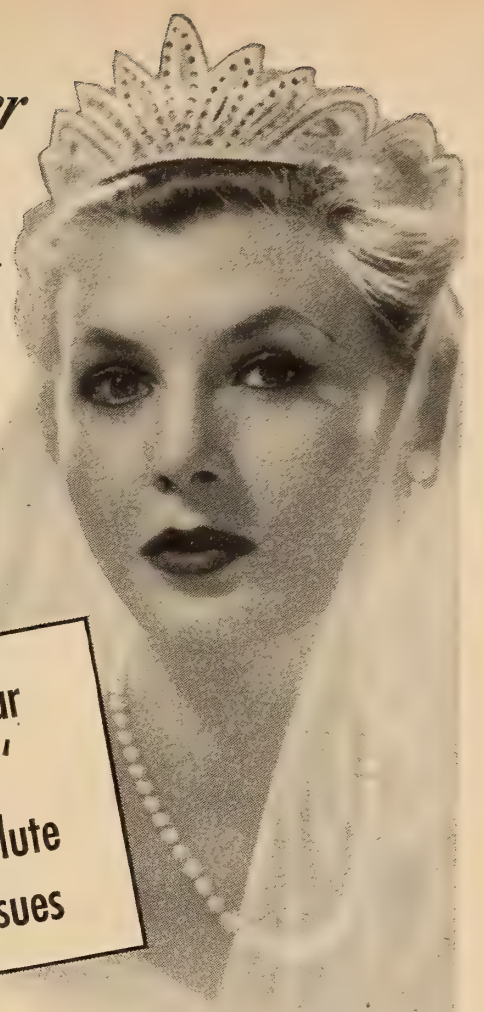
I asked, "Rita, are you still in love with Aly?"

Without hesitation she replied, "The hurt is very deep way down inside me. I can't deny that. I had loved Aly so very much that leaving him was almost unbearable—but it is a step I knew I had to take."

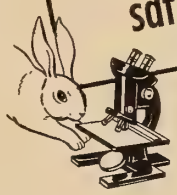
"If you loved Aly so much why did you leave him so abruptly in Africa to fly back to Paris, pick up the children and then go to Reno for a divorce?" I asked.

Rita ran her fingers through her glamorous long hair. "It may have seemed like a sudden thing, Louella, but believe me

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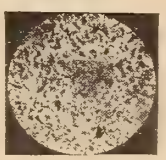
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it was *not*. A strain had been building up between us for six months based on the big and little things that made up the difference in our outlooks on life.

"Aly is a European brought up in that way of life. More than that—he is a Prince, brought up to rule millions of people, both as a head of state and a religious leader. He cannot be judged by the same standards of—say—an American husband. And yet, Aly is a very sweet person, completely charming—as you know. It was easy to love him. It is very hard to get him out of my heart."

One thing is for sure: Princes of India do not have the same code of marital conduct as American husbands. Their wives are set apart as bearing the dignity of their names and as being the mother of their children. But it does not keep them from enjoying the company of many other ladies—and no one is supposed to think anything of this. It is an "arrangement" which has been acceptable abroad for centuries—particularly in the upper social and cafe society sets.

Rita and Aly had been married only a few months when there were reports of his being seen here and there with various charmers—particularly a dancer of international notoriety. There was even a story that Aly had sent for the dancer while he and Rita were vacationing in Africa and that had been the straw that broke Rita's back.

In Aly's code it is possible to love one's wife and still be amused by the company of other women.

The gossip about any women in Aly's life—Rita refuses to discuss. She does say, "Perhaps I did not realize how completely American I am until I was brought face to face with the differences in our ways of life in almost *everything*.

"One big difference was, we did not like the same people. I would often say to Aly, 'Why do you have these hangers-on around you? They are not your real friends. They come just to drink and eat your food.' He would always laugh and say, 'They are not so bad. Just unfortunate.' Unfortunately, I did not share his tolerance."

I think what Rita was trying to say was, "These people are not my people, nor their ways my ways," to paraphrase the quotation.

"It is wrong for anyone to say or think that Aly was cruel to me. The temperament of his people is to be stoic and never show too much emotion. He never lost his temper with me even when my Spanish-Irish-English disposition flared up. Aly always treated me with consideration—after his fashion. He has a happy, carefree temperament."

I listened to detect the slightest hint of regret that she had left him in her voice.

"Is there any chance of a reconciliation, Rita, even though you have obtained a Nevada divorce?" I asked.

"That is not possible," she said definitely. "Not now."

"But Aly keeps telephoning you from all over the world, doesn't he?" I prodded, "and when his stepmother, the Princess Andree Aga Khan was here, didn't you talk with her about returning to Aly?"

"No," she shook her head. "The Princess Andree and I are very good friends. Remember, at the wedding in Cannes I told you how fond I am of her. Naturally, I saw her while she was visiting in Hollywood. But she was not an 'emissary' from the Aga or Aly to try to influence me against a divorce.

"Aly *has* called me many times on the telephone. He knows my decision is final. When we talk, it is usually about Yasmine and how she is growing and adjusting herself to her new life in America.

"And, also, I have called Aly several times since the serious illness of his father. I am very fond of the Aga and was distressed to read of his critical condition. I am still friendly with Aly and his family. It is better that way.

"I want Yasmine to always feel that her father loves her. I don't want her to feel neglected as Rebecca often has." (Rita told me that Orson Welles has never sent Rebecca even a Christmas card.)

"I feel I have so much to live for in my two little girls. I'm going to keep working hard to take care of them and give them the advantages they should have."

I then asked her the question that everyone has been gossiping about. "You say you are going to work hard to give them advantages, Rita. Is it true that during your marriage to Aly you spent all the money you had made as a movie star?"

"That's another subject difficult to explain," she said. "Aly was always extremely generous with me. He bought me beautiful, expensive clothes and gave me jewels. But, in his own right, he is not wealthy. He is dependent on what is given him by his father, the Aga Khan, and his allowance does not always cover his tastes.

"But it is absolutely untrue that he ever asked me to spend my own money. I don't know how such stories start.

"When I filed for divorce in Nevada I asked for no money from Aly for myself. I did ask for the support that Yasmine is entitled to. So far, he has contributed nothing to her care, so perhaps that is what they mean when they say I assumed all the financial obligations of our marriage."

"Rita," I asked, "what about religion? Haven't you promised to bring up Yasmine in the Moslem faith? And didn't you, yourself, become a Moslem when you married?"

She measured her words carefully before she replied, "Where Yasmine is concerned, I can see the point of view of the Aga Khan and Aly. After all, Aga is the head of the Moslem religion. It would be a bitter blow to him if his granddaughter were not brought up in his faith. But I want Yasmine to know of the Christian religion—and when she is older, she can decide for herself.

"As for me," Rita sighed, "religion is not just something with a *name*. It is something inside you that you carry all your life, no matter what outside influences come along. I have never forgotten my vows as a Catholic. The important thing about religion is not what the world may label you—but what you feel in your heart. I want to feel that I am right within my heart—and then no further explanation is needed.

"Many times within the past six months I have drawn deeply on my faith," she said with sincerity and dignity. "It has not been easy to take the bitter criticism directed against me.

"It has helped not to read some of the worst of it. I don't want to feel too hurt. I'm not even upset at the writer who printed some of the worst articles. I know that she has long been Aly's friend and the Aga's, too. I, personally, never read what she wrote; but people have told me some of the things she said. Well, I suppose she has to make a living."

This was certainly a switch. Most actresses usually bitterly lament anything uncomplimentary to themselves in print.

Suddenly, Rita laughed. "I didn't mind when you called me temperamental when I first started my picture *Affair In Trinidad* and had trouble. I wasn't trying to be difficult.

"I realized how terribly important it was to have a good picture as my comeback. When we reported to work and I found that the script was not even completed—I refused to continue. So I was put on suspension. The minute the screenplay *was* finished, and it was good, I went back to work.

"There never was any trouble between my director, Vincent Sherman, and myself. He is kind, patient and understanding—and I want very much to live up to what he expects of me.

"The trouble is," Rita laughed, "I'm not an actress! No, don't say anything just to be polite. I've never fooled myself that I became a movie star because my talents rival Bette Davis'. I'm a dancer and I'll always be a dancer and—that's *it!*"

"Oh, come now—" I protested. "Your next picture is *Salome* and you'll have to act as well as dance in this role. You're wrong, Rita, about your acting. Perhaps you aren't a Duse, but you are a good actress."

She smiled. "Thanks. But I'll always think of myself as a dancer who has had a lot of luck. I mean, luck in my career. Whether or not I'm lucky in my private life is open to argument.

"Three times I have failed in personal happiness. Three times I have been divorced. I can't help but think that some of this must be my fault. In some way I have failed—not only others, but myself.

"I'm in a stage now of trying to work out my future, sensibly and without romantics. I hope some time that I may know the joys of a real and happy marriage. But anything like that is very far in the future. I have to readjust myself to *myself* and to make a new life for Rita Hayworth—and her children."

Suddenly, she said, "Do you think the fans will be glad to have me back, Louella?"

Without hesitation I replied, "Yes, Rita. I think they will be glad to have you back as soon as they begin to know that you are the same sweet, unaffected person you were before you left to be a Princess. And I'm proud to be the one to tell them that our own Rita Hayworth is back with us again."

"Thank you, Louella. That makes me feel very happy. I want the fans to be glad I'm back because I know now that I really love my work and how much I have really missed it.

"What makes me very happy is that my two little girls are happy here in my town—and that they seem to know, as young as they are, that we three are closer than we've ever been.

"I want to tell you something kind of sweet: Last night I went in to say goodnight to Rebecca who has been so miserable with chickenpox and all that stuff on her little body to keep her from scratching. She took a look at me and said, 'Mama, you have magic eyes.' Then she said, 'Yasmine has magic eyes, too. They smile. Sometimes I have magic eyes, too—but not the way you and Yasmine do.'

"I just grabbed her up, goop and everything, and hugged her. I love her so much."

It was time to say goodbye—and it was my old friend Rita who walked with me to the door and put me in my car.

"When you write your story, Louella," she said in parting, "please do not hurt anyone I have discussed. I'm not angry and I am not bitter. I have made mistakes, but I hope I profit by them."

And I believe her. What mistakes Rita Hayworth has made in the past will not be repeated in the future. For the reckless glamor girl of yesterday has become a mature and philosophical woman who knows what she is doing and where she is going. END

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love secret liz never told

(*Continued from page 29*) in the first place. It is why, the moment Michael Wilding went back to England, sudden and tremendous pressures were exerted to destroy their dream of happiness.

Of course, all is fair in love and war, and the several men who hoped that distance would not lend enchantment in Mr. Wilding's case, could hardly be blamed for their erratic behavior when a possible conquest of Liz' heart might be the prize. At first, Elizabeth was unaware of the plotting that went on, so secure was she in her new-found love. Telephone calls and flowers she happily ignored. And when they became too annoying, she simply took herself off to a quiet California resort, chaperoned by properly married and highly respectable friends. Here she felt safe and remote from adventuresome males.

This behind the scenes campaign to change Elizabeth's heart and mind would never have come to light at all, save for the fact that a very powerful business man wildly over-shot his mark. (You won't learn his name from me, for believe it or not journalists can be gallant, too.)

What happened was this: The man who hoped to make Elizabeth forget about Mike, through a cleverly planned and extravagant coup, appeared suddenly and casually on the scene of her little hide-away one day. Perhaps he had been fooled by the things he had read in the gossip columns, hinting that the Wilding romance was a mere flirtation. Perhaps, as well, he believed Liz' own and now famous misquotation about herself that she had "a child's mind in a woman's body."

At any rate, this legendary Beau Brummel completely under-estimated the honesty and loyal heart of the bride-to-be. When he charged into her life to press his suit, he did not know that Elizabeth was immediately alarmed. He did not know that she retired at once to her rooms to pack her bags in preparation for the now famous flight to London and her "dear Mike." Not that she was afraid that she might change her mind; she simply would not risk the creation of jet-propelled gossip which might sully the dignity of her love.

If this man had known about her telephone call to Mike Wilding at his Bruxton flat he might not have climaxed his unwelcome attentions as he did, knowing that Liz had arranged not to wait for Mike's return to Hollywood.

Instead, in a matter of hours, this mysterious man laid his very secret proposal at Elizabeth's feet. And this proposal was accompanied by a lapful of beautiful jewelry, the estimated value of which was more than 100,000 dollars! Now, almost any glamor girl might have promptly swooned, quickly recovered, and perhaps postponed her marriage in order to play the delicate game out.

Not Elizabeth Taylor! She was greatly distressed, for she respected the man, and despite his tactics did not doubt his sincerity. All she knew was that she must escape immediately to the charming, kind, elegant and relaxed Michael Wilding. Liz wasn't lured by fabulous diamonds. True, she has a small collection of jewels which she wears with almost bored abandon. True, she has a fairy tale mind that yearns for bright lights, dinner jackets and savoir-faire, but definitely *not* for explosive, complicated shenanigans.

Hollywood, and the Don Juans in it, have long under-estimated the intelligence and character of Elizabeth. And the story of the man who failed in his startling attempt to change Hollywood's love history, can now be happily forgotten.

I have told all this because people should know that Elizabeth's flight into marriage was not simply the whim of a girl who really didn't know her own mind.

While we are at it, the time has come to correct other false impressions, too, gossipy stories which spread rapidly following that simple ceremony at the Caxton Hall registry. The public circus which surrounded Elizabeth Wilding's wedding service was notable, not for the near riot by British fans, but for the complete lack of turmoil on the bride's part.

There were reports that Elizabeth and her husband were not entirely gracious with fans. However, it is impossible to be gracious to people who are displaying their own bad manners. The truth is that the honeymooning Wildings did not behave at all like a pair of important movie stars. After flying to France, they drove into Paris in an airline bus. They did not stay at the Hotel George V, scene of Liz' last unhappy honeymoon, but at the Plaza Athene in Avenue Montaigne, which is much nicer anyway, if not as elegant.

The restaurant there is one of the best any hotel in the world offers. Friday night after their arrival, they took a taxi, instead of renting a Cadillac as Liz had done on her last trip to Paris. They went to the Tour d'Argent which overlooks Notre Dame, and to which all celebrities must go. For dinner they had pressed duck, and theirs was number 227,181. (La Tour



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d'Argent, according to long standing tradition, gives each guest a card with the number of the dinner duck, and this has been cherished by brides for years.)

From there they took a taxi to the Chez Carrere, and ran into the trouble which caused the sort of gossip intelligent people must ignore. There were so many fans and photographers, that it was almost impossible to get inside. Fuming at the bad manners of those who would not let them alone, the bride and groom beat a hasty retreat back to their hotel where they were registered as Mr. and Mrs. Grubert of Bristol, England.

When they told their story to a friend, he laughed and said, "You didn't miss a thing. I think the show at Carrere's now is the worst in its history. But the customers at Carrere's missed plenty, Mrs. Wilding, because you are divinely beautiful."

And she was. She wore a ballet length full-skirted gown in black, with a plunging neckline, the bottom of which was fabulously jeweled, and in her white mink stole she looked almost angelic.

THEN, on Saturday morning the Wildings took a train—no special automobile or plane, just an old rickety train—and went off to Grenoble, about 350 miles from Paris. They were met by the proprieter of the Grand Hotel at L'Alpe d'Huez and driven another 36 miles to their honeymoon hostelry. Here they forgot all the hectic problems of the past few hours in a celebration which lasted until almost four A.M., after which they retired and did not re-appear until about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when they went for a walk along the snow laden roads.

At last they were alone, and although the curtain must drop briefly on their more intimate moments, I can tell you perhaps better than most, at this point, why Liz found Michael Wilding so much more attractive than the many men who sought to woo her. Liz was never mentally constructed to handle the heavy-handed Hollywood wolves, but she found great delight in this slim six-footer with his light blue eyes and brown hair. (Of which, incidentally, there is a lot more than gossips would have you believe.)

It was while both were house-guesting at the Stewart Grangers' that Liz' enchantment for the Britisher grew by leaps and bounds. It was Mike who slopped around the Bel-Air estate in casual English tweeds and loafers, and after late-until-morning gatherings in the Granger den, awoke at noon with ready quips and feeble attempts to mess up the kitchen for an imaginative breakfast. Afternoons, Mike planned casual drives along California's rugged coastline, alone with Liz, or bought tickets to the circus. Evenings there were all kinds of music, from the sublime to be-bop, interspersed with clever conversation and a lot of teasing between Mike and his best friend, Jimmy (Stewart) Granger. Liz enjoyed herself immensely, and fell head over heels in love.

There are those who've tried to classify Mike as a fortune hunter, which is not true. When questioned by an American friend as to whether he had saved any money in England, Mike cast a horrified glance towards the ceiling and admitted ruefully that he hadn't a bean. His London flat, elegant and compact, is run by an efficient secretary who has had to ride herd constantly to get all the bills paid. Mr. Wilding happily admits to a casual attitude toward high finance. This carefree attitude appeals to Liz. It equally enchants her to be squired in the Mayfair set of select London by Mike who looks the epitome of suave white-tie elegance as he commands the maitre d's with an air that most American glamor boys never quite achieve.

Elizabeth Taylor has many attributes, one of which is a lack of reverence for money. She cast a fortune aside, along with her first marriage, and the prospect of marrying into huge money again was something she refused to contemplate in exchange for the uncomplicated fun she'd be having as Mrs. Michael Wilding.

Besides, almost any minute now may come the news that MGM has renewed her contract, and stepped Liz's salary up from $2,500 to $5,000 a week!

And now that we know this honeymoon couple better, let's get back to them in Switzerland. Every morning their shutters opened about 10:30 and they had breakfast in their room—usually bacon and eggs. Then they sun-bathed on their balcony. After dressing, they strolled to the skating rink. They lunched about three, sometimes in the hotel, sometimes on their terrace. Mostly they dined alone in their room at night, sometimes they went down to dance. They opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate Liz's twentieth birthday.

Liz wanted to go skiing, but she is not permitted to learn by the terms of her contract, which can't use a star with a broken leg. Nor can Mike ski, either. His insurance company forbids it. So, as a substitute thrill they tackled the cable car railway to the mountain top, even though they couldn't ski down.

L'Alpe d'Huez is a very quiet and family-like place. People do not dress up in the evenings, which is proof of the fact that Liz did not have a "pajama and evening gown wardrobe with nothing much between," as some said. Being over 6,000 feet in the air, drenched in sun, it's possible to get a mid-winter sunburn in a hurry, and Liz certainly suffered one, momentarily ruining her bride's complexion.

Hereafter, I've made a vow not to pay much attention to what Liz is quoted as saying in the newspapers. One report from a British paper had Liz saying, "I thought we would have more privacy, and unless we get it, we are going to go somewhere where we can find it." This is ridiculous, because they were enjoying themselves at one of the world's most private places. To be any more private, they'd have had to go to the St. Bernard monastery, nearby, where the inhabitants are snowed in all winter.

The truth was that they were hardly bothered at all when they reached their honeymoon destination, here. They were asked to pose for pictures only once by two photographers. Liz talked willingly to them through an interpretor and made a big hit by her gracious behavior. No one spied on them at all, even when they spent an entire afternoon pulling each other around on a little sled, swooshing like mad over the bumps and inclines near the hotel.

As one French reporter said, "This is a honeymoon in which they scrupulously respect principle and tradition and remain quite to themselves." So you see, Liz' honeymoon, both here and in London, was very different from her first. Michael took her places the tourists never see. And Mrs. Michael enjoyed the whole, uncomplicated business, as she kept on pretending that she really wasn't grown up at all, but was a fairy princess being whisked through pink clouds.

As for Mr. Mike. He is very much all right, and on his honeymoon certainly indicated who wears the pants in his family. **END**

P.S. *London, England*: Liz and Mike were not due back in London until Tuesday, March fourth, but on Sunday, their

good friends the Wilcoxes (who stood up with them at the wedding) got a wire from Elizabeth, asking when Michael had to be back.

Wilcox answered that they needn't rush, since he would shoot around Mike for the first few days of the movie *Trent's Last Case* in which he is starring. However, in spite of this reassurance, Liz and Mike suddenly turned up on the Wilcox set Monday, the third, with no warning.

Michael was unshaven, but he and Liz were extremely tan. She had put on quite a bit of weight and her poodle cut needed trimming. Both looked very healthy and happy and Liz said, "I'm not worried about the extra weight as I have plenty of time to knock it off before returning to my own work."

Mike went right to work and left Liz with the days on her hands. It became her practice to sleep quite late and then join him at the studio for lunch (which wasn't much after she began to diet). In the afternoon she shopped for herself and Mike. He elected to stay conservative, however, and wouldn't wear any of the gay things she bought him.

Evenings they went out to dinner and to night clubs, usually ending up at the Ambassador where she liked to stay and stay. They effected a compromise about late hours, for Mike had to be up early to work and he bluntly admitted that he needed rest to be as fresh as possible every morning.

Liz' youth and vibrant energy was a welcome relief on the set of Mike's picture. Austerity-ridden England seemed a gayer place. And though the Wildings' honeymoon-acquired tans faded quickly, no one can say the same of their honeymoon devotion. **END**

for shelley—all or nothing

(*Continued from page* 36) down the other aisle. A man who was sitting behind me said, 'That's a girl who wants to come down both aisles at once.'"

"Exactly!" the first character said. "She *does* want to come down both aisles at once. She wants to be a great actress, and she wants to be a wife and mother. She wants everybody to love her. She wants everything—and you just can't have everything."

Somewhere in all this lies the truth about Shelley Winters. By the time you read this Shelley will be married to Italian actor Vittorio Gassman, unless something fantastically unexpected happens. She's so much in love it's popping out of her pores. "I love him more than anybody in the world," she says. "I love him more than I have ever loved anybody. He's a remarkable human being. He's so intelligent, and he has a sense of humor. When he was in New York, a reporter asked him, 'When you get married, who's going to be boss in the family?' And Vittorio answered, 'Such a question would never occur to an Italian.'"

But more about Shelley and Vittorio later. Now let's go way back in Shelley's past and find out what makes her tick.

Of her very earliest memory, she says, "It was awful." She was about two years old she thinks, and her family was moving from one house to another in St. Louis where she was born. The moving men had already taken the big furniture and Shelley's father had piled the rest in their old flivver. "He wanted me to get in the car," Shelley says, "to take me to the new house. I think that's how it was. It's all hazy. But he wanted me to get in the car with all the things. I refused. The



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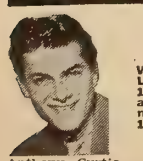
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Anthony Curtis



family was in a hurry; you know what it's like on moving day. And I suppose he wanted to teach me a lesson about obedience. Anyhow he drove away. Only a couple of blocks. He didn't mean to leave me, but I didn't know that. He drove away with our things, and I was standing there alone . . . Well, that's all I remember. They came back of course. I was in hysterics, but I don't remember that. My mother told me about that. I just remember him driving away with our things."

Her first memory was of rejection, a terrible rejection for a small child, although her father was unaware of it. Interestingly enough since her first memory was connected with possessions she is delighted to tell you now, "Vittorio doesn't believe in having too many possessions. He says you have to take care of them."

SHELLEY always longed to be accepted. She wanted the other kids to like her. "But they didn't," she recalls, "or at least I thought they didn't. And that's just as bad. You see, I wasn't pretty and I didn't conform. I wanted to be accepted but I didn't know how to be."

It was during her senior year in junior high in Brooklyn that she went out for a part in a school play. This was staged by the honor society who voted on the kids to include. In order to get in you had to have high grades. "I got good marks all right," Shelley says, "but I guess I was too aggresive. Anyhow, the kids voted against me for the play. I said I didn't care, but I cried for two whole days and I felt as if everybody was trying to do me in. So I swore revenge."

She formed her own dramatic society with the help of her mother and a couple of sympathetic teachers, and she wrote a musical, produced and acted in it at the school. Afterwards, the kids who had voted against her congratulated her and told her they were sorry about the other show. They explained that there were 30 nominations for the honor society and only ten could be chosen, so they had to vote against *somebody*. Now she says, "I guess that was right. But, you see, I took it personal."

Shelley always takes it personal.

When, after her success in pictures, she was lambasted by the press for being too boisterous, too argumentative, and for going around town in old beat-up slacks, she "fretted and carried on." Nowadays, criticism doesn't bother her so much. "I finally decided," she explains, "that I can't be honest with myself and true to everybody else, too. When you have definite opinions the way I do you're sure going to offend somebody. It used to be that I couldn't bear it if people didn't like me. But I just *have* to get used to the fact that not everybody will like me."

When Shelley signed her first contract with Columbia, everybody told her she'd have to make herself over. She made herself over, and nothing happened. In her own words, "I stank."

She is extremely nervous but she believes, "This nervousness is one of my assets. I have a great deal of energy, and interference drives me nuts." That's why some directors are annoyed by her. If she thinks a scene is wrong she says so at the top of her voice. But give her a director she trusts—someone like George Stevens or George Cukor—and, as she says, "I'll stand on my head and make faces with my feet!"

On Broadway Shelley fought and scratched for jobs. She was idle much more than she worked. A friend who knew her then says, "Shelley had to listen to everybody else talk for so long that when she finally got in the position where she could talk she decided not to stop."

Although she wants desperately to be a fine actress, she becomes annoyed with being a movie star because: "You can't eat, you're always watching your diet, and you're supposed to be dressed up all the time."

Shelley feels she has a bigger obligation to herself than is expressed by fancy clothes. For example, when Albenezi and Tagliavini were singing *La Boheme* in Los Angeles for one night only Shelley was working. She finished just in time to make it to the auditorium. So she rubbed off her screen makeup, threw on the old slacks in which she'd arrived at the studio that morning. All the other opera lovers had diamonds in their hair and Shelley was blasted by the columnists. "But," she says, "*La Boheme* was wonderful."

Vittorio, however, won't let her wear slacks. And when she left the house the other day without lipstick he asked why. She said, "I've got a million things to do so why should I waste time putting on lipstick?"

But Vittorio had her come back into the house and pretty up.

ONE of Shelley's endearing qualities is that she "sells" everyone she likes. Because she was so eager for people to like her, she wants everyone to like the people she likes. But sometimes she oversells until you want to say, "Oh, come off it, Shelley. No one can be *that* good."

Now, of course, there's only Vittorio. Shelley can't do enough for him. She'll corner a friend and ask, "Will you come hear him do a recital at The Players Ring? He reads Italian poems, and his voice is wonderful. He's a great artist. He speaks the lines, but it's like singing. And I wish you would do a story about him, not about me, just about Vittorio. The way he studies! Every day he takes an English lesson and he speaks it fine now. When I say the few Italian words I know he answers in English. He's working in a picture for United Artists now. It's a good picture. It's called *The Glass Wall*."

If you don't stop her, she'll tell you the plot.

"I'm going to work at our marriage night and day," she says. "Make it the most important thing in my life. I married young and it didn't work out. Vittorio married at 19, and it was over before I met him. So we know about that. We know that marriage isn't that romantic, never-never land that so many people think it is. It's really taking care of each other and protecting each other. It's having a person to lean on.

"He won't take me out to some glamorous place every night. I'll be lucky if he takes me out once a week. And TV fascinates him. He thinks even the commercials are screams. For such an artistic

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Eleanor Castelo
T. H.

man isn't that funny? They don't have TV in Italy."

In Italy, according to Shelley, "Having dinner is the big thing. You eat slowly, not rushed like here. And you sit and talk and talk and listen to music. Or you go to the theater. Vittorio can't get used to how fast everything moves here. Rush, rush, rush. But you know what? I *can* get used to how nice and slow everything moves in Italy."

You can understand why a girl like Shelley, who has pushed so hard, who, "wants to come down two aisles at once," should find Italy her spiritual home. She had to sit around Walgreen's—which is Broadway's Schwab's—listening to the other kids talk about their jobs. She was wretchedly poor. She was told that she was neither pretty nor glamorous. When she finally got a job she was Ado Annie in the umteenth road company of *Oklahoma!* It is not distinguished to be the last of the Ado Annies. Then came walk-ons and bits in movies, and Shelley felt that time was running out for her. She was afraid she wouldn't have the big screen career, that she'd be a failure.

Now, she is intensely loyal to old friends, and does wonderful things for people she likes. She's always good for a touch, remembering, as she does, the days when she wasn't eating so well herself. Sometimes she fights so hard for her friends she defeats herself. There was the young actor she thought was talented. She had no romantic interest in him whatsoever, but he was a good actor, and he needed a job. So Shelley beat on the doors of the mighty so hard that one man said, "What's with Shelley and this guy? Is he paying her an agent's commission or something?"

She is the original heart-of-gold kid. She hears a couple of makeup girls discussing a play they would like to see, and the next day Shelley gives them the tickets for it. A man in an obscure little shop makes a lamp for her. To the next ten people she meets she says, "You've got to go to my little man for a lamp."

Since she was so eager to play *Born Yesterday,* and since she and Judy Holliday do the same kind of work you'd think she'd be jealous of Judy. But Shelley loves her. "Judy Holliday is terrific. Such polish. Such finish," she says.

Shelley is not a phony; there is nothing devious about her. She doesn't know how to be devious. If she's mad you know it. If she's glad—oh, boy, you know it! And if she's in love . . . she lights up the sky.

How are she and Vittorio going to work out their living arrangements? She says, "Vittorio hated New York. It was too hectic for him. But he loves California because it's quiet and peaceful, and he loves the people. So we will have my apartment here and one in Rome. We haven't any set plans like six months here, six months there. Vittorio has commitments in Italy. It's so funny; they don't understand that here. When he's talking to a producer and explains this they think he's just trying to get more money. And he's so funny when he's talking about a deal and they offer him a certain amount of money. He's got to work it out in lira counting under the desk on his fingers. Anyhow we'll spend part of our time in Italy and part in California."

Yes, Shelley wants everything. To be a wife, to be a mother, to be an artist.

When she first saw *A Place In The Sun* she thought she was terrible. "All I could see was how beautiful Elizabeth Taylor was." But after she had seen it several times Shelley made the famous remark about the performance getting better. She did like herself in *Phone Call From A Stranger.* It's hard for her to discuss

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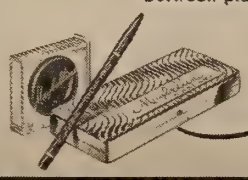
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Behave Yourself. "I was confused," she says. "I'd look at the rushes and think they were fine, and then I saw the picture and it didn't come off, and neither did I. But I thought Farley gave a very good performance."

Shelley is confused because so much gratuitous advice has been given to her. Suspicious by nature, she accepts advice only if she feels you are for her. When she first came to Universal the publicity woman assigned to her had the feeling that Shelley was on guard. Every time Shelley was told to pose a certain way or wear a certain dress, she'd ask, "Why?" The publicity woman would explain. After a series of what is known in the trade as "seductive art," the press agent suggested that they do a couple of shots of Shelley in a simple white blouse with a black bow at the neck. "Why," asked Shelley. "Because," it was explained, "this is sometimes the way you are."

Shelley thought that over and strung along with it. "After I'd answered her 'whys' enough times," says the press agent, "she realized I had her best interests at heart, and from then on she always trusted me."

Once, while lunching with a friend in New York, Shelley was reading a letter she'd just received from Vittorio. She looked up to see a reporter who had been razzing her in his column. He had accused her of falling in and out of love too often. "I'll show him this letter," she said. "I'll show him what Vittorio thinks about love. Then he'll know why I'm in love." Her friend tried to stop her, but trying to stop Shelley is like trying to hold back the sea. She quoted from the letter to the reporter. Maybe this was right to do, maybe it was wrong, but it was Shelley. You either admire this kind of forthrightness, or you condemn it.

For all her seeming bohemianism, Shelley has a strangely conventional streak in her nature. When she and Farley went to Europe together she insisted that a married couple go with them, not only as traveling companions but as chaperones. And when, shortly after she met Vittorio, a reporter asked if they were engaged she demanded indignantly, "How can we be? He's not even divorced yet." Having established herself as a brash kid it is interesting that she should fall back on the security of convention.

And so we have Shelley complete as of this moment. Ask the girl herself what she's really like, and she'll tell you honestly, "I think I'm a nice girl. Because I'm natural."

She says it with childish naiveté, because in a way, she is like a child, with young enthusiasms and young insecurities, with dreams of having the world, and fears of getting nothing. That's Shelley. That's why she's sensational! **END**

(*See Shelley Winters now in Universal's* Untamed.—*Ed.*)

the merry wives of hollywood (oh, yeah?)

(*Continued from page 55*) happens? At parties he, the star, is taken away from her and lionized (she is recognized as an afterthought). At public affairs he is surrounded by admirers and she finds herself to one side. By the time it is all over and they are home it is not *his* ego that needs feeding, it is *hers* that is anemic from neglect. If you had to name the most critical moment in the day to day relationships of Hollywood marriages, this would probably be it.

One night not long ago, Bill and Rena Lundigan walked out of the Mocambo in wonderful spirits. They'd had a swell evening together celebrating the completion of his last picture. Some fans saw Bill and crowded in. Others joined them and the mob got thicker. Suddenly Rena realized that she was having to fight to keep her place next to him. Eventually, she found herself pushed up against the building with Bill some distance away amidst a mob of kids. Rena has had this happen before, but just the same it is hard to get used to.

SUPPOSE you are Betty Lanza. You glory in your husband's popularity. Even when you go to the premieres of his pictures, particularly one like *The Great Caruso*, and the girls outside all scream, "Oh, Mario! Be my love!" you take it in stride. They want him but *you've* got him. Yet, it wouldn't be normal if you didn't feel just a little uneasy about the emotional storm he can create in feminine hearts.

Sometimes the threat is not so indefinite. Take the time another Betty, Macdonald Carey's Betty, bore the brunt of it. The two were walking along Sunset Boulevard after he had returned from location in New Mexico for *Cave Of Outlaws*, when a young redheaded thing, a little too exposed, waltzed up and began talking to him endearingly.

"Mac, darling!" she cried. "Why haven't you phoned me? Remember all the fun we had while we were both on location?"

As a family unit the Careys are as solid as a rock and Betty, wise to the ways of Hollywood, was quick to recognize a preposterous attempt on the young girl's part to gain publicity by prying herself into a scandal. So Betty stood by while Mac talked to the girl politely, and then they went on without even discussing the incident. But you can count on your fingers the number of other Hollywood couples who could sail through that without ugly suspicion being aroused.

There are other critical aspects of her position to keep a star's wife alert. She must guard against accepting privileges when she trades. Privileges have strings attached, and it is her husband who will fall the victim. The least that happens is that a star's wife gets special treatment when she shops—and finds that she has to pay for it up to double the ordinary price.

At all times she has to withstand close scrutiny herself. Even though her husband is in the limelight she is going to be stared at—sometimes impudently. She will meet woman after woman who will speak warm words but tear her down bit by bit with derogatory looks. And to meet such charmers, she will find, is part of her social obligations. She may think that the wife of the man who is going to direct her husband's next picture is a horrible bore but she dare not indicate it.

One star's wife, who obviously cannot be named, classed this—the number of objectionable people she had to meet—as the greatest cross of her life. But there were other unpleasant features she was able to list. "You can't live casually, take a stroll or walk to the movies without being gaped at. And darn it, you're never quite sure how much the attention your husband gets is a nuisance to him and how much he actually covets it! After all, he is not a painter or a poet or a soldier—he is a *male* personality and that brings you to the dreaded word, sex! He's *supposed* to knock women off their pins when

they see him. Now—where do I come in, raising a fuss about it?"

While it is true that the hazards of marriage in Hollywood are cushioned by material comforts—rich property settlements, high alimony—a heartache in silk and a heartache in cotton are still plain heartache.

There is a dark-haired girl in Hollywood who probably often recalls how much she was envied by the nurses at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital when her third baby was born there. The nurses would coo to the infant out in the hall before they'd bring it in to her.

Then they'd compliment her. "You have the prettiest little girl ever born in the hospital. Your husband must be terribly proud of you both."

This was only a few years ago. The baby was named Christina. The mother's name was Nancy Sinatra.

It is little comfort to live in sumptuous halls when they echo coldly to your footsteps. And finding yourself apart from your husband for long stretches of time is practically the rule for the wife of a star.

A little more than a year ago a tall, attractive woman was talking dejectedly to a traveling companion aboard a plane bound for Mexico City from Caracas, Venezuela. She said she felt like someone badly fooled.

"If only he and I could have gone somewhere away from telephones or telegraphs —it would have been wonderful. Think of it, for four years he planned this vacation, our first chance to be alone, and then he left me right there in the middle of it!"

"He" was John Wayne. The woman was his wife, Esperanza, whom he affectionately calls Chata—when he is around to talk to her at all. He is around now, at this writing, because they have reconciled after a separation that followed the interrupted trip. John had no intention of breaking up the vacation. He had eagerly laid out the whole itinerary to match a similar Caribbean tour he had read about in an old copy of the National Geographic Magazine. He chartered a two-motored plane which had every facility in it including a galley and refrigerator.

It was the plane that failed them first. "It makes dandy ice cubes but it don't fly so good," John reported to his associates back in Hollywood. Then John failed. He spent more time talking business than he did vacationing. And before the trip was over he got a wire from John Ford and had to take off suddenly for Ireland and his next picture, *The Quiet Man.* Chat, "lucky" Chata, came home alone. And this is the story behind the story of why she left him some months later.

THE most sensational Hollywood success in the past few years is that of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, but there are days —too many days, when neither Jeanie Martin nor Patti Lewis feel like cheering about it. Dean and Jerry are naturally in great demand for personal appearances and nightclub engagements all over the country. Jeanie, with one-year-old Dean Paul, Jr., to take care of, and Patti with six-year-old Gary and two-year-old Ronnie, usually stay home.

One evening, with the boys off on tour, the girls went to a formal dinner party thrown by Alan and Sue Ladd. Their escort, the boys' agent, Henry Wilson. And Jeanie, not yet married three years, couldn't help but bemoan the constant separations.

"Actually, by the calendar," she complained, "Dean has been gone from me oftener than he has been with me.

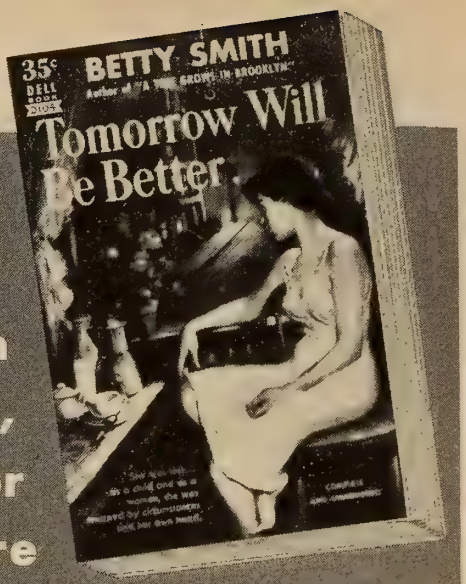


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The comment of Patti was indirect but none the less poignant. "I always used to wonder what it would be like to be married to a sailor," she said. "Now I know."

Of course there is nothing to prevent a wife from accompanying her husband on personal appearance tours—nothing, that is, if she has no children or other obligations at home, and the studio doesn't frown on the idea, but most stars' wives soon learn they might just as well stay home. On tour their husbands are less private individuals than they are back in Hollywood.

The last time Jessica Ryan went along with her Robert was to the San Francisco premiere of *The Set-Up.* For three days he posed for pictures, gave out interviews and made personal appearances during which time Jessica had the choice of sitting alone in her room or taking a walk alone. There was one press luncheon which she attended, only to find that between her and Robert sat 14 other people.

Jessica never had ideas of marrying a sailor but she did give thought occasionally to what married life with a doctor would be like. She feared that he would always be out on visits. Now there are times when she plays around with the idea of getting Robert to switch to medicine. "At least he'd have to come home to fill the hypodermic needle once in a while," she points out.

THE wife Hollywood probably knows least about is Mrs. Howard Keel. Helen Keel is petite, blonde, and just now expecting her second child. When Howard was hitting big in *The Small Voice* and *Annie Get Your Gun,* his newly-acquired fans would have gotten the surprise of their lives had they seen Helen's unglamorous circumstances. She was the mistress of a tiny, prefabricated house, smaller, less pretentious than the average home of the ordinary craftsman in any American town. It stood next to a big, dusty lot in an unfashionable section of West Los Angeles, and was no more than a little compact box divided off into two bedrooms (one hardly more than a cubicle), a small living room, bath and kitchen. Every time a car went by outside the whole structure shook. Every time it rained the house was sure to get muddy because the only approach to it was a dirt path.

The Keels have since moved to a much nicer place, but Helen will never remember her introduction to Hollywood as an exciting one. And she likes to go out and enjoy life. The other night she went to a Bel-Air affair with Howard and with the aid of a clever costume, a silver lamé Mandarin coat over black silk trousers, was able to disguise the fact that she is shortly to be a mother again. Yet the tipoff to the kind of marriage Helen is going to lead as a star's wife has long been evident to those who know them. She will be part of his private life only—the public is to see and hear as little of her as they do of Greta Peck, Dolores Hope or Dixie Lee Crosby.

These last three prefer it that way, of course. Greta will never forget that an ordinary automobile accident suddenly became a front page calamity as soon as it was learned that she was the wife of Gregory Peck. A quiet woman with no desire to share the spotlight thrown on Gregory, she wants nothing more than to be able to live her life quietly in the rambling hilltop house he built for her and their three little boys.

Gregory Peck, John Wayne, Mario Lanza, Burt Lancaster, Bill Lundigan . . . all fine actors. But it is questionable whether they ever have roles as difficult as the ones their wives play . . . every day of their lives. END

(*Continued from page 52*) the kinks out of his long legs and climbed into a waiting studio car. During the previous three weeks he'd covered seven Latin American countries, traveled 20,000 miles, sung for 200,000 people. He'd been mauled, mobbed and "patted to death" by day, got along on four hours broken sleep each night, as *senoritas* tapped on his hotel door or cooed under his window grill. He'd dropped ten pounds. For the past 38 hours he'd rolled and bounced nonstop clear from Sao Paulo, Brazil, to make a Hollywood radio broadcast.

With the motors still roaring in his ears, Howard grabbed a quick sandwich, and without even time to go home and say hello to his wife, Helen, and little girl, Kaiya, he plunged into rehearsals, then sang the Lux Radio Theater version of *Showboat* with its arduous score.

After the program the producer tendered him an extravagant compliment. "Howard," he said, "you were great—never better in your life. Frankly, after the beating you took I don't see how the devil you did it."

Keel scowled uncomfortably. "I guess the Good Lord just takes care of drunks and broken down bassos," he said, escaping fast.

Of course, Howard Keel is no drunk and certainly not any broken down basso, as anyone who's been going to movies lately and isn't stone deaf will know. Moreover, with all due deference to Providence, Howard is well able to take care of himself. But the incident and the remark is typical of an independent, rugged individualist who asks no quarter and gives none, and who is acutely allergic to any kind of praise, or anything which faintly resembles what he grinningly brands "hokum."

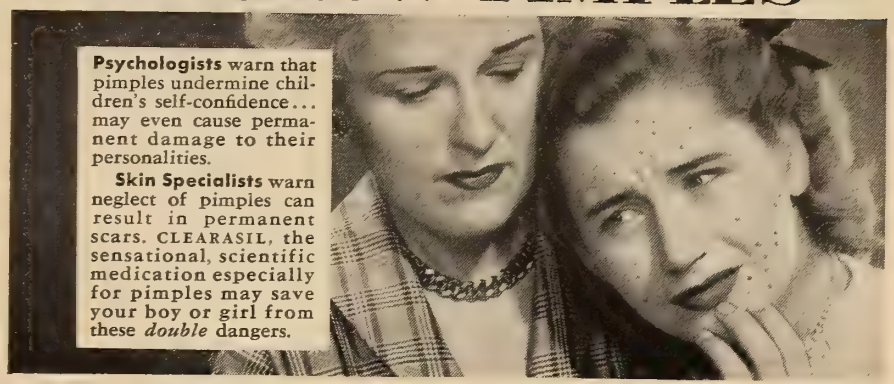
It wasn't very long ago that Howard was parked in the swank Beverly Hills Hotel at the galloping rate of $18 a day, which he could afford like nothing at all. In fact he was not too well-heeled and but for his relaxed attitude might have resembled any other undiscovered actor who hadn't hit the jackpot. In a way, this was all unnecessary because—except for a slight moral principle involved—he could have been staying there with all expenses paid and a nice, fat salary besides.

Howard was waiting for his contract to start at MGM. He could have had that contract a year earlier with the red carpet rolled out. Only then he'd have had to go back on his word, and that didn't set right with him. At that point he'd promised the English producer who gave him his first movie job to make two more pictures. He had no contract of any sort or anything in writing—only his promise. He knew he could breeze away to his big Hollywood break with no legal trouble whatever. Instead he said, "No—sorry, I'm tied up," and watched it go glimmering.

It was only when these two pictures were called off that he sailed back to New York, got in touch with MGM and told them frankly that he was out of a job and ready to sign if they were. They said they'd see. And when they finally saw Howard Keel for *Annie Get Your Gun*, they didn't see him for nothing. He got everything he wanted.

A holdout when you're hungry calls for plenty of moxie, but Howard Keel owns his share of that. His story is laced with guts all along. He had a rugged road to ramble before he ever clicked in this singing and acting business. He got his ears knocked down and while he worked hard, he made mistakes. He was cocky

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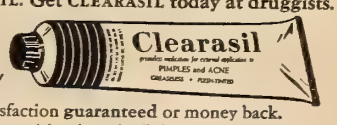
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sometimes, he let his temper get out of control when things didn't suit him. He learned. But also he didn't forget. He never forgot that he was a two-legged man, just as good as the next guy. Yet, it's when he's rated a superman that Howard snorts "hokum" most angrily. And of course by now that's what happens right along.

On his recent South American jaunt, for instance, Howard ran smack into the kind of swoon thing that Frank Sinatra used to get up here in the States. This wild worship tortured him no end but he rallied happily. One night, 25 senoritas stormed into his hotel. He gave them all autographs, but they didn't budge. He kissed each and every one, but that didn't satisfy either. Finally he asked the local official what he could do.

"*Senor* Keel" said that worthy. "They say they want to marry you!"

"Holy cow!" cried Howard. "All 25?"

That was the night Howard and Kathryn Grayson sang at a theater in Rio de Janiero where the stage was bandbox size, with no stage entrance or even wings. Between numbers they had to sit on a small settee right back of the mike. Every time Howard got up, the audience did. When he sat down the whole house sat down. When he smiled, they smiled back, when he bowed they bowed. There was no escape, and no let up to the devoted imitations. Finally he got really upset. "Isn't there some way we can get out of here?" he whispered to Kathryn. "I'm going nuts. Why, they're acting like we're royalty!"

This is no overgrown false modesty that pesters Howard Keel. It's simply that he levels down on himself as he does with the rest of the world. Nobody can tell him he's right when he thinks he's wrong, or vice versa. He's no sorehead, in fact normally there isn't a wider piano smile in Hollywood than Howard's. But it can turn grim in a wink when once he gets a notion that things aren't what they should be.

Most people, including his studio bosses, thought that Howard Keel did his best work in *Showboat*. Most people enjoyed it and his singing hugely. Anyone would say a man had a right to be proud of himself after singing the Gaylord Ravenal role in that. Was Howard proud—even pleased? He hated himself and the job he did. He still does. He won't go see it. Ridiculous? Maybe curious? The guy is simply honest with himself—a rare quality in Hollywood.

Naturally, he went to the premiere; MGM talked him into that. But unfortunately he had seen the picture at the studio before. So that gala night, in the dark of the Egyptian Theater, Howard Keel slid down in his seat, closed his eyes and when he thought no one was looking clamped his hands over his ears. "I tried to go to sleep," he confesses. "I didn't because I couldn't, but I tried." And why? "Because, I'd made some lousy mistakes in those recordings," he'll tell you. "I'd already heard 'em and I didn't like 'em and I didn't want to hear them again." Nobody else felt that way and perhaps even Howard couldn't tell you what was "lousy" about them. But to him they were—period.

"I learned long ago not to tell Howard he's good," sighs Kathryn Grayson, who has sung with him not only on tour, but in both *Showboat* and his latest *Lovely To Look At*. "He'd never believe me unless he thought so himself and I might just make him mad. But he *is* good, you know, whether he'll admit it or not."

Not long ago, during *Lovely To Look At* a publicity girl at Metro who's one of his best friends made the mistake of asking Howard how he was coming along. "Get lost, girl," barked Keel. "Don't mess with me. I'll bite your head off. I've just done the worst job in history with those songs. Go away. Beat it. Leave me alone."

Just the same she talked him into lunch with her, and although the conversation was pretty one-sided, she finally calmed him down to civility. Then the producer strolled by the table and fanned the embers again. "I hear the records you made are swell, Howard," he offered innocently. Keel blew up, stopped eating and prepared to dash out of the place when the man stopped him.

"We think they're swell, but if you don't like them," he said, "of course, all you have to do is make them over again." Howard almost choked.

"Well, I'll be . . ." he gasped, "I never dreamed the studio would stand the expense." So he did the recordings he thought were "lousy" over on his own time. He's that much of a perfectionist!

Some of the funniest moments Howard has endured since he came to Hollywood ganged up on him in a dance scene he was supposed to do in *Showboat*. Dancing is not Keel's forte. He thuds around on Number 12½-D gunboats, and most feminine partners reach about to his belt when he's dragged into the light fantastic. This was to be a merry waltz with Kathryn Grayson—and to put it mildly, the idea was disastrous.

Keel tried, heaven knows, for 35 "takes". All of one day and part of another. He could waltz, after a fashion, in one direction. But he couldn't turn around and go the other way. After Kathryn faced exhaustion trying to steer him they brought in a male dance instructor to teach him that simple maneuver. Dancing ignominiously with another man, Howard only got more confused and embarrassed. It was finally filmed, but Gene Kelly didn't lie awake nights with envy. In fact, after all of this hilarious monkey business, they cut the whole thing out.

Probably the personal low spot in Howard's career occurred when he opened with *Oklahoma* in England, back in 1948. He'd toured the States with that show as "Curley," and for months he'd doffed his hat after "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" to let his own naturally straight hair tumble out. Nobody in America seemed to mind this incongruity, but the British, his director assured him, were fussy about details like that. The only thing to do, he advised, was to get a permanent wave. It took a lot of stormy persuasion but finally Howard agreed to the transformation. "Okay," he grudged, "but

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I'll do it alone. If anybody comes to watch, I'll murder 'em!"

That afternoon he sneaked guiltily in the back door of a London beauty shop and in a few minutes, was wired up like the back of a TV set, the current cooking his lanky mop into an artistic arrangement of ringlets and curls. When he sneaked out again, scowling like a mugg from Limehouse, "I looked," Howard still growls to remember, "like a blankety-blank-blank poodle!" When he went on stage the next night in Manchester, Howard was a tonsorial treat, so much so that next morning the critics spent all their superlatives on his coiffure and none on his voice. *Oklahoma*, rhapsodized one, "certainly has the most beautiful hero!" That did it. From then on, Howard wouldn't even take off his hat in the show until the ringlets smoothed out again, and you won't find those review clippings in his scrapbook today. He ripped them to shreds the minute he read them.

Howard Keel has mellowed somewhat since those first clashes with the artificialities of show business. He's adapted—but not very much. The truth is, there is no native exhibitionism in Howard Keel's nature, nor his heritage. Basically, Howard is a living example of the old saying that "you can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy." To understand him you have to know the kind of people he sprang from and what he was before his suddenly discovered magnificent voice plunged him into a world of make-believe.

Howard Keel's folks were plain, salt-of-the-earth people, who worked with their hands. His grandmother traveled to the plains of Illinois in a wagon. His dad was a coal miner, but before that he sailed for four years aboard the flagship *Tennessee* in Teddy Roosevelt's Great White Fleet.

Howard Keel himself stood on his own oversize feet for a good many years before he ever saw Hollywood fame. From the start he was the kind of a kid who could handle his own affairs, and preferred to.

Once, in his early teens, Howard bagged the family Lizzie for the first time to see a girl he had in Staunton, an Illinois town near Gillespie. Flushed with his first solo turn at the wheel, he raced her around town, cutting corners on two wheels. After he'd finally dropped his date off home, he continued the exuberant spree, unfortunately right down Main Street. When he heard a siren he cut out for home. But they caught him, of course, and said it would be eight dollars—or jail. The two bucks he had for the big evening were long gone and Harry was broke. "You'd better call your folks," the cops counselled. "Nossir," said Harry, "I'll go to jail," which is just where he went. The police called Gillespie anyway and sometime in the early morning his family came down and bailed him out. He thought he'd catch it for sure, but nobody said a word. Harry went to work and paid back the eight dollars.

THERE's another little episode picked out of Howard's untold past that might give a slant on the way his straight shooting mind works, and what happens if you cross it up. It happened down in Fallbrook, California, where the Keels came from Illinois when Howard's father died. Howard was quite a fighter then. He went in big for amateur ring bouts at high school and the CCC camps. He'd won two matches in an elimination tournament when he was pitted against a close friend he chased around with. "Look," his pal approached him before the scrap, "you'll take me easy, so let's take it easy, huh?"

"Sure," Howard agreed. But at the bell



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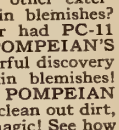
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his chum threw him a haymaker square in the mouth and he almost went down. He thought it must have been a wild swing—but soon he knew it wasn't. In a minute he was back on the ropes beneath a vicious attack that left little doubt as to what went on. His friend was tricking him into a knockout. Furious, Howard waded in and the referee stopped the fight. But the episode sickened and soured him. He never pulled on a glove after that. Maybe that's why he's a slow friend to make and standoffish today.

There's just one more—and maybe this one explains why today with Howard Keel "it's got to be good," why he's his own severest critic. He had a good job at North American Aircraft and one day he quit it. He'd found he could sing and in the first flush of that glorious discovery he grandly told everybody what he was going to do. "To hear me talk," he'll scowl wryly today, "I was going to be the sensation of the nation." Well, he wasn't. The first singing lessons he took didn't take, he found the road ahead was long and rough. He got some piddling song spots, singing waiters and such, and he quit them in disgust and in temper. Then he was broke and he had to have a real job again. But he wouldn't go back to the place he'd left where the job he needed was waiting. He'd popped off and he was ashamed. He went to another plant where he didn't know anybody. And he never popped off again. Not even when later on, he had a right to. Not even now.

By now, Howard Keel's formative days are over. He's in his thirties, a settled family man and not mad at anybody—as long as they don't tread on his toes—and he yields practically no opportunity for that. The new Brentwood house where Howard and his pretty blonde wife Helen live with Kaiya and their boxer pup, Mouka, is Keel's castle. Photographers have never been inside it and, Howard declares, never will.

This self-imposed isolation has made Howard somewhat of a mystery man in Hollywood, heightened by the fact that outside of Kathryn Grayson and Louis Calhern, the Keels have practically no close Hollywood friends. They never go night clubbing, and even when he shows up at a Hollywood *grande affaire* Howard has a maddening way of appearing and then suddenly disappearing into thin air—which for one of his substance and stature is a fairly neat feat.

Occasionally, Howard relaxes, if you can call it that, at golf, sometimes with a foursome including Vic Mature, Davy Wayne and Lex Barker. But while he's whittled his score down into the seventies, the process remains painful. Seeking perfection at that exacting sport sometimes mesmerizes Howard so that he forgets he's playing a game. "If he starts slicing," says Vic Mature, "he'll take every bloody ball in his bag and bang it out of bounds until he hits one straight. Sometimes, we just leave him there digging up the fairway, go on and catch him the next time around."

It's really at that carefully guarded home of his that Howard Keel lets down and lives. He sleeps in a specially built, over-long bed from which his toes still dangle. He eats anything that tastes good and personally barbecues "one devil of a steak." He collects his friends around him—his closest are three old buddies from the aircraft plant days—feeds and drinks them well (he can't drink himself, he's allergic to alcohol). Then they sit around until all hours chewing the fat, dreaming about a South Sea sailing trip, spinning Howard's endless collection of records. He has a little workshop out in back where he dawdles making this and that for the house because it relaxes him to work with his hands.

It's not an exciting home picture, but Howard Keel doesn't want it exciting. At home he just wants peace, comfort and his family. That group will be adding up to four about the time you read this, because two-year-old Kaiya's expecting a brother or sister any minute. If he can have at least two more children Howard Keel thinks he'd be happy, and if and when they arrive, he'll have at least five people in this world who can boss him around. Because currently a couple of blondes in Brentwood, California, are the only two who can tell Howard Keel just what to do and make it stick. One of them is his wife, the other is his daughter. **END**

people might say she's in love

(*Continued from page 59*) but it is revealing in a couple of respects. For one thing, around Hollywood people are saying that Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner are a red hot item. For another, those rumors are flying right over Debbie's unimpressed and unconcerned head.

Some of the people who hint that romance has come to Debbie at last don't know what they're talking about, of course, but others certainly should. The other night, for instance, out in Burbank where Debbie lives, her dad, Ray Reynolds, addressed a remark to his wife, Maxene.

"I don't know about Sis," he puzzled, "what do you think? Looks like she's got herself a steady boy friend."

Debbie kept right on eating as if she hadn't heard. Her mother said, "Now, Ray—" but that didn't stop him.

"Well, you know," he continued teasing, "Sis was never much for the fellows but now—uh—" and he gave her a look.

"Daddy," said Debbie, "do you think it'll rain?"

And at approximately the same time over on Stone Canyon Drive in Bel-Air another observing father was holding a similar discusssion with his wife. He said, "How do you figure R. J., Chet? Looks to me like the boy's gone, don't you think?"

"S-h-h-h, Dude," protested Mrs. Wagner, "you know that's not true—"

"I don't know," Mr. Wagner raised his voice, "he's never been this hog-tied before. Wonder what's cooking?" Then he heard the front door slam and chuckled. "There he goes now. Not going away mad, I hope," he added.

Bob wasn't mad, but he was in a hurry. It's a haul from Bel-Air to Burbank, and if there's one thing he knows Debbie hates its a date who's late. He got there on time that night, even ten minutes early, and they went to a show. That happens these days pretty regularly, at least two or three times a week, with lunches in between. Then there are dance dates at the Palladium and sometimes when Debbie feels like getting "all jazzed up in an outfit" they even take in Mocambo. On free afternoons she's teaching Bob to jitterbug or else meeting him at the Bel-Air club after golf for dinner. And sometimes on weekends there's a trip up to the mountains or down to the beach with their gang.

And you can bet all this hasn't gone unobserved in Hollywood, where merely one public appearance of two attractive unattached young stars is good for an engagement rumor, and two weeks of steady dating can have them practically

married and settled down. In fact, during the past few weeks, there's been so much Debbie Reynolds-Bob Wagner romantic smoke that it seemed high time to me to poke around to see if I could find a fire. And in a situation like that there is only one thing for a reporter to do with a straight talking girl like Debbie Reynolds: ask her. So I called her up.

"Is it true, Debbie," I said, "that you and Bob Wagner are the greatest romance since Romeo and Juliet, or is it not?"

"I could hit you in the head," replied Debbie. "You kill me." But she said she'd answer any reasonable questions with true talk and I knew she would. So I met her over at Bob's house that afternoon and we went into the matter.

"R. J." as Debbie calls him, is a big athletic six-footer as handsome as they come, and he cracks a grin that's absolutely devastating. You can't miss it when you see *With A Song In My Heart*. "R. J. simply just broke me right up with that grin," she sighed. "Why, when I first saw him I said, 'There's a crazy cat.' "

The way Debbie told it, she was over at Fox visiting her friend Camille Williams, who was dancing there, and they were just coming out of that huge rehearsal hall heading for casting, miles away, when this boy rolled up in his car and yelled, "Hey, can I give you a lift?" Well, it was better than walking in the hot sun and Camille said she knew the character, so they hopped in and the minute Bob opened his mouth, well, he just killed her. "I didn't get to say a thing," Debbie recalled. "I just laughed. Just shook my sides."

Sarong: A dish towel that made good. Dorothy Lamour as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.

That was about two years ago, when Debbie first came to Metro, and for three months absolutely nothing happened. But then one night the phone rang and it was this boy but she couldn't remember him until he talked on and on and then she did. But she was a little sore that it had taken that long so she gave him a real hard time. "Oh yes, I remember you," she said finally, "what do you want?" He said he had two tickets to *Little Boy Blue* and he wanted to take her.

"It sounds very nice," she told him coolly, "but I can't. I'm beat. My hair's straight and I haven't a thing to wear."

"That's perfect," she got back. "I'm practically at death's door myself and the moths have riddled my best suit. Tell you what, I'll go by Utter-McKinley's, pick up a hearse and be right over." So before she knew it she was laughing and saying okay and then slipping into her purple formal and brushing off the white cape.

WELL, what followed, as Debbie recalls, was "just one of those nights, one of those fabulous flights." At the show they ran into Rory and Lita Calhoun and Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew and a mess of kids. So they went on to Mocambo, the Kings, the Savoy and the Sphinx, talked on the air with the disc jockeys, wound up at Rory's singing and dancing, and in general had themselves a ball. And since then there have been big nights and little nights, but scattered over months and months. It hasn't been anything near a "gruesome twosome" with Bob and Debbie until very lately, and it's not strictly exclusive even now. Debbie has scads of beaux and always has—Craig Hill, Dick Anderson, Stumpy Brown, Bobby Van—not to mention the college boys who take her out now and then. As for Bob, he's no Johnny One-Note either, as Barbara Lawrence, Susan Zanuck, Barbara Darrow and Mary Marshall, to name a few, can testify.

"They call him the Beau of Bel-Air," kidded Debbie.

"She's the Belle of Burbank," Bob parried. But never has Debbie teamed up so often with one date, before. And neither has Bob.

Debbie and Bob really got solidly acquainted taking in Hollywood premieres together. But soon Debbie had to rocket off on those long personal appearance tours of hers and Bob traveled away on locations. Then last summer Debbie had a "christening" for her new swimming pool in the back yard, and invited all her new Hollywood friends, including R. J. Wagner.

"But I was the busy hostess," said Debbie, "and of course he got there late and wouldn't go in swimming. So we didn't say much more than 'hello'."

"I was coming down from Arrowhead, I'd been water-skiing all day and I didn't want to get wet again. Besides I was late for dinner at home," explained Bob.

Anyway, things really didn't pick up again until one weekend last winter when Debbie went to Lake Arrowhead for some picture layouts in the snow, along with Barbara Ruick, Dawn Adams, Dick Anderson and some other kids. She was strapped up on skis for the first time in her life, and was too terrified to even move, when this hearty character loomed up out of nowhere, yelled, "Hiyah Debbie" in her ear and gave her a playful shove.

"She fell for me that time," grinned Bob.

"You knocked me down, you mean," said Debbie, "right on my seat. So I had to get even."

How Debbie got even was inviting Bob to dinner. "As long as you've crashed the party," she told him, "you might as well eat. Leave everything to me."

Debbie went to work in the cabin that night over some stuff she called "goulash" for want of a better name. It was a collection of just about everything lying around including spaghetti, but to tell the sad truth, she couldn't even cook that. Everything came up raw. "I took one bite and excused myself," Debbie remembered. "Dick and Dawn took a few polite mouthfuls and had cramps all night. But this Wagner—he cleaned up his plate and said it was wonderful. 'What a liar!' I told him."

BUT she really felt bad about it, and was so impressed with his gallantry so she told him she'd make it up with a dinner in town. Bob's been having quite a few of these at Debbie's house ever since, when she isn't having them at his—or at least some place together—and that's how all these romance rumors got going at last. Well, what about them? True or false? You ask Debbie Reynolds a question and she tells you.

"Why, no," she said honestly. "It's no romance with Bob and me. We're not even going steady. I don't believe in going steady, not for me. I'm too independent. It's just the way I'm made, I can't help it. And R. J.'s the same way. We both feel exactly the same way about this. Why, can you imagine me telling any boy not to go with another girl—or any boy saying 'no other guys' to me? What a thing! Look," said Debbie, warming up to the subject. "I was just 20 years old on April First. R. J.'s only 22. We're too young for anything exclusive. Both of us are just starting careers. Wouldn't it be too ridiculous to get all tied up? Why, we've never even considered it. It hasn't come up. I'll tell you what we do have though—and it's pretty hard to find in this town—that's relaxed companionship. If we feel like it we go out and have fun. If we



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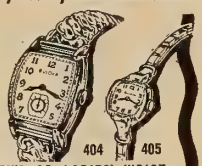
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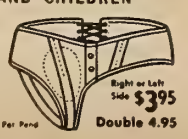
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don't, we don't and nobody gets mad."

Bob backed her up there. "That's what's so great about Debbie," he said. "No tricks. No act. No grand production."

"And you know what's nice about R. J.?" put in Debbie. "He's considerate. He understands. A lot of boys in this business don't understand. They think you're indestructible."

The other afternoon, related Debbie, she was tapping and sliding all around an MGM stage in a rugged number with Bobby Van for *Skirts Ahoy*. She had a date with R. J. that night, and he spent a few hours watching her rehearse. It exhausted him! When she finished she told him she'd go change her dress, and be right back.

"But," marveled Debbie, "you know what he said? He said, 'That's off. You're all beat. You go home and hit the rack. Goodbye, now!' Why, I almost collapsed. Most men would have made it an issue. They'd have yelled, 'Hey, what do you mean standing me up?' even if I was on the verge of collapse.

"That's one thing that gets me hacked, but really upset," frowned Bob Wagner. "The way Debbie knocks herself out. The other night she had a fever of 102. . ."

"It was 103, I had the flu," said Debbie, "and all I did was answer the phone. R. J. checking up to see if I was staying in bed. He called five times. 'What on earth's the matter?' my mother finally asked. 'Why, he's mad,' I told her. 'He doesn't trust me'."

"I can't," argued Bob. "Look what you did. You got up with the fever and went to a benefit, maybe six benefits. Somebody hands her a script even if she's ready for an oxygen tent," complained Bob, "and she says 'sure'! I don't want a corpse on my hands, do I?"

There are several things, Bob and Debbie admitted, that get them hacked about each other. Debbie can't stand to have anyone spend money on her, and that upsets R. J. She's so independent that unless the gifts are gags they embarrass her. "Flowers for instance," she says. "I don't dig flowers at all." The only gifts she's let Bob give her are two fuzzy monkey dolls that hang from her chandelier. "The greatest monkeys ever," said Debbie. "They're our kids, just darling." But she quickly paid him back with a corncob pipe and a beer mug on his last birthday.

They make an argument too, now and then, because he likes her hair long and loose and she likes it tight and she likes his short and he likes it long. She gets very nervous when he drives and he gets hacked when she tells him how to go—and then, of course, there's the trouble Debbie has with all her dates, about being on time. The worst experience she ever had was with a certain boy friend—not Bob—who was always late. She warned him, and one night when he rolled in tardy at Burbank he found her backing out the drive on her way to a girl friend's house. "I got lost," he pleaded, but since he'd been to Debbie's house many times before Deb didn't go for that. "Then get lost again," she came back. Well, Bob was a little bad that way but he's reformed.

But the main thing that gets her stirred is when she starts arguing and Bob drowns her out with his fast double-talk jabber. Whatever the issue is, Wagner has a way of smothering the whole thing by rattling, "Okay, swell, fine, now, all right then, girlie, see you later, never mind, nice to know you, good-bye Sam. . ." and so on and on until, well, "I could hit him right in the head," confessed Debbie.

As a matter of fact, those little tugs of war are what make things interesting when two spirited people like Debbie and Bob Wagner get together. But underneath them, I suspected there is genuine admiration on both sides. So when Debbie excused herself for a phone call I asked Bob, "What is it you really like about Debbie?"

"That's easy," he said. "Everything. First of all she's a terrif personality and she's always herself. She's the ideal date."

Then when Debbie came back and Bob had to answer the doorbell, I put the same one to her. I said, "Debbie, what really sends you about this R. J.?" "Why, I thought I told you," she said. "I think he's just wonderful, the greatest guy ever. Everybody does. He's not just a comic character, you know. R. J.'s a serious young actor, he's got brains and talent and he's so sensitive. He's got looks, he's got everything, he's going places. Why, he can even dance. You know how most boys have rhythm in their heads but it doesn't reach their feet? Well, Bob's got the message. We're working up a soft shoe routine right now," she revealed, "to entertain the soldiers, and I'd like to make a picture with him, too."

So I thought I'd try the $64 question and I asked her right out, "What about love then, engagement and marriage?"

I've got to hand it to that Reynolds. She didn't turn a hair or bat an eye. "Why sure," said Debbie, "I'm planning on it someday. When I fall in love, then I'll get married. But I don't think I'll fall in love—boom—like that. I'll have to know a person for a good long time; with me it'll have to grow. You know," Debbie cocked her dainty head and looked pensively out the window, "you go with a person, you like him, he's a nice guy, so you fall in love and you get serious, you get romantic. Well—you can get carried away . . .

"To tell you the truth," Debbie levelled it down. "Right now I'm in love with my work. Does that sound corny? Well, I really am. I wasn't at first but now, I couldn't live without it. It's got in my blood. Right now I've got everything I want. Why, look—a car, a pool, new clothes, some money in the bank. I never thought in my whole life I'd have all that. And so—that's enough for awhile.

"I won't get married when I'm 20, maybe when I'm 23. By that time this career will be going strong—or it won't be going at all. Either way, by then I can do what I want to do. But you can't have everything, not all at once. You've got to pay a little price for the good things you get," she philosophized, "and I guess keeping out of romance is mine. Of course, you never know what will happen to you."

That's when Bob came back in the room and naturally he had to ask, "What have you got figured out?"

"That you're coming to dinner at my house," said Debbie.

"Oh, let's go out—"

"It's expensive. I don't want to get dressed. I'll call mom, tell her to get something good. . ."

"Why don't we just eat here, then?"

"No—"

"Yes—"

"Look here, now, R. J.—"

"Okay, swell, then it's all settled, thank you very much," jabbered Wagner, "never mind, keep the change, that's a date, call me tomorrow, good-bye Sam. . . ."

"You see?" pleaded Debbie. "You see—oh, whatta you gonna do?"

I really have no idea, myself. That's Debbie's problem, and Bob Wagner's, too. But from where I sit it looks like it ought to be great fun working it out. In fact, a lot of guys and gals I know around Hollywood would stand in line for the job. Being Bob Wagner's best girl friend looks like very nice work and Debbie Reynolds has it—and vice versa with Bob. The only trouble is, if they keep it up much longer people may say they're in love. **END**

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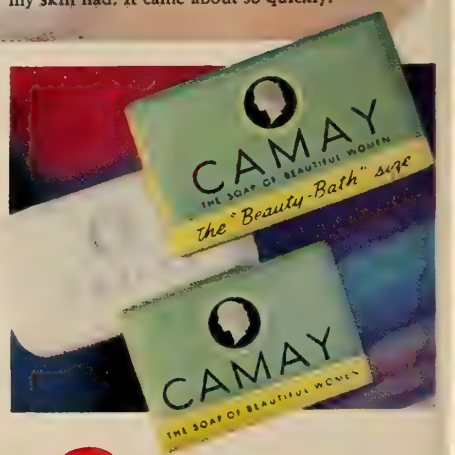
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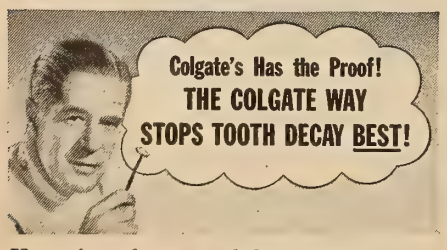
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inside report—hollywood's most passionate loves

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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. I understand that Danny Thomas once studied to become a rabbi. What made him change his mind?
—B. Y., Toledo, Ohio

A. *Thomas was born and is a practicing Roman Catholic.*

Q. How much older than Travis Kleefeld is Jane Wyman?
—S. E., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Ten years.*

Q. If Robert Taylor dislikes publicity so much, how come he has a publicity agent? —T. Y., Ames, Iowa

A. *He considers it a professional necessity.*

Q. Is it true that Jane Russell runs an appliance store in Hollywood when she isn't working in pictures? What happened to that little English boy she brought over to America?
—R. R., Dallas, Texas

A. *Her husband, Bob Waterfield, runs the appliance store. The Waterfields plan to adopt the little boy.*

Q. I understand that Peter Lawford is the best-liked actor on the Metro lot. Is this true? —C. F., Elkton, Md.

A. *He is well-liked, but so are many other MGM players.*

Q. I read recently that Farley Granger has become very high-hat and is refusing to pose for movie magazines. Is this true and if so, why?
—N. U., Akron, Ohio

A. *Just a passing phase with Farley.*

Q. Is the Lamas-Turner romance a buildup to publicize their picture, *Merry Widow,* or is it the real thing?
—V. H., Hurley, Neb.

A. *It started out as a publicity gimmick but developed into a full-fledged romance.*

Q. How many times has Alan Ladd's wife been married?
—E. P., Pawtucket, R. I.

A. *Three times.*

Q. Is it true that Glenn Ford is a big gambler and that this gambling is the cause of many quarrels between him and Eleanor Powell, his wife?
—S. W., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Ford likes a sociable game of poker about one night a week, a desire his wife never quarrels about.*

Q. Is Kirk Douglas only romancing with Gene Tierney as he did with Irene Wrightsman, or will Kirk and Gene end up at the altar?
Y. T., Ellenville, N. Y.

A. *For both parties this is merely a happy interlude.*

Q. What happened to the blazing affair between Greg Bautzer and Jane Wyman? —B. S., Tulsa, Okla.

A. *When Ginger Rogers returned to Hollywood after her New York play closed, Greg Bautzer returned to her.*

Q. How come the Bill Holdens, who have been married only ten years, have a 13-year-old daughter?
—E. W., Frankfort, Ky.

A. *The daughter is Mrs. Holden's by a previous marriage.*

Q. Don't movie stars get a raise every year? Why has Shelley Winters been earning $1,000 a week for the past two years? —N. Y., Baltimore, Md.

A. *She has been suspended several times, the suspension periods are added to the length of time her various salary brackets are in effect.*

Q. I read that during his 30 years as an actor Spencer Tracy has gone without work only two weeks. Is this true or just bunk?—L. S., Alhambra, Cal.

A. *True.*

Q. Is it true that Loretta Young and Irene Dunne are worth millions in real estate? —V. A., Richmond, Va.

A. *Not millions but a healthy sum.*

Q. Hasn't Gene Kelly refused to star

(Continued on page 26)

About Youth!

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About Songs!



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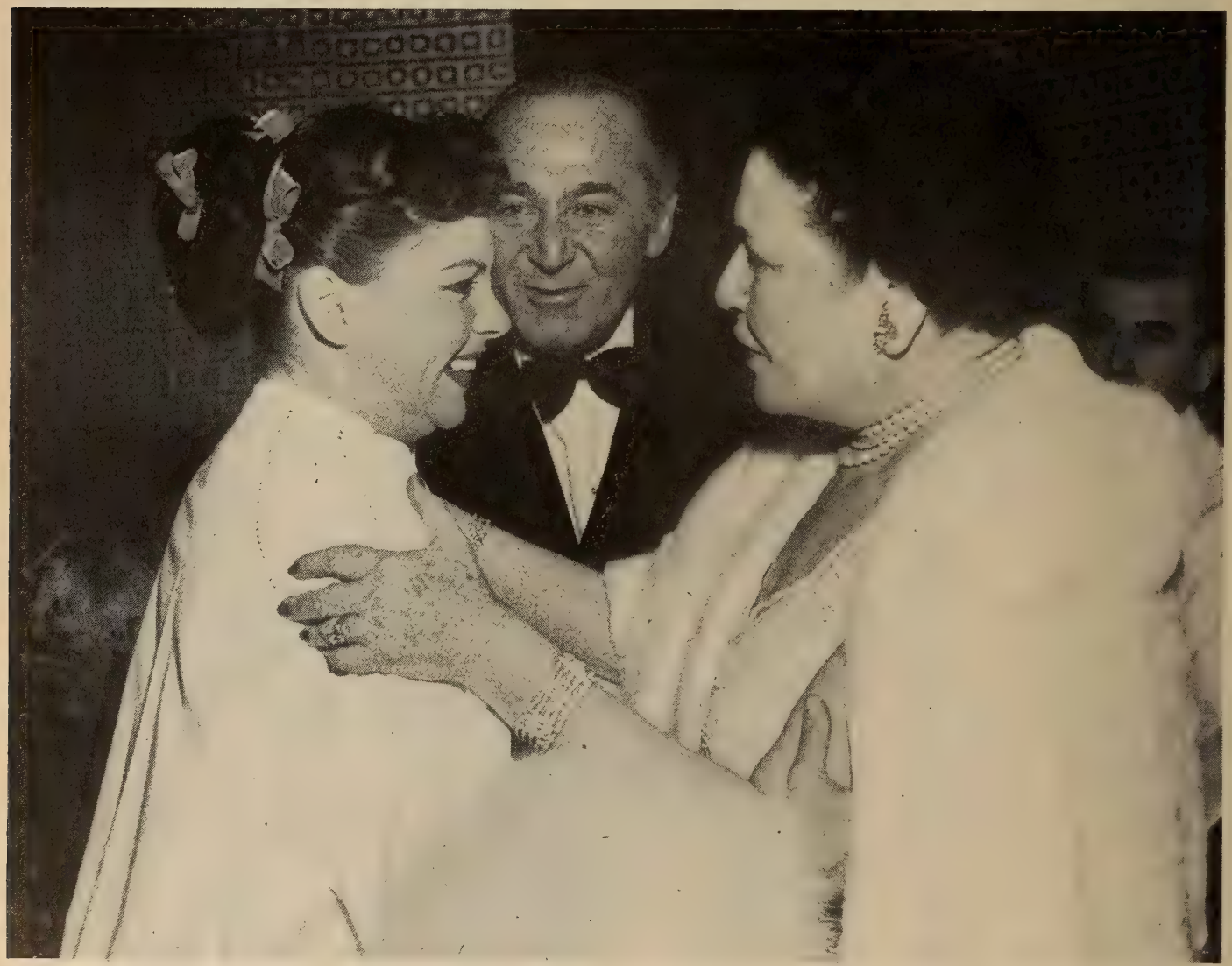
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JUDY GARLAND'S HOMECOMING IS THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY OF THE YEAR . . . SHELLEY AND VITTORIO FINALLY



Louella Parsons was among the first to congratulate Judy the night of her triumphant opening at the Civic Auditorium. Wyne Rocamoro looks on.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

COLORFUL, unpredictable Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman went and "dood" it—and Shell is now, ecstatically, Mrs. Vittorio Gassman.

Some wag said—if they abbreviate her last name as they do her first, she'll now be Shell Gas (please excuse!).

Although Shelley's romance with the fine Italian actor seems to have inspired a lot of kidding from the start, take it from me, they are very much in love.

No agent getting 10% of an actor's salary could have plugged as hard as Shelley did to make Hollywood realize what a really great actor her "love" is.

He proved her point to perfection when he gave a series of readings at a little theatre in Hollywood and even the local critics did a swoon.

When he was tested, and later signed at MGM, the boss, Dore Schary himself, told me that Gassman's talent is terrific.

They had expected to be married in the

MAKE IT . . . WILL WE BE CALLING HER LANA LAMAS SOON? . . . "I'LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN," SAYS KING GABLE



An ecstatic Judy holds hands with Sid Luft, her manager and fiance, and the man who was largely responsible for her successful comeback.



Joan Crawford is a by-stander as Judy receives congratulations from one of many excited admirers. It was a night for Judy to remember.



The turnout of stars for the event was second only to that for the Academy Awards. Here, Van Johnson gives her a congratulatory kiss.



Mervyn LeRoy, who directed one of Judy's biggest hits, *The Wizard Of Oz,* hugs the star at the Romanoff party after the show.

summer. But when Gassman was on the verge of departing for New York to make *The Glass Wall,* Shell made up her mind that they would marry before and not after that movie. And when Shell makes up her mind—wild horses can't change it.

They flew to Juarez where they were temporarily delayed awaiting the arrival of Gassman's final divorce papers from Rome.

The enchanted bride has even learned to cook spaghetti and all the other dishes in real Italian style just to keep her man happy.

I'VE NEVER seen an audience take a star into its arms and hearts and seem to just hug her as the blase Hollywooders did Judy Garland at her hometown opening!

If Judy had any fears about coming home—it didn't take a split second to change her mind. Yes, it was as big a night—or bigger—than her New York vaudeville debut.

It was a glowing Judy, dressed in red velvet, ermine wrap and with tiny red bows in her hair who walked into Romanoff's after her performance to be greeted by the greatest gathering of stars I've seen in many a day.

Again, as Judy slipped into the big private dining room on the arm of Sid Luft, everyone stood and cheered her. Joan Crawford gave her a big hug, so did Esther Williams, June Allyson and countless others who were so glad that Judy is back looking so well—and feeling so wonderful again.

Jane Wyman, at our table, in white lace, danced and danced with Travis Kleefeld. What goes with these two? I've never seen two people more in love—broken engagement notwithstanding.

The Humphrey Bogarts were among the first on their feet to applaud Judy when she arrived. Also applauding were Gracie Allen and George Burns, Claire Trevor, Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob, Jean Simmons, and little Mona Freeman (I thought she looked very unhappy).

Previously, at the theatre, I had seen the big brass—Jack Warner, Frances and Sam Goldwyn and the Harry Cohns. Ethel Barrymore, who sat in back of me, cried when Judy sang "Somewhere Over the Rainbow."

And when Judy said, so sincerely, "I've missed all of you—Oh, well—why go on?" It was just one great big dewy sentimental evening from start to finish.

I WAS THE first to tell Joan Bennett long distance that Walter Wanger had been sentenced to four months in the Los Angeles Country jail for shooting Jennings Lang.

Joan's first reaction (she was rehearsing on the stage in Chicago for *Bell, Book And Candle*) was a sharp gasp, of relief at the short sentence. Then she asked me if the term began immediately. When I replied that the sentence would not start until June 4th, she said:

"Thank heavens. Walter, then, will be free long enough to be with our little Stephanie who is in school there. By the time he has



Jean Simmons was among the thrilled spectators at Judy's opening. Here, she greets Leo Genn as Eleanor Parker looks on. Rumor has it that Jeannie's marriage to Stewart Granger is rocky—they say she wants to live in England, he wants to stay in Hollywood.



A bevy of beauties it would be hard to beat in any town, even glamorous Hollywood, link arms as they wait for their escorts to the party that followed at Romanoff's. From left to right, the glamorous three are Mona Freeman, Jane Wyman and Joan Crawford.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

to go—away—she will be out of school and can come here with me."

It's typical of Joan, who is a mother before anything else, that her first thought would be for one of her children.

SO COMPLETELY friendly—not to say chummy—was the surprise separation of Mona Freeman and Pat Nearney that they drove to her press agent's office together in Mona's coupe and walked in hand-in-hand.

Pat stood with his arm around Mona as she said to Helen Ferguson, "Yes—tell Louella that it is true about us. Pat and I are divorcing."

Frankly, I couldn't have been more surprised that the story was true. I had checked with Helen Ferguson (Mona's press agent) on the rumor of trouble between the Nearneys merely as a reflex motion. We columnists get many "tips" about Hollywood couples and I fully expected this to be another false alarm.

Mona and Pat always seemed so happy together. They adore their little four-year-old daughter. They were considered one of the best looking and most attractive couples in Hollywood.

What happened?

Neither is talking other than Mona's statement, "I am miserably sorry that Pat and I have not been able to solve our problems in private. A divorce is the only solution."

Some of their friends say that they married too young—Mona was 19 and Pat 25.

Anyway, it must have been Mona who wanted her freedom because she is now looking for an apartment and Pat remains in their home.

P.S. After leaving Helen's office—they left for home because "dinner is waiting" (!)

THE first Hollywood actress to greet Queen Juliana was Lana Turner. Lana was exactly like a little girl when she slipped in, a bit late, to the luncheon MGM gave for the Queen on one of the big sound stages.

"Oh, I have just had the most wonderful experience," Lana bent down to whisper in my ear as she passed our table, "The Queen wanted to freshen up—powder her nose, you know—and she used my dressing room. I was so thrilled I gave her all my flowers." Lana had just started her new picture the day before and so her dressing room was filled with lovely flowers.

The Queen completely delighted us all with her charm and friendliness. Before she is a Queen, she is a fine and sincere human being.

My favorite story of Her Majesty's visit took place at the only private party she and Prince Bernard attended during their three days in Los Angeles—a dinner at the home of the Louis B. Mayers.

Lorena Mayer presented Juliana with an evening bag which was wrapped up in beautiful papers and ribbons.

Very carefully, the Queen untied the gift without tearing the paper or cutting the ribbons. Just like many good housewives, she is a "paper saver."

"We don't have such lovely wrappings as these in Holland," she explained. "I want to show my friends."

FERNANDO LAMAS told me, "Lana Turner and I are very much in love. We will be married as soon as we are both free!"

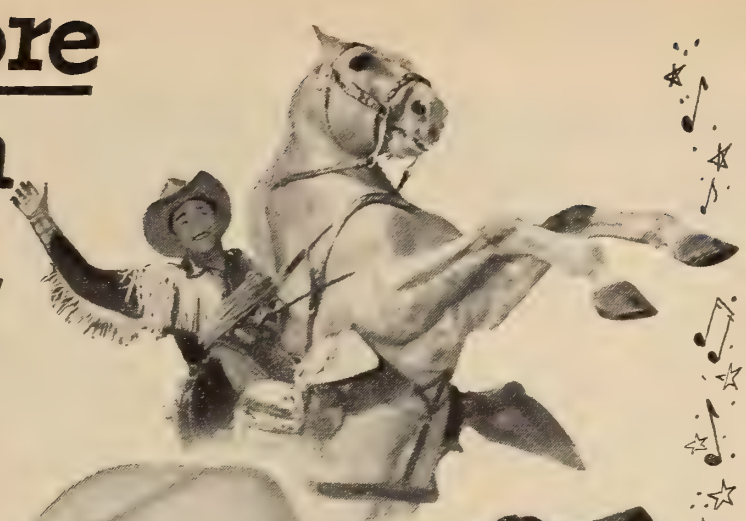
And, so endeth the idea which many people had that this romance was just a publicity

Yes, Even More Laughs Than "The Paleface"

Bob 'n' Jane are back with more o' that "Buttons 'n' Bows" fun—and King of the Cowboys, Roy Rogers 'n' Trigger are along for the ride!

EVERYBODY SINGS

"Am I in Love"
"A Four-Legged Friend"
"California Rose"
"Wing-Ding Tonight"
"There's a Cloud in My Valley of Sunshine"
"What a Dirty Shame"

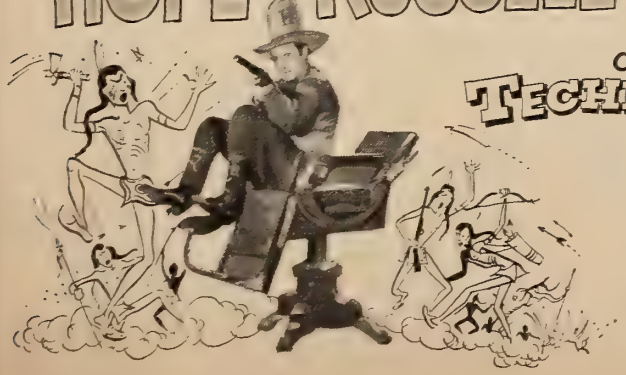




SON OF Paleface

starring BOB HOPE · JANE RUSSELL · ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

Color by TECHNICOLOR



Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH
Directed by FRANK TASHLIN
Written by Frank Tashlin, Robert L. Welch and Joseph Quillan
A Paramount Picture

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news







June Allyson and Dick Powell arrived at Judy's party early, stayed late. Above, they pause to say hello as they dance past Pete Lawford.

build-up for *The Merry Widow*. No matter how it started, it has developed into the real thing.

Lamas also said, "The only thing holding up my divorce is that I am insisting on having my child with me a reasonable amount of time. My wife wishes to live in South America so it must be agreed that I may have the baby with me in Hollywood at least part of the time."

As this is written, Lana still hasn't reached a financial settlement with Bob Topping so she has a divorce delay, too.

THE Post Office Department is back of Marilyn Maxwell's punchy slogan, "While They're Fighting—Are You Writing?"

How about YOU?

I have received a lot of mail from our boys in Korea expressing the keenest disappointment that some favorite star has not answered a request for a note or a photograph.

No person—star or not—is important enough to ignore mail from these homesick men who are giving so much for so little.

WHO'S WOOING: Peter Lawford with the lady he most admires, Mrs. Gary Cooper, a frequent date around the nightclubs.

French Jean Pierre Aumont is plenty intrigued with German Hildegarde Neff, the gal with those wicked, smoky eyes.

Monica Lewis sings softly to Liam O'Brien when they're at a cozy table for two—and she's just the girl who can do it.

Vera-Ellen closes her eyes when she dances with musician Don Reid. So does Liz Taylor when she dances with Mike, the Magnificent.

Ann Miller never puts on make-up in public when she's dating Bill O'Connor because he can't stand it. But he doesn't mind holding hands across the table.

When Carleton Carpenter's with a honey too young to be served a cocktail, he drinks milk, too, which is darned thoughtful of him, and good for him.

Gary Cooper always sends flowers after he's dated a belle thanking her for "the lovely evening."

Debbie Reynolds kicks her shoes off after she's seated in a cafe and always has to scuffle under the table for them when Bob Wagner, her steady escort, wants to dance.

CHAT-CHAT:

Talk about friendly break-ups, Jane Wyman gave Travis Kleefeld black star sapphire cuff links and he gave her a huge black star sapphire ring AFTER they broke their engagement!

Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron are on the Stork's calling list.

Maureen Reagan, daughter of Jane Wyman and Ronnie Reagan, is growing so fast. She's five-feet-six-inches already and she's only 12. When she gets some shape on those bones she's going to be a beauty.

Marilyn Monroe carries around a book, "The Thinking Body," which, presumably, she reads. When she was threatened with her second attack of appendicitis somebody pasted over the title, "The ACHING Body"!

Judy Garland had her "good luck" dress (the one she opened in at the Palace) copied in exactly the same color and material for her adored little Liza.

Hasn't Doris Day become a little temperamental since she married Marty Melcher?

I just can't believe that Bob Mitchum is serious talking about retiring. We all get tired and need a rest but that boy has acting in his bones.

MAYBE it's just kid stuff—but Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner have crossed their hearts and promised to wait for each other for two years. And then they'll marry.

When I heard they were eloping I called Debbie and asked her if she is secretly engaged. "Oh, no, Miss Parsons," she gasped. "We've got such a long way to go to get established in our careers. Bobby gets only $35 from his manager to live on!"

My money says that if the youngsters DO wait two years the marriage won't come off. When you are their ages there are many romantic interludes along the way.

Maritia, the little Peruvian girl Joan Fontaine adopted last year, has become thoroughly Americanized except for one thing: She still sleeps on the floor propped up in a corner.

Believe me, she is one of the cutest and most lovable children I have ever met. Debbie, Joan's own child, adores her.

SOME of Clark Gable's best friends think he has changed since he had so much trouble with his titled wife, the former Sylvia Ashley. There were days when Clark neither telephoned nor saw his friends, even those closest to him.

Before he finally telephoned me, I was beginning to think I was on the black list, too. Now that I've talked to him, I understand something of his feeling.

A lot of things had been printed that were annoying because they were not true. One was that he was planning to marry Natalie Thompson, socialite whom he had seen only four times. Another was that he was never going to make another picture, that he was leaving Hollywood for good.

Just before he took off for a six months stay abroad (he is making a picture in London and another in Africa) he told me frankly that he had been unhappy over his recent pictures.

"I want a good story with guts in it and a little romance on the side. And, say, Louella—I'm not going to marry anyone—ever. I've had enough."

As of right now—I believe The King means it.

GENE TIERNEY and Van Johnson were completely broken up when a hen on the set of *Plymouth Adventure* laid an egg right in the middle of their big scene!

Well, you can't please everybody.

THE LETTER BOX: Sylvia Venettone says a pox on the fan who wrote he is sick and tired of reading about Liz Taylor. "Let him speak for himself" she snaps, "We love Liz."

Carol Kasheinider writes, "You don't give us enough news of Loretta Young and Irene Dunne." I DON'T??? Heavens, they are my close friends.

Patricia Petree wants to write a column like "Good News" when she finishes high school and wants to know whether she should graduate before taking up classes in journalism. I graduated from high school, Patrice, but I never studied journalism. Getting a job on your local newspaper is the best experience, I think.

That's all for now. See you next month.

The HAPPY DAYS...
The MAD FADS...
The GREAT SONGS
of the
ROARING TWENTIES

The wild and wonderful years of "Flaming Youth"...when a Tin Lizzie was the "Cat's Pajamas"... the Charleston was the rage... and every Sheik went petting with his Sheba!

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL

Starring
Piper LAURIE
Rock HUDSON
Charles COBURN
Gigi PERREAU

COLOR BY Technicolor

And how you'll cheer the Dozen ***SONGS*** *you'll hear*

"FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE" "TIGER RAG"
"WHEN THE RED, RED ROBIN COMES BOB, BOB, BOBBIN' ALONG"
"GIMME A LITTLE KISS, WILL YA, HUH?"
"IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE"

with **LYNN BARI** • **WILLIAM REYNOLDS**

DIRECTED BY DOUGLAS SIRK • WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY JOSEPH HOFFMAN

PRODUCED BY TED RICHMOND • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

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SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly



famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Jane Russell will fight to the bitter end any attempts to deport Tommy Kavanaugh. The little Irish boy she adopted in England is almost two years old now and she has grown to love him as though she were his real mother. British immigration authorities have charged that it was illegal to permit the child, a British subject, to leave the country as the ward of a non-British subject . . . Don't be surprised if Debbie Reynolds develops as one of Hollywood's most colorful stars. I'm still reeling from the shock I got at this year's Academy Awards show when Debbie opened her handbag to reveal it was crammed with Girl Scout cookies! . . . Anything can happen on the heels of the Mona Freeman-Pat Nerney bustup. Pat told me: "I hope to retain her friendship. I think it is possible to keep that." And that's the kind of sweet-talking humility Mona listens to.



Reynolds

Never ever let it be said that Deanna Durbin will starve, although she hasn't made a picture in years. She has been living "high on the hog" in Europe, thanks to a $400,000 annuity she bought years ago and the monthly payments U-I has been sending her on her old contract . . . Headline in a California newspaper: "Tony Curtis Says He'll Marry Only Once." Trying to be original, huh? . . . Bob Taylor may never win an Oscar but neither will he ever lose his unfailing, feet-on-the-ground sense of humor. When I asked him how he felt about being named the worst actor of the year by the boys at Harvard for his work in *Quo Vadis* he said, "By golly, I finally won an award. And I never worked harder for one in my life!"



Curtis

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

George Sanders and Zsa Zsa Gabor are "through, feeneeshed, KAPUT!" Zsa Zsa told me at Mary Pickford's party on the eve of Mary's first appearance before the cameras in years in *The Library*. Eva Gabor, Zsa Zsa's sister, was listening to our conversation. "Don't print it in your column!" Eva said. "She'll change her mind tomorrow!" . . . Corinne Calvet wanted to appear on Zsa Zsa's television show. Zsa Zsa said, "I admire Miss Calvet very much as a Bikini bathing suit girl, but we do not permit Bikini bathing suits on our show" . . . John Agar fired his agent and got another one when he lost the part in Republic's *Citizen Soldier* that John Derek won . . . MGM protested to three Los Angeles theatres when they advertised "Mr. Elizabeth Taylor" in a British picture, *Holiday Cruise*. So the theaters changed their ads to read Mike Wilding . . . It's been buzzed around that Liz keeps her Mike up late nights over his protests that he's too old for that sort of thing—that he has to get his rest in order to look his best for the next day's shooting . . . And did you know that Broadway's Dolores Gray, who steadied with Mike in London for two years pre-Liz, has a poodle named MIKE?



Calvet & Husband



Turner

Joan Fontaine had both her little girls vaccinated and ready to go to Europe when ex-spouse Bill Dozier slapped a court order on her preventing her from doing so. And they were fighting it out before the judge when a whisper started that Joan and Billy Rose were a new twosome. Joan denied it with, "I invited Mr. Rose to a party. That's all. If he thinks I threw it for him he's mistaken"' . . . New feud: Lana Turner and Sam Goldwyn. They fought over Del Armstrong, Lana's make-up man for the past ten years. Lana wanted him to work for her on (*Continued on page 14*)



Are you in the know?

When leaving an upper berth, should you —

☐ *Dress completely* ☐ *Wear a robe* ☐ *Ring a bell*

To save your neck, you can't get down—*unless* you ring the bell that fetches the porter (with a ladder). It's okay to dress in the ladies' room. So you can wear your robe down the aisle, without feeling self-conscious. In *any* situation—at certain times, Kotex keeps you *self-assured*. Those *flat pressed ends* banish telltale outlines. And for extra comfort, there's your new Kotex belt, made with soft-stretch elastic. Non-twisting. Non-curling. Washable; dries pronto!



Know how to "click" with a camera?

☐ *Grin and face it* ☐ *Try a trick or two*

Make your snapshot wallet-worthy. Don't stand facing the lens squarely: cameras play hob with a chassis that's even a wee bit on the wide side. A good trick's to pose your frame at an angle. And when "those" days pose the problem of choosing the just-right sanitary protection—choose Kotex. As for finding the right *absorbency*—the trick's to try *all 3!* Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.



Should this summer's barefoot belle consider—

☐ *Snakes* ☐ *A pedicure* ☐ *Poison ivy*

Whether beachcombing, or dabbling in a babbling brook—your tootsies better be well pedicured! Cut toe-nails short; straight across. Use lacquer to match your paw-paint; and pul-lease—repair chipped polish! Belles on their toes don't risk embarrassment. They meet "*calendar*" needs with Kotex, for that special *safety center* gives extra protection.



If your Romeo's green-eyed, what to do?

☐ *Stick to your knitting* ☐ *Keep him guessing*

Your dreamboat's the jealous type? Making with the roving eye won't cure him. If you'd avoid feuds, date the sad lad solo; and stick to your knitting . . . no flirty business. Be kind to *yourself*, too, on days when comfort means a lot. Get the softness Kotex gives: it *holds its shape*, because this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins



Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . as luxuriously soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.) It's a pure white tissue, double-ply for extra strength . . . so wonderfully different, your entire family will appreciate Delsey. Why don't you *try* Delsey, next time?



KOTEX KLEENEX AND DELSEY
ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE
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I dreamed I stopped at a Sidewalk Cafe in my

maidenform bra®

I came to watch the world pass by... but passersby refuse to pass! They linger on the sidelines to marvel over *my* lines... so smart, so secure, so *chic* in my Maidenform! Of course it's incredibly flattering, gives me a really sensational lift... (my Maidenform, I mean!)





*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Maidenform's dream of a bra—
Maidenette* Strapless in broadcloth and lace;
acetate satin and nylon marquisette... from $2.00
There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure!

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hollywood report continued

Tribute To A Bad Man. Sam wouldn't let him go till he finished his work with Renee Jeanmaire in the long-shooting *Hans Christian Andersen.*

ODDS BODKINS:



Mitchum

Alan Ladd started his role in *The Iron Mistress* as a tough guy with long, blond hair . . . Gloria Grahame, who's trying to quit smoking, reported on the *Tribute To A Bad Man* set with 100 penny suckers —which makes a sucker out of someone! . . . Gig Young's mustache is coming off again. He's still being mistaken on the MGM lot for Errol Flynn . . . I don't know whose imitation of Sam Goldwyn I like best: Virginia Mayo's or Steve Cochran's . . . Bob Mitchum as a singer? He told his agents to look for a nightclub crooning spot for him in Las Vegas while he's between pictures . . . Leslie Caron puts veal steaks in her ballet slippers. This keeps her toes from getting blistered . . . Bette Davis was afraid to offer Gary Merrill a martini after he finished *Night Without Sleep.* His role called for him to drink them throughout the picture.

Sight of the month: June Allyson on Wilshire Boulevard wearing a huge "I Like Ike" button on her lapel. And, when she leaned forward, it changed into a photo of Gen. Eisenhower . . . Marlon Brando's pet raccoon is lonesome. So Marlon's looking for a mate for it . . . During the shooting of *Letters To The President,* director Bill Wellman asked Shelley Winters to cry for the big courtroom scene. She couldn't force the tears. Bill yelled, "Vivien Leigh won the Oscar YOU should have won!" And Shelley wept bucketsfull . . . Dress designer Billy Travilla swears that his wife, Dona Drake, has grown an inch since becoming a mother! . . . Remember the late Atwater Kent, Hollywood's greatest party thrower? His son Prentiss has joined 20th Century-Fox as a contract player. And young Prentiss has changed his name to Peter Kent.

SEX APPEAL:



Gaynor

Arlene Dahl's mad. Some teevee bluenoses in New York turned thumbs down on the peekaboo, decollete gowns she had ordered for her appearance with Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar. Too LOW AND BEHOLED! . . . Anne Baxter's low-cut costumes for 20th's *My Wife's Best Friend* make her the studio's new pin-up queen. Honest to cheesecake—wait'll you see our Annie! . . . And—just kidding, of course —Betty Carey sent two bottles of champagne to Anne when this picture started shooting, together with a note asking Anne not to wax too ardent in her kissing scenes with her ever-lovin' Macdonald . . . In *Bloodhounds Of Broadway,* Mitzi Gaynor was originally supposed to have played a folksy "Daisy Mae Scragg" character who always

wears gingham and any other kind of hillbilly apparel that might conceivably lure a "Li'l Abner." But now the part's been rewritten and Mitzi wears sheer silks . . . In *Monkey Business,* Marilyn Monroe slugs Cary Grant because she thinks Cary pinched her where lots of us would like to!

QUICK QUOTES:

Speaking of the Monroe muffin, I asked Marilyn about politics. She replied, "It's a good second subject" (!) . . . A star broke up with her boy friend, a guy named Joe, and blamed it on the old Hollywood triangle: "Joe and I were both in love with the same person—Joe!" . . . Marjorie Main wears lace panties under her tennis shorts for her new *Ma And Pa Kettle* picture. And Gorgeous Gussie Moran has promised not to sue . . . Bob Hope: "I knew exactly the moment Spring arrived. It was when all those little green things started poking their heads out of Bing's wallet!"



Monroe

HOME FIRES BURNING:

It took four servants and two gardeners to take care of their Bel-Air home, so Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger gave it up . . . Susan Hayward invited her most avid fan, a magazine writer, out to dinner. So he spent the whole evening talking sports with Jess! . . . Janet Leigh told a pal that when she takes time off from picture-making at MGM, it won't be to rest but to have a baby . . . Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart moved down from their hilltop into a house next door to Sue and Alan Ladd's in Holmby Hills . . . Kirk Douglas told me: "I don't know if any other reporter has printed the news that my kids will spend the summer with me. It's probably too wholesome an item for the columnists to tell their readers about" (!) . . . MGM wanted Peggy Dow to come back to Hollywood from her long-drawn-out honeymoon with Walter Helmerich, who has been naming his new oil wells after her, to star in *You For Me.* But Peggy pretended like she couldn't hear the offer. Those Texas gushers are SO deafening! . . . That $250,000 hotel Errol Flynn plans building on the Apple Valley acreage Patrice Wymore bought will be called Flynn's Inn.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

After he headlined at the Mocambo here, Dick Contino got an offer to appear in Toronto. He said: "I'd rather Uncle Sam put me in the service right away!" . . . Charlie O'Curran gave Betty Hutton a gold bracelet with "I Love You" spelled out on it—but in Chinese! . . . Wayne Moseley, Guy Madison's brother, changed his name to Chad Mallory and got himself a part in Monogram's *Sea Tiger* . . . Mickey Rooney insists that his next



Mr. & Mrs. Rooney



Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more! Here's the important *difference:* when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.



DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

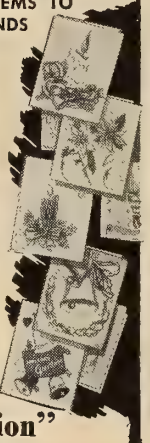
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SHOWING THE PHILLIPS CHRISTMAS LINE TO A GROUP OF MY NEIGHBORS*



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hollywood report continued

wife will be his ex-wife, Martha Vickers. That's what the man told me.

'Twas being mumbled around Hollywood that all the town needs now is for Barbara Payton and Ann Sterling to become roommates, after all the scandal . . . Many's the time I've thought that most of the little girls who come to Hollywood and go off the beam aren't bad little girls at all. It's the guys they get involved with in Flickerville who should be tarred and feathered!

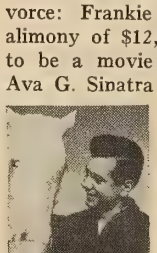

Wyman

Travis Kleefield put a down payment on a mink coat for Jane Wyman just before the engagement was called off. Incidentally, relations between Jane and Kleefeld's mother were what you might call strained when we were going to press on this issue . . . Sharman Douglas spent the past few months in Hollywood living in the apartment once leased by Pete Lawford, her old flame . . .

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Mario Lanza has made $200,000 on his "Be My Love" recordings so far. And still going strong . . . Rita Hayworth who's still holding out for a $3,000,000 settlement for daughter Yasmine from her estranged husband Ali will wear seven sheer veils in *Salome,* slated as her next picture. For the Dance of the Seven Veils, of course . . . Judy Garland's success at the Palace in New York and at the Los Angeles Philharmonic enabled her to take out a $1,000,000 annuity . . . At press time, it looked like Bob Topping's settlement on Lana would be in the neighborhood of $75,000.

This is the lowdown on the Sinatra divorce: Frankie guaranteed Nancy minimum alimony of $12,000 a year . . . So you'd like to be a movie star? You should have seen Ava G. Sinatra on the set of *Snows Of Kilimanjaro,* rushing the end of the picture so that she could hurry to New York and join Frankie. The scene required her to wallow in the mud, looking bedraggled and beaten, Ava moaned, "Is this really worth it all?" . . . Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis returned from a personal appearance with about $350,000 in "new money." But most of it went to Uncle Sam for taxes . . . Marty Melcher tells me that Doris Day's eventual earnings from her ten-year recording contract will more than exceed her picture earnings. Same old reason: high taxes . . . When you become a star, it seems, you get all the things for nothing that you once couldn't afford. Like Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, who got a free trip to Europe to entertain the troops. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Curtis were also presented at the Court of St. James in London, and, for the occasion, Don Loper whipped up for Janet a bouffant gown of crimson velvet with an off-the-shoulder neckline outlined in white ermine that knocked me cold when she gave me a preview.


Lanza

Zsa Zsa Gabor told a friend, "All I want out of life is a simple man with a few simple oil wells!" . . . Baltimore *Sun* reporter Patrick Skene Catling was brought out by RKO to write Jane Russell's biography. It will be published sometime this year. Studio's paying him $1,000 a week . . . Ingrid Bergman has a standing offer from two Hollywood studios of $250,000 for making a picture, plus a percentage of the profits. But so far she's just not interested.

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Gene Tierney was boiling mad over Kirk Douglas' short romance with Princess Rita . . . And then a contestant on a "Double Or Nothing" radio show—an elevator operator from the Beverly Hills Hotel, no less!—spilled the beans on the air about Kirk's cut-ups with Hedy Lamarr! He told the radio audience about how, when Kirk came to take Hedy out for the evening, he took the star up in his elevator! . . . Did you know that Aldo Ray, who made such a hit in *The Marrying Kind,* was once married? His divorce from Shirley Green, a Crockett, Calif., cutie, is scheduled to finalize this summer. They were wed in 1948 . . . Ruth Roman got mad and asked to be let out of her Warner contract when Virginia Mayo won the co-starring spot with Alan Ladd in Alan's first picture for Warners', *The Iron Mistress.* Ruth wanted that role more than any other in her career!

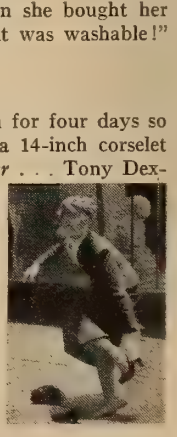

Tierney

FUNNIES:

This is the sales pitch one of the cigarette girls at Ciro's makes every night: "Cigars, cigarettes, small loans!" . . . Axiom: Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you'll cry with Johnnie Ray! . . . Funny, isn't it, that the closest thing to the truth is falsies? . . . An agent said to his actress client: "Sorry, dear, but I haven't been able to get you a raise. But don't worry—I've got it all set for you to pose for a 1952 calendar!" . . . "I knew her marriage wouldn't last!" one actress fanged about another. "When she bought her wedding gown she asked if it was washable!"

DANCING DOLLS:

Debra Paget skipped lunch for four days so that she could squeeze into a 14-inch corselet for *Stars And Stripes Forever* . . . Tony Dexter took a month of singing and dancing lessons for his trip to Japan—for the opening of *Valentino* in that country . . . Sally Forrest was crowned Sweetheart of the 7th Armored Division at Camp Roberts on Armed Forces Day. In return for the honor, she broke out with a new tap dance . . . You've heard the old saw to the effect that dentists' kids always have cavities and the butcher's children never get any meat to eat? Well, Eleanor Powell, one of the world's great dancers, enrolled her son and Glen Ford's, Peter, in dancing school!


Forrest

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Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll

to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your mouth sweet and fresh *longer!* Use it after meals . . . before every date! It has a fresh, minty flavor you'll love!

FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!



Many dentists blame acids in the mouth for tooth decay. Every time you use new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against those destructive acids, help retard their formation. That's why regular brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste is such an effective aid in fighting tooth decay!

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In recent clinical tests, evidence revealed that chlorophyll promotes the growth of firm, healthy gum tissue. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll in water-soluble chlorophyllins to help you care for sore, tender gums.

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Nothing can replace regular check-ups and care by your dentist. But today every child can be started on the road to healthy teeth and gums by using new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste right after every meal. Remember: dental authorities trace much loss of teeth to gum troubles! Chlorophyll can help prevent and check common gum disorders! It actually attacks the acids that often cause tooth decay!

*Contains water-soluble Chlorophyllins.



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How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You! Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the month



Leaving home to live with her married sister in Chicago, Carrie Meeker (Jennifer Jones) meets Charles Drouet (Eddie Albert), a traveling salesman, on the train. He tells her to look him up later in Chicago.



When Carrie loses her job in a factory, she has no one to turn to but Drouet. One night, months later, they arrange to meet at an exclusive restaurant. Here, Carrie meets George Hurstwood (Laurence Olivier).



Hurstwood, who is a married man, falls in love with Carrie. His wife finds out about their alliance, and has his salary turned over to her. Hurstwood, after inadvertently stealing money, takes Carrie to New York.



In New York, Hurstwood can't find a job. Their situation becomes desperate, and Carrie leaves him to go on the stage. Hurstwood comes to her for a handout before fading out of Carrie's life forever.

CARRIE

William Wyler's picturization of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" sticks so surprisingly close to the facts of the famous novel, compresses so well the story detail of a long piece of fiction, that it is an unpleasant duty to point out that in so doing it has squeezed most of the life out of the characters. Jennifer Jones, as Caroline Meeker, the Midwestern teen-ager of 1890, makes her way in the big cities of Chicago and New York through alliances first with traveling salesman Eddie Albert and then with Laurence Olivier, manager of a large restaurant and therefore a comparative big-timer, who is a married man.

Between them, these three manage to break a good many conventions, particularly for the turn of the century. But what leads Carrie, at least, to do so is never sufficiently explained. Her sudden transfer of her affections from Albert to the handsomer, richer, more socially elite Olivier, for example, appears pretty cynical for a naive country girl. So, too, does her eventual desertion of Olivier (after a period of harrowing tenement life borne without complaint—except by Olivier—she leaves him suddenly because "I'm young, and I'm going to live").

Later the script somehow indicates that she has a heart of gold. With no understanding of what Carrie is really made of or how she got that way, it becomes difficult to understand what drives her to act the way she does. The editing of the movie also creates some confusion. Particularly at the film's beginning the scene often shifts so rapidly that it is hard to keep track of what has been happening. Nor are the performances of Miss Jones and Olivier of much help. Olivier's middle-aged-philanderer-turned-romanticist, in particular, is a really wooden performance offering but one facial trick (half-closed eyelids) to indicate charm, thought, passion, fear, anger and just plain weariness. Only Eddie Albert, as good-time Charlie Drouet, who loves Carrie in his own makeshift way, manages to do something with his choice of thankless roles.

The trouble seems to be a quite complete lack in the screenplay of novelist Dreiser's own qualities of tenderness, pity and understanding of human motives. What is essentially a tragic story becomes on the screen merely a sordid one. *Carrie* is all plot and no people. *(Paramount)*

THE WINNING TEAM

It may come as a surprise to baseball fans to find out after all these years that Doris Day won the 1926 World Series pennant for the Cardinals, but that's how *The Winning Team* has it. Playing Mrs. Grover Cleveland Alexander, widow of the diamond great, she manages to taxi from New York's Astor Hotel to Yankee Stadium between innings and, inspiring her husband (Ronald Reagan) by the sight, saves the day for St. Louis. Her ride, which features the film's final reels, is no mean trick by itself but is hardly anything compared with what the picture pulls on the movie-going public. The script follows Nebraska-born Alexander from his early days on the farm through his farm-club successes and trouble in the minor leagues, where he is hit in the head by a fast ball and develops diplopia, or double vision. Then he regains his sight and arm and soon becomes a major leaguer. Almost before he knows who has hit him he finds himself on the front lines in World War I France, then back in the States—and the big-leagues—again. A mysterious mound seizure drives him rapidly to drink after a physician tells him that if he continues to play ball it will be time out for him permanently. Doris eventually comes to his aid, but not to the baseball fans' or movie-goers'. The many present baseball stars (pitcher Bob Lemon, for instance) who are in the cast are lucky, for they appear only momentarily. Which is more than can be said for Miss Day or Mr. Reagan, who may never recover. And baseball fans are likely to suffer from double-dipsomania for the rest of their natural lives. *Cast: Ronald Reagan, Doris Day, Frank Lovejoy.—Warners.*

MY SON JOHN

My Son John is about an American traitor and how he grew. As such, it is as timely as yesterday's headlines and probably much more controversial. The timeliness is due to its subject matter, the controversy to its setting. For *My Son John* takes place in a typical U. S. small town and happens to an average American family, the Jeffersons. The parents (Helen Hayes and Dean Jagger) have two sons about to go to Korea—and John (Robert Walker), a brilliant young Government official. The latter's delayed and somewhat truculent visit home provides the picture's main story line: his mother's discovery that her favorite son has ties with a Communist spy ring and the increasingly tragic necessity of deciding what to do, with love of country in constant conflict with mother love. This might be moving; it becomes shocking because of the story's insistence that a native Communist can so easily be the product of a typical home. Producer-director-co-writer Leo McCarey makes his main points again and again, and no one can argue with them: America must be alert against the often deceptively humanitarian doctrines spread by the Reds and their fellow travelers, and such men are not always foreigners. But, unfortunately, John Jefferson's story is told entirely from the outside (the tragedy, as Mr. McCarey sees it, is more the mother's than the son's); one learns to some extent how he got that way, but never why he felt that way. Since no really valid reasons are ever presented for John's fall to treason, his personal peculiarities may appear to be the cause of his downfall. He not only went to

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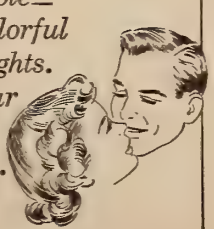
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college but took post-graduate work; this is presented in an unfavorable light. By implication, also, he is a dangerous character because he disagrees with his father (a pillar of the church and of a veteran's post). McCarey, who obviously made the film as a labor of love, has been able to dress up his muddled script with slick direction and unusually convincing, if sometimes hysterical performances so that its dangerous weaknesses are not immediately apparent. Yet the film is based on so many questionable premises that it is likely to be argued about for a long time to come.

Cast: Helen Hayes, Van Heflin, Robert Walker, Dean Jagger.—Paramount.

HIGH NOON

If *High Noon* is not one of producer Stanley Kramer's finest pictures, it is nonetheless a good example of his prescription for making movies better; tackle a difficult theme in a different way. A Western but not the run-of-the-prairie variety it tries to picture what the call of duty means to a really conscientious man in public office, utilizing the formula of the chase with a reverse twist. The hunters in this case are a band of about-to-be outlaws; the hunted man is town marshal Gary Cooper, who is planning to retire as chief law enforcement official of quiet little Hadleyville in the 1870's. The moralizing script deals with the difficulties the law officer has with a compromising citizenry who seem unable to learn that appeasement never pays. In between times Cooper also has difficulties with his pacifistic bride (she's a Quaker), a former girl friend (she's a knowledgeable but noble Mexican) and Lloyd Bridges (in another of his effective meanie roles). If Cooper is as stone-graven in acting style as he is in appearance, that may be what director Fred Zinnemann was striving for: a kind of mannered, hauntingly simple folk-tale quality. But it doesn't come off quite that way. Again and again the cameras discover Cooper out in a street and focus on him lovingly as he stands there, all alone for an unconscionably long period of time, like a ballet dancer out on the boards with nothing to do. This kills suspense rather than creates it. Every few minutes during the later reels there is a close-up of a clock, a different one each time; this is unfortunate, since it often serves merely to point up how long one has been bored. And Dimitri Tiomkin's musical scoring is effective in proving how phony a studio-composed "folksong" can sound, particularly if heard often enough. *High Noon* tries for art, but it succeeds only in being overly arty.

Cast: Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado, Grace Kelly.—United Artists.

THREE FOR BEDROOM C

Like the part she played on the Broadway stage a couple of seasons back in *Twentieth Century*, Gloria Swanson's role in her current film is that of a temperamental screen star. And by a funny coincidence the scene of the motion picture is the same as the play's: a Pullman that makes part of the run between New York and Hollywood. Only, this train is headed in the opposite direction—the wrong way, as far as the comparative merits of the two scripts are concerned. The story starts with Gloria hurrying to California on a sudden impulse with her adopted daughter, little Janine Perreau; having neglected to get reservations on the "Super Chief" from Chicago, they appropriate Bedroom C, whose rightful occupant is biochemistry professor James Warren. You can probably imagine more or less what happens from here on into Pasadena (complications are provided by the sudden appearance of Gloria's manager and a rising young stage actor with whom he wants her to co-star). The familiarity of the story and the setting could be excused if *Three For Bedroom C* had anything to offer in the way of wit, surprise or sheer production quality. Unfortunately, it hasn't, and probably neither Miss Swanson nor newcomer James Warren should be blamed for the overly girlish and boyish attitudes they seem to affect; it may have been only embarrassment. Miss Perreau comes through, however, with pigtails flying. She deserves a special word of commendation for playing a precocious youngster who is neither too cute nor too condescending, but is definitely too good for *Three For Bedroom C.*

Cast: Gloria Swanson, James Warren, Janine Perreau.—Universal.

MARA MARU

It took only three writers to spin this tall tale about deep-sea diving and diamonds buried in the ocean deep, but it would have taken at least seven Shakespeares to salvage it. The story has something to do with a diver named Gregory, otherwise known as Errol Flynn, and—according to the script—"a doorstep named Stella," played by Ruth Roman. The scene is Manila. Ruth's husband, who is also Errol's business partner, is murdered under mysterious circumstances just when he appears to have stumbled onto a really good thing. After a series of maneuvers by big-timer Raymond Burr, whose background is never explained, Errol is inveigled into captaining the yacht "Mara Maru" on a treasure-hunting expedition. Ruth comes along for the ride and for her share of the take. Violence ensues, coupled with some romance and a few pious platitudes, but little of it is exciting and none is plausible. Each episode seems to have been created on the spot, but fast, in hopes of keeping the picture going, which it does for 98 minutes. At one point Burr, as the menace, promises to get rid of Flynn as soon as he gets "bored to death." Most audiences will probably feel that way long before Burr does.

Cast: Errol Flynn, Ruth Roman, Raymond Burr. —Warners.

SHE'S WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

Admirers of James Thurber's and Elliott Nugent's delightful stage and screen comedy *The Male Animal*, probably shuddered when they read it was due to be made into a movie musical. They can rest easier now. *She's Working Her Way Through College* hardly sounds or looks like *The Male Animal* (not with beautifully buxom Virginia Mayo in the leading part); it is, however, agreeable, amusing and even, at times, quite adult entertainment. And what is left of the original plot is so serviceable that the picture makes a lot more sense than most of its genre. In its present form it mostly concerns a burlesque queen with playwriting ambitions who decides to go to college to help achieve them. She picks Midwest State because Ronald Reagan, drama professor there, used to teach her in high school. Although both she and he

hide the facts of her former life, she is soon reigning queen of the campus. How she becomes involved with the public life of Reagan and his wife and the private affairs of football star Gene Nelson makes up most of the musical. In the end, naturally, her past catches up with her, in a hilariously satisfying climax. Most satisfactorily of all, no loose ends are left to the story. The sub-plot, which concerns the professor, his wife and a classmate of his who was once a romantic rival and whose mind is still on the scrimmage line, carries most of the dramatic weight. But it is so well integrated into the screenplay and so humanly written and played that it never seems out of place in what is primarily a good-humored spoof. Virginia Mayo has never had a vehicle that better displays her considerable show-girl talents, nor Gene Nelson a better chance to prove his ability to rival both Gene Kelly (as a dancer) and Burt Lancaster (as an acrobat). Reagan and Phyllis Thaxter make a really charming married couple, while Roland Winters as Midwest's leading alumnus—and menace—portrays a hypocrite perfectly. The script and direction are thoroughly professional, and if the tunes are not memorable, they are always pleasant, like the picture. Almost anybody will give *She's Working Her Way Through College* Grade A as summer fare.
Cast: Virginia Mayo, Ronald Reagan, Gene Nelson, Phyllis Thaxter.—Warners.

THE FIGHTER

To say that a movie is "reminiscent" of one or more other pictures is usually to damn it indirectly as a pallid copy. *The Fighter,* a strange blending of some of the ingredients of *Viva Zapata!* with bits and pieces of *Champion* and *Body and Soul,* is an exception, for the end-result of the peculiar recipe is a satisfying adventure film on a comparatively lofty historical theme (the script is based on Jack London's story, "The Mexican"). Richard Conte flees across the Rio Grande to Texas in 1910, lone survivor of an earlier-day Lidice in which Mexican Government troops burned his village to the ground and massacred his fellow fishermen, family and fiancée. He joins up with an exile group in El Paso that is supporting the activities of Mexico's great guerrilla leaders like Durango (Lee J. Cobb). One of the backers of the little band, American intellectual Vanessa Brown, takes to the young refugee immediately, but he has something on his mind that is greater than romance: revenge. So he makes use of his natural talent for prize-fighting to raise money for the guerrillas, and the camera follows him as his star rises in the ring and he returns to his native land on a dangerous mission—rescuing Durango from a prison cell. Back in the U. S., he fights a final match to obtain money for revolutionary rifles, and goes home again. All the elements in this film are beautifully fused under Herbert Kline's direction: the screenplay by Kline and Aben Kandel; Alex Gottlieb's over-all production (including his own help on the adaptation and fine camera work, as usual by James Wong Howe), as well as topnotch performances, by Conte in particular. The fact that a comparatively low-budget movie can feature such work proves again that sparing the expense doesn't necessarily spoil the picture. *The Fighter* has a big punch.
Cast: Richard Conte, Vanessa Brown, Lee J. Cobb.—United Artists.



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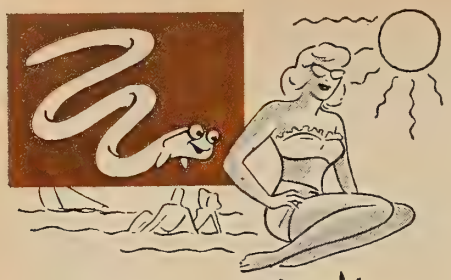
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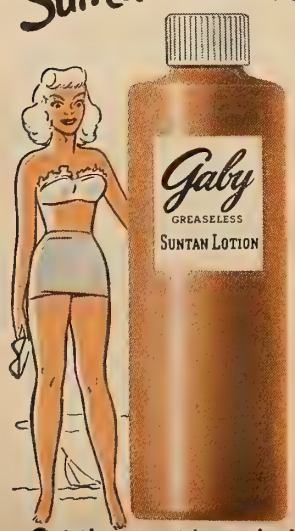


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MODERN SCREEN presents a new service department in which the stars themselves trade ideas, opinions and problems with our readers. Barbara Stanwyck contributes the third in a series of columns being written by top Hollywood personalities.

Take my word for it

by BARBARA STANWYCK; star columnist for July



I'm a zoo addict



Give me a cardigan set



Now I fly



I like my work

I LOVE THE OCEAN, but I'm not a good enough swimmer for the deep blue, so I use a pool. Jive music and, forgive me, jitterbug dancing suits me most. I know it dates me to say this but I've been dated before. When the "New Look" came in I stayed "old look" and was probably passé. But in time the fad died and the crowd dropped back to where I was trotting along in my stubborn fashion. I'm still stubborn. They tell me waistlines are dropping. Not mine. I love the French. My idea of heaven would be to work in New York and weekend in Paris. But by no means does this infer their infallibility in styles—new look, dropped waist, and especially this business of wearing ankle straps with tailored suits—abominable! The edge of a tailored skirt and the line of an ankle strap divides your leg so that the longest length of it visible without interruption is about five inches. What is there attractive about segments of a leg?

I believe in *subtle* make-up. After I apply lipstick—and blue eye shadow if it is evening—I am finished.

If I am going out, my hair (three permanents a year) will have been washed and my nails will have been manicured. Very likely I will be wearing one of my jeweled evening sweaters, which I buy whenever and wherever I see one I like. I won't be conscious of the silvery sheen to my hair because I not only have long accepted it but I like it; personally, it is my heritage (my brother Byron's hair turned pure white when he was 25), and professionally, since it photographs blonde with good highlights in it, it is an asset to me.

I GENERALLY CARRY A SHOULDER BAG when I go out, and in it are always the same articles: A Sulka alligator wallet given to me by Mary and Jack Benny which has my signature inscribed on it in gold, a small mirror, a superstay portrait pink lipstick and handy lipstick brush (which is actually a No. 7 water color brush set in a gold handle), a gold cigarette case containing cigarettes, a gold Zippo lighter, and that's just about all. No odds and ends and no clutter. In a way I suppose my bag represents me. I have lived long enough to know what is essential to me—I repeat, to me. This might not do for another woman.

In my possessions I don't always lean to the practical; if they affect me favorably in any way I am for them. There is nothing practical about rubies and pearls (unless you count them as investments), and I used to have rubies before I sold them all in preference for cultured pearls. Pearls, the glow of them, do something to me. I have other jewelry but the pearls are what I warm to



most. Again, there is nothing practical about paintings, but I did my walls over in white so that the few fine canvases I've accumulated wouldn't have to fight against heavy backgrounds.

My favorite flowers are gardenias, red roses, lilacs, tuberoses, and white carnations. I dislike orchids or any of the unfragrant exotics, and I hate lilies—calla, Easter, or of the valley. They are too closely related to death.

THE PERFECT WORLD FOR ME, when I get around to setting it up, would be almost evenly divided between working, reading, dancing, and swimming. I love the actual acting part of my work and the studying involved; I couldn't learn my part just by itself—I must know the whole play or picture, what everybody else has to say and what motivates them. I love reading books, any kind of book, but, I will admit, much more so if I can personalize it by seeing myself acting one of the characters. I am sure we all do this occasionally. I do it automatically. When I have taken the trouble to count the number of books I read a month, it has come to about thirty. I think it stays close to this average. But I have no library as such. When I am through with a book it finds its way into the hands of others who want to read. (Editor's note: Miss Stanwyck sends them to the veterans' hospitals.)

Incidentally, let's jump to the subject of men's wear for a moment. From my old New York days I think I still have a love for a neat blue suit—the old Sunday suit that every man owned if he had nothing else nice to wear. But I see nothing neat about California men. The sportswear, the Hawaiian shirt, the sloppy bags, the loafers . . . it's way overdone. You get to feel that something is missing and then you realize it's their whiskers. They are shaven. They shouldn't be . . . they should complete the picture if they are trying to look like beachcombers.

I DON'T THINK there are handier things in wearing apparel these days than the housecoats the shops are selling—especially the ones with the dolman sleeves and the flaring back you can belt in. They can call them housecoats, but they are street coats for me as well. Speaking of new things, I love plastic and I have replaced all the silver I've collected—candlesticks, ash trays, (*Continued on next page*)

Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!



BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta's sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.



BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super" cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.



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RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather . . . it lets those coppery lights shine out undimmed.



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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.*

New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

Forget the Time of month

*Tampax takes care of vacations and week-ends

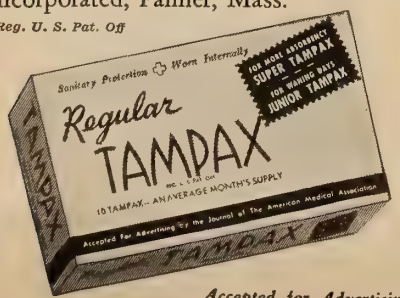


Believe the Tampax user who says "I can go in swimming *any day of the month* I want to." She can also picnic in a brief play-suit—on those particular days in question—or go jaunting here and there in clinging slacks. That's because Tampax sanitary protection discards the bulky external pad with its belt-and-pin harness. It is worn internally. There is nothing outside to "show."

A doctor invented Tampax for this special use by women. Made of pure, highly absorbent cotton, each Tampax is compressed into its own dainty applicator.... With Tampax there's no bulk to bind or chafe or induce perspiration. No need for a deodorant. (Odor does not form.) And no need to remove the Tampax for tub or shower. Changing is quick. Disposal easy.

Millions of women are now using Tampax. Why don't you try it? Buy at drug or notion counter. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply can be carried in your purse. Or get the economy package with four months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Take my word for it

continued

cigarette boxes—in plastic. What crystal has come into my possession I've replaced with Steubenware. I am sure I'm not a good example for anyone else; I am possessed by a dislike for old things and don't enjoy having them around. This, I know, is not typical, and perhaps I should read up on Herr Freud to see what this may mean psychologically and try to apply it to myself.

I WONDER what the connection is between certain likes and habits I have? I can't stand clutter, either actual or mental, if it's on my desk or in my mind. I don't like little thoughts, the inconsequential things that can fill up your mind and come out in idle chatter or gossip. I eat and dress and sleep simply. Meat and fire make a meal, and fuss about sauces is so much folderol. A tailored suit makes wearing apparel, and just a bed is necessary for sleep—undress and get in as is. How much more time there is to live if we can cut down to the essential things and cut out the non-essential!

Maybe this is why I like animals and am such a zoo addict. Maybe, too, this is why I seldom get headaches . . . although when I do they are beauts. Maybe this, too, is why I overcame my fear of airplanes and now fly instead of moving into a train room for three days. (Though I do wish the ladies' room in a plane wasn't so tiny!) And maybe, too, this is why I think TV is here to stay. To me it is the simplest form of presenting entertainment . . . a theatre in which millions of people can have front row seats.

I feel most comfortable wearing a cardigan sweater set. I don't know anything neater or more satisfying in wearing apparel, nor more complimentary to the average woman. I remember years ago seeing pictures of English women at home dressed in such soft, cashmere combinations and thinking I must get something like that. Now, suddenly, they are popular all over the country.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for me to answer every fan letter sent to me, but I write fan letters myself and don't get any answers either. I believe in telling people I like them or their work when I do. I am about to write my fifth fan letter to the same man . . . the man who directed my favorite picture containing my favorite closeup. The picture is *The Third Man* and I have seen it five times (that's why I'm due to write my fifth letter). My favorite closeup is the one where the camera follows the cat who runs to a man's feet, and then rises to show the man's face. It is Orson Welles. And while that closeup has the greatest impact of any single closeup I have ever seen, the man I send my fan letters to is the English director of the picture, Carol Reed.

SOMEONE RECENTLY ASKED ME if I have a guilty conscience when I wear my mink because of all the publicity it received in the Washington investigations. Believe me, I have no guilty conscience. I worked darn hard for my mink; from the day I decided I wanted one it took me three years to lay aside the money necessary free and clear of my other financial obligations. And perhaps I ought to add here that someone should tell Washington it is becoming awfully hard to believe in it.

THE HANDIEST TWO THINGS I OWN are a wrist watch of no particular make and a never failing Kimberly ball-point pen. Whenever I am invited to a cocktail party I look at the watch and it tells me I haven't got time to attend. I guess I don't like cocktail parties. People act as if simply determined they are going to have a good time—and don't. With the pen I write my regrets.

Things I haven't much use for are eggs and telegrams. Eggs I eat once a week, scrambled and in a hurry. Telegrams I am afraid of. I love packages that don't reveal their contents. I wish I could talk a Latin language. I love to hear them, and I think every woman sounds wonderful talking French or Italian. I am actually studying French.

SOMETIMES I GET A YEN to tell children bedtime stories but I don't know any who want to hear them—not these days. My favorite little girl now is probably Nancy Sinatra, who is 11, and no one can tell me she hasn't been here before! She couldn't be that smart in 11 years. She gets straight A's in school, plays a lovely piano, knows French and has a wisdom that is absolutely frightening. She also has a younger brother, Frankie, Jr., who spreads his arms and makes like an airplane when he goes to get me a glass of water. And I get lots of water this way, trying to see if he will forget being a plane. He never does.

I think Frankie would like the old romantic pictures that Hollywood is making so seldom now and which I miss so much: *Beau Geste, Lives Of A Bengal Lancer, Casablanca, Algiers* . . . I believe in realism, I've done my own best work in realistic stories, but there's something to losing yourself in screen glory that is unlike the everyday world. And, of course, with censorship to contend with, American realism has a tough time rising to the brilliance of foreign realism which seems circumscribed by nothing more handicapping than imagination.

Well . . . I have to wash my white cotton gloves now. I bought a pair of plastic handmolds my size, I slip the gloves on, wash them good, and let them dry and bleach in the sun. I love to do it.

Barbara Stanwyck

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Barbara Stanwyck personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

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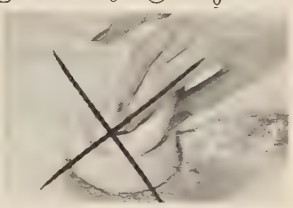
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no wet sponge



no greasy fingertips



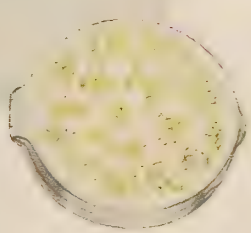
no spilly powder



Angel Face

by POND'S

smooths on with a puff and stays!



In this Mirror Case — your easiest way to Summer Glamour!

Velvety foundation and powder in-one! Such easy summer flattery! Never drying . . . never greasy. And Pond's Angel Face *stays on* much longer than plain powder—because it's foundation and powder in-one! Just a touch of the Angel Face puff smooths you . . . de-shines you . . . gives you the freshest, prettiest complexion under the summer sun!

The new ivory-and-golden Mirror Case holds everything you need for that luscious, sun-kissed look! Mirror, puff, and a season's supply of Bronze Angel Face! It's perfect for travel—Angel Face can't spill. For summer—rich, glowing Bronze Angel. Five other heavenly year-round shades, too. In the adorable new Angel Face Mirror Case, just $1*.



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April Showers

DEODORANT TALC

Now! To famous April Showers Talc, the world's most effective deodorant ingredient has been added! You'll be delighted with this lastingly effective deodorant talc that smooths your skin—and, at the same time, safeguards your freshness. Keeps you fragrant as April Showers—*all over*. Family size—50¢.

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STICK DEODORANT



A favorite with both men and women—this new type deodorant in "solid" stick form glides pleasantly over your skin. It's always safe—always sure—protects you *surely, lastingly*. Wonderful to take with you when traveling . . not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢.

Prices plus tax

by CHERAMY PERFUMER



continued from page 4

in another picture with Donald O'Connor because Donald stole the show in *Singin' In The Rain?*
—T. R., COLUMBIA, S. C.

A. Kelly has requested O'Connor to co-star with him in *Brigadoon.*

Q. What caused the break between Phil Harris and Jack Benny after a 15-year friendship? —S. W., FRESNO. CAL.

A. *Harris' refusal to appear as a guest on the Jack Benny television program.*

Q. How much of a settlement will Lana receive from Bob Topping?
—A. J., PT. ARTHUR, TEXAS

A. *Probably very little, maybe nothing.*

Q. Is it true that as a wedding present Betty Hutton got her husband a job as a full-fledged director at Paramount? —C. Y., PEORIA, ILL.

A. *No. Charles O'Curran is still a dance director.*

Q. Who are the biggest box-office draws on the Paramount lot?
—N. N., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Martin and Lewis as of this writing.*

Q. They say that Humphrey Bogart will earn so much money from *African Queen* that he plans to retire. Is this true? —G. R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. *Bogart may earn as much as $750,000. He has no intention of retiring.*

Q. I keep reading that Michael Wilding is all different ages. How old is he really? —D. U., TORONTO, CAN.

A. *He'll be 42 soon.*

Q. Who is the most temperamental actor in Hollywood?
—C. K., FT. PIERCE, FLA.

A. *Stewart Granger.*

Q. Why isn't Cary Grant's wife liked by the press? Is it true that Cary refuses to sign for a picture unless his Betsy is given a part, too?
—N. W., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *Mrs. Grant is not too co-operative with newsmen. Her husband does not make his employment contingent upon his wife's.*

Q. Isn't Franchot Tone on the verge of a nervous breakdown because of Barbara Payton?
—A. H., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A. *No, he's just unhappy.*

Q. Did Joan Bennett really support Walter Wanger from 1947 to 1952? Did she buy him a home to live in?
—H. D., DENVER, COL.

A. *Miss Bennett owned a home into which Wanger moved after they were married. Miss Bennett never supported him.*

Q. I've heard that Clark Gable is a grandfather. Is that the truth?
C. U., HOUSTON, TEXAS

A. *Gable's second wife became a grandmother while she was married to Clark. This made Gable a step-grandfather. He himself, however, has never been a father.*

Q. Is Jimmy Stewart the same stammering, All-American boy off-screen as he is on? —L. G., PRINCETON, N. J.

A. *The very same.*

Q. Isn't it true that Red Skelton is suffering from a very bad heart condition which Hollywood is attempting to keep hushed up? —J. F., MOLINE, ILL.

A. *No. Red's just suffering from overwork.*

Q. Wasn't Joan Crawford once in love with Dale Robertson? Didn't these two meet regularly at Joan's house?
—M. N., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. *Joan Crawford tried to get Robertson a role in* Flamingo Road. *She had him out to her house for dinner only once.*

Q. Will Clark Gable marry Virginia Grey after he gets his divorce?
—R. K., DALLAS, TEX.

A. *Probably not.*

Q. Now that she's a success on television, is Lucille Ball finished with motion pictures?
—D. G., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

A. *It's impossible to do a weekly TV show and star in movies, too.*

Q. Why does Tony Curtis let his hair flop down all over his forehead?
—E. W., LINCOLN, NEB.

A. *He thinks it's cute.*

Q. Is it true that Debra Paget has never had a date with a grown-up man? —O. R., CHEYENNE, WY.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Isn't there a feud between Gene Kelly and June Allyson?
—E. R., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A. *No. They just don't mix socially.*

Q. What's happened to Dennis Morgan? Is his screen career all washed up? —N. Y., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A. *He'll make one movie a year at Warners.*

At last, glamorous swim suits that give you social security!



Only Sea Nymph glamour suits have the "tapered torso" that keeps your suit UP at the top and DOWN at the bottom. Cut in a secret way that makes it stay PUT. Exclusive perma-banding at vital points, gives extra stay-up, stay-down insurance, too! Want beauty on the beach... social security on the sand? QUICK... INTO A SEA NYMPH! Suits shown in faille, $8.99. Slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Sizes 32-38. Also Junior sizes 9-15.

At your favorite store or write Jane Ross.
JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP.,
1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

One of these women has discovered a wonderful complexion secret...



She's washing her face . . . Like many women, she's simply washing with soap and water in the ordinary way—carelessly. If that's what you're doing —*stop!* You could be doing so much better.



She's getting a lovelier complexion . . . By washing properly with Palmolive Soap, she's giving herself gentle beauty care proved by 36 skin specialists to bring softer, smoother, younger looking skin.

Palmolive Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!



Yes, Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Are you one of those women who could be getting far lovelier skin with just a mere change in *the way you wash your face?*

The very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Within 14 days you'll have a complexion that's softer, smoother, younger looking. 36 leading skin specialists in 1285 tests proved that the Palmolive Beauty Plan brings most women lovelier complexions.

Next time you wash your face, try this way: Gently massage Palmolive's mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Do this 3 times a day. Palmolive's rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

*So **Mild** . . So **Pure** . . So Right For <u>All</u> of You*



Palmolive Soap Makes Every Bath a Beauty Bath

Be it ever so glamorous—no place is home to Rita Hayworth, unless there's a man around to make it cozy.

BY MARVA PETERSON

RITA'S RARIN' TO GO!



■ When she came back to Hollywood there was much speculation about what man would take over Rita's life, and when he'd start. Nightclub owners got their best table linen ready, gossip columnists sharpened their pencils and everybody waited for the fun to begin. But Rita fooled them all. She hardly went anywhere, and the only people she played with were her two daughters.

She still doesn't go anywhere, still plays with the girls, but it looks as if Rita's about ready to come out of her shell, because by the time you read this her divorce from Aly Khan may be final and Rita, who is one of the most glamorous women in Hollywood, won't let that glamor go to waste. Meanwhile, she's biding her time and settling into a home truly fit for a princess with room enough for her entire court.

Her house, high on Alpine Drive in Beverly Hills, isn't the same one she left three years ago, but it bears her label. She's taken her personal belongings out of storage, unpacked her favorite books and treasured collection of French, Spanish, English and Italian recordings; she's uncrated her silver, her valuable oil paintings and installed them all in her newly-acquired, pale green Spanish mansion.

Situated on a bluff overlooking (*Continued on next page*)

FOR FULL COLOR PICTURES OF RITA HAYWORTH'S NEW HOLLYWOOD HOME, TURN THE PAGE. →

continued from preceding page

Rita's new home (shown here) is tucked in a romantic glen. Here she has surrounded herself with colorful murals, soft lights, and music

a heavily wooded ravine, the mansion has a remote and elegant beauty. There are no close neighbors, no sound of auto traffic. The rest of the world seems very far away until you step onto the terrace and look down on the heart of Beverly Hills.

A short distance from the house is a swimming pool surrounded by a lovely garden that glows softly at night with a myriad of hidden lights.

And yet for all its seclusion, Rita's house is only a few minutes' drive to Columbia Studios. "I'm a working girl again," she says, "and I like to be near my work."

Rita's discovery of this hideaway is typical of her impulsive nature. One minute she was living quite comfortably in a swank bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel and the next she was burning to get out. She was sun-bathing in her private little patio at (*Continued on page 78*)





◀ Rita's traditional furniture fits gracefully into her big modern living room with its unique ceiling beams, all-over carpeting, and matching drapery.



After a hard day at the studio, Rita often dines on a card table in the sun room. Here's where she keeps her most treasured books, mementos and prints.

A "quiet evening" at home starts off when Rita brings out her dance drum, and begins beating out a tempo for her daughters to dance to. Next, she reaches for her castanets, and soon all three are whirling to the infectious click-click rhythm. The circus mural of glass tiles on the far left wall fits in perfectly with mother and daughters' gay, uninhibited dancing sessions. Rebecca is taking dancing lessons now.



The pale yellow walls of Rita's bedroom create a warm, sunny feeling even when the draperies are pulled. Next to the bed (but not shown in this picture) stands her portable victrola, and favorite records.



Like its owner, Rebecca's room is in a transitional stage. Lately, she's been forsaking her doll collection in favor of cowboy records and abstract paintings, samples of which she hangs on the


WA

the Inside Report

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST PASSIONATE LOVES

Their real stories have never been told! On these and the following pages are the true accounts of Hollywood's most controversial love affairs—Shelley and Vittorio, Ava and Frankie, Liz and Mike, Judy and Sid Luft.

SHELLEY: IT TOOK A REAL MAN TO TEACH HER WHO THE BOSS WAS—AND TO MAKE HER LIKE IT.

by Alice Mosby

■ At the Academy Awards last March, a young lady of apparent culture and refinement sat demurely in the audience, a picture of subdued charm in a pale blue gown.

She was a candidate for the highest honor Hollywood can bestow—the coveted Oscar.

When Vivien Leigh's name was called as the winner, the audience eyed the girl in blue and held its collective breath. But there were no tantrums, no temperament, no tears.

Instead, the new Shelley Winters serenely left the Pantages theater and graciously shrugged, "It's wonderful she won. I'm glad the suspense is over. I have nothing more to say."

Shelley had nothing more to say?

This is the new Shelley Winters who currently is the talk over 5 o'clock olives among the Cadillac set in glitter-glitter land. And behind the movie queen that night of the Academy Awards strode the reason for the metamorphosis of the blonde bombshell—29-year-old Vittorio Gassman who is tall, dark and handsome, just like in the movies.

Harried directors tried it . . . important studio executives tried it . . . scolding gossip columnists tried it. But where all else failed, Vittorio Gassman has tamed Shelley Winters.

Shelley, as lovers of the cinema know, used to bustle about in baseball caps, shorts and no make-up. The tales of how she pulled fireworks both off and on her movie sets are legendary in the magic city. In those hectic days, Shel went with Farl, as they say in Hollywood. That means Farley Granger.

Then the girl from Brooklyn decided to Tour Europe. Besides Culture and Broadening Travel, Miss Winters found love. At a theater in Rome last September, she met Gassman, one of the five top movie and stage (*Continued on page 82*)

AVA: IT TOOK PSYCHOANALYSIS TO BRING HER THE PEACE OF MIND THAT MAY SAVE HER MARRIAGE.

by Steve Cronin



Ava risked her career to marry Frank, after much bad publicity.

■ The passion of Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner, born in a confusion of bad publicity and intrigue, may seem headed for certain disaster.

Look at the odds against them. For nearly two years Sinatra courted Ava in the goldfish bowl of glaring publicity.

His excitable nature turned on newspaper reporters assigned to cover the romance in Hollywood, Mexico City and Madrid. His resultant bad press underlines the theory that when the press is against you, you can't survive unscathed.

The public failed to flock to Frankie's first post-Ava movie *Meet* (*Continued on page 64*)



LIZ: MIKE KNEW THE CURE FOR A YOUNG DIVORCEE'S BLUES—CONSIDERATION AND QUIET CHARM.

by Sheilah Graham

■ The time has come to bury the lies about Elizabeth Taylor and her love for Michael Wilding.

Ever since she flew to London to marry him, Elizabeth has been subjected to a near blizzard of untruthful stories.

She has been pictured as the bride of an octogenarian—a somewhat decrepit albeit charming gentleman of the old British school who never wanders too far from his bottle and wheel chair. Or, in other flights of fancy, Mr. Wilding has been pictured as a somewhat rakish gent bent on pursuing Grandma Marlene Dietrich across several continents.

There was even the hint, while reports were still coming through about the wedding, that Liz was expecting a baby. How this could be reconciled with the suggestion that this marriage was a passionless union, the result of Elizabeth's boredom with Hollywood wolves, I'll never know.

I'll get to some of the other lies later, but now we'll tell the actual facts.

There is no doubt that Elizabeth Taylor and her mother had bitter words at the time of her breakup with Nicky Hilton and the new romance with Stanley Donen. Elizabeth was momentarily thrown for a complete loss over the tragic blow to her heart. She left her family's Beverly Hills home without warning in the middle of the night and went to stay with her good friend, Helen Rose, the studio dress designer who, incidentally, created both her wedding ensembles. A few days later she went to the hospital, and when she came out, she refused to see her mother.

But now, for the past several months, Elizabeth has been closer to her mother than ever, and it has not interfered in the slightest with the depth of her love for Mike Wilding, her honeymoon, or her career.

"While she was in England with Michael," Mrs. Taylor told me, "Elizabeth called me at least once a week, and they both sent me telegrams almost every other day to tell me how happy they were."

These transatlantic communiques were partially business, of course. To indicate how long Elizabeth has been in love with Mike, last summer when she was in England for *Ivanhoe,* she and Mike planned their wedding for when she would be free from Nicky. At that time, Elizabeth was prepared even to give up her Hollywood career and take a little hat shop in London to give her something to do without taking her away from Mike for months at a time. To prove the point, Elizabeth later would not sign a new contract unless Mike signed one too at Metro. And she didn't have much trouble putting over her point, because Mike Wilding happens to be one of the best actors in England.

This brings up another erroneous belief to the effect that young (and, at 41, isn't he according to American standards?) Mr. Wilding is broke. He isn't. Unless you call earning from $40,000 to $60,000 a year in England being broke. True, he had to make a handsome settlement on his ex-wife but he was able to keep his beautiful apartment on Bruton Street in London, along with his Rolls Royce convertible which few American millionaires feel they can afford.

In addition, Mike, who was once a professional painter, had a collection of paintings (*Continued on page 104*)

JUDY: THE MAN NO ONE APPROVED OF BROUGHT HER A MATURE LOVE AND HELPED HER CLIMB BACK TO SUCCESS.

by Arthur L. Charles

■ When Judy Garland came back to Hollywood three months ago, reporters who met her train in Pasadena were surprised to learn that she had made the triumphant homeward trek without the man she loves.

"Where is Sid Luft?" everyone asked.

Judy ignored the question. Anxiously she looked about the station platform for her daughter, Liza. Catching sight of her, Judy stretched out her arms and Liza raced into them.

The reporters waited a respectable two minutes while Judy smothered the child. Then they moved in with a barrage of questions.

Was it true that Judy had earned $750,000 in her 20-week stint at New York's Palace? She didn't know the exact figure, but that was about right. (*Continued on page 98*)



Judy and Sid vacationed in Florida in March.

Call him cocky, call him

NO TIME



Gordon's love songs hold a real meaning for Sheila. Every high and low in their life has hinged on his singing career since they married when he was a page boy in Radio City.



Singing is Gordon's life—whether he's doing it for love or money. Here the MacRaes, including the pooch, lend an ear to "probably the best darned young baritone in captivity," as Gordon dubs himself.



Gordon still wolf-whistles when Sheila appears in a bathing suit. "Why, it's only my wife!" he'll say, acting surprised. But he's as sentimental about her as he was 11 years ago.

■ A stocky, square jawed young guy with friendly, hazel eyes and a spacious grin breezed into a Hollywood NBC rehearsal studio a few weeks ago and up to an attractive, smiling girl standing by the mike.

"Hello, Margaret," he greeted her. "It's swell to see you."

"Hello, Gordon," she answered. "It's wonderful to be here."

He took her by both hands then leaned over and planted an enthusiastic kiss on her cheek.

Secret Service men stiffened. Chaperones gasped. Even the radio technicians, used to all kinds of sights in Hollywood, almost dropped their earphones. But all this consternation was lost on Gordon MacRae, who was the kisser, and on the kissed, too, who was Margaret Truman, daughter of the President of the United States. Nobody guessed that they were old friends who had met before in Washington and that Gordon was warmly glad to see (*Continued on page 91*)

brash, you can't hurt MacRae who's going places too fast to worry about what people think.

FOR MODESTY

by Kirtley Baskette



She loves him, she loves him not! Jane

"DARLING, YOU'RE NUTS!"



Wyman's crazy romance has Hollywood guessing

BY RUTH WATERBURY

■ This is a very special kind of love story, a Hollywood love story. It concerns a very beautiful, very intelligent and very real girl named Jane Wyman and a very handsome, equally intelligent and fine guy named Travis Kleefeld.

This story has Hollywood completely bewildered. And this is the first time that the facts of it have been told.

Janie and Trav met during Christmas week—but Hollywood never knew how serious it was with them until mid-March, when Louella Parsons gave to the world the exclusive announcement that they were engaged to be married.

Hollywood was overjoyed. This wacky town is basically romantic, even though it begrudges certain people happiness. For instance, nobody knocked anybody out to see that Marlon Brando won this year's Oscar. But from the moment that Sarah Jane Fulks, self-titled Jane Durrell, came bouncing into the film colony in the late thirties, everybody has wanted her to get everything her generous heart desired. She's been such a fine loyal friend to so many people. She's become a superb actress and is such a wonderful mother to her kids. And ever since she and Ronnie Reagan parted, five years ago, Hollywood has worried about her.

Thus it was great news that she was thinking of marrying again. But a little more than three weeks after her announcement came a shocker. Jane Wyman, again via Louella, told the world she had canceled her engagement to Travis. But they were, she said, still the best of friends.

For once, that most polite of Hollywood's fictions, is completely true. Janie and Trav are such understanding friends that they see one another constantly, are each other's favorite companion—or as Jane says, "We became engaged to take the special Hollywood pressures off us, and then we broke our engagement for the very same reason." Actually they are waiting to act wisely rather than impulsively, waiting to know one another, as well as be fascinated by one another, waiting for several very special factors in both their lives to be worked out.

Many a girl has done what Janie almost did this March: seen a guy, fallen pretty hard, told herself she was completely in love. And any fellow, like Trav, would naturally tumble for a human dynamo like Jane, who also possesses beauty, fame and terrific charm. But to have the sheer social courage to call "whoa" on yourself, as Jane did, in order to be sure that this was the love that leads to marriage takes character. It also takes trust and love to do as Trav did and to say, "Darling, you're nuts, but if that's the way you want it, that's the way it is."

Actually—and amusingly—they didn't fall in love with one another at first sight. (They didn't even like each other very much.) They met at a dinner party in the home of mutual friends, where they sat next to each other at a table.

"I seem to have been in a dignified mood," Janie says, now, grinning. "Don't ask me why; I don't know. Maybe I was having a hangover from the *Blue Veil* or something. Anyhow, after dinner when Trav asked me if I'd dance I gave him the 'no thank you,' bit.

"However, as the evening wore on, and I noticed how everybody in the room was responding to his good nature, I warmed up a little, and just before the party broke up, when we were all out in the kitchen eating chili and beans, I began to think this was someone I might be interested in knowing. He must have got my message, because just at that moment, Trav looked over (*Continued on page 103*)





Three weeks after Jane and Travis Kleefeld announced their engagement, they called it off. Yet the Hollywood cliche "best of friends" applies.

There's the case of the calendar nude —and the riddle of my plunging necklines. These are the things that set the critics on my trail and raise the question . . .

Am I too DARING?

by Marilyn Monroe



Gold sculptured swim suit by Rose Marie Reid

■ Am I too daring?

I ask this question in all sincerity because, in recent months, a number of influential women have told me that perhaps I am. I have been accused of having horrible taste in clothes, told that I am flaunting the gentler traditions of womanhood, and that I have made a common display of my figure on every social occasion.

In my own heart, I cannot believe that these accusations are true, and when they first began to appear in several of the Hollywood columns, they hurt me deeply. I felt that perhaps I had unintentionally offended someone. Then I ran through every possible reason why I should be attacked on these grounds, and I worried.

Quite understandably, when a girl is just starting her career in Hollywood, she can't help but worry when she wakes up one morning and reads that perhaps she is seriously jeopardizing her motion picture career by the way she dresses. That's potent criticism, and it pays to consider it carefully.

In my case, I had a special reason to worry—one which, at the time, made it impossible for me to answer back. Frankly, I was concerned about how Hollywood was going to accept the news that only a few weeks before, on January first, 1952, to be exact, a nude calendar for which I posed in 1949 had turned up on garage and barber shop walls all over America. Only a few people knew it was me, but I realized it would be just a matter of time until someone on the newspapers tracked down the story.

I have never been ashamed that (*Continued on page 101*)





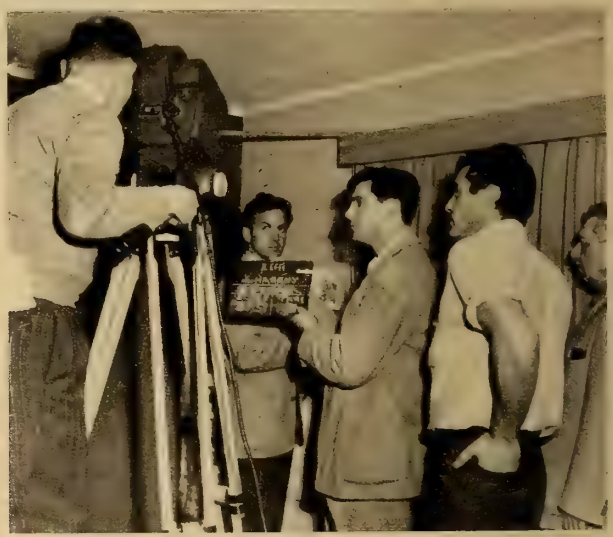
HE'S REALLY LIVING!

Wine, women and Tchaikowsky —mix 'em all together and they spell Cochran, a guy who knows how to live alone and love it!

BY IMOGENE COLLINS



An avid home movie fan, Steve is producing a dramatic chase film entitled *Embarkadero*. Here, he and cameraman Jack Hagney shoot a scene between Eddie Norris and Bill Kalviano.



Getting ready for a close-up sequence, Jack trains the up-to-date 16-millimeter sound camera on Eddie, while Bill holds the identifying slate. Steve and soundman Al Riggs look on.



Steve's such a busy guy he never gets time for his other hobbies, writing and painting. He's also a "Sunday afternoon sailor"—one day a week is all he can spare for his 24-foot ketch.

Story conference on set (Steve's living room): Monte Pittman, Jack, Barbara Logan, Eddie, Steve, and Bill, all deep in discussion.

■ Steve Cochran is a character. "But I'm not a Bohemian," he announces. "A Bohemian uses bacon for bookmarks." Despite his denial, it's probable that Steve Cochran *would* use bacon for a bookmark, if he couldn't find a bookmark. He would also do a lot of other things that ordinary, nose-to-the-grindstone actors would not ever do. Who else in Hollywood would keep a parrot named Clarence, and a dog named Tchaikowsky who plays the piano? Who else would admit with a devilish grin that women are his favorite hobby but that marriage makes him miserable?

Here is a man who even gets Hollywood excited, because he is like no man Hollywood ever saw before. He is lazy, but always interested; he is casual but suggests controlled power; he plays at love, but his heart is with the sea; he lives in a house that looks as if it were built by a madman.

The house climbs a hill in Benedict Canyon, and the living room clutches the top of it. Walk through the door and you come face to face with a bar, and if you keep your head up you're liable to be conked on it by a four-by-four beam that is slung low (*Continued on page 100*)



Author Monte Pittman serves up the salaries in Steve's kitchen—two hamburgers and a cup of coffee per person! Nobody complains.

Dear Esther...



What do people write to movie stars? Here's your chance to read Esther Williams' mail before she does and see what reporter Jim Henaghan wrote to this aqua-queen

Dear Esther:

I address this letter to you with some hesitation. I think mainly because I intend having it published and read by a couple of million people before you see it. That, I suppose, could be called opening somebody else's mail—a nasty habit, according to the mailman on my street.

There must have been another way to do this but it has not occurred to me. The point is, you see, that I have a few matters to take up with you—and some things to write about you that require a broader medium than stationery—so the "open letter" serves my purpose admirably.

Now before you get nervous and begin howling for the postal inspectors, let me assure you that this is not the usual type of open letter, the kind generally used in magazines to caution a star that she is wayward, backward or headed for trouble. I have not heard that you and Ben have decided to call your marriage a silly infatuation, so I have no instructions to give you about your family life. I have not heard that you refused to go back-stroking with some rabid fan in the Wichita, Kansas high school pool, so I do not intend to warn you that such conduct can cost you the support of thousands of waterlogged admirers.

The simple truth is that I have been trying to get to talk to you in person for the past three weeks and have found it impossible. Oh, I have been given splendid cooperation at your studio. As a matter of fact, I have had the place in an uproar. And if anyone had been listening in on the conversations (*Continued on page 68*)



Ever since the day a big boxer named Jezebel arrived, Alan Ladd's let his house go straight to the dogs!

BY JIM BURTON

alan ladd's



Boxer Jezebel moved into the Ladds' present home as a member of the family. Alan said then, "Dogs will always be a part of our life and our home."



Jezebel, dachshund Fritzie II, and another boxer, Brindie, jealously guard their positions as the three housedogs. Other pups are on the ranch.

■ The business about dogs was decided right off by the Alan Ladds; and it didn't take more than ten seconds. It was the day the Ladds moved into their present home. More than a year of planning and building had gone into the house and grounds, for this was the place Alan and Sue knew they were going to live in for the rest of their lives. And as they turned in from the street and onto the black top driveway, they liked what they saw. The whole family was along—Carol Lee, Laddie, Alana and little David and Jezebel, a large boxer dog.

The Ladds got out of the car, inhaled the fine clean air of their hilltop and admired the flowers in the beds that flanked the house. Then, in a body, they marched to the front door and Alan inserted his key beneath the fancy brass door knob. The kids pushed open the door and scampered inside. Alan and Sue took a little longer, because this was their dream, and they stood just inside the entrance letting the magnificence of the house seep in. The living room was to the right, like something out of a picture book. The dining room, with its long table was to the left and beyond that the playroom. Before them, facing on the garden and pool was a sitting room, carpeted in a soft grey and furnished with fat, puffy sofas and a pair of splendid black coffee tables.

Everybody took it big but Jezebel. She walked slowly around the room for a moment, sniffing at the strange things there, and then, on a doggish whim or in an instant of uncertainty, she tried a small section of the living room rug for absorbent qualities.

The howl from Sue Ladd's lips could have been heard a block away. Jezebel leaped ten feet and took off with Sue after her. The occasion, in a fraction of a second, changed from a glad entry into a new life into a dog hunt, with everyone but Alan joining in, and Jezebel scurrying about like a cornered pony in a tea shop. As she passed him for the third time, Alan grabbed Sue.

"Now, hold on a minute, honey," he said. "Do you like that dog?"

"Of course I do," wailed Sue, "but did you see what she just did to my new rug?"

"Sure I did," said Alan, "but there's one thing we have to make up our minds about right now. Dogs will always be a part of our life and our home. Now this (*Continued on page 80*)

a big baby!



Joan Crawford

stepped out of nowhere,

right into a dream—

and she's been

living there so long

it's hard to remember

where that dream world ends

and reality begins . . .

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

Joan Crawford invented herself. She made herself up right out of whole cloth and now she is torn between being pleased with the result and feeling inadequate.

She didn't make up her background, nor does she try to conceal it. The early days in Kansas City when she lived in the back room of a laundry, the schooldays which were all work for tuition and no time for study, the rough New York chorus girl days, the time at Stevens' College when she was rejected by a sorority because the other girls found out she was working her way through as a waitress. . .

She felt the need of a personality change. Although she cried when her real name, Lucille Le Sueur, was changed to Joan Crawford she immediately began to become Joan Crawford the film star. As such she has a tremendous feeling of responsibility toward the public who've made her what she is. But what, indeed, is she?

She's a woman who needs constant and daily praise to build up her faltering ego. When Franchot Tone was married to her, he once remarked, "Joan is hurt if I don't tell her how gorgeous she looks every time she walks down the stairs for dinner. Well, she *does* look gorgeous. But so does a sunset and you can't keep saying every night, 'How gorgeous is the sunset.'"

An ex-executive of the Capitol Theater in New York tells this story. It happened when Joan was at the height of her career.

She was in New York at the same time that a new movie of hers was playing at the Capitol. Her fans waited in line for hours fighting and scratching to be the first to get in when the doors opened at 10:30 A.M. "It's a different kind of audience from any you have ever seen," the executive told Joan.

Naturally Joan had to see and hear this but, he warned her, "It's as much as my job is worth and as much as your life is worth if those mad, crazy kids get a whiff of you."

Joan promised she would come (*Continued on page 94*)

JOAN WORKS AT KEEPING THE CRAWFORD MYTH ALIVE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, EVERY DAY.



Joan knows what her public wants, confers with cameraman (*above*) to make sure that they get it.



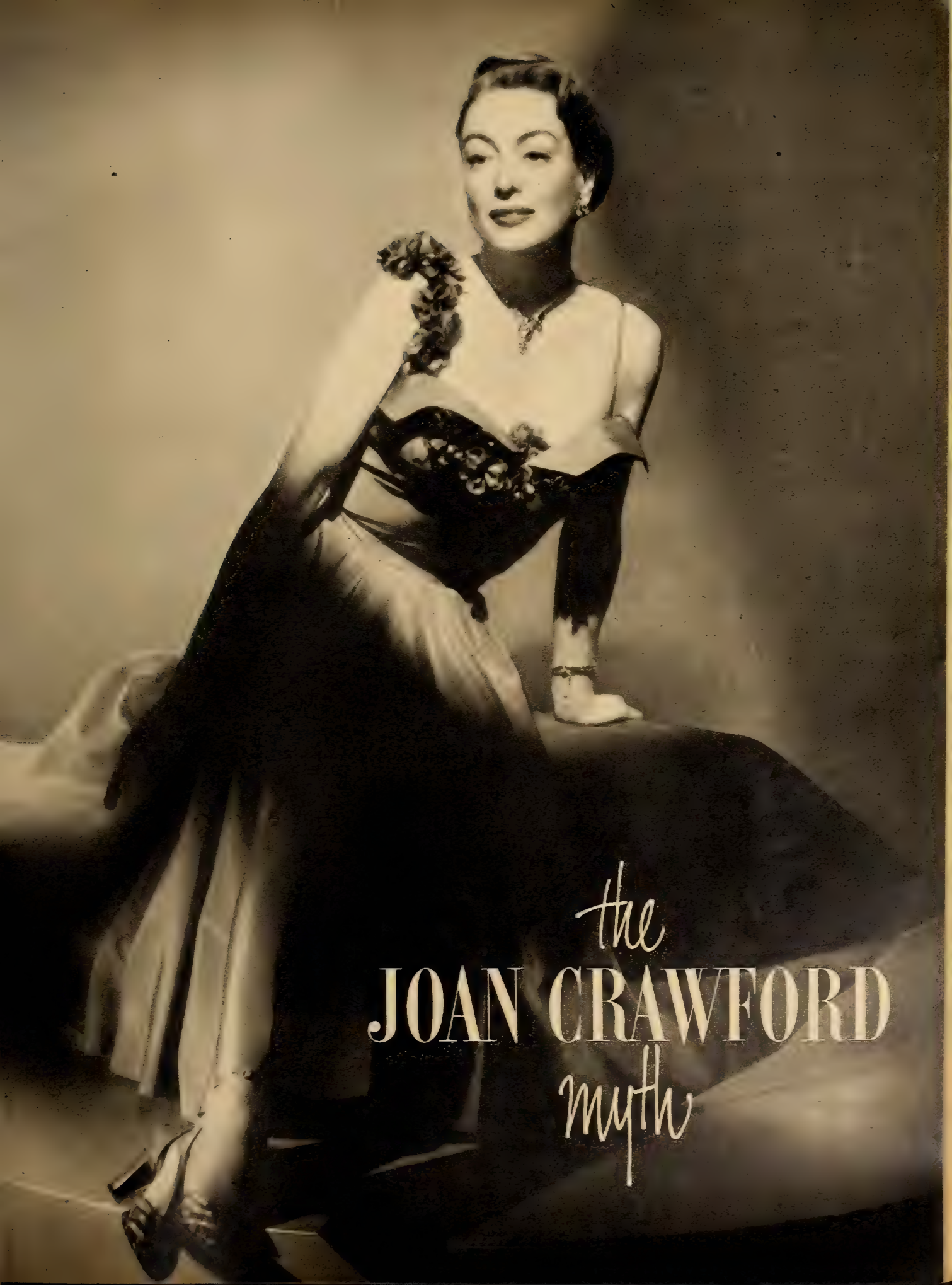
Joan's aware that publicity keeps a myth alive. When she tore her hem in a New York night club, she knew how to turn it into a news item.



In front of the camera, Joan displays a high powered brand of sex appeal that has fans believing she's like that in person.



Joan's a Crawford perfectionist in all things, but it's nowhere more apparent than in the way she's bringing up her children.


the
JOAN CRAWFORD
myth



SHE'S A GLAMOR GIRL TURNED COWGIRL—AND SHE PREFERS HOMELIFE TO NIGHTLIFE ANYTIME . . .

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE

by Virginia Mayo

■ Sooner or later in every interview, Mike and I are asked why we don't go out oftener than we do. That's a natural enough question, I suppose. We almost never go to parties, nightclubs, or any of the places that make up the "nightlife" of Hollywood.

Why not? The question never fails to fluster me. I hate to run the risk of sounding prudish or disapproving when actually I am neither of these things.

My husband, however, is rarely bothered by questions like that. He has a direct Irish way of putting things that makes our attitude sound as unpretentious as it really is.

"Virginia and I," he says, "don't go for big affairs. In fact, we have more fun doing nothing together than many married couples at a ball."

That's true. Especially the part about the togetherness of our life. During the five years of our marriage, Mike and I have seldom been apart. We have lived simply, and I doubt if anyone would consider our daily existence glamorous and exciting.

It's amazing how much a woman can come to depend upon the mere presence of the man she loves. I know that I am never really serene or happy unless Mike is there. Even on the nights when the baseball games come on television and his whole attention is absorbed in the play, I feel completely at peace. All I need to do is look up from the book I'm reading and see Mike enjoying the game, then I am happy, too.

We used to go out more than we do. We still go to nightclubs when any of our favorite entertainers come to town. But both Mike and I spent too (*Continued on page 95*)



The O'Sheas are stay-at-homes. They're enthusiastic television fans.

the story behind today's headlines:

THE FIGHT FOR INGRID BERGMAN'S DAUGHTER

■ The anticipated battle for Ingrid Bergman's daughter has begun. Ingrid, who is expecting twins this month, desperately wants her 13-year-old daughter to spend the summer with her in Italy. She has petitioned the Superior Court of California to appoint a travelling companion (not Dr. Lindstrom) for her child. She objects to Dr. Lindstrom because she feels that his presence would lend an air of "exceptionality, tension and quarrel" to the visit. Dr. Lindstrom is opposed to the meeting's taking place in Italy, stating that he doesn't want his daughter to be outside the jurisdiction of the United States courts. Last summer, Dr. Lindstrom took his daughter to Ingrid in London. There are two versions of what happened during that visit (see Ingrid's affidavit and Dr. Lindstrom's refutation). Suspicion and distrust on both sides accompany Ingrid's present request to see her daughter. The final word, however, rests with the California Superior Court, Case D397287 MODERN SCREEN takes no sides in this custody dispute. It simply presents the legal documents in the case and suggests that the readers judge the issue themselves.

Ingrid Bergman Rossellini, formerly known as Ingrid Bergman Lindstrom, deposes and says:

The following is a chronology of the facts surrounding my inability to visit with my daughter Pia.

In 1949, I went to Italy as an actress in the photoplay *Stromboli*.

While in Italy I advised my former husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom, that the dissolution of our marriage was necessary. The photoplay was not concluded until late September 1949 and it was, therefore, impossible for me to have my daughter with me during the summer vacation of 1949.

After the photoplay was completed, a great deal of unfortunate publicity was given the situation surrounding my separation and subsequent divorce from Dr. Lindstrom and my marriage to my present husband, Mr. Roberto Rossellini. Litigation was then instituted between Dr. Lindstrom and myself in the California Courts and after many months of negotiations between our respective attorneys in California a property settlement agreement was finally executed on April 19, 1950.

I made numerous requests to have my daughter Pia visit me in Europe during the summer vacation period of 1950. My many re-

1. I am the plaintiff in this action. I make this affidavit in opposition to the application of defendant for an order granting permission to defendant to have our minor child PIA LINDSTROM visit with defendant in Rome, Italy, as set forth in the Notice of Motion therefor, dated April 9, 1952, and in the affidavit of defendant which was filed in support thereof.

2. In particular I make this affidavit for the purpose of answering and refuting the false, misleading and distorted statements which are contained in the affidavit of my former wife, defendant herein. It is with great reluctance that I find myself compelled to state the facts hereinafter set forth, first and primarily because I would have preferred to spare my child Pia any further publicity and embarrassment which must result from the airing of these issues, and secondly because the rectification of some of the half-truths contained in the defendant's affidavit requires me to set forth facts which up to now I had felt it unnecessary to disclose.

3. For over three years while defendant and her spokesmen have utilized every avenue of publicity in an attempt to vindicate her actions before the world, I have remained silent and have answered "No comment!" to every attempt to elicit my reactions and that of Pia

INGRID BERGMAN'S SIDE OF THE STORY

quests were denied by Dr. Lindstrom because he would not permit our daughter to come to Europe unless and until I had signed certain papers and the California Court made a decree concerning her custody. This attitude of Dr. Lindstrom's was apparently prompted by his belief that if there were no such decree I would steal the child and never return her to the United States.

It was not until September 30, 1950 that an interlocutory decree of divorce was granted which I permitted Dr. Lindstrom to obtain without contest on my part. During the negotiations that led to that solution, I was informed that a visit with Pia could take place in the latter part of that summer. Subsequently, however, in a direct telephone conversation with me Dr. Lindstrom indicated that this was not his intention but that he would do his best to bring the child over for Christmas 1950. This visit, too, never materialized.

The pertinent provisions of above mentioned interlocutory decree respecting the custody of Pia are as follows:

"3. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED that the present best interest of the minor child of the parties hereto, Pia Lindstrom, requires that she reside and receive her education in the State of California.

"4. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED that *plaintiff and defendant shall have the joint legal custody of said minor child* but it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the plaintiff Peter A. Lindstrom shall have her physical custody, care, protection; control and education.

"5. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED, that, subject to the provisions of Paragraph 6 as in this Judgment provided, *defendant shall have the right to have the said minor child with her during one-half of the said minor child's school vacation periods,* and plaintiff shall have the right to have said minor child with him during the remaining one-half of such school vacation periods.

"6. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED, that if *either plaintiff or defendant desires to take the minor child of the parties hereto, Pia Lindstrom, from the United States,* the party desiring to do so shall first make an application therefor to the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles upon (5) days' written notice to the other party, and first securing an order of the above-entitled court permitting such removal."

In connection with the proposed visitation during the summer of 1951, Dr. Lindstrom stated that he would not bring Pia to Italy, assigning as the reason therefor the fact that he did not intend our daughter to come under the "influence" of my husband Roberto Rossellini, to whom I am still happily married and who is the father of my son Robertino Rossellini. In my desperate anxiety to see my daughter Pia after almost three years of separation from her, I agreed that this visit with my daughter Pia could take place in one of three European countries suggested by Dr. Lindstrom, England, Denmark or Sweden.

Subsequently, I agreed with Dr. Lindstrom by long distance telephone that the visitation would be in London, England. Some time later I received a cablegram from Dr. Lindstrom, which was sent from New York, at the moment of boarding the ship that was taking him and Pia (*Continued on page 86*)

DOCTOR LINDSTROM'S SIDE OF THE STORY

to the conduct of defendant which gave rise to this action for divorce against her. Despite the circumstances of the case, I have never felt that she should be deprived on that account of the privilege of seeing the child. As respects the rights of visitation by defendant with the child, I realize that the sole consideration should be what is for the best interests of the child. Based on that sole consideration, I am convinced that it would not be for the best interests of Pia for the motion of defendant to be granted.

4. For the convenience of the Court, I shall answer the statements of defendant as contained in her affidavit of March 4, 1952 in the order in which they are therein set forth. The references to page and lines will refer to the pages and lines of defendant's said affidavit.

5. Defendant states (page 1, lines 6 to 11) that it was impossible for her to have Pia with her during the summer vacation of 1949, because she was making the photoplay *Stromboli.*

ANSWER: Actually, before defendant went to Italy in the spring of 1949 to make this picture, I had arranged with her that I would come to Italy with Pia that summer, as soon as the child's summer vacation started, and the three of us (defendant, Pia and I) would spend at least a month together vacationing in Europe. Whatever opportunity there would have been for such vacation was shattered when I received a letter which defendant wrote to me within two weeks after her arrival in Italy that spring, which letter reads as follows:

"Amalfi
3 April 1949

"Petter lilla (Petter dear)—

It will be very difficult for you to read this letter and it is difficult for me to write it. But I believe it is the only way. I would like to explain everything from the beginning, but you know enough, and I would like to ask forgiveness, but that seems ridiculous. It is not all together my fault and how can you forgive that I want to stay with Roberto. I know he has also written you and told you all that there is to tell. It was not my intention to fall in love and go to Italy forever. After all our plans and dreams, you know that is true. But how can I help it or change it? You saw in Hollywood how my enthusiasm for Roberto grew and grew and you know how much alike we are, with the same desire for the same kind of work and the same understanding of life. I thought maybe I could conquer the feeling I had for him when I saw him in his own milieu, so different from mine. But it turned out just the opposite. The people, the life, the country is not strange, it is what I always wanted. I had not the courage to talk more about him at home than I did with you as it all seemed so incredible, like an adventure, and at the time I didn't realize the depth of his feelings. Min Petter (my Petter), I know how this letter falls like a bomb on our house, our Pelle (Pelle being the name which defendant and I had planned to give to our next child), our future, our past so filled with sacrifice and help on your part. And now you stand alone in the ruins and I am unable to help you.

"Stackars lilla pappa men also stackars lilla Mama
(Poor little papa but also poor little mama)."

Defendant did not even *mention* Pia in this letter!

Far from not having an opportunity to have Pia with her during the summer of 1949, the fact is that I went to Italy in May of 1949 and entreated with defendant to talk to Pia, whom I offered to bring over to any place in Europe except Italy so as to make defendant understand that she had to explain to the child herself the reasons why defendant was not coming home. Defendant at that time agreed to meet the child and myself later in the summer, but a few weeks later defendant repudiated her promise (*Continued on page 88*)



She isn't happy unless she's the tops —and Hutton's up there now with all the greats who ever lived for the sound of applause.

MISS SHOW BUSINESS

by Jane Wilkie



Betty wasn't much older than her two daughters, Candy and Lindsay, when she started singing in her mother's speakeasy.



On stage, Betty's a dynamo, always has the audience yelling for more. Here she makes a costume change while the Skylarks back her up with a vocal at the Palace theater.



Husband Charles O'Curran and Blossom Seely, a top old-time stage star, and one of Betty's ardent fans, congratulate her after her smash success at the Palace opening night.

■ It was 1933. The house lights in the Detroit theater were dim, and the spotlight circled the group on stage. The master of ceremonies was holding his hand over the head of a small dark-haired girl who had just finished a tap dance in the nightly amateur contest. The applause was thundering. Then he moved his hand over the head of the skinny blonde kid who had sung "Somebody Loves Me," and the response was equally deafening. The master of ceremonies shrugged and smiled. "Ladies and gentlemen, it looks like a tie." He returned a dollar bill to his pocket, pulled out two 50-cent pieces and presented one to each child. The freckled blonde stood immobile, biting her lip in fury. Then she walked deliberately over to the other girl and gave her the half dollar.

"I wasn't being sweet, I wasn't being generous," says Betty Hutton now. "I just didn't want any part of second money."

This is perhaps the whole secret of Betty's drive and determination to be the world's greatest entertainer. She isn't happy unless she comes off with top honors, and in the past few years she has seldom finished anywhere but first.

Last April she was once again a winner when she was presented with a plaque by Major General William Kean in recognition of her work in entertaining troops on the Korean front. It was the first such award to be given and orders for its presentation came from Secretary of the Army Frank Pace, Jr. The other who went (*Continued on page 61*)

the road I travelled

I THINK I WAS BORN BELIEVING IN PEOPLE. AND THROUGH THEM, I LEARNED TO BELIEVE IN GOD, TOO.

by Donald O'Connor



■ A child has to make up his own ideas to begin with. Probably, because of my unconventional upbringing in the theater, my first spiritual conception of life was completely out of the normal groove—I worshipped people. All people and especially those who made up the audiences I first met as an infant when my mother and father would carry me on stage at the end of their performance.

There would be a round of laughter and applause, and apart from the "ham" in me liking it, something deeper was stirred. I know this because up to about the age of seven or eight, and even afterwards, I had a sort of supernatural awe of our audiences. . .

As my family toured the country sickness would strike us, and even death, but nothing like that ever seemed to happen to the people. There they would be every night, no matter what theater, no matter what town, looking up at us, laughing and responding exactly the same as always. It never struck me that they were made up of different individuals. And since I also sensed that our own fate depended directly on their feelings toward us, and we deferred to them in all things, adjusting our lives, you might say, in a constant effort to please them, they actually took on the stature of deities to me.

This was my belief before I even knew that I was a Catholic, and I haven't outgrown it yet altogether, even though in time I turned formally to my own religion. There is a power in people . . . a power for good. This ties in with my present professional thinking, of course. My time is spent thinking of what to do for them, but behind it is the knowledge that they have done everything for me. (*Continued on page 97*)

Jane Powell's a big-city glamor girl now—but her heart's still back in Portland, Oregon, her home town. Here, for the first time in any magazine, is an authentic account, with pictures, of a little known phase in her fabulous career.

MY HOME TOWN

by Jane Powell



■ Just about this time of year, Portland, Oregon, my home town, will be abloom with color and excitement and flowers. Visitors will come from all over America to see the famous annual Rose Festival. How I wish I could be there! I would like to stand on the sidelines with my husband Geary and watch the parade. Then I might recapture the wonderful thrill I had nine years ago when I was riding down the street myself on one of the biggest and prettiest of the floats.

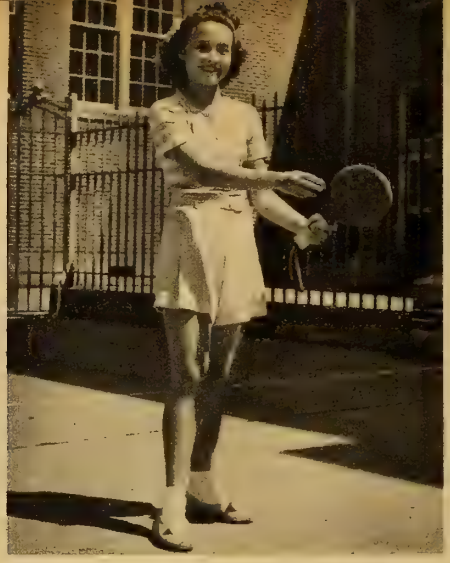
Every now and then, I am overcome with nostalgia for my home town. I don't think I'll ever lose the special feeling I have for the place where I was born and where I lived the first 14 years of my life.

This spring, when I received an invitation to the pageant from the Portland Rose Festival committee, I showed the letter to Geary, who stared moodily into space after he read it.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I just realized that I don't (*Continued on following page*)

A little Oregon schoolgirl named Suzanne Burce blossomed into screen star Jane Powell. These pictures, many of which have never been published before, trace her life story.



Paddle board was Jane's favorite game when she was a student at Portland's Beaumont school, and later at Fernwood and Irvington.



Her parents managed this apartment house on 24th and Broadway when Jane was in grade school. They lived in the front left.



Later in 1943 Jane signed a movie contract, went to Hollywood for *Song Of The Open Road*. Marshall Thompson was an early beau.



Jane quickly became one of the most popular girls in Hollywood's younger set. Here she's with Roddy McDowall, Scotty Beckett.



And then . . . she met a young man named Geary Steffen, whose quiet courtship won her heart—and hand. They married in Nov. 1949.

know much about your life as a girl in Portland," he laughed. "Maybe you had another fellow."

"Of course, I did," I replied. "Lots of them."

That night, for the first time since we were married Geary and I had a long talk about my childhood. I don't know why we haven't discussed it before. I guess we've been too busy living our life together to do much reminiscing about the past.

It's not easy for me to explain how I feel about Portland. It's a big city, one of the biggest in the Pacific Northwest. Proud Oregonians will rush to tell you about its booming industry, its majestic scenic beauties, and its rapid population growth. But I don't think of Portland that way. To me, it will always be the warm and neighborly place that ten years ago took a little girl named Suzanne Burce to its heart and helped her become what she is today.

I believe I owe more to my home town than any other performer in Hollywood. Some actresses got their first encouragement in their home towns. Others were given their first professional experience there. But no one I have met in Hollywood ever received the whole-hearted support I did from the people of Portland.

I might not be in Hollywood today if it weren't for C. W. Myers, the late president of Portland's local station, KOIN. Mr. Myers arranged for me to appear on "Hollywood Showcase" during the summer of 1943, when I was on a vacation in Southern California with my parents. At that time, I didn't have the vaguest dream about a Hollywood career. In fact, my big ambition was to get back to Portland for the fall term at Grant High School. I never made it, I signed to make my first movie, instead. With *Song Of The Open Road*, the whole pattern of my life was changed.

Unfortunately, that is the point where



Jane was overjoyed when her parents bought a house on Going street. Even drying dishes was fun, when it was done in their own home.



All through grade school, Jane's best friend was Nancy Dickson Huntzinger, who's now a switchboard operator in Portland. They still correspond.



When Jane became Oregon's Victory Girl, one of her biggest thrills was meeting Lana Turner during the 1943 bond drive.



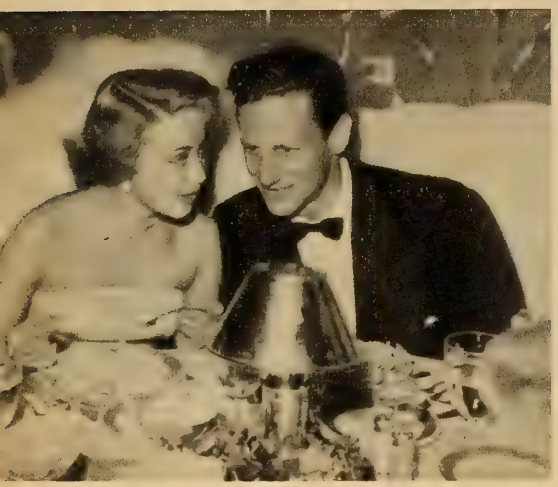
Today, Jane, Geary and their year-old son, Geary III, live in this charming tree-shaded home on a secluded street in suburban L. A.



Jane Powell, the sophisticated movie star to whom night clubs, parties and costume balls are every day activities, has come a long way from the schoolgirl she once was.

most stories about me have begun. To be sure, appearing on "Hollywood Showcase" was one of the greatest moments of my life. But there were many things, important to me, that went before. Mother has told me that my first public appearance in Portland was at the annual recital of the Agnes Peters Dancing School, presented in the auditorium of Grant High School. I was only four-and-a-half at the time, and according to Mother, I wore a kitten costume she made and sang a number called, "Sitting On The Backyard Fence." I remember the lyrics better than the occasion, I'm afraid, but (*Continued on following page*)

MORE →



Low cut evening gowns, and high tone supper clubs are things that little Suzanne Burce could dream about—but to Jane Powell, they're real.



No more clowning on the sand. A dignified Jane and Geary are served lunch in style at their beach club on one of their rare vacation days.



"In Hollywood, I've found a career, a loving husband, and a son," says Jane. "But I will always remember my wonderful old home town!"

it was at this recital that Carl Werner saw me. Later, as my agent and adviser, he played an important role in my career in Portland.

I don't think I was precocious about dancing and singing. I remember little about my lessons. I took them with several other little girls, and was always glad to get away from studying to play.

My first year in school didn't leave any deep impression on me, either. I know that I went to Irvington School, and that it was a long walk to get there. Mother used to worry about me because I always stopped to play hide 'n' seek in some houses that were being built in the neighborhood. I quit this game after a board fell on my foot.

The next year, I transfered to Fernwood, a school 12 blocks from the Broadway apartment house my folks managed. I remember my second grade class very well because there I met my first boyfriend, Larry Larsen. It wasn't exactly a romance, but we had a mutual bond. I bit my nails and Larry sucked his thumb. Our teacher, Miss Shaw, used to pay us a dime for each week that we controlled our nervous habits in class. All the time that I went to Fernwood, which was through the sixth grade, I came home every day for lunch, and I had to run both ways in order to get back before the bell.

My best friend at Fernwood was Larry's sister Norma with whom I played every afternoon after school. I didn't have a room of my own, but slept on a couch in the living room under a window, and I used to hand my doll things out to Norma through the window. Mother didn't approve of this, but it saved a lot of time.

My grade school days were perfectly normal. I was an average student, thought more about playing than anything else. Mother let me quit my dancing lessons when I lost interest in the third grade. I didn't begin singing lessons until I was almost 11 years old, and I nearly stopped them because I dreaded practicing so much.

I took my first singing lessons from Mrs. Olson, who had an office in an old brick building across from the Lipman and Wolfe Department Store. Mother let me ride the bus back and forth by myself, and these twice weekly trips, my first solo expeditions into downtown Portland, made me feel important. More clearly than the lessons themselves, I remember the creaky old elevator in the building which stopped erratically whenever it took a notion. I was so afraid that I'd get stuck between floors that I usually walked up the four flights to Mrs. Olson's office.

While I was in the sixth grade, we moved to another neighborhood but I still went to Fernwood, even though it meant walking even farther to school. Norma Larsen was still my best friend, too, and she often went downtown with me on the bus.

I remember the first shopping expedition we made together, one Saturday when our mothers allowed each of us to buy a dress by ourselves at Sears Roebuck. The dresses we selected were pretty enough, but my mother was furious because our dresses were exactly alike. (*Continued on page 82*)

(*Continued from page 55*) before her had done a magnificent and highly appreciated job, but when Betty went, she blew into Korea like the scream of a siren, bombarded them with songs until they were in a happy daze, and then left like an explosion. The reverberations of her superb performance reached Washington, D. C., with such a resounding thud that the brass hats were moved to give some concrete evidence of their appreciation.

That Betty made such a hit is no accident. When she is on stage, whether it be the dais of one of the world's plushier theaters, or a platform of crude boards erected on a windswept and frozen plain, she works on her audience with the precision and determination of a skilled surgeon. She knows her audience, feels it like the throb of her own heart, and if there is one person present who has not yet been won over to her she will go on working and sweating until that one laggard has succumbed to the Hutton hoop and holler and is blistering his hands in appreciation of her talent.

To Betty, an audience is like a conquest in love. She is never truly happy, in her own sense of the word, unless she is on stage and sensing the great warmth that pours over the footlights. She has never let an audience go until she has known that she has won, known that they love her.

The audience is seldom aware of her intensity. They know only that they are being entertained as they have never been entertained before. They are unaware of her exhaustion. Few know that in the wings of the stage, waiting for Betty, are always a straight chair, two glasses of water and a large towel. Betty will come off dripping wet, fighting for breath, and sink into the chair. Those who watch her post-performance for the first time, want to call a doctor. Her face shows the strain, her breathing comes in quick little gasps, and it is always a couple of minutes before she has the proper control to drink the water, then take the towel and mop herself from head to foot.

Why does she put herself through such a tortuous ordeal? Because she loves it, because it is her whole life.

PEOPLE are slow to fathom the myriad talents that make a great performer. They take it for granted that Betty Hutton earns her living merely by singing songs, sometimes by a few accompanying acrobatics. They are pleased by her energy, by her vitality. In May, Betty finished up a four week stint at the Palace Theater in New York. She did two shows a day and in each she was 'on' for two solid hours, singing her heart out, seemingly never touching her feet to the stage. Audiences felt drained just watching her, and when they were sure she must be too tired to move another step, she brought her act to a close by swinging out over the audience on a trapeze. The Palace engagement was her first real starring show on Broadway, and it was then that people began to know there is more to Hutton's act than singing a song and "a few acrobatics."

There is a great deal more. Betty knows show business from top to bottom and inside out. She knows lighting, costuming, orchestration, stage decoration, every facet of it, and she knows when to come on stage and how, what to do while she's on, and how and when to leave. She knows contracts and their legal points as well as a corporation lawyer, and Abe Lastfogel, who has been her agent since she was a $75-a-week singer, brags that Betty is the smartest client he's ever had.

When she was only three she sang in the blind pig operated by her mother in Lansing. She sang primarily for the money, but she also sang with the determination that one day she would be a headliner. When she was barely old enough to remember lyrics, she began picking up hints from the customers.

"Hey, kid, can you do a soft shoe routine?"

"Here's my hat—wear it on the side of your head. Like that—that's got it."

From speakeasies she went to street singing. She'd sing anywhere there was a crowd and take the nickels and dimes home to Mom. Her sister Marion called a halt when it came to warbling on the streets—she felt it was too improper. But Betty didn't care. They needed the money, and she needed the experience. She used to plague her mother to take her into beer gardens, dance halls, any place she "could get training." She knew, even then, that this was to be her life and she had to prepare herself for it.

Mabel Hutton moved with her daughters to Detroit at the time amateur contests were sweeping the theaters of the country, and Betty promptly entered every one held in the area. It was there she learned about booby traps. Many of the theater managers considered it hilarious if the contestants were showered with water or pelted with tomatoes, and proceeded to install Rube Goldberg gadgets destined to upset the performers. The first time Betty met up with one of these assaults she held back the stinging tears and went on with her act as though nothing had happened. But they never caught her again. After that she 'cased the joint' a week before the contest and learned how to outmaneuver the contraptions. Her agility at ducking got even bigger laughs than the direct hits scored on other contestants.

With Vincent Lopez and his band she learned more. She had sung sweet songs in a sweet manner until the night she heard Lopez decided to fire her, and then for the first time she went into the gymnastic gyrations that have since become famous as the Hutton trademark. She assaulted her audience and they loved it, and Betty learned the value of surprise. She began wearing what is still her basic costume—a large bouffant skirt, a high-necked bodice with a prim Peter Pan collar and large flowing sleeves. She'd sit quietly in front of the band, with folded hands and a quiet smile. The people who noticed her would think how like a blonde angel she looked. When her cue would come she'd float to the microphone and sing the verse of her song in soft and wistful tones. Then, suddenly, Betty would let loose on the chorus with a screaming attack that rocked the audience back on their heels.

But it wasn't enough for Betty. Although she had gone every day for a year to watch vaudevillians at local theaters, studying their techniques in getting on and off stage, she felt she must know more. When later she worked at the Casa Manana, the headliners were such people as Lou Holtz and Helen Morgan. Holtz, a dynamic showman himself, taught her how to swing on stage via the curtain, and Helen Morgan helped her with her hands. Betty had never known what to do with her hands, felt they were awkward, and admired the daintiness of Helen Morgan. Even later, when she went to Hollywood, Betty kept learning. Blossom Seeley taught her how to 'work small,' during the filming of *Somebody Loves Me*, how to take smaller steps, work her whole body more tightly, and in recent years Betty has adopted much of this technique which is more suitable to her current style.

NOTHING Betty Hutton does on stage is an accident. Her smallest gesture is studied. For her recent show at the Palace she supervised the draping of the stage, the orchestral arrangements, and in short, produced the whole show. Her costumes were basically the same as those in Korea, although much more elegant for New York. She made her costume changes on stage, with two members of the Skylarks holding a cleverly designed wraparound skirt in front of her, curtain style. In Korea she had done the same thing, only with a much simpler skirt. She had worn her own ski clothes there, knowing the boys wanted her to be attractive and not hung with a dreary fatigue outfit. She stripped down to a leotard for them, despite the sub-zero weather, and sang so loud they forgot their surroundings.

She knows the importance of clothes, and changes them deftly to suit her style. She has abandoned the adolescent curls and now wears her hair in a braided chignon through which she weaves yarn or flowers. She decries the habit of girl singers wearing sexy clothes. "It isn't right for show business," she says. "You come out looking sexy and right away you've lost every woman in the audience. Win the women first, then you've got the men."

If Hutton has a good audience she gives them a great show, but if she has a tough audience she pulls out her bag of tricks, determined to get them in her lap if it is the last thing she does. She swings on the curtains, topples the microphone, runs through the audience, takes pratfalls, makes somersaults, tears up the music, runs through the entire orchestra kissing the musicians (nimbly avoiding the instruments, which could easily trip her into a bad fall), and if all else fails she will grab the band leader and throw him across the stage. Once she shot off the boards and landed on top of the drummer in the pit. She is just as violent with others as she is with herself. Bob Hope's teeth caps once went flying across the stage as a result of a Hutton backslap. Eddie Bracken was tossed over a bar in a movie scene, and actor Frank Faylen was knocked out cold with a right to the jaw when a director demanded realism. Danny Kaye and Betty once did a show together in which she was required to give him a series of hearty shoves. "I could

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have killed that girl then," he says. "She had so much energy that I finished up like a limp rag."

Despite her RPM record, Betty has never sustained the slightest injury during her brisk workouts, a fact which adds up to a small miracle because she is continually risking her life and limb. She must necessarily keep herself in excellent physical condition and it has become almost a fetish with her. She conscientiously eats a strictly balanced diet and when working, is in bed every night at eight o'clock. The times she allows herself the luxury of being a night owl at clubs or restaurants are so rare that she talks about them for weeks afterward.

One of Betty's favorite evenings, a few years ago, was being hostess at dinner to Fannie Brice and Sophie Tucker. There is nothing she would rather talk about than show business, and she let her dinner go almost untouched while listening raptly as Brice and Tucker spun their yarns of bygone days. It is safe to say that while Betty was listening, she was also sponging ideas from the two veterans, for she is too anxious to learn, even today, to let any bit of information drop out of sight and mind.

Despite her unfinished formal schooling and her preoccupation since with the entertainment world, Betty meets people well, and has remarked that the greater human beings are always the simplest people, the easiest to talk to. When in Korea she was charmed by General Ridgway, and Mrs. Ridgway gave a tea for her. Eight years ago, on a vacation at Camelback Inn, she was introduced to the president of Encylopedia Britannica, who was there with his family. When he asked her to join them for dinner Betty had understandable qualms about talking with such a brilliant man, but it turned out that he cornered her in conversation for hours on end that evening. She couldn't comprehend why he should want to talk to her, even though he spent the rest of his stay at the inn telling other guests about Betty's fabulous life and razor-sharp intellect.

Toward the end of the war she met General Eisenhower in Washington at a Birthday Ball.

"I'm so happy to meet you, at last," he said.

Betty was astounded. "Why?" she said.

He told her then that he had been so fond of *Miracle Of Morgan's Creek* that whenever things were going badly and he was depressed he saw the picture, and that after at least a half dozen times he still felt it was the only thing that could give him a lift, make him feel that things weren't so bad after all. That sank into Betty's heart with a gratifying warmth. What other business in the world gives so much to so many, and has a chance to lift the spirits of even such wise and esteemed men as Dwight Eisenhower?

Show time hasn't always been a happy time for Betty. There was the summer she was 14 and went to Louisville, Kentucky, with a newly formed band. The orchestra leader took the week's pay for the band and left town, stranding Betty and the boys with insufficient funds for their next meal, let alone train fare home. If it hadn't been for the wealthy tobacco family who had been frequent customers of Louisville's Chez Paris and had fallen in love with Betty, there is no telling what may have happened. The Hill family took her home with them to their big house and cared for her until Mabel Hutton was sent the train fare to come and claim her deserted daughter.

There was the benefit show at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium, a mammoth place whose farthest seats almost prevent

sight of the stage. Betty's act is a visual one, and she knew it was going to be tough. "Nobody's going to be enchanted by my gorgeous voice," she said. "They've got to *see* me." That was the night she had to empty her bag of tricks, ended by throwing the band leader around like a rag doll and then almost collapsed from exhaustion in the wings.

There was the show at the Hollywood Bowl at the beginning of the war. The Bowl is a junior Shrine Auditorium when it comes to size, and Betty knew she'd have to depend entirely on its magnificent acoustics. Even these failed, for just as she went on a score or two of army planes flew low overhead, drowning out the slightest hint of even Hutton's voice. By the time the last plane had droned out of sight the first one was back, roaring through the sky. Betty made a few well chosen cracks into the microphone but they were lost in the uproar, and there isn't enough money in the world to get Hutton back into the Hollywood Bowl.

It was one of the few times she had to release her audience without giving them the full treatment.

Three years ago she was booked for seven shows a day at San Francisco's Golden Gate. Her voice was not in condition for such a strenuous workout and after two days and 14 shows her vocal cords weakened to the point that she could scarcely sing. At the beginning of her next show she sang one song and knew then it was impossible to go on. She stepped to the front of the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry, but my voice is gone and I can't sing another note. If you'll be patient I'll have them play my recordings backstage and I'll mouth the lyrics. I'll give you the works with it," she grinned, "but I won't really be singing. Any of you who want your money back can get it at the box office." Not one person left, and all sat spellbound through the rest of the show.

KOREA was tough, too, but in a different way. She and the Skylarks did two shows a day, flying from place to place, never singing for less than 10,000 men and never more than two miles away from the shooting. Twice she sang in the front lines and was amazed that, somehow, she wasn't scared. Knowing that Betty would appear in scant clothing despite the bitter cold, the boys rigged up electric heaters and some even found a way to blow warm air over the stage during the act. The troupers washed their hair in soldier's helmets and fined each other a dollar for griping. Betty took more pictures of the boys than they took of her.

There have been many happy times. Playing for an enthusiastic British audience, at the Palladium in London. They loved her and came back night after night to shout the same requests up to the blonde tornado on stage. When she returned to Hollywood she was full of gratitude for the English and couldn't stop talking about it. One day when she was spilling over at lunch, Eddie Cantor came by and sat down to listen. She explained to him that she had thought they would be a tough audience, but that she had found them the best. Cantor picked up a fork and ran its handle along the tablecloth. "They would love you," he said, "because you are showmanship. It's something they understand. To them you're like Gracie Fields."

Cantor has said that Betty Hutton is the only girl of her time who is equipped for what she is doing. "She has all the tricks of the old timers," he says. "When we came up it was an art, but she came up the rough way, clinging to the edges of a



Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh give gladly to the "conquer cancer" fund. Have you contributed?

dying vaudeville and learning what she could."

WHEN Betty is not working she putters around the house and garden and plays with her children, but if there is a prolonged dry spell without actual work she becomes restless and moody. Even though she goes to bed early she is plagued by insomnia—from restlessness if she isn't working, from excitement if she is. Her mind goes too fast for idleness and there isn't a lazy bone in her body. She can't stand to be in bed after seven-thirty A.M. and when on tour gets up and wanders around, hoping some of the others will soon be awake. She and Charles O'Curran had been planning a wedding for some weeks, waiting for a convenient time, but there never seemed to be such a time. Betty was always busy. So after returning from Korea on a Friday, she married O'Curran on the following Monday, despite the fact she had to immediately go to work planning her appearance at the Palace. Even though she rehearsed every day with a bad abscess in the back of her throat, a result of the exposure to the Korean winter, she made further plans to make *Topsy And Eva* for Paramount when she returned from New York, then to do a return engagement at London's Palladium after the movie was finished.

If Betty isn't actually working, she is plotting work. She had always wanted to work for Cecil B. DeMille, and was delighted when she was given the role of the elephant girl in *The Greatest Show On Earth*. She remained delighted until she learned that the role of Holly was a better one, and then she spent a round 1,000 dollars for a floral piece to be sent to Mr. DeMille. It was a circus scene made of flowers and the figure of Holly, the aerialist, was made entirely of orchids. When DeMille took the expensive hint Betty was delighted and everybody else thought he was out of his mind. This included veteran circus people, who know that 'fliers' begin training at the age of three in order to condition their muscles for the profession. At the time, Betty was 30.

Undaunted, she went to work with Antoinette Concello, one of the world's most famous fliers. For long weeks they worked on a trapeze rigged 24 feet above a studio sound stage. It was rough, tough, bruising work. Betty learned how to hold on with hands, feet, fingers and toes, how to swing through the air and connect, with a searing wrench, with another flier. She learned how to fall into a net, a feat which requires great skill or otherwise delivers a broken neck. And she learned ankle drops, day after day falling backward off the trapeze, catching her whole weight by the back of her ankles.

Betty's first real test came when she went to Philadelphia to make her first try under the big tent of Barnum and Bailey. Her maid Mary went along, and Antoinette Concello and Mr. DeMille, and there were also 10,000 people there—and the circus folk. As Betty entered the big tent the circus people were standing quiet as statues, with folded arms and dubious expressions. Betty looked up, to find her trapeze, but couldn't see it.

"You're not looking high enough," said Antoinette. "This is the circus—not a sound stage."

Betty looked up and up and up and finally saw it, hanging 60 feet above the ground. "Dear God," she prayed.

Antoinette went up with her, and as the two of them stood on the tiny square board beneath their feet, the only reality in the world of air about them, Betty Hutton felt real fright. She looked at Antoinette. "I can't," she said for the first time in her life. "I can't do it."

"If you don't," said the circus-wise Antoinette, "I'll push you. So help me, I'll push you off."

Betty looked down. There was a maze of faces and bright lights. There was dear old Mary. And DeMille, looking up with a smile. "Dear God," Betty prayed again, took a firm grip on the bar and was off through space, the air singing in her ears. She went through her act, made a perfect drop into the net, and for a stunned moment there was a silence, so profound you could sense its pulse. Then a thunder of applause echoed through the big tent, and the circus people, who knew they had just seen the miracle of their world, were clapping as though they could never stop.

That is Betty Hutton. She went on to steal the show from *The Greatest Show On Earth*, and although after each trapeze act she quaked at the thought of what she had dared, she later decided to fly once more at the Palace. And once the decision was made, she began chafing because the theater's stage was not high enough to allow for something more spectacular.

Spectacle is her meat. When she went on a wartime bond tour to Chicago, she and the others were piled into slow moving cars that eventually were to reach the reviewing stand which seated the city's mayor. Betty sat and chafed at the ridiculous pace of ten miles an hour until she could stand it no longer. She leaped out of the car onto the back of a motorcycle officer and gave him directions to forget the parade, full speed ahead. When they skidded to a stop before the reviewing stand Betty vaulted into it and planted a kiss on the forehead of the astonished mayor. She was first again, and the papers were full of it the following day.

That was show business, and Betty knew it. She will never give it up. "When I get too old for the cameras I'll hit the night-club circuit. I'll spice up the lyrics and I'll be another Sophie Tucker.

"I'm no movie actress," she says with blazing and prideful eyes. "Me—I'm a *performer!*"

She is beyond all doubt Miss Show Business of this century, and it is improbable that any future century will bring forth another such entertainer—a girl who acts like a pile driver broken loose from its moorings, yet who can bring laughter or breathless tenderness to a song. **END**

hollywood's most passionate loves (ava gardner)

(*Continued from page 33*) *Danny Wilson.* Apparently as a result, Universal-International cancelled another picture he was to make for them. He lost a second part at 20th Century-Fox. On top of that, CBS dropped his television show.

Later, Sinatra went back to New York to accept another television show and vaudeville appearances. And, behind him, to encourage his climb back to public favor, was Ava.

This is the girl who surprised everyone by weathering his irritable temper and his fights with the press, by withstanding sharp criticism against herself, and by encouraging him when his career took a temporary nosedive.

Ava, her close friends believe, is the strong partner in this marriage. If it survives, it will be largely because she had the courage to be psychoanalyzed.

On a psychiatrist's couch, Ava sorted out her emotions and learned to understand people, and, most of all, herself. Without that understanding, the marriage might not have been possible.

While Frank still may be torn apart inside by tensions, his beautiful wife appears serene with a deep inner content.

It's strange to think that any movie star could be so troubled as to seek psychiatric advice. Movie stars are supposed to be poised, confident, desired, loved, rich, famous and therefore happy.

Not many are. Most, in fact, have more trouble finding emotional security and a stable, secure marriage than any other group of people in the world.

Ava was driven by unhappiness to an analyst because she was too afraid to face her daily life. She had been unable to find happiness in her marriages—to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw—or her fabulous movie career.

It might be presumptuous to speculate on the basic reasons for her unhappiness, because they are probably known only to Ava and her analyst. It is true, however, that at an early age she developed deep feelings of insecurity and inferiority that made her unable to find her place in the world.

Ava was one of six children. Her father was a tobacco grower near Smithfield, North Carolina. She helped pick tobacco and cotton in the fields. Usually Ava ran around in her bare feet. She still does.

For whatever the reasons, Ava became sensitive about her humble beginnings. Later she became unhappy when she found she wasn't ready to step up into a higher level of society.

She had lived her early years in an isolated community. Meeting strangers frightened her. When she was sent to a school in Newport News, Virginia, Ava was awe-stricken. She had never seen such a big city.

On the first day of school, Ava got up like the other pupils to give her name. When she said, "My name is Avah Gahdner," the whole class laughed. Ava says she now understands they were laughing at her North Carolina accent, not at her, but at the time she was crushed.

Ava was terrified on her first date. She couldn't think of anything to talk about. So on the way home, she read all the road signs aloud. That boy didn't ask her out again.

Once Ava was playing on a woman's basketball team at school and was sent into the out-of-town game as a substitute. She found herself with the ball and with the eyes of the crowd upon her. She made a score—but in the opposition team's basket. Her humiliation was so severe that years later, when she returned to that town to enter college, she was embarrassed. She was sure everyone in town would remember her mistake.

"When you are driven by fear," she said recently, "every molehill becomes a mountain."

She never finished college. At 18, as movie fans well know, she won a bid to enter the magic city of Hollywood after her brother sent her photograph to an executive at MGM.

But the little girl from North Carolina didn't fall happily into the glittering life of ease, parties and swimming pools.

When she went out on dates and to parties she was shy and often uncomfortable.

"I was so afraid they'd laugh at my Southern accent that I began to talk in a whisper," she once said. "I felt I didn't have the right clothes, either. Everything I wore seemed to look wrong. My dresses weren't like what the other girls had on.

"I didn't know how to read a menu, or how to order a meal. I didn't know which fork to use. At my first big dinner party I watched my hostess like a hawk to see which piece of silverware she'd pick up next. When the butler brought the finger bowl I didn't know what it was for. I was in a panic.

"I often left parties early, not because I was bored, but because I felt lost. I was afraid to talk or ask questions for fear of exposing my ignorance.

Ava married twice in her early twenties, perhaps to find some security. But she was not happy. She still felt inferior.

On the set of *The Hucksters,* her first

(*Continued on page 67*)



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Meet the Winners!

...OF THE WALD-KRASNA-MODERN SCREEN "GIRLS WANTED" TALENT HUNT

■ More than a year ago, MODERN SCREEN and Wald-Krasna Productions initiated a vast search for new talent. The contest was open to MODERN SCREEN readers between the ages of 16 and 40. No dramatic experience was necessary; the only requirement was a full length portrait accompanied by personal data. The response from readers was so tremendous that the judges required a year to select the ten winners presented here. These lucky girls will receive $175-a-week for the work they will do in a Wald-Krasna film for RKO, and expenses to and from Hollywood. Remember their faces; you may be seeing them soon again on movie screens all over the country!

MARILYN BONNEY

At present, Marilyn is head of the drama department at Catholic Girls High School in Los Angeles, but she'd rather act than teach, and recently appeared in Emmet Lavery's production of *Song At The Scaffold* A native Californian, born in 1931, she traveled on the road with her theatrical parents, but always came back to L. A. for schooling. She went to Mar-Ken High and won a Dore Schary scholarship to the Immaculate Heart College. A year's study followed her graduation, Marilyn also found time to sing in Ken Murray's Blackouts and the Crosby camp show.



ALYCE CRONIN

Auburn-haired Alyce Cronin was on a piano concert tour in Pennsylvania when she was notified she was a winner in a contest she'd forgotten all about entering. She says at the time she had almost abandoned the idea of a dramatic career. After studying music and drama at Jeanne d'Arc Academy and Boston College, Alyce, in 1948, did a series of hotel appearances playing the piano. Then following a brief fling at the New York stage, Alyce went back to her music. Born in Milton, Massachusetts, Alyce is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 108. Her birthday is June 26, 1929.



JANET CAMERFORD

Janet began her acting career when she was two weeks old! Born on June 23, 1931, in Los Angeles, she was in front of a camera making a movie called *Wicked* 14 days later! When she was three, she won first place in a Better Babys contest, and all through her school years she did fashion modeling, appeared in movies and on radio, and acted in little theater plays. Somehow she managed to squeeze some schoolwork in between her professional appointments, and when she graduated from Alexander Hamilton in L.A. she won the senior drama award.



MARY ANN EDWARDS

Twenty-year-old Mary Ann is a junior at the University of Texas where she's majoring in drama, and picking up beauty titles like: Queen of Williamson County Sheriff Posse Rodeo, Blue Bonnet Belle and Moonlight Girl of Phi Sigma Kappa. Five-feet-five and 110 pounds, she's a Texas cover girl, and fashion model. Along with beauty go brains enough to have made her valedictorian of the 1949 class at Georgetown High. An expert horseback rider, baton twirler (she won a Texas majorette contest), she also played the lead in a production of *My Sister Eileen.*



for more winners, turn the page →



FLORENCE HARPER

Florence Harper visited almost every state in the U. S. as a child. The wanderlust hadn't left her in 1949 when she became a flight stewardess for California Central Airlines. While with the airline, Florence eloped to Las Vegas with Howard Harper, who works in the distribution end of MGM's film business. Pacific Air Lift, operated by Overseas National Airways, solicited Florence's services and she is today their Chief Stewardess on flights that take her as far as Tokyo. Born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, September 14, 1926, she has brown hair and blue eyes.



JOAN PASTIN

With a career in modeling, fashion and TV behind her, Joan Pastin had often heard the familiar words, "You ought to be in pictures." Before the contest, brown-haired, Pennsylvania-born Joan had studied at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. At 14, she was a teenage fashion model and also a photographic model for leading Pittsburgh newspapers.

Channel WDTV began to feature Joan on a program where she gave fashion hints, and later she became fashion coordinator for WDTV, handling problems of makeup and clothes for telecasts.



LINDA PEPPEL

From the time she started high school in her hometown of Benton Harbor, Michigan, Linda has been winning beauty titles. In 1950, when she graduated, she went to Chicago and enrolled at a model agency planning to make modelling her career. Artistically inclined, she studied ballet and voice for several years but never tried to foist these talents on the public. Linda writes poetry and short stories in her spare time and has fun designing her own clothes, which hang trimly on her slender (110 pounds), tall (five-feet-five) frame. She's blue-eyed, with blonde hair.



DAWN ONEY

Considered one of the most beautiful size-12 models in America, Dawn just had to be a winner! Dawn read of the contest in Minneapolis, submitted a photo, and moved with her husband and six-month-old child to California. When the judges finally caught up with her Dawn had forgotten the contest completely. An accomplished dancer and figure skater—with a figure for it (she's five-feet-six, weighs 118) Dawn was in demand with photographers from the time she graduated high school. Her blue eyes and honey-blonde hair are familiar to readers everywhere.



JUDY RABEN

This 19-year-old beauty mans an information booth at Roosevelt Raceway, right near her hometown of Baldwin, New York. Judy graduated from Baldwin High School in 1950, and attended Adelphi College in Garden City, New York, for a year. When she's not dispensing information at the Raceway, Judy's busy studying typing and short hand for a secretarial career. Swimming, dancing and horseback riding take up whatever time she has left after writing to her fiance, a service man stationed in Japan. Judy, who's five feet, six and a half inches tall, weighs 120 pounds.



MARVLEEN PRENTICE

Stenographers everywhere with movie-ambitions can take heart from the case of Marvleen Prentice. Marvleen has never had any acting experience at all, and since her grade and high school education in her home city of Birmingham, Alabama, she has worked as a stenographer for various business firms in the same town since 1948. Although she was born in Huntsville, she calls Birmingham "home". She has lived there since she was two years old. Golf is the favorite hobby of this brown-haired, hazel-eyed Southern belle. Marvleen entered the contest as a whim.

(Continued from page 64) big starring role, she was paralyzed at the thought of acting with Clark Gable. For her first scene she was supposed to walk through a revolving door toward him. Her legs felt frozen with fear. When she finally got through that door, she fluffed her lines over and over. The director at last called a recess and she crept into a corner in panic.

Ava decided she did not know true happiness, and sought help through psychoanalysis. Facing the fact that she was dissatisfied with her life, she started on the road to emotional security. She frankly admitted that she was unable to cope with the situations which produced certain fears. She wanted to find out why she was afraid.

Analysis was her search into herself. It took nearly two years, and it wasn't easy. It was painful for Ava to relate her problems and fears. But all the money and time in the world could not pay for what it brought her—peace of mind.

Analysis taught her that she couldn't run away from her fears—that laughing and trying to be gay doesn't help.

"I learned that people accept you for what you are, no more, no less," she says. "To put on an air of phony sophistication doesn't do you any good."

To advance her education, Ava went to UCLA to study such subjects as economics and literature. "It's wonderful to meet people," she says, "when you have something to talk about—and when you have freedom from anxiety and can express yourself."

Five years ago, Ava would have been sick with fear at the thought of flying to Spain to star in *Pandora And The Flying Dutchman*. But now, she happily discovered that she made friends all over Europe with persons who liked her, and liked being with her.

Ava also had discovered through analysis that her two marriages failed because she was emotionally immature. She decided she never would marry again until she felt adult and satisfied with herself.

When Ava met Frank, she at last felt all that. Before Frank, Ava had met many men she could have married . . . men who were "right for her." But she wasn't ready. She wasn't "right" yet for herself.

Ava felt grown-up, relaxed and free from anxiety during the first months of her passionate romance with the slender crooner. They settled into a relaxed, warm relationship. And Ava knew—realistically and without frantic "in love" emotion—that she now had the capacity for a marriage that would last.

Ava, her friends say, had many a talk with Frank about controlling his temper. She vigorously denied that Frank behaved disgracefully towards the press, and claimed she was "fed up with all the lies that have been written about us."

A friend explains, "She's trying to help his confidence by sticking up for him."

Ava recently met me in her dressing room at MGM. She wore only a sweater and skirt, but she looked glamorous, anyway. She appeared radiantly happy as she talked of her marriage.

"It's great," she said. "It's the only way to live. I never did like being single.

"Frank and I have problems to work out together, of course. Every married couple does. But we intend to work at them. Marriage takes a lot of adjustments and compromises. Life is one big adjustment, and marriage is the biggest of all.

"We want children," she smiled. "I used to want six, but I'm too old now. I'm 29 so I'd better settle for two or three.

"I'm very happy now, because I feel I am mature enough for marriage. I never was before." **END**

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dear esther . . .

(*Continued from page 45*) they would have thought we were all involved in some plot to get at the studio safe, because at the end we spoke only in clipped sentences and monosyllables.

My first approach was to call the MGM publicity department and suggest coolly that I might be willing to come and have a chat with Esther Williams if somebody would buy my lunch. This was received with a hearty cackle. I then telephoned and agreed to lunch elsewhere if it could be arranged for me to spend an hour or so with you discussing life and chlorine and life among the mermaids and life. We settled for the life and I promised to prepare a list of suitable questions and stand by my phone for an appointment.

After a day or two of getting my questions together I had just one. "What's new?" And everytime I practiced it I slipped into a knowing leer. However, I lied and said I had a substantial basis for an interview ready and would appreciate a little action from the studio end.

I GOT my call on a rainy day. Frankly I am not too fond of water and if I could bathe in moth balls I would prefer to do so. But I shut all the windows of my car and drove carefully to MGM to see you. I was shuttled to a place called the Saucer Tank where you were doing the underwater ballet for *One Piece Bathing Suit*, and a young man trotted me up a flight of steps to a brightly lighted scaffolding atop a pool of more water than I have ever seen before.

"And where," I asked, "is Miss Williams?" The leer was already pulling at the corners of my mouth.

The young man pointed into the water and I saw you down there waiting for the cameras to start rolling. They do it with mirrors, I thought, because you were apparently tying your shoe laces.

"I'll tell you what," I said to my guide. "I'll flip you to see if she comes up here or I go down there."

"We can't permit you to get into the pool," the young man said.

"That," I told him, "is George with me."

After what seemed a half-hour or so, during which I observed you through a watery film, you appeared to have taken your daily bending exercises, put on new lipstick and changed your hair-do. Well, frankly, Esther, just standing beside so much water made me feel like a regular frogman and I felt the need to get out and run a few laps on some dry turf, so I suggested to the guide that I go home and sit by my telephone and await the astonishing news that you had come up for air or food. He agreed almost too readily.

For the next few days we were in constant contact. And this is where our clipped conversations came in. My phone would ring, I'd answer it and somebody would whisper: "She's out!" I would hum a husky "Roger," hang up and sprint for my car which I kept parked at the curb with the motor running.

Usually, I would just get into gear when my wife would appear in the driveway and sing: "She's in again!" And I would return indoors for the next flash. After a couple of days of my wife dashing outside and crying: "She's in again!" and me coming back into the house our neighbors began to look at me oddly.

Oh, I saw you quite a few times. I would dash to the studio, climb the stairs to the top of the saucer tank and have the young man point gleefully into the depths of the water. He appeared to enjoy it. And pretty soon the workers on the set looked at me as though they thought I was a lunatic with a passion for taking peeks at girls under water.

I gave up in a huff. "Unless this girl gets a snorkel," I told the studio publicity people, "I have a feeling we may never meet again."

Someone suggested that I get in touch with your husband, Ben Gage. "Esther has to finish these scenes by the end of the month," they said, "and it is beginning to look as though she won't surface for more than a few minutes at a time until she does. Why don't you talk to Ben—he knows all about her."

"Unless," I snorted, "he has gills I doubt that very much. It is impossible for a land creature to have much more than a water wings acquaintance with this lady."

"But they have two children," a publicity man pointed out.

I had no answer to that, so I went to your home to see Ben. He wasn't even taking a bath when I got there.

To be perfectly honest with you, Esther, I love your home. I like the canyon in which you live and the clean brown earth on which the house is built, and the trees that cover the land. And I like Ben. He looks manly and competent and dry. He greeted me at the door and escorted me into your lovely living room and showed me your fine early American antiques. He apologized for your not being there.

One day Spencer Tracy was doing a big scene in the picture, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Tracy thought he was cutting a pretty smooth figure as the well-groomed Dr. Jekyll, successful young medico. "Even Lana Turner," said Tracy, "gave me a second look, and I was feeling cocky enough to challenge Clark Gable with one hand tied behind me."

But watching Tracy do the scene was a prominent English author. The visitor kept staring at Spence until Tracy began feeling uneasy. Then the author turned to someone standing nearby and asked, in a very loud voice,

"What is he now—Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde?"

F. Louis Friedman

"How long since you've seen her?" I sneered.

"Why just this morning," he said. "We had a swim together before she left for work."

"Now cut that kind of talk out!" I said heatedly, looking up at his face which was three feet above mine. And then I don't know why, but I added, "Sir."

We sat down on a large sofa and got set for a chat. But just as I got out the "What's new?" the phone rang. Ben picked it up and began an earnest conversation.

"What do you mean the sink's clogged up?" he said.

I looked into the kitchen and there was nobody telephoning from the sink.

"Get a plumber out right away," he continued. "And have the coffee man leave an extra 50 pounds this morning. We'll need it for the week-end."

I thought "This man is a java addict," but I held my tongue.

"How many dishes did we break last night?" Ben asked the telephone receiver. "Sixty! Holy cow, we've got to be more careful."

"You not only have to be more careful, bud," I said to myself, "but I bet you never ever get invited back *there* again!"

The perfectly ridiculous conversation continued for a few more minutes and then Ben hung up.

"Must have been quite a party," I chortled. "*Sixty* dishes broken. I once broke a Wedgwood cup at the Bill Holdens' and Mrs. Holden darn near called the police."

"What party you talking about?" Ben asked coolly.

"*Well!*" I said, "if you'd rather not talk about it let's drop it and have a cup of coffee."

"Never touch the stuff," said Ben.

This man, I thought, is going to be difficult.

"Oh, I know what you mean," said Ben laughing. "The phone call. That was our restaurant. Esther and I own a restaurant called The Trails. I was just talking to the manager. Place keeps me hopping night and day."

I GRINNED stupidly, but I said to myself—because he was bigger than me even sitting down; "Then why don't you tell people you're talking to a restaurant when you're talking to a restaurant, ya big—! You go around giving wrong impressions!"

"What's new?" I said out loud.

"Well," said Ben.

The phone rang again.

"Oh, hi!" said Ben into the phone. "Yup . . . yup . . . yup . . . no kidding . . . how come? . . . what'd he say? . . ."

"Now this," I said to myself, "is the kind of a telephone conversation a man can understand."

"Then I tell you what you better do," said Ben. "Call Washington and tell them we've got 50 axles and drums ready now, but we've got to have confirmation on the rest before we can tool out any more. And you better look into that drill It's spitting oil! And spell that guy on the fogismutt tonight so he can jerrican the kranhope in the morning. If we're not careful, we'll wind up with more catteramicks than shustenbobbles and the whole thing will crustate on the winches."

He waved his cold cigar at me indicating he would like to have some fire on the end of it. "For two cents," I said to myself, "I'll light this joker's nose. Somebody has paid him to confuse me."

Ben hung up in a moment and stared into my smiling, glassy eyes. My features were twisted into the shape of a question mark.

"Oh, that," he said. "Esther and I operate a defense plant. Keeps me hopping from morning to night."

I had an urge to ask him what department of the government was buying shustenbobbles these days but I restrained myself. He was almost lying down on the sofa now but he was still bigger than me.

"What's new?" I asked listlessly.

"Oh, yeah," said Ben. "Well . . ."

That's right. The phone rang again.

"Hi," said Ben into the instrument. "Is that a fact? . . . how many? . . . where does he want them? . . . You sure? . . . You got the measurements? . . ."

"He must take me for an awful fool," I said to myself. "I just won't listen. He's probably got a chicken farm that keeps him hopping night and day."

"Tell you what," Ben mumbled into the phone. "Concentrate on the sashes. Get a sash on right and you got half the problem solved. Then make sure the net is fine enough and the whole thing is taken care of. And make sure they're nice and clean when you put them on. What are the measurements? Seven feet by three-and-a-half, eh. Sounds okay to me. Go ahead."

He hung up and turned back to me.

"Now don't tell me," I said. "You're making costumes for Dagmar."

"What's the matter with you today?" Ben said. "Esther and I have a new business. We make aluminum screen doors and windows. We're just getting ready for a field test."

"You think I didn't know?" I sneered. "I was just kidding. I always kid like that."

WELL, Esther, Ben and I never did get around to talking much about What's new?—we just sort of relaxed and talked about you. We talked about how you cook most of the meals and how people came from miles around to borrow a bowl of your salad. And we looked at your kids, Benjy and Kimmy. Not a sign of a gill on either one of them yet. And Ben told me how you get up every morning and take a swim and a bath before going off to spend the day in that saucer tank. And he told me that you never appear in public in a pool, because there would always be some character who would drown himself trying to race you or stay under the drink longer than you could. But he told me that you *do* make personal appearances in pools for service men, particularly at hospitals. And about the time you raced some of the paraplegic fellows and wouldn't use your legs—and how some of them beat you, which was as nice a gesture as I've ever heard of.

Then he told me about how you bought your home in two days because Kimmy was coming and you needed room fast. And about how you both loved it so much you never wanted to leave it, which was why you were generally late for all the parties you are invited to. He showed me the orchids you grow in your back yard and he tried to give me one. He said that you had picked some that morning and taken them to the studio to present to Queen Julianna of the Netherlands.

BIG him and little me walked around the grounds and smelled the wonderful fragrance of your canyon. He showed me your piano and explained to me that neither one of you could play it, but you kept it there because your babies' pediatrician loved to play and liked to sit down and knock off a polka or two when he called to see the kids. That's kind of thoughtful.

And after awhile he gave me a couple of spoonfuls of that 50 pounds of coffee and we sat for quite a while in your living room talking about you and the lads and your work. Ben told me he was through with radio as a career, for, as he put it, he had a restaurant, a defense plant and an aluminum screen factory which kept him hopping—I think he said, night and day. He told me that sometimes it was kind of hard to keep a home on a stable basis living in Hollywood, but that you both worked hard at it and it seemed to be working out all right. And he mentioned some of the wild times you had, like having waffles and sausages in the yard on Sunday mornings with the whole family gathered around a big table in the shade of your favorite pepper tree. Some fun, eh.

The whole thing turned out very well, I thought. I mean my talk with Ben. He apologized for your not being there and said you hadn't had a day off in as long as he could remember—and that he missed you.

Well, Esther, that is about all. I didn't get to ask you What's new?—but I found out a few things about you anyway. I hope sometime soon we can get together and have a good laugh about me and you and the saucer tank. In the meanwhile, I wish you lots of luck and happiness, because I think you are living right. As a matter of fact, when I finish this letter in a minute, I'm going into the kitchen and drink a toast to you and Ben and Benjy and Kimmy. I'm going to drink a great big glass of water to you all.

Your constant admirer,
afoot or afloat,
Jim Henaghan

END

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COOL SUMMER FARE

ARLENE DAHL PRESENTS A PACK UP AND GO WARDROBE

Radiant in chambray and surrounded by frills, Arlene poses in MAJESTIC's bias-skirted dress. The bodice and yoke are of chambray stripping on a nylon net base—all washable. Mauve, lilac, navy, tan or grey. Sizes 10-18. About $15. Arlene holds EYE-FUL's permanent-finish organdy petticoat with little bolster ruffles under the eyelet-embroidered flounce. White, embroidered in red only. Sizes 24-30. About $15. Arlene personally designed the pink nitie (*on the screen*); bedjacket (*on the bed*); "Dahl Cap" (*in the train case left*)—all made by Saab. (*On the screen—left to right*) GLENTEX scarf, VANITY FAIR slip, EYE-FUL petticoat, CARTER shortie gown. (*On the bed*) CARTER duster robe. (*On the suitcase—left to right*) GLENTEX scarf, PLAYTEX "White Magic" girdle, LILY OF FRANCE Cormiere girdle, MUNSINGWEAR "Nipper-waist Skirt," Berkeley Handbag. (*Hanging on the suitcase lid*) STRUTWEAR "Cooljama". Arlene will soon be seen in Paramount's *"Caribbean Gold."*

Opposite page:
Luggage—American Tourister; Shoes and bedroom slippers—A. S. Beck; Hosiery—Lanvin; Pearls—LaTausca.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

modern screen's

hollywood approved fashions



hollywood approved fashions

WINNERS



ALL!

Opposite page (left to right) PLAYTEX—Fab-Lined "White Magic" panty-girdle, without a single seam, stitch or bone, the smooth-as-skin invisible undergarment for sports or dress wear.* STRUTWEAR'S just right for summer sleepwear two-piece "Cooljama" of rayon tricot (bare midriff plaid halter top—plain shorts).* STRUTWEAR'S velvet-dull Reverse-Knit hosiery. For a glamor manicure—"Strike Me Pink!" Spillpruf nail polish (and, of course, matching StayFast lipstick) by CUTEX.

Above right photo (left to right) BESTFORM'S junior panty-girdle of lace elastic, satin front panel, detachable garters—bra of rayon satin, bandeau style, side elastic inserts.* WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD "Sweetheart" stockings with golden arrows—above the knee. STARDUST'S sanforized fine cotton petticoat flounced with eyelet embroidery and bra of pre-shrunk cotton.* LILY OF FRANCE Cormiere nylon elastic girdle, and Lilees nylon marquisette bra, both trimmed with satin ribbon.* WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD'S "Bow-Catchers" stockings—satin bows on instep.

Lower right photo (left to right) LOVABLE'S Ringlet—strapless bra of sheer embroidered nylon with acetate satin under-cups to give flattering support. Holds its beautiful shape through countless washings.* PETER PAN'S Merry-Go-Round bra has circular sections joined with fagoting to provide natural-rounded contour.* Petticoats by EYE-FUL—the washable rayon taffeta (*left*) has a side zipper and knee-deep, scalloped flounce lined with Crinolast. The cotton petticoat has an eyelet-embroidered organdy flounce and ruffle.*

*For sizes, prices and colors see page 79.





Bedroom slippers by A. S. Beck. $1.99 to $2.99.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

hollywood approved fashions

WINNERS ALL!

LUXITE's Charm Set (*left*) pantie and pettiskirt of nylon tricot with nylon net and Val lace.* LUXITE's "Live-Knit" nylon hosiery. VALENTINES' shoes. PERMA•LIFT by A. Stein (*right*)—light-as-a-feather junior two-way stretch of nylon lace Lastex. Bra of embroidered nylon marquisette has wire separators, taffeta sides.* HOLEPROOF's proportioned nylons. *In her hand* MAX FACTOR's "World of Beauty" hand lotion. *On the stand* HOLEPROOF's "Spare-Pak," self-sealing reusable plastic envelope for your purse.

VANITY FAIR's nylon tricot slip (*left*)—hem and yoke of nylon net corded with tricot.* VALENTINES' shoes. MAIDENFORM's Long-Line strapless "Half-Way" bra (*center*) for the lowest necklines.* I & M's organdy petticoat is permanently finished, washable.* WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD's "Hideaway" stockings —model (*right*) wears "Mamba." MUNSINGWEAR's tricot "Nipper-waist Skirt" (*right*)—nylon elastic power net yoke; featherboned, nylon marquisette front panel—hook and eye side closing.*

Bedroom slippers by A. S. Beck, $1.99 to $2.49.







CARTER'S Duster robe (*left*) of nylon tricot can be worn for sleeping.* *In the trunk,* a CARTER shortie nightgown of nylon tricot with nylon net ruffles.* HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL'S Whirlpool bra (*center*) gives extra support to broad diaphragms.* FLEXEE'S "Flatterin'-Hi," wisp-light boneless nylon power net girdle (*right*) with reinforced Lastique panel. Wired bra of nylon lace has adjustable marquisette upper-cups.* WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD'S "Fringe on Top" stockings.

For sizes, prices and colors see Page 79.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

FIGURE FLATTERY





Above right—you can splash with dash in this "Mad About Plaid" one-piece swim suit from Maurice Handler of California posed by Susan Alexander, Hollywood starlet. Fashioned of plaid woven Lastex, the suit is styled with a back-zipper closing—bra and trouser cuff trim. Sizes 9 to 15. White, pink, red or maize—all with black. About $15. TARTAN SUNTAN LOTION for a golden tan. SUNGLASSES BY GRANTLY. *Right*—"Samba" a cotton printed piqué one-piece swim suit with a dancing pattern and a swaying ruffle trim worn by Judy Kelly, Hollywood starlet and TV actress. With elasticized back, the gaiety of the print of this suit continues in its youthful design. Sizes: Small, medium or large. Red or navy on white. About $9. A MAURICE HANDLER ORIGINAL. SUNGLASSES—AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY. SUNTAN LOTION BY TARTAN.

Photographed at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Beverly Hills, California.

MODERN SCREEN HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

Far Superior...Far More Foolproof...for Every type of Hair!

Procter & Gamble guarantees that

No Other Home Permanent Today

makes hair look..feel..behave so much like the loveliest

Lilt Naturally Curly Hair!

Dress from Harvey Berin



Here's why, for your hair, or for children's hair, Lilt is far superior!

1. Lilt's one Waving Lotion is far superior . . . *safer, surer* for *every* type of hair . . . even for *children's* hair! No other Home Permanent today has such a *foolproof* Waving Lotion!

2. Only Lilt has such a superior *Neutralizer!* It gives as *long-lasting* a home wave as is possible today. And Lilt leaves your hair *softer, lovelier!* The only foolproof way to *neutralize* is the sure but easy method Lilt uses!

3. Only Lilt gives such assurance of *no kinky, frizzy look* . . . and the Lilt method is so quick, so easy, so sure!

4. Only a Lilt wave is so *easy-to-manage.* A Lilt requires *less frequent setting* than any other home permanent wave!



Refill, only $1.25*

(Use any plastic curlers)

Complete Kit, $2.25*
*plus tax

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REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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Lilt Home Permanent

Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Makes hair look...feel...behave far more like Naturally Curly Hair!

rita's rarin' to go!

(*Continued from page 31*) the hotel when she suddenly decided that hotel living was not for her. She jumped up from her chaise longue and began to call for her secretary Maggie Parker.

Maggie came running.

"We've just got to get out of here," Rita began. "It's very lovely and all of that but . . ."

"But what?" Maggie asked.

"But I don't feel at home. I can't raid the ice box. I can't walk around in jeans. People keep staring at me. And it's not right for the children, especially Becky. She's lived in too many hotels already."

IN a week's time, Maggie had scouted all the available large homes in or near Hollywood. She narrowed her choice down to one and then called Rita.

"I went up on a Sunday," Rita recalls, "and I saw this house at the top of Alpine Drive. It looked exactly right from the outside, but I wondered if the inside would have enough space for my staff." Rita always needs quarters for a cook, for Suzanne, the personal maid who came back with her from France, and for Domingo, the Philippine butler who's run all of her homes and a good share of her life for the past eight years. Rita also needs space and privacy for herself and her two daughters and nurse.

The guest bedroom and bath on the first floor, Rita decided, would be perfect for two-year-old Yasmine and her nurse, Anne. These rooms are removed from the rest of the household, and near the kitchen which is important because Yasmine is still on an infant's sleeping and feeding schedule.

Upstairs the master bedroom looks out onto hills and trees and sky. "Right off," Rita says, "it seemed the kind of room that would make me feel happy in the morning and relaxed at night. In fact, as soon as I saw it, I was ready to write out a check." But common sense held Rita back, and she continued her inspection.

Next to the master bedroom is a mirrored dressing room. No matter what you've heard, Rita Hayworth is not overly pre-occupied with clothes and high fashion. However, her position calls for a large wardrobe, and when she saw the roomy closet space, she knew that the new batch of custom-made clothes she'd ordered from Joseph Halpert in New York would hang very well there.

When Rita was shown a gay, young room with rose bedecked wallpaper, four poster bed, and organdy-skirted vanity table, she immediately pictured her seven-year-old Rebecca in it.

Before she decided to take the house, though, Rita turned to Maggie and said, "Be sure to have Domingo put his okay on all this." And she waved her hand in the general direction of the dining room, butler's pantry, and kitchen.

Domingo knows more about Rita Hayworth than anyone living. He knows her moods, her tastes, her preferences in food and men. He is also a natural diplomat.

A few weeks ago, for example, a local Romeo phoned, trying to date his employer. Rita has no use for this particular wolf, and Domingo knows it, but this is what he said over the phone. "Oh, yes, Mr. H., Miss Hayworth very anxious to see you but she gone out of town for few days. Know you will understand, of course."

Rita was in the living room, sitting on the floor in front of the fireplace, listening to records.

Domingo always makes it a point to have a favorite Hayworth record on the machine when she steps in the front door. He also lavishes great care on the flower arrangements throughout the house.

Rita loves to drive, but she doesn't own a car, so Domingo lets her borrow his Buick whenever she's in the mood.

A nice guy this Domingo, a jack-of-all-trades whom Rita treats as another brother. She does have two brothers—Vernon and Ed—who usually visit her on Sundays. This, by the way, gives the lie to the rumor that ever since her marriage to Aly Khan, Rita has neglected her family. Rita has always been loyal to her clan.

On a typical Sunday, the Cansinos gather early at Rita's place. Her father Eduardo and her stepmother, are usually the first to arrive. They come for coffee and a perusal of the morning papers. Then Vernon, Ed, their wives, and Ed's two children drive up.

Next comes Aunt Rosser, a dowager great aunt who prefers to stay for the weekend. On especially fine Sundays, Padre Cansino, Rita's 80-year-old grandfather, comes, too—so it's quite a gathering.

THE Cansinos are all individualists, each doing what he likes best—reading, painting, music, and dancing. Last Christmas, brother Ed gave Rita an easel and a set of paints. At the same time, Charley Feldman, one of Hollywood's top talent agents and a very romantic figure, gifted her with an oil painting by Marc Chagall.

Combining these two gifts, Rita borrowed one of Domingo's white coats and began painting copies of Chagall grapes like mad.

Her pre-occupation with art, in fact, has spread to Becky and other members of the household so that the mansion is becoming a refuge for growing artists.

"It's a good thing," Rita says, "having the family enjoy hobbies together. It makes for family solidarity, and that's really important to children. I know."

Once Domingo had okayed the kitchen facilities, Rita moved her children and staff into the Alpine House and promptly announced that the same routine would be practiced as in her previous residences. One of these is that on Sundays, no meals at the Hayworth house are eaten at tables. Sunday is the cook's day off which means that Domingo fixes a large salad and leaves it in the refrigerator with a platter of cold cuts and assorted cheeses.

Anytime a family member gets hungry, he digs into the refrigerator.

Occasionally, for dinner on Sunday nights, Rita will drift into the kitchen and concoct a favorite traditional Spanish dish like *arroz con pollo* (chicken and rice). She herself has a stevedore's appetite, also a cast iron stomach. She can and does eat anything. She will fill up on a heavy meal at eight. By midnight, she is hungry again and tiptoes down to the kitchen where she prepares herself two sandwiches and a glass of milk.

On workingdays, Rita is up at six A. M. long before the children. She eats a hearty breakfast in bed of fruit, bacon, eggs, coffee, and toast.

She is dressed by seven at which time Maggie or Domingo drive her to the studio. She works hard all day and returns home some time after six. No matter what sort of day she's had at the studio, the minute she hits the front door she radiates nothing but joy. She throws off the old leather jacket she usually wears to the studio, picks up little Yas and tosses her into the air. Then she kisses Becky and rumples her short curly hair.

While Rita eats dinner on a card table in the sun room, her two little daughters chatter madly. Rebecca often likes to read aloud to her mother.

Both of Rita's daughters are naturally musical, and before Rita finishes dinner, Yas usually turns on the radio, and Becky starts the record player going. There are record players all over the house. Becky, in fact, sleeps with one at her bedside.

Once the music starts, Rita finishes her meal quickly. Sometimes she'll get her dance drums and beat out a tempo while the little girls dance. Becky is studying ballet with her grandfather and reveals traces of a disciplined technique but little Yas is completely uninhibited.

Presently, Rita herself will reach for her castanets, and mother and daughters will have a musical ball. Eventually, Rita will return to her Conga drum and beating out a rhythm, will lead her dark-eyed offspring to bed.

Then she curls up on a sofa and studies her lines for the next day or she goes upstairs, showers, and dresses for her date.

Rita's dates have been far and few between. Not that she hasn't been besieged by dozens of admirers. Poor Domingo is running out of diplomatic alibis. It's just that she doesn't want to risk the chance of cultivating a new love until she's finished with the old.

All sorts of stories have sprung up, of course, about what goes on behind the walls of Rita's Alpine Drive mansion. One columnist says that Aly Khan has been going in and out of the residence for months, secretly. Another says that Gilbert Roland and Rita dine there quietly each evening away from curious eyes. A third intimates that Charley Feldman is the only suitor who is welcome at all hours.

None of this is true.

Right now, Rita Hayworth's house is for women. But it needs a man's touch and Rita knows it. And someday soon that man will come along. **END**



Back home after three years, Rita Hayworth recently moved into this pale green hideaway surrounded by dense foliage. Actually, it's only a few minutes' drive from Columbia Studios.

where to buy

modern screen's hollywood approved fashions

Sizes, Prices And Colors Of Modern Screen's Hollywood Approved Fashions—

Page 72—PLAYTEX: S.M.L. Panty brief, $4.95; Fab-Lined Panty girdle with Adjust-All garters, $6.95; Girdle with Adjust-All garters, $6.95. "White Magic" or pink STRUTWEAR: "Cooljama" 32-38. About $3. Geranium, Hyacinth or Sea green.

Page 73—BESTFORM: Girdle S.M.L. $5. White only; Bra A, B or C cup. $1.50. White or pink. STARDUST: Petticoat S.M.L. $1.98. Bra A, B or C cup, $1.00. White only. LILY OF FRANCE: Girdle 25-30. About $13; Bra A or B cup. About $4. White or black with contrast ribbon. LOVABLE: A or B cup nylon with acetate satin or broadcloth, $1.50; all-over embroidered nylon sheer, $2. PETER PAN: A, B or C cup. $2.50. White rayon satin only. EYE-FUL: Taffeta petticoat 24-30. About $6. Pastel and dark colors; Cotton petticoat S.M.L. About $4. White only.

Page 74—LUXITE: Pantie 4-7. About $4. Alabaster white, Alpine pink, Venitian blue, Boulevard black, Vendome navy, Milan straw, French mocha—Pettiskirt S.M.L. About $7. (In these same colors); Pantie 8-9. About $4.50. White, pink or black—Pettiskirt extra length. About $7.95. (In these three colors.) A. STEIN: Perma. lift Girdle S.M.L., 14 in. length only. About $7. White or black; Bra A, B or C cup. About $5. White only. VANITY FAIR: About $6. Average length 32-42. Dawn pink, dream mist, heaven blue, navy or star white; Tall length 34-42. Dawn pink, navy or star white; Sizes 9-15. Heaven blue, navy or midnight black. MAIDEN FORM: B or C cup. About $5. White nylon taffeta only. MUNSINGWEAR: 24-30. $20. White or black. I & M: S.M.L. About $5.

Page 75—CARTER: Robe 9-15. About $16.95. Red poppy or turquoise with white piping; Nightgown 9-15. About $9. Celestial blue and Jonquil yellow. HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL: A, B or C cup. About $2.50. White broadcloth; white cotton acetate satin, about $3. FLEX-EES: Girdle 25-32. About $13. White or navy; Bra B cup only. About $4. White or navy.



Beau-Bra of nylon plissé, a low cut V neckline and embroidered nylon marquisette inserts. An elastic center band gives added fit and comfort. Bra A or B cup. Matching garter belt S.M.L. Both white or pink—About $1.69 each. Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores

AMERICAN TOURISTER (Luggage) Page 71

Available at principal department and luggage stores throughout the country.

A. S. BECK (Bedroom slippers and shoes) Pages 71, 73, 74, 75

Available at all A. S. Beck Shoe stores.

A. STEIN (Perma•lift girdle and Bra) Page 74

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS (Girdle & Bra) Page 73

Available at leading department or specialty shops throughout the country.

BERKELEY (Handbags) Page 71

Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott
New York, N. Y., Franklin Simon
New York, N. Y., Peck & Peck

EYE-FUL (Petticoats) Pages 71, 73

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

FLEXEES (Girdle & Bra) Page 75

Brooklyn, N. Y., Martin's
Cleveland, Ohio, Wm. Taylor
Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott
Dayton, Ohio, Rike Kumler
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif., Bullocks
Newark, N. J., Bambergers
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel Bros.

GLENTEX (Scarfs) Page 71

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

HOLEPROOF (Hosiery—also "Spare-pak") Page 74

Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N. Y., Hens & Kelly
Chicago, Ill., Maurice L. Rothschild
Cleveland, Ohio, Higbee Co.
Dayton, Ohio, The Metropolitan
Detroit, Mich., Klines
Ft. Worth, Texas, Monnig's
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minn., Young-Quinlan
New York, N. Y., Arnold Constable
Oklahoma City, Okla., Street's
Omaha, Neb., Nebraska Clothing Co.
Orlando, Fla., Dickson-Ives Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
San Francisco, Calif., Joseph Magnin
Seattle, Wash., Rhodes of Seattle
Tucson, Ariz., Jacome's
Washington, D. C., Lansburgh's

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL (Bra) Page 75

Atlanta, Ga., J. P. Allen Co.
Birmingham, Ala., Parisian Inc.
Chicago, Ill., Madigan Bros.
East Orange, N. J., Robert H. Wuensch Co.
Ft. Wayne, Indiana, Wolf & Dessauer
Long Beach, Calif., Buffums
Nashville, Tenn., The Cain Sloan Co.
New York, N. Y., Franklin & Simon
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
Trenton, N. J., Yard's

I & M CO. (Petticoat) Page 74

Austin, Texas, Goodfriends
Baltimore, Md., May Co.
Detroit, Mich., Crowley-Milner
Miami, Fla., Richard Stores
Newport News, Va., Nachmans
Newark, N. J., Hahne
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's
Omaha, Neb., Herzberg's
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
San Francisco, Calif., H. Liebes

LANVIN (Stockings) Page 71

Atlanta, Ga., J. Regenstein Co.
Baltimore, Md., Hochschild Kohn
Columbus, Ga., J. A. Kirven
Dallas, Texas, Neiman-Marcus
New Orleans, La., Gus Mayer Co.
Newark, N. J., Kresge
New York, N. Y., B. Altman
Philadelphia, Pa., John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa., I. Magnin Stores

LILY OF FRANCE (Girdle & Bra) Page 71, 73

Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif., I. Magnin
New Orleans, La., D. H. Holmes
New York, N. Y., Bonwit-Teller
New York, N. Y., Lord & Taylor
New York, N. Y., Saks Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa., Blum Store
Philadelphia, Pa., Halle Bros.
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank
San Francisco, Calif., I. Magnin
San Francisco, Calif., White House
Washington, D. C., Julius Garfinckel

LOVABLE (Bra) Page 73

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's Inc.
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Brooklyn, N. Y., Namm's
Chicago, Ill., Charles A. Stevens & Co.
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson
Kansas City, Mo., Jones Store
Minneapolis, Minn., Dayton Co.
Nashville, Tenn., Harvey Co.
New York, N. Y., Lord & Taylor

LUXITE (Hosiery) Page 74

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's Inc.
Baton Rouge, La., Goudchaux's
Chicago, Ill., Chas. A. Stevens
Des Moines, Iowa, Wolf's
Evanston, Ill., Lords
Ft. Worth, Texas, Monnig's
Lowell, Mass., Cherry & Webb
Los Angeles, Calif., Goulter
Milwaukee, Wis., Gimbel Bros.
Omaha, Nebraska, J. L. Brandeis
Orlando, Fla., Dickson & Ives
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank
Phoenix, Ariz., Korrick's
San Francisco, Calif., Roos Bros.
Washington, D. C., Whelan's

LUXITE (Lingerie) Page 74

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Boston, Mass., R. H. White Co.
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, Halle Bros.
Dallas, Texas, Titche Goettinger Co.
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Co.
Denver, Colo., Denver Dry Goods Co.
El Paso, Texas, White House
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind., H. P. Wasson
Jackson, Mich., Jacobsons
Kansas City, Mo., Harzfelds
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.
Minneapolis, Minn., Dayton Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., Schuster's
Mobile, Ala., L. Hammel Dry Goods
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
New York, N. Y., Arnold Constable
New York, N. Y., Saks 34th St.
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank
Richmond, Va., Miller-Rhoads
San Francisco, Calif., Joseph Magnin
Washington, D. C., Lansburgh's

MAIDEN FORM (Bra) Page 74

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

MAJESTIC (Dress) Page 71

Akron, Ohio, M. O'Neil
Buffalo, N. Y., L. L. Berger
Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio, John Shillito's
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson
Los Angeles, Calif., J. J. Haggarty
Minneapolis, Minn., Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y., Lord & Taylor
Oklahoma City, Okla., Kerr's
South Bend, Indiana, Robertson's

MAURICE HANDLER (Swim suits) Page 76

Boston, Mass., Filene's
Cincinnati, Ohio, John Shillito
Cleveland, Ohio, Higbee Co.
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif., Bullocks
Newark, N. J., Kresge
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
Toledo, Ohio, LaSalle & Koch

MUNSINGWEAR (Nipper-waist-Skirt) Page 71, 74

Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, Higbee Co.
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
Kansas City, Mo., Emery-Bird-Thayer Co.
Minneapolis, Minn., Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y., B. Altman Co.
Pueblo, Colo., Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co.
San Diego, Calif., Marston Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah, Z.C.M.I.
St. Paul, Minn., Field-Schlick Co.

PETER PAN (Bra) Page 73

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y., Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Cincinnati, Ohio, John Shillito
Dallas, Texas, A. Harris & Co.
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif., Broadway Dept. Stores
Milwaukee, Wis., Gimbel Bros.
Minneapolis, Minn., L. S. Donaldson Co.
New York, N. Y., Blackton's
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

PLAYTEX ("White Magic" girdle) Page 71, 72

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

STARDUST (Slip & Bra) Page 73

Boston, Mass., Jordan, Marsh Co. (bra only)
Chattanooga, Tenn., Miller Bros. Co.
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
Little Rock, Ark., Gus Blass Co.
Nashville, Tenn., The Harvey Co. (slips only)
New Orleans, La., Krauss Co., Ltd.
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank Co.
Reading, Pa., Pomeroy's
Washington, D. C., The Goldenberg Co. (bra only)

STRUTWEAR (Cooljama) Page 72

Write to Strutwear, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn., for information of stores carrying "Cooljama."

STRUTWEAR (Hosiery) Pages 71, 72

Evanston, Ill., Lord's
New York, N. Y., Blackton 5th Ave.
Oak Park, Ill., Gilmore's
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank
Seattle, Wash., Rhodes
St. Louis, Mo., Stix-Baer-Fuller

VALENTINES (Shoes) Page 74

Brooklyn, N. Y., Namm's, Inc.
Dallas, Texas, Pennmoor Shoe Corp.
Louisville, Ky., J. Bacon & Son, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif., Innes Shoe Co.
Los Angeles, Calif., Neeland's Dept. Store
Montgomery, Ala., Capitol Clothiers
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's
New York, N. Y., Foot Rest Shoes—34th St.
Pasadena, Calif., Innes Shoe Co.
Yonkers, N. Y., Kramer's Shoe Store

VANITY FAIR (Slip) Pages 71, 74

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's Inc.
Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott
Denver, Colo., Denver Dry Goods Co.
Fort Worth, Texas, The Fair
New York, N. Y., Stern Bros.
Norfolk, Va., Smith & Welton Inc.
San Francisco, Calif., The Emporium
Salt Lake City, Utah, Z.C.M.I.
Seattle, Wash., Bon Marche
St. Louis, Mo., Famous Barr Co.

WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD (Stockings) Pages 73 & 74

Akron, Ohio, M. O'Neil Co.
Altoona, Pa., Wm. F. Gable Co.
Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., Milwaukee Boston Store
New York, N. Y., B. Altman Co.
New York, N. Y., Blackton 5th Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufmann's
Rochester, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
Schenectady, N. Y., Carl Co.
St. Louis, Mo., Famous Barr Co.

WM. CARTER (Duster robe & gown) Pages 71, 75

Cleveland, Ohio, Halle Bros.
Denver, Colo., May Co.
Detroit, Mich., Hudson's
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros.
Minneapolis, Minn., Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y., Best & Co.
New York, N. Y., Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia, Pa., Wanamaker's
Seattle, Wash., Frederick & Nelson
St. Louis, Mo., Stix-Baer-Fuller

alan ladd's a big baby!

(*Continued from page 46*) place has to be either a show place *or* a home. What's it going to be?"

Sue stopped breathing hard—she knew Alan was right. Now was the time to make the decision.

"A home," she said.

And that's the way it has been ever since.

It would be impossible to visit and talk with Alan Ladd for any length of time without getting on the subject of dogs, because while you are sitting in his house or garden they are all over and around you. And yet Alan is not in the accepted sense a "dog-lover." As defined once by James Thurber, a dog-lover is a man who loves someone else's dog, and while Alan is fond of all canines, he showers his affection only on his own. The last count at the Ladds' showed there were three animals residing in his Hollywood home, Jezebel, a younger boxer named Brindie and a small dachshund named Fritzie, II. There are generally anywhere from five to 20 more dogs at the Ladd ranch, depending on the date of the last whelping, but they are there only on a temporary basis, awaiting new and permanent homes. The pets are the three house dogs.

The Alan Ladds first became prominent in the Hollywood doggie set when they acquired Jezebel, who was a present from Paramount executive Y. Frank Freeman. Jezzie was a simple puppy, lovable, cooperative and not too frisky. Except at night. The first night she spent with the Ladds she was put tenderly to bed in a bathroom on a 30 dollar blanket because it was too cold for her to sleep outside.

Alan had just dropped off to sleep when he was startled into full wakefulness.

"What was that?" he whispered to Sue.

"What was what?" asked Sue.

"I just heard somebody cry for help," said Alan.

They both listened and the cry came again.

It was presently obvious that the noise was coming from the bathroom, so Sue and Alan got up and opened the door. Jezebel sat there wagging her tail apparently in the best of health and spirits.

"She must have had a bad dream," said Alan. So they got back into bed.

Jezebel had bad dreams all night—and Alan went to work the next day with his eyes half closed. He decided to ask wiser heads for advice and went home that night filled with dog lore.

"It's a simple matter," he told his wife. "All you have to do to keep the pup from crying is put an alarm clock beside him."

"What for?" Sue asked.

"What difference does it make?" Alan said. "I got this from a guy who's had maybe 20 dogs. He ought to know."

Jezebel and the alarm clock went to bed nicely and Sue and Alan settled down for a sound night's sleep. But Jezebel had another night of howling and the next day Alan was as tired as a man can be. He met a man that day who told him that all the pup needed to calm him down was the blanket he was born on. Alan was willing to do anything, so after an hour of telephoning, he located the blanket and drove 30 miles out into the country to get it. And when they got into bed that night, Sue and Alan dropped right off to sleep.

The howling started five minutes after the sandman had been by. Alan leaped out of bed, raced to the bathroom, picked up the pup, tore back to the bedroom—and threw the dog into the bed.

"She wins," he said to Sue. Jezebel has slept in that bed every night since without a whimper. The climax came one night a year or so later, when Jezzie weighed better than 100 pounds. Alan was awakened by a howl and a loud thump. He turned on the light and saw Jezebel, comfortable and calm, her head on Sue's pillow—and Sue on the floor where she had been pushed by her pet. The next day they got a bigger bed.

If you have the space for it, it is no more possible to own one dog than it is to have one flea. They get in your blood or you begin to feel sorry for the first dog because she's lonely or you'd like to have pups. The Ladds bought another boxer to play with Jezebel—and she promptly showed her true nature by delivering a litter of pups, something like ten. Then, hearing that Sue and Alan loved boxers, people began giving them their unwanted animals.

Jerry Lewis, for instance, had a dog called Irma, given to him by Victor Mature. One day Irma found out she could jump fences, so whenever she felt cramped for space she would take to the air and rip off into the neighborhood where she would accomplish all sorts of damages until caught. When Jerry finally got an eight foot high fence all around his place and Irma took it like a kangaroo stepping over a cigar box, the comic decided to dispose of her.

"Let's give Irma to the Ladds," said Jerry to his wife one night. "They love dogs."

Irma joined the pack at the Ladd farm and along with her girl friends and cousins proceeded to produce more Boxers. It was like a rabbit farm.

One Christmas, the Ladds decided to give their friends boxers as gifts. This was quite a thing as the strain was now considered the finest in the district. Sue took the pups and tied ribbons about their necks, with cute cards attached, and sent them around to select friends by special messenger. And everyone was very grateful.

A couple of months later, however, Sue came home pale and trembling.

"I just saw one of the pups we gave away," she told Alan. "And it has a nose like a collie. Do you think . . . ?"

In a few days they were sure. They visited most of the other recipients of the pets and discovered that the animals were growing into anything but pure-bred boxers. The Ladds were mortified, particularly because of the to-do that had been made upon the delivery of the pups—and the fancy pedigree papers that had been sent to each new owner. But they faced the problem squarely. They called each of the people and explained that there had been an error in the naming of the father—and offered to take back the off-breed children and replace them. It is a tribute to Hollywood that not a single star or big shot who got the pups would even consider a switch. They were all in love with their collie-boxers.

It is the habit of Sue and Alan Ladd to keep track of the pups they give away. This writer has one of them, a mad, conscienceless beast appropriately named Moose, who, although he is addicted to destroying furniture, eating prize roses and licking the faces of total strangers, is priceless. When the phone rings and it is the Ladds calling, the conversation always begins with: "How's Moose?"

The ranch is a great place for these animals to run loose and many Ladd boxer owners bring their pets there for a visit to ma and pa and the cousins. Estelle Taylor dropped in one day with her dog for a visit. He was turned loose in the yard and after taking one look at the pack heading for him for a tussle, took off into the tall brush surrounding the ranch. Estelle called him in vain, then, quite distraught started after him. Alan, being the host, had to go along. This began about three o'clock in the afternoon. Alan and Estelle would get within about five feet of the beast when he would suddenly remember what had nearly happened to him in the ranch yard—and he'd run again. At four the next morning, with Estelle in bad shape because she was sure she'd lost her pet forever, Alan finally caught the thing—and stumbled five miles back to the ranch house where he promptly collapsed.

A week later they were passing Estelle's house on their way to dinner. They decided to drop in and see if the dog had gotten over its experience. Estelle keeps the dog in her garage when she is not home, so getting no answer to the doorbell, Alan and Sue picked up the garage door to take a look at the pet. Smelling freedom, the animal skipped out into the yard. Alan caught it and shoved it back in the garage, but before he could bring the door down fully the dog slipped out again. Again there was a several-hour ordeal. Every time Alan put the dog back in the garage, it would squeeze out before he could get the door shut. Finally, he was shoving the beast under the door while lying on his stomach in a new suit—and Sue was trying to shut the door fast. This resulted in several near broken bones for Alan, but they never did get the dog back in the garage. At close to midnight, Alan gave up, left the garage door open and went home. Estelle told him the next day that when she got home the boxer was sound asleep in his bed—in the garage with the door wide open.

But of all the dogs the Alan Ladds have owned, a tiny dachshund, Fritzie, was by far the favorite. Fritzie was an animal with personality. She was no bigger than a minute, but she held her own with Jezebel and Brindie with nothing more than an arrogant swagger and a thin growl when it was needed. From the day she first entered the Ladd home, as a six-week-old pup, she slept in the big bed with Alan, Sue and Jezebel down at the foot. She was so tiny she used to get lost in the covers, but when it came time to get up she'd appear from some hidden fold of blankets or from under a pillow and greet the day with a satisfied yawn.

Fritzie was the life of any party. She was difficult to get to know, but once she'd accepted you she'd show her tricks and conversational accomplishments at the drop of a hat. She was the first to greet visitors and would rouse herself from any nap to see a pal to the door. She had real manners, Fritzie did.

Jezebel had several citations for bravery, for instance the time they were digging for the foundations of the Ladd home and little Alana got in front of a machine that was digging out the side of a hill. She was in a position where the operator couldn't see her—and he was directing the huge claw of the implement directly at the child. Alan and Jezebel saw Alana at the same instant. Alan started for the kid on a dead run, but Jezzie passed him like a shot. He hit Alana so hard she was knocked ten feet, but she was safe. Jezebel was a heroine, but Fritzie was still the queen around the house.

In the scheme of things, Fritzie was just a dachshund who went through life making a study of the human animal. She entered the Ladd home on a trial basis, fully intending, as all dogs do, to run away at the first opportunity if things didn't stack up to expectations. She couldn't speak Ladd language, so, thus handicapped, she stuck around a little longer than she might have

in order to give this family a fair chance to make an impression. At first, she found the other dogs, Jezebel and Brindie, rather a bore and certainly ungainly and monstrous in their manners.

As she grew older it became no problem for her to rule the roost with her superior intellect—and even in the matter of dog quarrels she managed to impose her will on the boxers by a few well-spoken threats (she *did* speak boxer language) or the exhibition of a small fang or a disgusted flip of the tail as she waltzed from the fray, refusing to discuss the matter any longer. She contributed nothing to the home—except love, a thing she couldn't help. And she asked nothing—except love.

And when she died, she left elegantly, expecting nothing more than tears and a last scent of her master.

It was pretty dramatic, the way Fritzie died. Every day, as long as she could remember, a bus had driven by the Ladd home, or rather the home Fritzie shared with the Ladds. A man stood up in front of this bus and as it halted before the Ladd house, announced to his passengers, all sightseers, that this was the residence of the famous movie star. Fritzie found this bit of nonsense an amusing part of her day, so she never failed to be on hand to inspect the passengers and she would trot around and display her best points until the bus drove away. *She* knew who they came to see.

One day the bus was a few minutes late. Fritzie had trotted off down the driveway to the road and, not seeing the bus, had ventured out into the road to see if it was coming. A car came careening around the corner and before Fritzie could avoid it, she was struck and thrown into the middle of the street mortally wounded. The car drove on.

A few minutes later the sightseeing bus came along, with the man standing up in the front explaining to his fares which star's home they were approaching. But he didn't finish his spiel. He saw the small brown object in the road.

He had never been in a movie star's home before, but the man picked Fritzie up in his arms and walked up the path through the garden to the front door. Alan Ladd answered the bell and took the tiny burden from the man's hands. It was obvious that Fritzie was beyond help, so Alan took her into the living room and held her close in his arms while Jezebel and Brindie sat in a far corner and watched in dread.

And then, with a last scent of her master and a final surge of love in her little heart, Fritzie acknowledged that things seemed to have turned out all right after all, and she quietly went to sleep. And long after she was gone Alan's tears fell on her small face.

There was sadness in Fritzie's house for quite a while after that. But one day Sue came home with a bundle, shortly after Alan had gone to bed. She walked into the room and tossed the bundle onto the bed, where it began to scamper about like a mouse.

"What's that?" asked Alan, fully awakened.

"It's for you," said Sue. "It's name is Fritzie."

The dachshund stopped squirming and looked into Alan's face—and they grinned at each other. And when the light was put out, Fritzie, the second, got under a pillow and went to sleep, no doubt thinking there'd need to be a few changes made around here. **END**

(Alan Ladd can be seen next in Paramount's Shane.*—Ed.)*

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my home town

(*Continued from page 60*) After my first six months of vocal study, my singing teacher told mother that she thought my voice had promise and that I should be forced to practice. Mother didn't believe in that method. But one Saturday morning a few weeks later, she and I went to an audition at the Hollywood Theater, which was running an amateur contest sponsored by 7-Up. When I sang for Del Milne, the theater manager, he encouraged me to enter, and no one was more surprised than I when, the following week, I won the contest, and later, the grand elimination prize.

During the weeks that followed, Mr. Milne arranged for me to sing at a number of benefit shows in Portland, including a Lions' Club benefit for the blind to which Mr. Milne invited a number of the local radio station executives. Among that group was Mr. Joseph Sampietro, musical director of KOIN, with whose orchestra I sang many times during the next two years. A few days later, I was asked to audition by one of the other stations, but, when I sang, they told me I should go home and practice some more.

Then, one day in March, 1941, Mother took a girl friend and me downtown to see a matinee. We were preoccupied with window-shopping when I noticed Mother talking to a man on the street. It turned out to be Carl Werner, who had handled the publicity for the Agnes Peters recital. Apparently, Mr. Werner had asked Mother what I had been doing with my dancing, for she called me over to meet him. When he learned that I was singing, he suggested that I audition at KOIN for the Oregon War Bond Committee which was about to select an Oregon Victory Girl. I was thrilled when they chose me after I sang for them. But Mother insisted that I finish grammar school first.

"Mother, please let me try it," I pleaded.

"You can't just try it," Mother told me. "You'll have to give it your very best, and you can't do that until you finish your semester in grammar school."

"Oh, all right," I agreed, reluctantly.

I could hardly wait until school finished that summer. But some of my impatience was abated by the thrill of getting my uniforms fitted, by the new songs I was learning, and by the tremendous opportunities which I knew lay ahead of me.

That summer I was almost literally adopted by the men who made up the Oregon War Bond Committee, whom I came to call my "uncles" as the bond drive progressed. They included Carl Werner, C. W. Myers, Mayor Earl Riley, Harvey Wells (Dean of the Oregon State Legislature), Larry Hilaire, Al Fink, William Mears, and other prominent Portland business men. They did everything possible to launch my career. Before school started in September, I was singing every week on KOIN's "Victory Harvest" program.

In the midst of all this activity, I started back for my last year at Beaumont School. By November, I began to realize what Mother meant when she said that I could not merely "try" if I accepted the job as Oregon's Victory Girl. It was too big for that. Very soon, I found myself taking on a second weekly radio show on KOIN, "The Million Dollar Club," which honored the people who had sold more than $1,000,000 worth of war bonds. That November, I christened a Liberty ship at the Kaiser shipyards, sang at the USO regularly, made appearances at the shipyards and war plants around Portland. During that fall term at Beaumont, I missed 30 out of 90 days in class.

I don't believe any 13 year old has ever been as busy, or loved every minute of it more than I did.

During the following spring, the war bond program gained momentum, and I gained momentum with it, traveling with the "Victory Harvest" program to a different Oregon city each week. In all, we covered 34 out of Oregon's 36 counties. My traveling companion on the trips away from Portland was Carol Worth, Miss Oregon of 1943, whom I understand is now married and living in Long Beach, California. Sometimes, we entertained at war plants, playing a show for each of the shifts. The effort certainly paid off. Oregon was among the top five states in war bond sales.

It isn't easy for me to single out the greatest thrills of my life as Oregon's Victory Girl. There were so many. But I'll never forget singing before the Joint Session of the Oregon State Legislature on Washington's Birthday. Or the day, shortly before I was 14, that I was made a member of the "Million Dollar Club." Or the time Carl Greve, a Portland jeweler who sponsored my first commercial radio program, presented me with a diamond ring—my first real diamond ring.

These are but a few of the experiences which tie my heart to Portland. I can still remember the special kidding I used to take from Chet Duncan of KOIN as he dropped the microphone down to my singing level. And my mother's regular warning to stay dry and warm if I was to sing out of doors. And the many afternoons that Nancy Dickson and I spent roller skating on the tennis courts of the Beaumont School grounds, or the nights that we mystified each other telling our fortunes on her ouija board. I hope Nancy has found as much happiness as I have.

When I was signed for movies after my appearance on "Hollywood Showcase," I started the ninth grade on the Universal lot, and finished the rest of my high school work in studio schools.

Of course, the biggest thrill of my whole life was the world premiere of my first picture, *Song Of The Open Road, which* was held in Portland during the Rose Festival of 1944. What a home-coming! On the day I arrived, rain was pouring down, yet thousands of people lined the streets to wave hello at me. Later, there was a big reception at the public auditorium and, that night, the premiere. I was 15, and absolutely speechless with happiness, especially when, the next day, Mayor Riley named the summer concert center, where I had sung the year before, as the Jane Powell Concert Center.

Unfortunately, I haven't been able to make another prolonged visit to Portland. I went back for a benefit concert for the Symphony Orchestra a few years ago. But because of my schedule in Hollywood, I didn't get a chance to stay long. It's like so many things which are a fond but not an immediate part of our lives . . . we keep putting them off, while our anticipation grows and grows.

Now that our baby is getting old enough to travel, Geary and I hope that it won't be long before we can take a relaxed trip back to my home town. He was ready to go as soon as I told him about the wonderful skiing on Mt. Hood, whose majestic peak looms like a fairy castle against the eastern skyline of Portland. Because of my motion picture schedule, it won't be this summer. But it will be soon. I miss my old home town. **END**

(*Jane Powell can be seen in MGM's* Small Town Girl—*Ed.*)

hollywood's most passionate loves (shelley winters)

(*Continued from page 33*) idols of Italy. They had a passionate trans-oceanic courtship and finally decided to culminate it in marriage.

Shelley now wears skirts and lipstick. She smiles sweetly at her directors and is the model of decorum. She even has decided to live in Italy six months out of the year, and she doesn't tablehop any more.

Gassman says he can offer no recipe for the change in Shelley because, as he says, "She is the same as when I first met her, and I did not know her before, so how could I know how I changed her," which makes sense.

Therefore to discover the secret of this passion of the plaster city we have to flashback to this exclusive behind-the-scenes story of their romance.

The Italian Lothario was born in Genoa, Italy, Sept. 1, 1922. His father is a well-to-do construction engineer. Vittorio played basketball and studied to be a lawyer at the University of Rome.

Then he switched to acting. He studied at the Academy of Dramatic Arts for two years and turned professional. Since then he has starred in 92 plays in nine years, and is regarded as one of the top stage actors in Italy. His name has been up in lights in Italy for a long time for such stage successes as *A Streetcar Named Desire, All My Sons, Romeo and Juliet* and *As You Like It.*

He also has been a leading idol of Italy's silver screen since 1946. He has appeared in 19 movies, including one that was popular in this country, *Bitter Rice.* He was the villain who attacked the leggy and luscious Silvano Mangano.

Another picture, in which he co-starred with Hollywood's Geraldine Brooks, *Streets of Sorrow,* will be released in the United States soon.

Thus Shelley was impressed with the handsome profile when her escort, Frank Latimore, an American actor living in Rome, introduced her to Vittorio in the lobby of the Spanish Ballet theater.

"The first time we met didn't count," Gassman said recently in his first interview after arriving in Hollywood.

"It was a very conventional meeting. And I told a lie. I said that I liked her in *A Place In The Sun,* when I hadn't even seen it."

The next day, Latimore tossed a party for Shelley and invited Gassman. The day after that, Vittorio decided to telephone her for a date.

Shelley, being Shelley, hadn't waited for such convention.

"I called her but she wasn't in," he recalled.

"Then when I got home I found she had already called me."

He looked a little puzzled.

"I liked her because she ate a lot," he beamed. "She had no preoccupation with diet.

"I didn't know very much about her. Most of her pictures hadn't played in Italy yet. I just knew that she was a movie star, because I'd read about her in movie magazines."

On this momentous occasion, Shelley and Vittorio had a heated discussion about

acting. Shelley believes in the "naturalistic" school of histrionics. Gassman, whose first love is the theater, goes in more for "stylized, formal acting," as he calls it.

How they carried on this intellectual debate is somewhat of a mystery, since Shelley couldn't speak Italian and Vittorio knew very little English. They insist that they "got along and understood each other."

Shelley stayed over in Rome four more days while Vittorio helped her see the city. When she left for Paris, he followed her there and they toured the red-checkered-tablecloth restaurants . . . the tiny shops, and all those other love locales.

"She called her agent to postpone her next picture, but he wouldn't let her stay any longer, so she went back to Hollywood," Vittorio sighed.

"There was a lot of money spent calling between Paris and Hollywood.

"I returned to Rome and we wrote each other many letters in which we got to know each other better. Then she cabled me that she was lonely. I was, too."

Vittorio had five days before shooting started on his next movie in Rome. So he flew to Hollywood to be with Shelley for five days, a bitter financial blow to the overseas telephone company.

At the end of the five days, Vittorio called his director in Italy who, to put it mildly, was somewhat astonished to hear his star was sauntering around California instead of preparing to report to work the next morning. Vittorio won a few days' more vacation and went to Arizona with Shelley to gaze in rapture from the sidelines while she did location work on a movie.

Gassman finally went home to Rome and began patronizing the overseas telephone company again to talk to the vivacious blonde in Hollywood. When her movie was finished, Shelley zipped off to Italy. As an example of her devotion and of the new Shelley Winters, she knitted a scarf with her own hands and presented it to Vittorio as she stepped off the plane. The news photographers happened to be on hand to record this bit of domesticity.

After Gassman ended his picture, the pair announced their engagement in the accepted mode of the cinema city. They called a press conference. Then they sped to New York and Hollywood where romance flourished under the light of photographers' flashbulbs. When Shelley stepped off the plane in Hollywood, she smiled wanly, said she had nothing to talk about and drifted home.

In typical stop-dash Shelley Winters style, Shell & Vittorio hopped down to Juarez, Mexico, and were married two hours after he obtained his divorce.

Before dawn broke over Schwab's drugstore, Hollywood buzzed with talk about the new Shelley.

"She certainly is more subdued," one of her close friends said. "Why, she doesn't even table-hop in restaurants any more!"

Another pal observed, "She's more interested in looking at you when she talks. She used to gaze to the four corners of the room to see what everybody else was doing. She dresses in more feminine clothes, too, and she wears lipstick in public.

Shelley herself admits she's changed. Her explanation of the new Shelley Winters is simple, honest and mature.

"I'm very much in love with someone extraordinary who loves me back," she said. "That is security."

Shelley sighed happily. "We talk for days at a time. We never run out of things to talk about. And we haven't had a fight since we met.

"I wasn't so frantic about winning that Oscar for my role in *A Place In The Sun* as I would have been a year ago.

"Naturally I wanted to win, but a year ago I would have been desperate.

"I used to be involved with the craziness of this town," she confessed. "Last year I did six movies, more than any other star. They should have given me an Oscar for doing the most, anyway.

"I worked so hard I had to spend three week-ends in a hospital so I could rest where people couldn't get at me. I used to throw up all the time, I was so nervous.

"I can eat more now. I learned one important thing in Europe—we don't take time to do anything in this country. In Italy they take three hours for lunch.

"Nobody takes much time to live over here," Shelley said. "Through Vittorio I met European artists and writers and I realized that the world is a big place. Hollywood has taken on its proper perspective for me."

Shelley further floored Hollywood by announcing to her studio that she and Vittorio would live in movietown and work in pictures for only six months of the year. The other six they'll spend in Italy where they plan to appear in the theater together and where Vittorio will continue his picture career. Shelley's U-I contract doesn't allow her to appear in Italian movies.

"If the studio doesn't like the arrangement," shrugged Shelley, "all they can do is take me off salary for six months. That's all suspension is, you know. And I get 12 weeks of lay-off every year, anyway, when I'm not paid.

"I'm not so frightened about money any more. I used to be scared silly if they'd just mention suspension. I'd think about that money I'd miss. But I have somebody to take care of me now."

Shelley's trip to Europe probably had

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a large part in her switch from the temperamental, insecure girl to a more mature woman in love. To the girl who had known only New York and Hollywood, her trip brought her a new sense of values, and a realization that "there are so many wonderful places in the world to see and so many things to do."

Vittorio, being European, fits into this new mood. He is cultured, well-traveled and far more mature emotionally and intellectually than his 29 years. Shelley had known one previous failure at marriage (and so had Gassman).

"I like Shelley because she is a very alive and nice human being," he says. "She has not been spoiled by her success, and not stopped by it, either. She has many more ambitions.

"She is attractive to me physically, of course, which is important but not sufficient.

"She is enthusiastic about life and curious about it. I have much less curiosity, as you say, so I appreciate it in other people. I am not curious," he shrugged. "I am interested in just two or three things in life . . . the theater, literature. I have good friends.

"Here life is quicker. In Europe you take longer to eat, more time to talk. This makes friendships. In Europe we have more friends, and more enemies, too.

"I didn't know much about Shelley when I met her. I didn't believe the stories that were written about her. I am not interested in her past, but in her future.

"We have interesting times together, and many fascinating things to talk about. We are interested in the same things.

"Shelley desires spiritual and emotional security. This is her first problem, she has told me. She wants a happy marriage and I hope ours will be one. I hope our marriage will give her that security.

"I was told that before she met me she was much more easily nervous and unquiet. I didn't know her before, of course, so I don't realize any difference. I have no two portraits of her to compare, so to speak."

One factor that Shelley and Vittorio believe will cement their union into a lasting one is that both believe in the European formula for marriage: the husband is the boss.

As has been often said by psychiatrists and other experts, American women suffer from a dilemna. They fought for their independence, for the right to vote and to work side by side with men in the business world. But in so doing, the ex-

easy money!

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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Barbara Stanwyck
- ☐ Rita's Rarin' To Go (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ Hollywood's Most Passionate Loves (Shelley Winters, Ava Gardner, Judy Garland, Liz Taylor)
- ☐ No Time For Modesty (Gordon MacRae)
- ☐ "Darling, You're Nuts!" (Jane Wyman)
- ☐ Am I Too Daring? by Marilyn Monroe
- ☐ He's Really Living (Steve Cochran)
- ☐ Dear Esther . . . (Esther Williams)
- ☐ Alan Ladd's A Big Baby!
- ☐ The Joan Crawford Myth
- ☐ For The Love Of Mike (Virginia Mayo)
- ☐ The Fight For Ingrid Bergman's Daughter
- ☐ Miss Show Business (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ The Road I Travelled (Donald O'Connor)
- ☐ My Home Town . . . by Jane Powell
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
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What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

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What MALE star do you like least?

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What FEMALE star do you like least?

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perts say, they became the most unhappy women in the world.

European women are more the devoted slaves who do their master's bidding. Most don't enjoy the privileges or independence of the American girl. But, most experts agree, they're happier in their subordinate role of dutiful and feminine wives and mothers.

Both Shelley and Vittorio think the European system is better. At least Shelley does now, anyway.

When Vittorio was subjected to a press conference in New York, one newshound shot the question, "Who's going to be the boss in the family?"

"What a question to ask an Italian man!" Gassman snorted.

Shelley later chattered to me. "Do you think I could get Vittorio into an American barbershop? In Italy they cut hair in those funny waves.

"I'm already decorating our apartment in Italy and we're going to live in a modest apartment in Hollywood. I'm busy learning how to cook and washing dishes. I love Italian food."

"I don't," said Vittorio. "I like French food."

At last report, Shelley was learning how to cook French food, and Vittorio still wore his hair Italian-style.

"The man must be the boss in the family," says Gassman. "Not in the sense of being a dictator, nor in taking advantage of a woman, but more as a duty than a right. A really feminine woman likes that and wants it from a man.

"Of course," he weakened, "it should be the woman who makes the decisions in the details of life, around the house. That seems to be the right division of authority to me.

"Man actually is more intelligent than woman. He has more reason. Women are more shrewd and practical, however. Shelley is a better business manager than I am. She can get along in any situation.

"Women are very often more courageous than men, too. They can stand more physical pain. If the man had to bear children, I am sure humanity would be ended.

"But, getting back to Shelley, I seldom went out with actresses in Italy. They all tend to be very sophisticated and snobbish. They're impossible to talk to. But Shelley takes to everybody. That is a very sweet quality. I'm not used to that. In Europe, actresses are more critical, more severe.

"Shelley is very natural. She laughs when something amuses her. She is very emotional, too. She took me to see all the plays in New York, she was so anxious that I get to know the American theater. We went to see Judy Garland at the Palace in New York. Shelley was so excited she yelled.

"I am pretty sure," said Vittorio, "that I chose well when I chose Shelley."

Some cynics on the Hollywood scene, however, take a dim view of Shelley's discovery of Love, Life and Culture.

Miss Winters has announced that from now on she's interested only in interviews with the press about her roles and her art on the silver screen.

This does not sit too well with the press that helped to elevate her to stardom. The stars who stay on top, like Alan Ladd, give out interviews any time on any subject, and they're glad they're asked to do it.

Shelley also has served notice she is interested from now on in the drah-ma, not in those wise-cracking roles she has ground out down the years.

Skeptics also yawn at her latest mood and predict a short end to the Shell-Gas combo, as they call it. One says, "Only Shelley would think of going to Europe with one guy and coming home engaged to another, and an Italian star, at that. She is just interested in making the headlines."

Another points out that Miss Winters recently was given a raise by her studio and a promise of good parts, so "it's hard to see how an ambitious girl will give all that up for love."

One columnist insisted Vittorio asked how much money Shelley made. This isn't true, however. Research discloses he's well-heeled.

Meanwhile, Shelley ignored the pessimists and charged full-steam ahead to establish Vittorio's career in Hollywood. She arranged the contacts and interviews that brought Vittorio his first American picture. She introduced him to executives who showered him with offers of long-term contracts at major studios. He turned these down; he says his theater work in Rome is more important to him. Like any feminine woman, she tried to keep from him the fact that she was partially responsible for the roles he won.

Shelley took him to Hollywood parties. She introduced him to his idol, Charles Chaplin, and to her former instructor in a Shakespeare class, Charles Laughton. One of her happiest moments came when Laughton told Vittorio, an expert in Shakespearean drama, that Shelley would make a fine Shakespearean actress.

"See?" chortled a proud Shelley to Vittorio.

His approval and admiration, you can see, is important in her life.

"Shelley has been very anxious that Vittorio be as fond of America as she is of Italy," a friend says. "He always had been impressed with the technique of movie-making. But he was skeptical of the cultural side of Hollywood. So she took him around to the local art galleries."

She also escorted him to the Circle Theater, where she has worked, and that meeting led to Vittorio's giving a reading of Italian poetry to an audience of selected big-wigs of the plaster city.

Shelley and Vittorio hope that they can establish a theater in Rome where they can give English-language plays for the large American colony there. Vittorio is a director of note, too, in Italy and the government is scheduled to subsidize a theater that he will open in the Fall.

Some critics of la Winters point out that the new Shelley won't be as exciting as the old. They think her bombastics of yore meant showmanship.

But Shelley insists that the new Shelley will be an even better actress.

"I feel my living in Rome half of the year will expand my career as an actress," she says. "Any artist reflects to his audience his own experience, and the more experiences, the more you can give to the public."

Shelley recently was loaned to MGM for a picture directed by William Wellman. This movie-maker is known for his penchant for rugged he-men actors and his scorn of any thespian in skirts. Shelley, the old Shelley, anyway, was famous as an actress who demanded the best, found it hard to compromise and rode hard over anybody's feelings to get what she wanted.

Hollywood expected an explosion. But Shelley and "Wild Bill" Wellman got along just dandy.

Whatever the outcome of the controversial Shelley-Vittorio combination, one thing is sure.

Hollywood can rest more easily, now that the old Shelley Winters is on the shelf.

"If Shelley has found happiness at last, that means 500 people in this town have found happiness, too," cracked one of her pals. "The producers and others who work with her can sleep nights now." END



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ingrid's side of the story

(*Continued from page 53*) to Europe, advising me that the meeting would be in his father's home in Stode, Sweden. Dr. Lindstrom's cable came as a great surprise to me. I sent a cablegram to the ship on which Dr. Lindstrom and Pia were traveling to England, informing Dr. Lindstrom that I would be in London as per our previous agreement.

Because Dr. Linustrom has told me on numerous occasions that he did not want the visitation to be accompanied by any publicity and if there were publicity he would consider that as a justification to cancel the visitation, I took the following precautions: the sleeper reservation from Rome to London was made in the name of my sister-in-law, who boarded the train in Rome. I in turn drove by car from Rome to Pisa where I then boarded the train and stayed in a closed compartment which I never left till I arrived at Calais. At Calais, I boarded the ferry-boat and stayed behind the closed doors of my cabin until I arrived in Dover, where I was met by Sidney Bernstein (a mutual friend of Dr. Lindstrom and myself) who drove me to the home of Ann Todd and David Lean, the well known British director.

At noon, Thursday the 21st of July, Mr. Bernstein telephoned me at the home of Miss Todd and Mr. Lean, advising me that Dr. Lindstrom and Pia had arrived at the Washington Hotel in London. I heard nothing further until 5 o'clock of that day, when Dr. Lindstrom telephoned me from Mr. Bernstein's office, stating exactly as follows: "I understand you have expressed a desire to see the child." I was taken aback by the studied cruelty of this remark, but controlled myself to answer: "Yes." Dr. Lindstrom informed me that he was too tired to come over that evening. I told Dr. Lindstrom that he could go to rest if he desired and to send Pia with Mr. Bernstein. Dr. Lindstrom informed me that Pia was tired too and I then suggested that Pia could go to bed right away with me. Dr. Lindstrom then advised me that this was impossible since Pia was never to be left alone with me, thereby delivering a second blow to me during the same conversation. I succeeded in controlling myself, avoided arguing with Dr. Lindstrom any further, and asked to speak to Mr. Bernstein. I told Mr. Bernstein that if Pia did not come to the house where I was living, I would come to Mr. Bernstein's office immediately with the Police. At 6 o'clock Dr. Lindstrom and Pia arrived. When they arrived, Dr. Lindstrom told me how tired they were and that they could stay only for an hour. To this Pia added that papa was so tired because he had stayed up dancing every night, coming to bed as late as 7 o'clock in the morning.

AFTER the three of us had a short talk, I wished to arrange with Dr. Lindstrom for my staying with Pia while they were in London. He and I went to talk in another room, but could not discuss the purpose of the visitation and the arrangements therefor because Dr. Lindstrom was only interested in bringing up our previous personal relationship, and would not discuss intelligently the custody of Pia. Dr. Lindstrom informed me that I could see Pia only when it suited him. He told me, by way of example, that the following day he could not bring her at all because he did not have the time, but perhaps I could see her on the next following day. He further stated that he did not know how many days he and Pia could stay in London, as he had expected to see me in Sweden. I became angry at the absurdity of these statements, and left the room to visit with Pia. Ann and David Lean, who had taken care of Pia during our discussion, then interceded privately with Dr. Lindstrom. As a result, Dr. Lindstrom agreed not to take Pia away immediately but agreed to stay for dinner. Pia expressed her desire to stay for the night but in view of what transpired stated she would come back the following day and stay with me. As to the plans for the following day, it was only after repeated insistences by Mr. and Mrs. Lean and myself, that Dr. Lindstrom stated that he would try to bring Pia back the next morning. I heard nothing the next morning and was beside myself with anxiety and it was not until the day was practically consumed that Dr. Lindstrom and Pia arrived, at 6 o'clock in the evening.

Pia brought her night clothes and was very excited about staying with me. Dr. Lindstrom spoke to Mr. Lean telling him that they had to also find a room for him, since he was not going to let Pia sleep alone with me. Mr. Lean told Dr. Lindstrom that he did not have a bed for him and asked Dr. Lindstrom what could be done to have Dr. Lindstrom trust Mr. and Mrs. Lean and leave the house. Dr. Lindstrom then asked for the key to the front door, which was given to him, and he left the house. After we had gone to bed, Dr. Lindstrom entered the house and sat all night in the hall, where the maid found him in the morning. Dr. Lindstrom explained that he had good reason to believe that I was planning to steal Pia. I swore on the memory of my deceased parents that I had never planned to commit such a crime. Dr. Lindstrom, nevertheless, told me that he couldn't trust me.

The following morning we went to Mr. Bernstein's farm in the country for the weekend. Dr. Lindstrom allowed me to be with Pia, he staying most of the time in his room. He suggested that he eat on a tray in his room and I told him that this was unnecessary, as since he insisted on staying in the same house with us, Pia would think it very strange if we did not all eat together.

Whenever he had the opportunity, Dr. Lindstrom brought up the past and delighted in berating me. Pia was of course aware of our heated arguments. I kept trying to avoid these discussions, but since Dr. Lindstrom chose to re-open and continue such arguments, stating among other things, that he never could trust a woman like me, and made numerous other remarks of a scurrilous nature about me in



This is the Rossellini's summer house at Santa Marinella in Italy where Pia would stay with her mother, from July to September, if the California Superior Court grants permission.



Ingrid's apartment in Rome, she feels, is the proper setting for her daughter's annual visits. However, Dr. Lindstrom is opposed to Pia's leaving the United States and its jurisdiction.



A large assortment of toys fills Robertino Rossellini's room. Ingrid is anxious for Pia to get to know and love her half-brother—and also the twins expected by the Rossellinis in June.

the presence of Pia, I felt that she should hear the defense, as well as the accusations. In desperation, I placed before him the decree of the California Court and asked him where it appeared in the papers that he had the right to behave the way he did during the period of my custody. After one of the arguments I returned to Pia, who was watching television, and Dr. Lindstrom entered the room and sat down in back of me and stated: "You'd better say good-bye to the child tonight, as we are leaving early in the morning and you might not like to get up so early. So, this is your last evening. I'll stay a couple of more days in London but I won't have time to let you see the child." When I heard this I started to cry and Dr. Lindstrom accused me of making scenes to upset the child.

The next morning at approximately 7:30 we rose to drive back to London. Pia and I had seen in the newspapers that *Alice In Wonderland* had opened, and as Pia and I had read the book together we wanted to see the picture. I expressed to Dr. Lindstrom my desire to take Pia to see that film during the day. He emphatically refused stating that it would call for publicity. Pia herself stated that she did not mind if another picture was taken, since she had had already so many taken. When I mentioned to Dr. Lindstrom about the interviews and photographs that he had recently given while I was taking the precautions referred to at the beginning of this affidavit, he replied: "Oh, my dear, I understand now you are jealous." When we reached the Washington Hotel Pia and I said good-bye.

Mr. and Mrs. Lean then interceded once more and pleaded with Dr. Lindstrom to let me see Pia again, either permitting us to go to the movie or permitting Pia to visit me. Finally Dr. Lindstrom agreed that if Mrs. Lean, and her daughter and secretary, together with an American friend of Pia, who had just arrived in London, would accompany Pia and myself, we could go to the movie. The following day we all had lunch and saw the picture and there was no publicity nor were any photographs taken. After the picture we all went to Mrs. Lean's house and within a few minutes Dr. Lindstrom arrived to take Pia away. Dr. Lindstrom immediately announced that he had a taxi waiting outside, thus obliging Pia and me to do in extreme haste what at that time, I was told, was to be our farewell.

THE next morning as I had to bring Pia a small gold chain that had been repaired in the meantime, I delivered it personally to the Hotel thus obtaining the opportunity to again see Pia and help her pack. On leaving, Dr. Lindstrom insisted on following me into the lobby of the hotel. I again asked him to consider what should be done for the future, telling him that I could not take another summer like this. He gave me to understand that in 1952 he had no intention to come to Europe and that he would never let Pia travel with someone else. I told him that this matter would have to be clarified immediately. He agreed to write me about the next visitation, but to this date I had not heard from him.

After months of consideration, I have come to the conclusion that Dr. Lindstrom's behaviour, in giving to my meetings with Pia an atmosphere of exceptionality, tension and quarrel, may only attain this result: that in my daughter's mind, the concept of "meeting mother" or even simply of "mother" coincides with that of "trouble." Now, experience shows that, in such conditions, the natural tendency and self-defense of any child is to avoid the visitations in order to avoid trouble and discussion. On the other hand, to deprive the girl from contacts with her mother cannot but be to her detriment.

It is already a fact that I have only received very few (I believe four) letters from my daughter since the London visit whereas I have sent her many times that number. I bring this fact out not by way of criticism of my daughter but only as an illustration of the actuality of the above mentioned risk.

I believe that the succeeding visitations should take place in the proper environment rather than in the strained environment of a hotel or some other persons' home: in my home where I live with my son Robertino, and my husband under normal home life circumstances, and so that my daughter Pia can play with, and enjoy the company of her brother Robertino. To offset Dr. Lindstrom's statement that Pia, living with me would live "in sordid conditions" I am attaching hereto photographs of the home which we own in Santa Marinella, on the Thyrrenian Sea approximately 40 miles from Rome, and of the apartment which we rent in Rome, located at Bruno Buozzi 49.

I further state that it will be inadvisable for me to travel in the summer of 1952 since I am expecting the birth of the second child of my present marriage.

In view of the above conduct of Dr. Lindstrom during the 1951 visitation, it is impossible to have such visitations with Dr. Lindstrom present. I, therefore, respectfully request that I be permitted to have some competent adult person accompany Pia to my home in Rome, Italy. In the summer of 1952. It is my further suggestion that the visitation commence not later than July 15, 1952, in Rome. I will return Pia to her home in the United States accompanied by a competent adult person so that she will return in time for the school semester commencing in September 1952. I believe that the visitation under the circumstances outlined above will be proper for my daughter and will serve to consolidate the relationship between my daughter and me, and I still hope that, although my marriage to Dr. Lindstrom has been dissolved, we can in the future discuss in fairness the problems affecting the welfare of our daughter Pia. I am sure that Pia will then look forward to each annual visit with me and my family in Italy. To deprive me of any reasonable contract with my daughter would be unjust in itself and against the existing interlocutory decree. On the other hand, to deprive Pia of the right to be with her mother under normal home environment would be gravely unjust and harmful to her in her formative years.

END

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dr. lindstrom's side of the story

(*Continued from page 53*) and said that she would not meet with me or the child. I sent messages to her through a few trusted friends and relatives informing her that I would be willing to bring Pia to meet her, as aforesaid, but defendant was unheeding of these pleas that she should see the child personally. It is theretore not true that it was impossible for defendant to see Pia during the summer of 1949. Defendant could have seen Pia, but defendant chose not to do so.

6. Defendant states in her affidavit that my reason for refusing to permit Pia to come to Europe in 1950 was apparently prompted by my belief that if there were no decree by the California Court, she would never return the child to the United States.

ANSWER: I was indeed at that time apprehensive that without an express Court order by a Court of competent jurisdiction, I would be without the jurisdiction which I deemed essential to safeguard the child's custody. Defendant had already invoked such illegal procedures as obtaining a purported Mexican divorce from me by proxy, when she well knew that neither she nor I were residents of Mexico, and she had already illegally entered into a purported marriage ceremony by proxy with Roberto Rossellini, when she well knew that the Courts of California, which was the State of our domicile, would never have recognized her Mexican divorce, and that in no event could a legal divorce have been obtained in less than one year in this State. Under these circumstances, it is indeed true that I was fearful and apprehensive that if defendant could have had Pia in her possession outside the United States, she would have sought, in disregard of the child's best interests, to keep the child outside the United States, to obtain a color of right so to do under an order of some court not having jurisdiction over me, and do so even if such action on defendant's part would have deprived Pia of her rights of American citizenship. That defendant had entertained plans to seek sole custody of Pia is further shown by the fact that on or about March 15, 1950, she had filed an action against me in this Court, bearing No. 572,195, wherein she prayed, among other things, "that the care, custody and control of the minor child of the parties hereto, to wit, Pia Lindstrom, be awarded to the plaintiff (Ingrid Bergman Lindstrom). On or about April 19, 1950, the plaintiff in that action (defendant herein), through her attorneys, dismissed that action with *prejudice*.

7. Defendant states in her affidavit that during the negotiations which preceded the interlocutory decree she was informed that a visit with Pia could take place in the latter part of that summer.

ANSWER: The fact is that on September 18, 1950, my attorneys and defendant's attorneys entered into a written stipulation which I approved in writing, and which stipulation provided that I would, within twelve months from the date thereof, go abroad with Pia so that Pia could visit with defendant, but which stipulation further expressly provided that the exact place of the visit was to be arranged according to the mutual convenience of plaintiff and defendant. The fact further is that I made it clear at all times to my counsel, to the defendant's counsel, and to defendant, that I had no intention of agreeing that Pia should go to Italy.

This is shown by the testimony which I gave at the trial of this action before Honorable Thurmond Clarke, Judge Presiding in Department 7, on November 1, 1950, and the transcript of said testimony shows that I testified as follows:

"Q. (BY MR. PACHT) Would you like to take your daughter to see her mother?"

"A. (DR. LINDSTROM) Yes. As a matter of fact, I planned to go to Europe next year, and I would be glad to take the child along to see her mother, if it is possible. *I have no intention to bring her to Italy, nor have I ever promised I would do so.*"

8. Defendant implies in her affidavit that I promised to bring Pia over to Europe for Christmas 1950. I never made her any such promise. Moreover, the short Christmas school vacation of approximately ten days would ordinarily have made such a visit impractical.

9. Defendant states in her affidavit that with regard to the proposed 1951 visitation, I refused to bring Pia to Italy for the reason that I did not intend our daughter "to come under the influence" of Roberto Rossellini.

ANSWER: It is probably true that I made such a statement. This, however, was only one of the reasons why I objected to taking the child to Italy. Among other reasons therefor was the fact that it had been reported to me that some Italian court had approved defendant's Mexican proxy divorce from me and defendant's proxy marriage to Roberto Rossellini, and I had no confidence that such court might not claim or assert jurisdiction to award custody of Pia to defendant, even without my being subject to its jurisdiction.

10. Defendant implies in her affidavit that at the moment of boarding the ship that was taking Pia and me to Europe, I advised her for the first time that the meeting would be in Sweden. She states that this cable came as a great surprise to her.

ANSWER: In point of fact, on March 20, 1951, I notified defendant that I would probably go to Europe in the latter part of July and that my plans were to be in England the last week of July. Thereafter, however, I had two telephone conversations with defendant, in which I suggested that Sweden would be the best place for defendant to meet Pia.

This is confirmed by a letter which I sent to defendant under date of July 6, 1951, and which was mailed to her on that date or early next morning, by air mail, and which letter also shows that defendant not only knew before I left California with Pia what meeting place I was proposing, but the reasons therefor. The letter reads as follows, insofar as it relates to Pia:

"July 6, 1951

Dear Ingrid:

In your telephone call June the 28th, you mentioned to me that any arrangements I made for Pia's trip to Europe this summer would be all right with you, and that you would adjust your plans accordingly, or as you expressed it, 'I shall do exactly as you want it this time.' It is important that this trip shall not be an additional severe or unnecessary strain for the child and I would appreciate your cooperation in this matter. Your attitude had drastically changed from what you told me in your next to last telephone conversation with me a few weeks ago. At that time, you insisted you had a right to take the child with you any place in Europe you wanted, and that you could force me to let you do that and also that in case I did not go myself, you could force me to send the child alone.

March the 20th of this year I notified you that I would probably go to Europe in the latter part of July and that my plans were to be in England the last week of July. In our last two telephone conversations, I suggested that Sweden would be the best place for you to meet Pia and in our last telephone conversation I emphasized this again. Because of that last conversation and other developments and upon the advice of Judge Pacht and others, I have decided that the best place for Pia to meet you and where she would be the least exposed to complications and planned publicity, would be in Stode, Sweden. Judge Pacht has already informed your lawyers here, accordingly.

As you recall, it was last October that I promised to take Pia along to Europe sometime this summer, where you could see her in England or Scandinavia, the exact place to be later decided upon. I think that if I had had a chance to talk these matters over with you directly, we could have worked out a program that would have tended to minimize the many difficulties which exist. As things now stand I can only make the arrangements which from here appear the best for the child, and which are in accordance with



Dr. Lindstrom and Pia posed on the Queen Mary as they left to see Ingrid last year.

the decisions of the California Courts.

Pia is well and seemingly happy and healthy and I think she told you already that she passed her seventh grade in school.

With kind regards."

IN addition, the fact that defendant knew before Pia and I left California that we planned to meet her in Sweden is shown by the following cablegram which I caused to be transmitted to her from Beverly Hills, California, on July 8, 1951:

"CALIF JULY 8 1158P LT INGRID BERGMAN
HOTEL EXCELSIOR ROME (ITALY)
AS DISCUSSED JUNE 28TH SWEDEN BEST MEETING PLACE FOR CHILD WE PLAN BEING THERE FROM AUGUST FIRST LETTER FOLLOWS

P"

The cablegram which I sent to defendant shortly before boarding ship in the middle of July was merely a still further confirmation as to the intended meeting place and as to our expected time of arrival. I have no recollection of mentioning that the meeting would be in my father's home, although I did say that the meeting place would be Stode, Sweden. Defendant would have been free to visit with Pia anywhere in Sweden and it was neither my intention nor did I specify that she would have to either meet in or stay at my father's home.

I received no answer from defendant to my letter to her of July 6, 1951, nor my cablegram of July 8, 1951, nor the one sent just before boarding ship, until the day before our ship arrived in England, at which time I received the following radiogram:

"AS AGREED OVER TELEPHONE I WILL BE IN LONDON CARE SIDNEY BERNSTEIN THURSDAY 19—"

My letter of July 6, 1951 had been sent by registered mail to defendant at the address she had designated, and I subsequently received a return receipt postmarked from Rome, July 13, 1951.

Because of the radiogram from defendant and in order to avoid unnecessary publicity, I did not use my train tickets from Southampton to London, but arranged for Pia and myself to go to London by automobile.

11. Defendant states in her affidavit that she learned of our arrival in London at noon on *Thursday, the 21st of July.*

ANSWER: In July, 1951, there was no Thursday, the 21st. The fact is that we arrived in London on Friday, July 20, 1951, and that on that very day, as soon as Pia and I had gotten settled in our hotel, I contacted Sidney Bernstein in accordance with the radiogram which I had received only the day before arriving in England. This I did notwithstanding that it was I, and not the defendant, who had been taken by surprise.

Within one hour after I called on Mr. Bernstein, I took Pia to the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Lean, at whose home Mr. Bernstein informed me that the defendant was. I had never met the Leans before and they were strangers to me.

14. In her affidavit defendant relates what she claims was the conversation which she had with me at the home of the Leans on the first day that Pia and I were there.

ANSWER: It is not true that in that conversation I dwelt on our previous personal relationship. The fact is that this was the first time I had seen defendant in over two years and that Pia had seen her in two and one-half years. The picture which defendant paints of this first meeting after so long a lapse of time is completely distorted. That neither the child nor I found ourselves responsive to the defendant's emotional excitement on that occasion is not difficult to understand. After the first hour which was devoted mainly to casual conversation, most of which was between the defendant and the child, defendant expressed a desire to talk to me alone, and we went out to the garden. With a vehement outburst, she said, "Now, you can go! I am going to take care of the child!" I then calmly asked, "What are your plans?," to which she replied, "I have the right to take the child wherever I want!" I maintained that she had no such right since the arrangements which I considered to have been made in good faith were that she should visit with the child in Sweden. Defendant then said, "I will under no circumstances go to Sweden!" I asked her, "Why can't you go to Sweden where we both lived and have friends and relatives. I am perfectly willing to let you have the child alone in Sweden for three or four weeks. I know the child will be comfortable there, and I will feel that the child is safe when you have her there." Defendant replied that Sweden had treated her badly and that she (the defendant) didn't like it there. I replied that if the child had come all the way from California when she had not even wanted to come, the least that defendant could do was to take the possible discomfort of traveling to Sweden, which is only a few hours by airplane from England. I reminded her, too, that one of the principal reasons why I had promised to take the child to Europe in 1951 was to visit my father, who was expected to celebrate his eightieth birthday that year.

Defendant then insisted that she had the right to take the child wherever she wanted, including Italy, and that she was going to take the child to Italy. To support her contention, she produced a letter from her attorneys in California, which she claimed substantiated her contentions. The letter was signed by one of defendant's counsel, and I remember especially one sentence which said that nothing would please the writer more than to take me before Judge Clarke and charge me with contempt of Court.

In view of what defendant had said as to her right to take the child to Italy, and of the past experiences which I had had and which have been hereinabove partially referred to, I told defendant that I did not feel that I could leave the child with her in England. Nevertheless, I told her that I would rearrange my plans so as to delay our departure from England and stay longer than the couple of days which were then planned.

It is not true that I told defendant that she could not see Pia on the day next following our arrival in London. I did tell defendant that I had engagements for the fore part of the day which I had previously arranged, and that I would bring the child over in the afternoon, which I in fact did. The Leans invited me to stay for dinner that first day, and I did. It is not true that Pia expressed a desire to stay for the night on the occasion of our first day at the Lean's; at least no such desire was expressed in my presence, and on the contrary the child was quite happy to leave when we departed at 10:30 P.M. Most of that evening defendant spent with the child alone upstairs. When I left with Pia that evening it was definitely understood that I would not be able to bring her back until the afternoon of the following day.

15. Defendant gives her version of the second meeting at the Leans.

ANSWER: At first the Leans said they could not understand my concern about leaving Pia, and although I had not formerly been acquainted with them, I felt that the circumstances required that I should explain my concern, which I did. Mr. and Mrs. Lean thereupon stated that they could appreciate my apprehension. Therefore, the second day, when Pia was to stay overnight, they insisted that I should stay in the living room on the sofa; and they proceeded to make a bed there for me. I told them that I preferred not to trouble them by staying there overnight.

Mr. Lean then insisted that I should take the key to the house, which I did. It is absolutely untrue that after defendant or any of the others had gone to bed, or that any time during the night, I re-entered the house and sat all night or any part of the night in the hall. The fact is that I went back to my room at the Washington Hotel in London and slept there overnight, but arose in time to arrive back at the Lean house at about 8:00 A.M., the reason for this being that Mr. Lean had said that he would be up early since he planned to go to work on Sunday at 8:00 A.M., and I wanted to thank him and say goodbye. In addition, I had made arrangements with the defendant

that she and the child and I would leave on Sunday morning at 9:00 A.M. for the country home of our mutual friend Sidney Bernstein, where defendant and the child could be undisturbed together.

When I arrived at the Lean home at about 8:00 A.M. Sunday morning, Mr. Lean's plans had apparently changed because he did not leave until later. I had had breakfast at the hotel and therefore declined the Leans' invitation to breakfast. I had no discussion that morning with defendant or anyone as to any belief that defendant was planning to steal Pia. On the contrary, the atmosphere was friendly that morning, and the three of us, (defendant, Pia and I) left for Mr. Bernstein's country home in Kent at about 11:00 A.M., when defendant and Pia were ready, in good spirits.

16. Defendant in her affidavit describes her version of the manner in which we spent the time at Mr. Bernstein's country home. It is significant that in the first paragraph which she devotes to this, even defendant admits that I stayed most of the time in my room. It is significant, too, that the effort which I made to allow defendant as much time to herself with the child as possible is exemplified by my offer to eat some other place.

I had in fact come to the Bernstein farm armed only with a brief case full of medical journals, which I proceeded to study in my room. When I found defendant and Pia settled for the weekend, I even offered to leave for a couple of days while Mr. Bernstein was there, although this would have been against the advice of my counsel. Defendant told me this would be unnecessary. Over the weekend I barely saw defendant or Pia except at meal time. The atmosphere on Sunday and Monday seemed to be without animosity. Mr. Bernstein returned to London on Monday, and on Tuesday I informed defendant that I could hardly longer delay my departure for Sweden, and I again suggested that she should come to Sweden where she could spend several weeks alone and uninterrupted with Pia at any place of her own choosing. Not only did I have commitments to be in Sweden, but I felt that should any trouble arise between defendant and myself, the interests of the child would be better protected there. Particularly would I feel more confident in permitting defendant a free hand with the child if she would go to Sweden because so many of our respective relatives were there and because Sweden was the country of our origin. Commencing on the morning of July 24, 1951, it was the defendant who insisted on bringing up our past in front of the child and in berating me. I pleaded with her repeatedly not to discuss such matters while the child was there, but the defendant insisted that this was what the child should hear. She kept repeating in front of the child that defendant had a right to take the child wherever she wanted. She tried to justify and gloss over her own conduct by attempting to find fault with the kind of life we had led together. She unfairly reprimanded me in front of the child, saying, "Why did you save money? And why did you buy all that insurance? We could have spent the money and had fun with it!" I found it necessary to answer that we had lived well, and that she had never denied herself or been denied anything she wanted. She retorted, "We (meaning Rossellini and herself) live much better on debts. We have more cars and servants than you and I ever had, but we have nothing but debts." I naturally resented very much defendant's attempt to dignify such an irresponsible approach to home life.

IN front of the child defendant said, "If you don't change the custody agreement so that I can take Pia wherever I want, and sign a paper to that effect, I'm going to sue you in October." Suddenly, still in front of the child, defendant accused me of having stolen $50,000 from her. Defendant said, "You stole $50,000 from me in 1949! And it's only because I and my lawyers are so generous that we haven't put you in jail!" To this baseless charge I made no reply whatsoever in front of the child. She said her lawyer had told her that I had never been able to account for that $50,000, referring to an item in that amount which was paid out in January of 1949. In point of fact the item so paid out represented taxes to the United States Government paid for income received in 1948.

It is not true that I said to defendant that she "had better say goodbye to the child tonight." Defendant knew from the time we arrived at the Bernstein place on Sunday that we were only planning to stay there for the weekend. On Tuesday morning, July 24, 1951, having already postponed our departure, I told her that we would have to leave the next morning for London. It is not true that I told defendant that I intended to stay a couple of more days in London, but that I would not let her see the child during that period. The three of us (defendant, Pia and I) drove back to London in a taxi Wednesday morning, July 25, and it was only that day that I arranged for new reservations enabling me to prolong my stay in London until Friday, July 27; and defendant knew that we had had reservations to leave Thursday morning, July 26, for Sweden.

17. Defendant in her affidavit gives her version of the *Alice In Wonderland* incident.

ANSWER: Before leaving Mr. Bernstein's country home defendant had insisted that she and the child were going to meet the press. I objected to her subjecting the child to such deliberate publicity.

A few hours after Pia and I arrived at our hotel in London on Wednesday, on the day that we returned from the country home, Mrs. Lean called and urged me to let defendant and Pia go to see *Alice In Wonderland.* Mrs. Lean explained that she realized how concerned I was and that she could put my mind at ease because she and her daughter were also going. I then asked whether Pia's playmate who had just arrived by plane from the United States, could accompany them, and this was arranged. Mrs. Lean assured me that there could be no publicity and she

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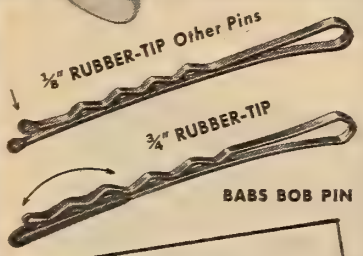
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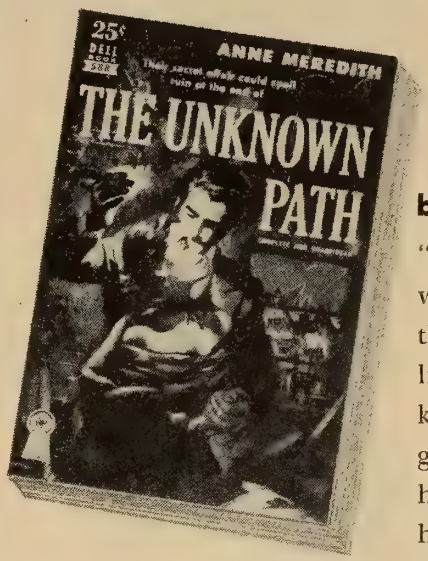
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THE UNKNOWN PATH



by Anne Meredith

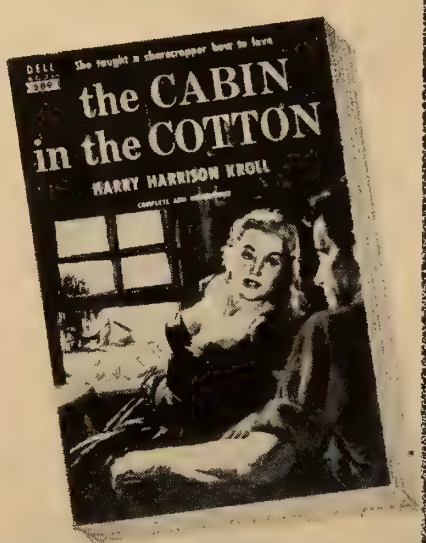
"Then it was too late; she was in his arms and with the first touch, passion rose like a tidal wave and he knew he could not let her go. In that first moment he knew such delight as had not come his way in twenty years."

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by Harry Harrison Kroll

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further assured me of Pia's safe return.

That I should have had misgivings about permitting Pia to go to a movie in the first place is understandable. Defendant had assured me that it was ridiculous for me to suppose that Mr. Rossellini might be on his way to England. I had not hesitated to tell her that I did not care to have my young daughter meet him again. It is significant that Mr. Rossellini did arrive in England almost immediately after we left.

It is not true that I granted interviews in Hollywood, New York, London or on shipboard. Such pictures as were taken were the minimum that could be permitted, and were only such as I was unable to avoid while traveling six thousand miles with the child for the purpose of meeting defendant.

18. As to the affidavits of Mr. and Mrs. Lean, I am frank to state that I am puzzled by them. During my brief acquaintance with them on the occasion of Pia's visit to their home, I had thought that our relationship was characterized by friendliness and mutual respect. We parted with friendly words, I presented them with some minor gifts in appreciation of their hospitality and when I returned to the United States I wrote Mr. Lean as follows:

"September 21, 1951

Mr. David Lean
Ilchester Place 1 (W 14)
London, England

Dear David and Anne:

Just a little note to again thank you for your hospitality while I and my little daughter were in London, and for your kindness.

We are now back to work, both at school and in hospitals.

With kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,
P. A. Lindstrom, M.D."

PAL/RW

Shortly thereafter, I received a reply from Mrs. Lean, who is also known as Ann Todd, and the reply from her reads as follows:

"ANN TODD
1 Ilchester Place
W 14 London

October 8th

Dear Peter

It *was* nice hearing from you—& thank you so much for writing. Give my love to your darling daughter. Your nylons are wonderful even though I spurned them. I may be coming to New York for two weeks after Christmas for a television play & two radios. It will be lovely seeing America again. Cookie, David & I send our best wishes.

Ann"

19. Defendant in her affidavit refers to her visit at the hotel on the morning of the day that Pia and I departed from London.

ANSWER: As a gesture of common courtesy, I accompanied defendant down to a taxi. There was no discussion of any kind between us at that time, and we parted with a handshake.

20. In her affidavit defendant attempts to psychoanalyze the relationship between herself and Pia. Defendant says that my behavior has given to her meetings with Pia an atmosphere of "exceptionality." I can only reply that if there is such an atmosphere, it has been caused by the conduct of persons other than myself or Pia, and by incidents beyond our control. If the concept of "meeting mother" has for Pia lost its ordinary connotation, it might be time for defendant to reconsider where the fault lies.

21. I can offer further proof that the precautions which I took during the trip which Pia and I made last summer were not only justified but were *approved by this Court.*

For on April 13, 1951, a hearing took place before Honorable Newcomb Condee upon my petition as guardian of Pia that an allowance be made from the guardianship estate in connection with the trip to Europe to be taken by Pia that summer.

Immediately after the hearing, I was informed by Rudolph Pacht, that Judge Condee inquired:

"Is there any chance of the California courts losing jurisdiction over the child?"

Mr. Pacht informed me that he replied:

"There will be special precautions taken to prevent it."

Given such instructions by this very Court, and expressly warned as I was by my counsel that I should not permit defendant to have the child alone under circumstances that would enable her to apply to a foreign jurisdiction which would not be bound by any orders of the California Court, I believe this Court is now able to judge whether I did not in fact accord defendant even more latitude than that to which she was entitled.

CONCLUSION

I have given calm and fair consideration to defendant's motion.

I believe it completely unreasonable that I, a citizen of the United States, should be forced to send my daughter, also a citizen of the United States, overseas to a foreign country where she will be outside the jurisdiction of any court of the United States and in the home of defendant and others, who are not citizens of the United States.

In addition, Pia herself has repeatedly expressed her preference not to go to Italy. That I, who because of professional commitments am unable to go to Europe this summer, should be required to entrust to a third person the safety of my child for a trip to Europe in time of political unrest seems inconceivable.

Apart from the obstacles that distance and the lack of protective jurisdiction impose, it is unlikely that it would be to the best interests of Pia to be exposed to the personal environment which defendant has chosen.

I therefore respectfully request that the motion of defendant be denied.

PETER A. LINDSTROM

no time for modesty

(*Continued from page 37*) Margie again and have her sing with him on his show, "The Railroad Hour."

The onlookers' astonishment was compounded when, right after the pair went to work, they heard MacRae boldly suggest, "Look, Margaret—you're singing too high above my baritone. Why don't you drop down a third? You won't have to reach for the high ones then and you can't go flat." To which Miss Truman immediately replied, "That's a good idea. Let's try it."

The harmonious results of Gordon's impetuous suggestion soon showed on the air. So much so, in fact, that afterwards, driving home with his wife, Sheila, Gordon pulled up at a Western Union office and impulsively scribbled a telegram saying how great Margie was on his show and how much all the gang loved having her. He sent it off to the White House, Washington, D.C. And he got back an appreciative, personal letter bearing an internationally famous signature.

By doing what comes naturally, whether it's giving the President's daughter a hearty smack in public or bursting into full throated song while ambling down the street, Gordon MacRae has earned a certain reputation in Hollywood for being cocky, super self confident, even bumptious and brash. He'd be the last guy in the world to deny any of these estimates, by the way, also the last to dream of changing himself. "I'm strictly a square," he'll admit cheerfully, "I act first and think afterwards," which trait, he'll further confess, has brought him transient trouble at times, but usually kept him out of it. In fact, being nobody but Albert Gordon MacRae, morning, night and noon, is exactly what has brought him his triple threat fame, a lovelaced marriage, a happy home and a busy world which, to him, is one large, succulent oyster.

Right now "Nature Boy," as Phil Harris calls him, is sitting on top of that world—a favorite singer on radio and records and the hottest male attraction at Warner Brothers. Right now "Muscles" MacRae, as Bing Crosby addresses him, is having the time of his life doing everything he's dreamed about doing since he was four years old, and at 31 he figures he's just getting going. The other day, after belting out a song in a manner which particularly pleased him, Gordie sighed appreciatively at his own efforts and spake thus: "I am probably the best darned young baritone in captivity— or could be" he qualified, "with a lot more work. Someday I'm gonna sing at La Scala!"

And again, on a recent afternoon when he had swatted out a tidy 68 on the Palm Springs golf course to trim the ears off the local pro, he said something else concerning another ambition next to his confident heart. "If I can just spring myself with *The Desert Song* in the can and tape some radio recordings ahead, I'll go to England this summer for the British Amateur and the Open. Looks like I'm ready at last, and who knows? Maybe I'll win 'em." Thus fired up, he ripped off another round for a disastrous 79—but that fiasco dampened his sporting ardor only fleetingly.

THE truth is that Gordon MacRae is the original, incurable optimist, an affirmative full-of-beans character who's never nursed an inhibition in his life. People who call him a "canny Scot" on the strength of his bagpipe handle are only talking to the birds. Actually, Gordon MacRae's ancestry is as much German as it is Scotch, but more actually he's the prototype of the all-American go-getter—reckless, aggressive, confident, and ready to shoot the moon, if there's an outside chance of hitting it, which he invariably believes there is. He's never played a card close to his vest in his life (and at poker he's deadly). He's never pussyfooted, hesitated, cavilled or gazed at the world over a dour frown. He's never hoarded anything—money, love, friendship or talent. He's not rich today; in fact, he's in debt, although he collects around $250,000 a year and keeps nine cents on the dollar of it after taxes. He's still paying for the Cadillac he bought in 1947, and not too long ago with hardly more than that tax money in the bank he looked at a $70,000 house his Sheila liked and bought it that afternoon. "Because," he explained with MacRae logic, "it was just right for us and besides the fellow who'd lived there had raised the same family we have—two girls and a boy—wasn't that wonderful?"

That may not be the most cautiously conventional way to acquire real estate but Gordon MacRae couldn't be cautious or conventional about anything if he tried. Whether it's sporting a green Tartan dinner jacket at a formal Hollywood affair, as he did once, or donning a silk top hat, which nobody's worn since the days of Valentino, for a Boulevard premiere, he acts as he pleases and obeys every impulse. Rules just don't dig him. Once, back East, Gordon got mobbed at a theater by a bunch of predatory teen age dolls. One swiped his handketchief and raced up the street. MacRae raced after her for three blocks, caught her and snatched it back. "Hey, that's mine," he said, "I want it."

Last Christmas, Gordon planned a big surprise for Sheila—the mink coat she's wanted for so long. With half the 14 rooms in his house still unfurnished, he certainly couldn't afford it but that was a small item to Mac. So he bought a beauty and took almost FBI pains to keep it undercover for the big morning. On Christmas Eve the furrier delivered it to him stealthily at Lakeside Golf Club and Gordon sneaked it in the back door at home, buried it under blankets high in a back closet. Then that evening, setting out for a cocktail party, Sheila happened to mention that it was a cold night and the cloth number she had might be chilly. So Santa MacRae raced back for the box, ripped it open and threw the premature surprise over her shoulders, after all the weeks of secrecy. "Here," he said, "maybe this will keep you warm." That's the kind of a Joe he is—just has to do what he feels like doing, right now and all the time.

What Gordon MacRae feels like doing most of the time is singing. He vocalizes every day of his life, no matter where he is—in the shower, hustling around the Warner lot, dining at a cafe, or slamming a pill on the Lakeside golf links. Members at the Lakeside clubhouse always know when MacRae's playing golf—they can hear him. As Bing Crosby has quipped, "When Muscles joined the club, seven crooners quit in disgust."

Mac himself tells a story about the time when he snagged a tiny singing role in his first Broadway musical. Between acts the weary principals flopped on couches, closed their eyes, their tonsils and rested. But Gordon kept on practicing his notes back of the wings. Finally one of them asked him sarcastically, "Gordon, do you know a song called, 'You'd Better Go Now'?"

"No," he replied gullibly, the hint floating right over his head, "but I'll look it up and learn it."

Yes, the boy likes to sing. And what he likes to sing best are his operettas on "The Railroad Hour" where he's been keeping pace with such Metropolitan Opera talent as Dorothy Kirsten, Rise Stevens, Pat Munsell, Blanche Thebom et al for the past five years. He loves that job above everything.







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But he loves golf too, has ever since boyhood when he won the New York State Juvenile Handicap cup. So, about those irresistible impulses of his—

One Sunday morning when Gordon was fairly new to Hollywood and just clicking on "The Railroad Hour" he got a phone call. "Hi," said a husky voice. "This is Bing Crosby. How about a game of golf?"

As with most young singers, Bing was Gordon's idol, and the prospect of matching mashies with the Great Groaner made his pulse pound. But Gordon had a long Sunday rehearsal—one to four—he knew if he played golf he'd never make it back in time. He wrestled briefly with his conscience—and he lost. He called up the producer, "Got a cold, kind of hoarse," he said, "about that rehearsal today—"

"Stay in bed—take care of yourself by all means," counselled his anxious boss. "Don't take any chances with tomorrow's show." Relieved, Gordon grabbed his bag of clubs, and soon teed off with his idol, Bing, way out at Bel-Air.

Well, on the first hole he canned a neat birdie. On the second he collected a par. On the third his high, arching five-iron dimpled the green, scampered straight for the cup like a home-coming gopher and plunked out of sight for any golfer's dream shot—a hole-in-one!

Bing was delighted. He ordered the ball mounted on a silver trophy, spread the news around the clubhouse and of course the newspapers picked it right up. And the next day when Gordon showed up at NBC, a little sheepishly, what he got was, "I see by the papers that you were a *very* sick boy yesterday!" But in justice to Gordon it should be reported that the operetta he was singing he knew backwards and forwards already. Furthermore, it's the only time in his life that he every hookeyed away from work, or wanted to—and in his case you might reasonably call the lure of a golf match with Crosby an extenuating circumstance.

Usually, the question of work versus play is a conflict which simply doesn't exist with Gordon MacRae. The line between the two, in his consciousness is so fuzzy that he'd really have a rough time picking it out. It may sound corny, but actually Gordon was born to sing. He never wanted to do anything else, so to him work is play, and he eats it up. As to his self-confidence, he has a ready answer.

"Confidence," he'll tell you with no false modesty, "is nothing in the world but knowing your stuff, and that in turn comes from working hard and you don't work hard unless what you're doing is what you're crazy about. I've worked because I wanted to. I wanted to learn to sing the best I could. Now I know what I'm doing, so what I'm doing doesn't rough me up."

GORDON isn't a big man, but he's as sound as a rock. He's five-feet-eleven in his socks, and usually weighs in at 170. His father was a strong man before him. Gordon has never been seriously sick, today he collects about three colds a year and he doesn't know a Hollywood doctor's name or phone number. He swims every morning in his pool at home, slips in a golf game somehow, even when he's working (Lakeside's only a brassie shot from his studio). He's early to bed and early to rise, drinks lightly, eats ravenously and works it right off. At every studio break he's off to the mountains to rough it. That "Nature Boy" tag of Phil Harris' is really no gag, but Gordon MacRae all over; the outdoors has set his pattern for health ever since boyhood when he used to shatter the sleep of his neighbors whistling at dawn for his pals to hike for the wooded creeks and ponds around Syracuse, N.Y. with a can of worms, bent pins and a bobber. He played football, basketball, baseball and lacrosse in school and from all of that collected only a trick knee which bothers him sometimes when he dances. Otherwise, the results have been markedly constructive.

Although he's built like a light heavyweight he's never had a scrap in his life or even come close. There used to be a tough kid named Jack Sweeney in his home town who occasionally roughed him around but one day when Jack's baby sister tumbled out of a tree Gordon caught her and saved a crippling fall. After that Jack never bothered him, and maybe it taught him a lesson. Gordon didn't need one. The father he adored early taught him the precept of "turn the other cheek," although usually he doesn't have to. People don't pick on a guy like MacRae, and he doesn't flare to anger easily himself. He's spanked his children only once, and that was when he caught Meredith, his oldest daughter, turning on the gas jets and figured he'd have to impress her for safety's sake, or they'd all get asphyxiated. But that experience was twice as painful to him and he's never done it since.

This doesn't mean that Gordon MacRae is in any sense a softie inside. On the contrary he's never been wanting in any kind of courage. Last fall, after finishing *About Face* Gordon took off on a fishing trip to Lake Mead back of Boulder Dam where the bass are big, hungry and belligerent. He lured along some companions from the studio who weren't as experienced in outdoor sports as he is, so when the boat they hired conked its motor out right above Roaring Rapids, and the anchor slipped, there was bad trouble.

It drifted, of course, right into the narrow neck where the water was running 25 miles an hour and cold enough to crack a thermometer. The rocks ahead were wicked, there was only one thing to do. Gordon yelled, "Jump for it!" and jumped with the others after him. But they weren't all young and husky as he was. One man, in his fifties, couldn't make it to shore against the fast current, another got swept into a 30 foot hole. Mac saw what was happening and didn't hesitate. He jumped back into the stream, grabbed the men and helped them back inside the boat. Then he climbed in himself and off they all shot, careening through the foaming race that roared destruction around every boulder.

After the wild ride was over and they were all panting on the pebbly shore in the sun, the middle-aged pal reached over and took Gordon's hand. "Thanks, Mac," he said.

"What for?" came back MacRae. "I was saving my own skin too, wasn't I? Besides," he grinned weakly, "I wouldn't have missed that ride for a million bucks." But just the same he was plenty scared and he admitted it, and there have been other times, too.

Once, down at Ellington Field in Houston, Texas, where he was earning his navigator's wings during the war, Gordon went up in a Lockheed trainer whose pilot suddenly swerved into a speed bank that sent him rattling back in the ship like a loose bolt and grabbing for the escape door. Luckily, before he could open it, the plane, which being green he was sure was headed for a crash, straightened out and flew right. Luckily that is because, as he discovered when they landed, his chute was on cockeyed and if he had jumped he'd have planted himself like a potato from 3000 feet up.

At times like that a man has a right to sweat a little, and Gordon MacRae is only human. But as for moxie of the moral sort, there's nothing on his record to show that he's ever funked any kind of decision or responsibility—and he's had some very adult ones since he was twenty years old.

On last May 21, Gordon and Sheila Mac-

Rae celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary. He had turned 20 just two months before he took the vows, was only two years out of prep school, and his prospects consisted of a precarious $50-a-week job with Horace Heidt's band, from which he was later fired. Reviewing their romance recently, a Hollywood reporter asked Mac, "Weren't you scared taking on a wife so young without any money to support her?" Which question only struck Gordon as silly. "Scared?" he puzzled, "What do you mean? I was in love!"

GORDON first laid eyes on Sheila Stephens, the blonde, British born beauty 11 years ago when she interviewed him for a spear-toting job at the Millpond Playhouse on Long Island. Their meeting and subsequent romance has been well and often described—but one angle to it hasn't. Gordon didn't enroll at that straw-hat theatre to meet Sheila Stephens, and he doesn't go there primarily to act. The reason Gordie sought a job near Roslyn, Long Island, in the first place, was because he had tumbled for a schoolgirl in Switzerland the summer before when he sang his way to Europe and back on a boat. It was because this girl lived in a nearby town that MacRae headed that way. Only, to show you how fast Mac knows what he wants, goes after it—and gets it—the minute he saw Sheila he switched compass points without wasting a date or a look the other way. And throughout the cold winter which followed he plodded four miles on foot through the snow to court Sheila.

She gave him a hard time at first on that project so it took a while but with Bulldog MacRae, Sheila didn't have a chance to say "no" and she knew it. He popped the question one night before a credit jeweler's window in Radio City where he was making exactly five bucks a day as a page boy, and at her first shy nod whisked her in and bought the ring, a microscopic stone so tiny it still falls out of the setting.

Herman Hover saw something terrible on the Strip. Actor driving an MG stuck out his hand for a left turn and tipped over. He forgot to remove his ring!

Mike Connolly

It hasn't been all a Merrie Melody, of course, or strictly candy and cake. Marriage never is. Gordon and Sheila have had their ups and downs, ranging from the time Cadet MacRae had to borrow 50 dollars from the Red Cross to pay his bride's hotel bill in San Antonio, through the luckier stretch when he landed on the Texaco Star Theatre and a Broadway show, *Three to Make Ready* at the same time. That's when he collected $400 a week and spent every dime on a fancy apartment in the swank East Sixties, a nursemaid for Baby Meredith and high old times around Manhattan. Now there's Hollywood. Along the way there have been troubles to meet and facts to face, the kind that make a boy and girl not just two people living together but a team.

They've had their feet on the ground, domestically speaking, since one day years ago in Chicago which proved to be the turning point of their marriage. That day Sheila, who was an ambitious actress herself and is still a good one, tried out for a part in a road company, got it, at three times the salary Gordon was making, then tearfully turned it down because it would keep them apart. She was only 18 then but she's never regretted it for a minute because stacked up against fame look what she's got—Gordon, Meredith, Heather and Gar, and a MacRae family share-the-success plan for them all, including the kids, which cuts everybody in on everything their old man does. Even the moppets are welcome wherever he works, and Sheila goes everywhere he goes—even up into the Sierra on camping excursions, where the last time her sightseeing nag peered over a thousand foot cliff and almost dumped her, her husband dropped their dinner in a trout stream and man eating bears—she swears—growled around their tent all night. More her style are the frequent trips to New York, where, if Gordon's singing, she sits rapt through every performance and then lets him take her out to the Blue Spruce Inn where they used to meet, or their favorite bistro, the Epicure, and occasionally clear up to Jones Beach where, as Mac sometimes grins crudely right in front of his wife, "we used to go and neck." And even today, when Sheila strolls out by the pool in her bathing suit (she's designed like Venus) he'll wolf-whistle and then act surprised, "Why, it's only my wife!" Which he knew, of course, all the time. But he means the whistle. "Someday," she's warned him, "you're going to whistle at the wrong girl and get your face slapped." But he doesn't think he'll make that mistake.

WHILE she's pretty soft on her man and proud of him too, Sheila MacRae would be the last girl in the world to claim that she owns the model husband. For one thing, he's inclined to get tied up too often and stay too late with the boys at Lakeside and show up when dinner's cold. For some others, he wrecks everything he sets out to fix around the house, hates to go dancing, is by his own admission the third worst dressed man in Hollywood (Monty Clift and Marlon Brando come first), drives his car too fast, and sometimes falls asleep at dinner parties (he even snored at Dean Martin's the other night). And about business and money matters he's a self confessed "pathetic babe in the woods."

His manager, Jerry Rosenthal, now has Mac on a tight allowance of $17.50 a week, nothing to paint the town red these days, but obviously a sound fiscal maneuver. There are occasional dollar limit poker games which go on sometimes when Gene Nelson, Jeff Chandler, Dean Martin, Pete Lind Hayes or some other of his closer pals shut the girls out for some hands of dealers' choice—or of course a slight "nassau" stake on the links with Bing, Bob Hope, Forrest Tucker or the pros, Ed Dudley and Harry Cooper, with whom he likes to match sticks.

Gordon had only one friend in Hollywood when he arrived—Bill Orr—the Warner talent executive who found him in New York and brought him out. By now he has hundreds, including Bill, of course. With MacRae his friends know where they stand. One lady, for instance, asked him and Sheila over socially one night, then made it pretty plain she had him there strictly to sing and entertain her guests for free. Gordon sang, all right. He didn't send her a bill as Will Rogers once did in a similar circumstance, but he never went back to her house. On the other hand, if he likes anybody he'll give him the shirt off his back.

No one who knows him has ever underestimated the size of Gordon MacRae's heart, and if sometimes he uses it to think with instead of his head, perhaps he can be excused. It's not a bad failing. The habit may not win him stacks of gilt edged stocks and bonds or acres of oil wells, which seem to count most with some Hollywood stars, but he's not the type to worry much about that. Maybe he's crazy to long for the Met and La Scala, the British Open, a fishing lodge at Tahoe which right now seem straight out of dreamland. And maybe he's not. They don't ever come true unless you dream them first.



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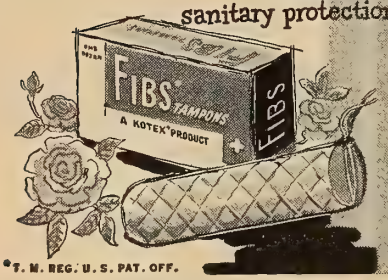
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the joan crawford myth

(*Continued from page 49*) disguised and he agreed to slip her in at the side entrance. But when Joan arrived she was wearing a big fur coat, the Crawford glamor bob, a big hat and even gardenias—her trademark flower in those days. Her silhouette was unmistakable even in the dark and two minutes later she was mobbed. Police had to be called to get her away from the theater in one piece.

Joan had really wanted to see her movie with that audience. But it was psychologically impossible for her to step from her car into a restaurant, a shop, or a theater filled with wild fans unless she was Joan Crawford. And to *be* Joan Crawford she had to *look* like Joan Crawford.

She wants everything. She says she wants a good marriage most of all and she claims that the failure of her three marriages was her own fault. "I gave both the men and the marriage too much," she says. "I wanted the perfect marriage but I knew that in Hollywood this is difficult to achieve. So I was going to show them *I* could do it . . . Well, I showed them."

But, if you will examine the record, you will see that she worked not harder but more purposefully on her career. When this career fell into the doldrums and her agent told her he couldn't find a job for her, Joan fired him and got herself a part in *Mildred Pierce*. It won her the Academy Award.

Joan was ill the night those awards were given out. Dramatically, her picture with the Oscar was taken at her bedside. She was criticized for not appearing at the Academy, sick or well, the way other stars who are nominated do. But psychologically it was impossible for Joan to go unless she was sure she would receive the award. Just as she always feels much more at ease in her own home than at other people's parties.

JOAN has handled her career as a movie star magnificently. Her career as a wife has not been so good. Actually she gave her husbands too much attention. When her husband was working on a film and she was not, she'd get up at the crack of dawn to prepare a lunch because she didn't want him to eat the studio food. Commissary food is sometimes bad but who wouldn't prefer kidding around with his fellow actors at noon to sitting alone in his dressing room? This desire to serve her husband stemmed from a good motive but Joan smothered him with kindness!

She needs love and romance. "I'm lonely," she says, but then she adds, "So what? Lots of people are lonely. I have a lot more than most lonely women."

She is a romantic. She says that her ambition is to "fulfill myself as a woman." But Joan has rigid ideals. She sometimes thinks she envies the girls who take their fun where they find it but Joan's spiritual qualities inevitably form her way of life. This being the case, it's hard for her to find a husband.

A charming, personable young man wooed her, recently, with delightful notes, cute telegrams and silly gifts. (Joan loves surprise packages. It doesn't matter whether the present comes from Cartier's or the ten cent store, she's like a kid when you give her something to open, something new to explore.)

This admirer couldn't have been more delightful and the notes and wires and silly presents were all in perfect taste. One of the notes told her that his ambition was to meet her and, he said, one day he would find a mutual friend who would introduce them. He found the mutual friend and he was, finally, properly introduced.

Then he promptly asked for a role in one of her films!

Cesar Romero—better known to his friends as Butch—is an old friend of Joan's. Butch is a wonderful dancer and when he and Joan get on the floor other couples form a ring around them to watch the poetry of motion they create. But Cesar is no romantic interest to Joan and that's why she was so amazed when, one day, the press started calling madly. There was a rumor that she and Butch had had a big fight on New Year's Eve.

"Me? Fight with my Butch? Why, that's why I've known Butch all these years. Because we don't fight," she said.

She told the columnist what had happened. They had gone to the New Year's Eve party. Joan had collected all the left-over horns and funny hats to take home to her children. She had danced a lot and at two o'clock she had begun to yawn. Joan is an early-to-bed. But Butch was having a ball and, she didn't want to spoil his fun so she decided the only sensible thing to do was to take a taxi and go home with the horns and funny hats for the kids.

At one time it seemed as if she were in love with Greg Bautzer. This was a wild and stormy romance. Neighbors reported that when the gates were locked against him Greg, his hands bleeding, scaled the garden wall. Joan would vow she'd never see him again, but then he would make some impetuous gesture or tell her how much he needed her advice—and she'd relent. But Joan does not thrive on off screen drama. Quite the opposite—she is always searching for peace.

Today Joan says, "I've been enormously lucky during my life time. Yet every now and again things pile up and up and up and the flood gates open and I cry my eyes out alone. Which is not conducive to good photography the next morning. When a woman's blue she's told to go out and buy a hat or change her hair-do. But I have three hats and never wear them and I've cut off practically all my hair. It doesn't do any good."

JOAN has put the full force of her energy into her four adopted children. But she has learned that even that can be a frustrating experience. A woman has a great desire for children. But they are babies for such a little time, and are quick to show their independence. You want to be their friend, give them the benefit of your own experience, and when they won't accept that you're baffled. Kids resent discipline when they are striving to be independent, so mother, to them, becomes not a friend but a dictator. "I've had to learn," Joan said, "that my children must go through this."

Joan never criticizes her children for publication. But because her name is newsworthy she was caught in a trap when Christopher, a high-spirited, handsome boy, ran away from home. Joan reported this to the police, and immediately, reporters and photographers flocked to her door to record the episode and whatever words—foolish or wise—the distressed mother said.

This publicity was bad for Christopher. It gave the episode an importance it did not merit. After the event he told a friend, "I guess I'll run away and get my name in the papers again."

Joan believes that if her children disobey the law they should have some privilege taken away from them just as an adult who disobeys the law has his freedom taken away from him. Joan believes that if a parent is playing a game with a child the child should not be allowed to win, intentionally. "You don't always win in life," she says. "Sometimes you win. Sometimes you lose. You learn that."

Not too long ago Christina, now 12, came to Joan and said, "I hear you used to be quite a Charleston dancer, Mother."

Joan repressed the smile. Was she a Charleston dancer? Why, when she wasn't doing the Charleston in her movies she was winning cups at the Cocoanut Grove night after night.

"I can Charleston," Christina said.

"I'm sure you can, darling," Joan said.

Christina gave her version of the Charleston and Joan applauded. Then Tina asked her mother to dance for her. Joan did the prettiest, easiest, most rhythmic Charleston the eyes of man have ever seen.

"Did you really do it that way?" Tina asked. Joan knew, of course, that this was the child's typical amazement at discovering that a parent can do anything well. Later Joan said, "If I hadn't lived off those cups I could have shown them to her."

This is the kind of honesty Joan Crawford has. And the kind of humor. But about herself as herself she has no humor. She says funny things that are funny but since she is her own conception of a movie star she must take herself seriously. Also she knows that movie stars must work.

Joan has two full time secretaries at her house and another away from the house. She is the only star who has personally dictated an answer to every fan letter received over the years. During the last World War she had a file of over 5,000 boys' names to whom she wrote regularly every week. This Christmas she sent out over 12,000 Christmas cards. When she is not on a picture she spends her time reading scripts and dictating. When she is working at the studio she has one of her secretaries come to take letters between scenes and for a couple of hours after the day's shooting is ended.

She works hard on the set, too. She has never been late in her life. She still puts on her own makeup. Nothing is too tedious for her to do if it will help the picture. Joan believes it is a good thing to be a movie star. And she has no patience with any girl in pictures who doesn't think so, too. As witness her attitude toward a new, untried girl who was given a good role in one of Joan's movies.

This girl looked down her nose at movies. She yearned to go "back to the theater," where she had never been. She thought Hollywood was just a good racket, a way to make big money. Also this girl was sloppy and Joan is immaculate both in her home and away from it. And besides, as Joan said, "she was rude to hairdressers, cameramen, makeup men, wardrobe women." This is something Joan can't tolerate. Joan always loves her crew and they reciprocate.

When the last day of shooting arrived everybody kissed Joan and she kissed everybody, and everybody was sad because they had finished a pleasant engagement. At last the girl came up to Joan. "Have you any advice to give me, Miss Crawford?" She asked. Joan, who is noted for giving good advice to earnest newcomers, gave her a long, level look, "Yes, indeed," she said, "I have some advice for *you*. Enjoy yourself while you can for I don't think you'll be with us very long."

"I've seen them come and go," Joan said later. "And this un-cooperative, rude, sloppy type goes faster than it comes."

JOAN, the movie star, is perfect. But faced with the reality of marriage, parenthood and day to day living she *must* know frustrations since she has to leap from the real to the make believe that has now become real. So she has thrown herself wholeheartedly into her new film *Sudden Fear*.

Sudden Fear is an independent film and she will participate financially in it. Contrary to what the public thinks Joan Crawford is anything but rich. In fact, at the moment, she is badly off financially. She has earned a fortune and lost it in real estate because she took an expert's advice.

To sum up this remarkable woman's character you must remember that for years magazines have printed stories called "The New Joan Crawford." Is she a new person every year? Hear what she has to say on the subject. "There has never been a new Joan Crawford. All the Joan Crawfords are me. I just grew faster and my growing pains were more acute, somehow. Why, all of a sudden I'd meet someone I didn't know and I'd say, 'Why, that's *me*.' It wasn't a new me, it was me finding new things in me and finding how to use them. These new things were always a part of me but I just didn't know it. I'd think I had finished growing and then there would be those growing pains suddenly. And I'd be surprised because I didn't expect them. I'm still surprised about that."

All these years Joan has been trying to blend the woman she could have become with the woman she made herself become. It's a neat trick. That she has not quite accomplished this blend of personalities accounts for Joan Crawford as she is today.

END

for the love of mike

(*Continued from page 51*) many years working in nightclubs to prefer them to open sky and fresh air. Cocktail parties are awkward for us because we don't drink, and that often makes other people feel uncomfortable.

Even before we were married, Mike and I did a relatively small amount of handholding in restaurants. Our first dates were spent in the out-of-doors. Almost every week-end, we would pack a picnic basket and drive to Mount Wilson or the Mojave Desert. We went to the zoo, to the baseball games, and, occasionally, to the ballet in Hollywood Bowl.

There couldn't possibly have been a more romantic setting for courtship than the moonlight rides we used to take through the rolling hills behind Monte Montana's ranch, where Mike stabled his horses.

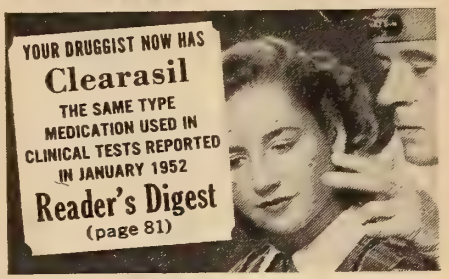
Mike is fond of telling people that the reason he fell in love with me was my mother's home cooking. There must be some truth in that; he had dinner at our place every night for months before our marriage. But the first inkling I had of my true feelings for Mike occurred when I became aware of his genuine fondness for animals. He cared for his horses with a gentleness and completely personal affection that set him apart from other men. From childhood, I have known that I could never love a man who was cruel or insensitive to animals.

I will always remember the day, only a few months after we started going together, when Dinky, my Boston bull pup, ate some poison on the lot. His death was a great loss to me, and I felt suddenly all alone until Mike talked to me. He was so sincere and sweet that I knew he understood completely how I felt. I was so broken up that I couldn't have managed the details of burying Dinky myself. But Mike took over the arrangements at the pet cemetery just as if Dinky were his.

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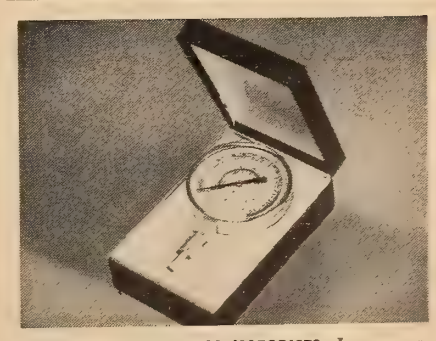
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I don't know of another man who would put up with the swarm of dogs I have around. There is Dukie and Rooney, and Annie, an over-friendly Airedale and Doberman pup who hasn't yet learned that she's too big to sit in people's laps. Mike likes them as well as I do, and I am sure he wouldn't mind a bit if I rescued another dozen dogs from the pound and brought them home.

It's difficult for me to explain to people, who don't realize how painfully shy I used to be, the many ways Mike has helped bolster my courage. I used to become absolutely petrified at the thought of watching myself on the screen. But after many months of going to movies and analyzing performances with me, Mike has at last begun to convince me of my own ability as an actress. The self-confidence I have gained has helped my work immensely.

Confronted with a problem, Mike is always buoyant and optimistic, and his sense of humor will always see him through any situation. I need that balance in my life, for my first inclination is to hide until the trouble blows away. Two years ago, when I went to England to play Lady Barbara in *Captain Horatio Hornblower,* I was simply terrified when the British press began printing critical stories about an American girl playing the role of a British aristocrat. When we were still a few days out of port, they began calling the ship to get a statement from me about it. I wouldn't have known exactly what to say. But Mike quite wisely told them to wait until we docked, and, in the subsequent interview, when he was asked what he thought about my playing Lady Barbara, he settled the matter once and for all.

"What's so great about Lady Barbara?" he asked the assembled newspapermen. "In the history books, she looks horse-faced and a little masculine. Now, we certainly didn't complain when Vivien Leigh came over to the U. S. to portray a beautiful southern belle. Why should the British press get in such an uproar about Virginia playing the role of an ugly female like Lady Barbara?"

After a hearty laugh, the reporters had to admit the logic of Mike's argument, and the dispute was quickly dropped from the papers. I seriously doubt that I would have made any sense at all if I'd talked to them alone.

There have been many other occasions when I needed Mike's calm disposition to guide me. I suppose some people, in similar circumstances, would have been upset by the hectic complications which surrounded our marriage. But because of Mike, they didn't bother me. I was working in *A Song Is Born* at the time, and we had difficulty finding, on such short notice, a minister who would marry us in the Presbyterian church. But after talking it over, Mike and I decided to be married at the Little Church of the Flowers in Forest Lawn. That evening, Mike picked up my mother and me and drove us out to the chapel. My maid of honor, Audrey Schuermann, an old school chum from St. Louis who is now a commercial artist in Los Angeles, was there. But Mike's best man, Eddie Foy, who was coming by train from the east, hadn't arrived. We waited and waited until it became clear that his train might be delayed for hours. Then we went ahead with the ceremony with Dr. Fox acting as Mike's best man.

After we were married, we all drove out to Mike's house in the San Fernando Valley for a brief reception where, finally, Eddie Foy showed up an hour later.

That evening, several people asked me what I intended to do about the decor in Mike's house. The place was obviously a man's lair, with Indian rugs, guns, and cowboy trappings everywhere, and I suppose his friends expected me to pull them down and move them out into the stable. But I told them that I thought the place had a lot of charm, just as it was, and that it would be lost the minute I started applying the feminine touch. In fact, until we rebuilt the whole house in 1950, the only room I changed at all was my own bedroom, where I added frilly curtains.

We had to delay our honeymoon until I finished *A Song Is Born.* But right away, I discovered that I had moved into a man's world. Every Sunday, we went out to Monte Montana's ranch, where Mike and Monte spent hours teaching me how to ride. I started my lessons in the corral, riding bareback to learn the natural gait of a horse. In no time at all, I became confident on horseback, if not skillful. Since those days, I have made two westerns and what I learned about horses from Mike was extremely valuable.

I have lost track of the number of times we have ridden to rodeos around Southern California in the back of a dusty old horse truck, bumping along over rough roads and loving every minute. That first summer, Mike bought me some beautiful riding clothes, and we made dozens of appearances at rodeos, riding in the grand parades just for the fun of it.

Many women I know would be completely unstrung if their husbands were called out of bed at one in the morning to help track down a half-crazed man who had just shot his wife and escaped into the hills. Yet that's what Mike did just a few months ago, and I was able to accept it with a reasonable amount of calm. He has been getting after-hours calls of this kind for three years, ever since he became a member of the Los Angeles Sheriff's Mounted Division, which works on emergency cases that the regular police cannot reach by squad cars. Last year, his group was called out to drive the cattle down out of the mountains during a big brush fire, and I have to admit that was one night I had to sit up over the coffee pot until Mike got back home safely. Still, if that is the way he chooses to serve his community, I know I'll never complain.

Ever since Mike and I were married, we have wanted to own a ranch—a real working cattle ranch that will provide us with an income and a stable existence after our careers in Hollywood have ended.

Last year, Mike and I bought a ranch near Tucson, Arizona, in partnership with Verne Goodrich, former rodeo rider and veteran stunt man.

Shortly after we bought the place, we spent five weeks in the big adobe house there, while Mike and Verne worked every day at clearing away the mesquite to plant a cotton crop. Even with a tractor, it was a man-killing job; but finally, after considerable expense, the mesquite was all uprooted. Surprisingly enough, the cotton grew and later was sold on schedule. But less than a month after that, the mesquite had taken over everything again and the job of clearing the land was there to do once more. Fortunately, before planting time this spring, we were able to sell the place at only a small loss.

This summer, Mike and I intend to take an extended automobile trip through most of the western states. One of the reasons, in addition to just being out-of-doors, will be to find a ranch. But this time, you can be sure, there won't be a clump of mesquite in sight! **END**

(*Virginia Mayo can be seen in Warners'* She's Working Her Way Through College. *—Ed.*)

the road I travelled

(*Continued from page 56*) My family life was the troupers' life actors have written about so often. We were on the road most of the time. We liked to think of Danville, Illinois, as our home, because an uncle actually owned a house there, and it made us feel less like nomads. The truth was we couldn't even pause for tragedy. A sister died in one town, and two months later, when I was just over a year old, my father finished his performance while we were playing another city, walked into the wings and suffered a fatal heart attack. We would bury our dead and head for the next date, torn with grief even as we had to improvise new routines to replace the gap in the act left by the one who was gone.

In the mystic life that children lead maybe mine was not too strange. When I was singing or dancing for people I felt most justified for being alive, and what I was doing was almost a form of adoration.

"They like you tonight," my mother might whisper to me on stage. Nothing would please me more and I would throw myself into the rest of the number with everything I had.

At that age a youngster doesn't often distinguish between strangers, and when I had contact with one, even on the street, there was the feeling that he was always the same man. For instance, no matter what town we might be playing, if occasionally I got into some difficulty, fell, or feared crossing a busy street, there was always the big man who picked me up or helped me out and called me, "Sonny." He was always very tall, very strong and he'd win my complete confidence. To a child anyone who is friendly seems that way and such men are everywhere, of course. But to me he was one of my "people," and this added to the illusion that they were omnipotent and benevolent.

Two producers were talking and one of them asked the other what he thought of the last picture he had filmed.

"Well, frankly," was the reply, "I was a little disappointed."

A bit nettled, the other said sharply: "Who are you to be disappointed?"

"Huh?" was the testy reply. "Say—who do you have to be around here to be disappointed?"

Dan Bennett

Children brought up in homes have their fairybook heroes to help conjure up a magical world. Perhaps I, without such background, and yet with an active imagination, had to create my own and there was nobody but the people in the audiences to choose from.

There were exceptions, however. Strange little boys of my own age were not placed in such a category. They were just boys and you had to keep an eye out for them.

One winter we were in Spokane and between shows I was playing in the alley back of the theater with some empty boxes, just kicking them around. Then a kid my own age (about six at the time) showed up and claimed I was breaking his boxes. Before I knew it he had hit me and we were fighting. Even though he was smaller than I, as I remember it, he gave me a licking. But my lesson came not from that but from what happened when I yelled that he had won and I wanted him to get off me.

He got up and walked away. "Hey! Don't you want your boxes?" I cried.

"What boxes?" he asked. I knew then that they hadn't been his in the first place. He had just been looking for a fight. No . . . boys were just kids. They weren't people. Neither were little girls, perhaps because you didn't see them often in a theater, or maybe just because they were little girls. At that age that was reason enough!

It may strike someone that a kid as mixed up as I was spiritually and spending most of his life around theaters, hotels or boarding houses might easily have gone wrong. Yet I cannot remember ever being considered a vicious boy.

The worst family stories about me have to do with my dislike of being petted by anyone, even as a baby. If a strange woman would pick me up and coo at me I would drool horribly on purpose because I had learned that this made for a distasteful sight and I would be quickly put down.

And also, for a short period, I was a stink bomb thrower. I somehow had gotten hold of strips of film and learned that if you lit one and stamped it out immediately it would smoke for a while producing an unpleasant odor. What annoyed my mother particularly was that I used to throw most of them in the doorways or porches of our landladies. This was a direct violation of theatrical ethics; you often don't like your landlady but the nature of your vocation is such that you soon learn to treat her with the greatest courtesy. She stands for shelter and food in a foreign land—and you are always in foreign territory as an actor.

A PERSON can take many roads to God—a love of people was the one I stumbled on. It wasn't a bad one. All the qualities of spirituality were present even if it was perhaps only a form of make-believe. As a matter of fact there *is* a healing power in people under certain circumstances, as I learned one day when I had grown up and we were playing a New England city.

Our act was half-way through when I began to realize that we were winning no reaction at all from a half dozen patrons seated in a group in the front row. They just stared at us devoid of any expression at all. I began to concentrate on them but with no result. Finally, a little annoyed, I even heckled a bit. The idea of this, as far as a performer is concerned, is not to get any satisfaction from insulting the person he is addressing but to stimulate a response, any sort of response, after which he quickly re-establishes a friendly relationship. But I got nowhere with my frozen six.

When the next show started and I ran out on stage I was disagreeably surprised to see them still sitting there. Again I worked on them and again I got nowhere. The rest of the actors were angry about them, too.

As soon as I was offstage I ran up front to the manager to complain that a rival theater must be sending over "deadpans" to spoil the show and bother the actors—a practice not unknown in show business. He was sitting in his office with another man and came out into the hall to talk to me. He asked me whom I meant and I described the group. When I got through he smiled and told me I was wrong.

"The man in my office is a doctor from the state insane asylum on the edge of town," he said. "Those six persons who bothered you are his patients. He often brings groups of psychotics to the theater because they are greatly benefited just being in the presence of normal people. While you were feeling annoyed they were feeling proud that they could be there. But because it was an unaccustomed event to them, they were a little too nervous to appreciate what was happening on stage. They were being thrilled by a wonderful adventure of their own."

He introduced me to the doctor who talked further on the subject. And I was really thrilled by his words. It's funny how





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the knowledge that one has helped anyone, even accidentally, warms the heart. Every performer backstage felt good about it when I told them.

But my odd fancy, immortalizing the people in my audiences, couldn't last forever. It got a bad blow in Long Beach, California, when I was about eight years old. We were playing a short engagement. While we were in a cafeteria the earthquake of March 10, 1933, which took the lives of 127 people and injured more than 4,000 others, began rocking the city. I was frightened, of course, but not any more than the older people. But a little while later, when things had quieted down and we started to walk down the street, we had to pass a building where a heavy steel marquee had crashed to the sidewalk killing 15 people. The forms of some of the victims were still lying there, covered with blankets, and suddenly I wanted to scream but couldn't. I waved my arms and my mother bent down to speak to me.

"Donald! Donald! What's wrong?"

I tried to tell her but not a word came from my lips. Up to that moment I had really believed that strangers lived forever and that only we, the O'Connors and the others in the theater world who were actors, ever died. But here were people lying dead who were just like the people of the audience whom I revered. For the next two weeks I walked around dumb—the shock had taken away my voice. Believe it or not, but at the age of eight I was already suffering from having my faith shattered!

WHEN I finally could explain it to my mother she was understanding enough not to laugh about it, and afterward when we'd have periods of quiet together she'd tell me about the teachings of Catholicism. But either I wasn't ready for it, or I just couldn't make the switch from what I had believed. It took somebody else to get me thinking about religion—a seven-year-old boy whose father was a Presbyterian minister.

This was in Chicago while we were laying off between theater bookings. The boy was a neighbor, we liked each other, and one day I visited his house. I sensed immediately that his father was not like the priests who came to visit us, nor was his house like the parishes I knew. It bothered me. Perhaps because I had lost one faith and was trying to understand the one I was born into, it was disturbing to feel that there might be still a third to worry about!

When I got a chance I asked the boy about it and I remember his attitude; since he was the son of a minister he acted as if he could easily explain the whole thing to me—and he began. I don't have any recollection of what he said exactly but out of our talk I got my first knowledge that there were lots of religions . . . yet all very much the same. One thing bothered me and this question I can recall asking.

"Then people are the same . . . no matter who they are or where they are?"

He said they were and I felt better. Because I still relied on people, even though they had tumbled from their pedestals. People still made up most of my world. I knew I would always have to depend on them.

THIS may seem like odd kind of talk for small boys to engage in, and friends sometimes scoff and refuse to believe me when I tell them about it. For a while I started wondering myself if this ever happened, if seven and eight year olds were really talking religion. Then the other morning I overheard my daughter, Donna, who is only five, talking about a playmate of hers to our maid one morning at breakfast.

"Betty is not like me. Do you know that?" Donna said.

"Oh. Is she taller?" asked the maid.

"No, she's not religious like me," said Donna.

The maid gave a little gasp. So did I where I was sitting just outside the breakfast nook. And I listened closely for the maid's next words.

"Are you sure, Donna?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," Donna said. "She told me. She isn't religious like me. She is religious like she. She said it wasn't the same at all. And I don't like it."

"Oh, don't you worry," the maid said comfortingly. "I bet in the long run it gets you to the same place."

I could tell from Donna's voice that she felt better immediately. And so did I.

Donna goes to Sunday School while I had little or none of such training. By watching what she goes through trying to understand the perplexities of the world, even with this advantage, I can appreciate that my fanciful philosophy as a youngster was not too weird. Donna knows that there is a distinction between people and God, but she is also vague enough about it to say things like, "Of course, I was very young when Christ died."

In her way she will come to the same faith that I came to in my way. I feel confident that even those friends of mine who are non-believers in God, and who are so articulate in defending their atheism, will eventually find the security of following in His footsteps.

By whatever road I traveled I got where I longed to be and with an understanding of my relationship to Him. Somehow I have learned what prayer is, that to ask for the specific is meanness and only to seek the all good should be the purpose of such communication from the soul. One's conscience, one's sense of good and evil make this all plain in time.

And all this I learned in my own sort of Sunday School . . . the dingy theaters of the country . . . where I started off by worshiping the plain people who attended them! **END**

hollywood's most passionate loves (judy garland)

(*Continued from page 35*) Had Judy fought with Sid Luft in Palm Springs on their vacation? Was that why he wasn't along? No answer.

Did Miss Garland have any intention of returning to motion pictures? Yes, but she had no definite plans.

Any truth that Miss Garland was already married to Sid Luft, had, in fact, eloped with him to Cuba? Ridiculous!

How did she feel about being back in California? Just wonderful.

Did she have any plans for the immediate future? Yes, she would do her vaudeville act in Los Angeles, then repeat in San Francisco. She would finish there by June 21st or 28th.

Was it true that Miss Garland planned to marry Sid Luft as soon as her divorce from Vincente Minnelli was final? Judy turned beet red. "How dare you ask that question in front of my child?" she stormed. "Don't you have any common sense?"

JUDY'S divorce from 44-year-old Minnelli became final on April ninth. He promised to pay Judy $500 a month for

the support of Liza, aged five, and gave up completely any interest in Judy's Malibu Beach house. Judy, in turn, paid him $25,000 for his interest in the home they had shared in the Hollywood hills.

As soon as this final decree was entered in the Superior Court, it was expected that Judy would elope with Sid who had flown into town a day after her arrival.

The day after her decree, however, she didn't rush to the preacher; she took Liza for a drive to Palm Springs.

"We had a nice quiet rest," she recalls. "We talked and took walks, and then when it turned hot, we drove back home. It was a pleasant, simple Easter vacation. Liza and I both had a wonderful time."

"But everyone expected you and Sid to get married," said an omnipresent reporter.

Judy grinned. "I know," she admitted. "What's the big hurry? Sid and I have each been married before, and we don't take marriage lightly. I love him, and he's definitely my fella. If the relationship continues as it has, we'll do it. But we're not a couple of kids who've got to get married this very minute or else.

"Some time during the middle of summer or maybe even before that when things slack off, we'll get married. Right now, there are shows to do, rehearsals, a million and one details, and I'm not going to sandwich a wedding in between."

What a change from the frightened actress who once felt that she must live every day as if it were her last, from the Judy Garland who once felt that no man really considered her desirable.

At 29, Judy has finally grown up. She has developed a realistic sense of values. She realizes that there is more to marriage than the passion she once thought was all-important.

Sid Luft, she knows, is responsible for her confidence, her comeback, her present happiness. When he's near her, she feels that everything will be taken care of, nothing will disturb her.

Yet, she is wise enough to know that Sid, too, is fighting a battle, making a comeback, regaining his stature.

It is no secret, for instance, that when Sid first met Judy, his financial condition was none too good.

As a matter of fact, his ex-wife, Lynn Bari, testified that at various times in their unhappy marriage, she had given him $16,000 in cash, $13,000 in property equity, and that after their divorce, he was delinquent in his support of their son, John.

To friends she confided her bewilderment at Luft's ability to take Judy dining and wining at expensive restaurants while he was $3,000 in arrears.

After Judy opened at the Palladium in London, and Luft flew over to manage her appearances, his financial affairs began to improve.

Upon returning to Los Angles, he immediately took care of his delinquent support payments with a check for $2,889.

Everyone talks about how wonderful Sid has been for Judy. It works both ways. Judy has been the anodyne for everything that troubled Luft.

Before he met her, Luft had been one of those handsome, personable men-about-town who somehow find it extremely difficult to settle down and specialize in any one type of work.

For a short while he worked as confidential secretary to Eleanor Powell. Then he joined the Canadian Air Force as a pilot officer. The pay was low, the prestige high. Later he worked in picture production, aircraft plants, and according to friends, "conducted an enterprise connected with horse-racing."

His best job, to date, however, has been as Judy Garland's personal manager, a job which has given him money, position, confidence, and the reputation of being a very shrewd cookie whose sole aim is Judy's welfare.

Sid is the organizer of M. S. Luft Productions, a company of which Judy is the principal asset. He has hopes of making a musical version of *A Star Is Born*, the old Selznick classic about Hollywood. It would be an independent venture and Judy's motion picture comeback.

One of Judy's closest friends is of the opinion that Judy will not marry Luft until Sid gets on his feet financially. The way Luft's been going this past year, he should have a substantial bank account very soon.

This thinking about money is another indication of the startling change which has taken place in Judy.

Three years ago, when she was drawing $5,500 a week from Metro, she had no interest in finance. Money poured through her fingers like water.

Nowadays she takes an interest in her earnings, discussing various investment practises with Sid and Abe Lastvogel of the William Morris Agency.

When Sid suggested that Judy might earn considerable royalties by making a record album for RCA Victor, and use those earnings to rent an apartment in New York, she checked the rent, the possible income and went ahead with the deal.

She is also investigating annuities and a trust fund for Liza.

Judy has been in show business her entire life, and she has seen what happens to men whose sole occupation is the management of their wives' careers.

Some of these men deteriorate into messenger boys.

Others develop into full-fledged stage producers, entrepreneurs of great acumen managers of distinction who branch out into allied fields.

Suppose after a few years of marriage to Luft, something happens to Judy, and she is unable to continue her career. What happens to Luft?

Judy herself won't discuss this with anyone, but she has thought about it, because she has developed a sense of realism.

What sort of step-father will Sid make? How will he treat Liza? How will Liza take to him? What sort of step-mother will I be to his son, John? Where will we live? Will we have any children? Won't we get on each other's nerves, not only living but working together? Can a man devote his whole life to a woman? Isn't there always time for marriage?

These are some of the questions Judy was asking herself several weeks ago. This was the type of introspection she never indulged in prior to her other marriages. This is why she said, "I don't think Sid and I will possibly get married before July or August. Working together as manager and artist, you know, is a good deal different from living together as man and wife."

Luft, too, is in no particular hurry. He loves Judy and has found the secret of keeping her happy—work and independence. But he knows, too, that she is a high-strung girl who requires careful handling. This is no easy job, especially for a fellow like Sid who's always relished his freedom and self-reliance.

As long as they have doubts, Judy and Sid won't make a move toward marriage. If by chance they have, as you read this article, then rest assured that it was only after the clouds of doubt had disappeared. For at 29, Judy has finally put passion in its place.

END

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he's really living

(*Continued from page 43*) across the ceiling. Everywhere there are potted plants crying out for water. Usually there's a party going on. People drift in at all hours, rifle the ice-box and carry their loot back into the living room where they sit on the floor and eat before the fireplace. Sometimes, if a lady's around who knows how to cook, she cooks. Or else Steve will whip up a dish that originated in Lithuania or Tibet. He likes to give parties because when they're over he's the only one who doesn't have to worry about making the trip home.

Steve Cochran is not an easy man to know. He talks very little about his childhood, although his family seems to have shared his easy-going attitude toward life. He was born nine years after his sister Vina in Eureka, just off the coast of northern California, where his father worked in a lumber mill. From the schoolroom in Eureka, Steve could hear the pounding of the surf on the beach, and more often than not he played hookey to sit on a jetty looking out over the Pacific and dream of sea-faring.

Before he finished third grade he'd been in love seven or eight times, but this career was interrupted when, at eight, his family decided to take him to Denver, Colorado, on a visit to his uncle. They got as far as Laramie, Wyoming, where the family jalopy, and the family finances were both exhausted. They were not only flat broke, but stranded in Laramie's worst snowstorm in years. For seven days and nights nothing moved in or out of the city, and Steve's father got a job in an ice house. They figured Laramie was a likely city so they settled down there and put Steve into school, where he fell in love the first day.

Steve can't figure now how his parents got the money—there never seemed to be any left over—but somehow they enrolled Vina in college. Despite Vina's having one of history's most tormenting kid brothers she got through, taught school one year and married. This left Steve more or less on his own where family life was concerned. His mother worked off and on, he never seemed to be close with his father, and almost their last act as a family unit was their trip to Denver, which they finally made.

From the time he was 12 to 15, Steve's summers were spent working on surrounding ranches, and on high school vacations he earned money as a gandy dancer. A gandy dancer, explains Steve, is a shoveler on a railroad section.

His name was enrolled and stayed for one year on the student roster at the University of Wyoming. He left because he couldn't see any sense in studying dramatics if he wanted to be an actor. He figured the only way to learn was to act.

Steve tackled it the rough way. His first acting job was with a Federal Theater project in Detroit, a city which he remembers with considerable displeasure because of his various lodgings there. No matter which boarding house he tried, the results were always the same. He had to creep quietly into the beds, for if he jumped in with any force he was choked by the resultant mist of green powder (bug-killer) that enveloped the room. This green powder has become synonymous in his mind with Detroit, for it was always there, in the corners, on the floor and in the mattresses. The sad part was the bugs seemed immune to it.

Steve tried Hollywood a few times, leaving it as soon as he had train fare. For Hollywood in the late 30's wanted men with lean jaws and drawing room noses. In those days, Steve Cochran looked like an itinerant who specialized in cow punching and gandy dancing. He soon added to his list of vocations, becoming a carpenter, a policeman, and a shipyard worker.

All this was neatly interspersed with acting jobs here and there. Once he directed and acted in the Junior League's Theater For Children in San Francisco. "As an audience, those kids were monsters," he says grimly. "Unless some guy was being stabbed or shot on the stage, they weren't interested. All they did was run up and down the aisles, puncturing each other with blow guns."

He kept trying Hollywood, and Hollywood kept sneering. His first real start was when he played opposite Constance Bennett in the Theater Guild road show of *Without Love*. On opening night in Columbus, the always confident Cochran suffered his first case of stage fright. "You're stupid," he kept telling himself. "You're opening in Columbus. Who's covering the show in Columbus? Calm down." But he didn't calm down and when he opened his mouth to speak his first lines, nothing came out but a humiliating squeak. He carried on in true fashion after that, and never again had any trouble unless it was the shattering experience in *John Loves Mary*. As the hero, Steve was to remove his trousers in the second act, and soon after the curtain had gone up on said act, a terrible realization came over him. In the next clinch with the heroine he whispered desperately into her ear, "I haven't got my *shorts* on!" After her next exit from the stage he could hear her footsteps tearing across the boards behind the backdrop, and when she came on again she gave him a reassuring nod. At his next opportunity to fade slightly out of sight he slipped into the wings, ripped off his trousers, and literally jumped into the shorts that were held there waiting for him.

Had he not done some quick thinking he would have found himself in a situation embarrassing even to him. For Steve may be a character, but he does draw the line. He bemoans, for instance, the fact that he has a reputation for being a 16-cylindered wolf. A lot of men, single and attractive, would find such a reputation to their liking, but Steve shudders for the times he has asked girls for a date and they've backed away from him, all but screaming with fright.

"Ye Gods," he says helplessly. "I'm only a man." But that, the dolls figure, is precisely the trouble.

He claims he's quite serious when he's in love but admits that his heartache over a broken love affair lasts from two P.M. to four P.M., at which time he once more has his eyes in focus. He was engaged four times, and married twice, once to Florence Lockwood, daughter of a portrait artist, by whom he had his only child, a daughter Xandria, and once to Fay MacKenzie. His first marriage lasted eight years, the second two years. Steve has now been single for three years and likes the idea.

"Once in a while," he says, "I start thinking about the advantages of marriage—a home and an anchor and hot meals and all that—and then I catch myself up. Whoa, boy! You'd be miserable within a year."

Steve likes his freedom. Considering the fact that most of his friends are married, he was once asked if he didn't feel like an odd wheel with them. "Nope," he said. "*They're* the odd wheels."

For companionship he has Tchaikowsky, and few men could ask for more. Tchaikowsky is a mutt, which fact cannot be safely stated in Tchaikowsky's presence. Tchaikowsky has to date bitten 21 people and been quarantined 19 times. The two times he escaped quarantine were pure luck and only served to make him wonder what was wrong, because he has come to expect such action directly after the spanking given him by his master. Tchaikowsky is part Schnauser and part heaven-knows-what, and was so-named because he has a faint resemblance to the composer, except, of course, that he is very much alive. He also has a slightly frightening countenance, as witnessed by the fact that one visitor to Steve's home keeled over in a dead faint when first beholding the dog. The man was sitting in the living room one night, facing the window behind Steve's back, and suddenly his eyes went past Steve to the window and his face froze in terror. Tchaikowsky was out there, standing on the hill by the window, which made him appear to have the height of a man. The light from the living room shone out and revealed two glaring eyes and a pair of appalling fangs, framed by a stiff mass of hair which stood straight out from the face. Nothing else was visible but it was enough, and the visitor breathed a choking sigh and lost consciousness.

Tchaikowsky was acquired 11 years ago by Steve as a decoy in the matter of meeting a girl. This particular girl had a supercilious Afghan which she used to walk in Central Park every evening. It was spring, and Steve had a hankering to meet this girl. He tried every ruse in the books but received only fishy stares for his pains, so as a last resort Steve became the owner of Tchaikowsky. Armed with his mutt, he sallied forth on an evening in May, certain that dog owners could always start a conversation. The end result of it was that Tchaikowsky bit the Afghan and the friendship never got started.

Tchaikowsky is, in his inimitable way, almost as famous as Steve because Steve talks about him all the time. Once Steve watched the dog coming home along a Carmel road, watched him pass a little boy without so much as a flick of his dog eyelashes. Thirty yards past the boy, Tchaikowsky turned on a dime, bolted back and nipped the kid in the derriere. "I don't know what gets into him," Steve says. Another time, when Steve was up in Folsom making *Inside The Walls Of Folsom Prison*, Tchaikowsky up and bit one of the guards. But the dog's real fame has come from his ability to play the piano. This he will do most willingly, in a haphazard way, at a whispered command from Steve, and once, when Steve got the idea of having Tchaikowsky play on a personal appearance tour with him, the dog made headlines when he tangled with the Musicians' Union. The dog could not play the piano, said the union, unless there was a standby musician, or a full standby orchestra in the pit, or unless he got a membership card. Tchaikowsky was furious and would have bitten Petrillo himself had the man been available.

The dog accompanies Steve wherever he goes, with the possible exception of Hollywood cocktail parties, but Steve shies away from these. "Ugh," he says at the mere mention of one. "Everybody trying to impress everybody else." Tchaikowsky did used to play the piano in sundry saloons. In appreciation of his talents the customers would toss pennies, and inasmuch as Tchaikowsky had no use for coins of the realm, Steve would collect a beer or two for himself.

Steve's dream idea of entertaining consists of a Roman style dining room. He wants a long, long table down the middle of the room, surrounded on all sides by comfortable couches. To lie down while eating is his idea of Eden, and he probably

wouldn't object to having grapes dropped into his mouth by a batch of curvesome cuties.

The impression that Steve never moves unless necessary is erroneous. He just *seems* that way. He owns a 24-foot ketch which he keeps harbored at San Pedro, and is a Sunday afternoon sailor. If he doesn't sail, he paints or caulks. scrapes or polishes, and although he's never had the boat out longer than two days, he'd sail more if he didn't have other things to do. He rides a lot, and is making a home movie with some pals who have managed to get together a script, camera, sound equipment and lights. The film has been shot spasmodically for some months now, in places like the San Pedro wharves and a San Francisco boiler room. He writes letters to his mother, who now lives in Alaska, the result of a round trip ticket some six years ago. Mrs. Cochran decided she liked Juneau, in much the same manner she had liked Laramie, cancelled her return ticket and now runs a restaurant there, on the wharf.

Steve writes letters to his daughter in Carmel and fiddles about with the writing of plays. He keeps promising himself, every week, that he will start painting again, but there never seems to be time enough and his brushes and canvases remain in the closet. He studied art at one time but could never make up his mind whether he wanted to know about fine art, illustrating or cartooning, and settled on acting instead. His friends from Laramie keep in touch with him, one pal in particular who engineers trains through Wyoming, and wants to know why on earth he doesn't "come home for some hunting or fishing." Steve is paradoxical in that despite his boyhood in the wide open spaces he doesn't really miss them at all and enjoys himself in the city just as well.

"If I ever had my swan song in Hollywood," he says, "I'd go back up to Maine and work in a shipyard. You can always do something, you know. Or maybe I'd join the Merchant Marine. Every time I work on a boat for a picture I get the urge to sneak off to sea and leave the picture flat."

Travel has a strong fascination for him, not because he wants to visit famous libraries or castles or shrines, but simply because there are places he hasn't seen. He associates cities he has visited with strange memories. As it was bug powder in Detroit, it is whistling kids in Philadelphia. "Never saw anything like it anywhere," he says. "You drive down Broad Street and on one corner a bunch of guys are standing there and they all whistle when you go by. The next corner it's girls, and *they* whistle!"

When he's at home in Benedict Canyon, however, he contents himself easily. He has a battered collection of records which includes chamber music, and a library whose most well thumbed books are those by Shakespeare, Jack London and Erskine Caldwell. And he has his friends and he has Clarence and Tchaikowsky.

Steve takes life as it comes and doesn't argue with it. He is completely without pretension. He is a charming bachelor not constituted for marriage, but there's hardly a female fan who wouldn't be happy to get one good crack at becoming Mrs. S. Cochran. **END**

(*Steve's latest picture is Warner Brothers'* The Lion And The Horse.—Ed.)

am I too daring?

(*Continued from page 40*) calendar job, which I did as a legitimate figure model at a time in my life when the $50 I was paid looked like the vaults at Fort Knox. It was the first, last and only job of figure modeling I ever did in Hollywood. But having the news break at a time when several women were already making a point about my flamboyant taste in clothes, I quite naturally felt that both the calendar and the reasons why I posed for it might be misinterpreted.

I was advised to deny that it was me. But how can you deny anything so obvious? There must have been several hundred thousands of the calendar printed; you can get one anywhere. Anyone can tell that it is me, even though my hair was longer then and partially covered my face. So why try to deny it?

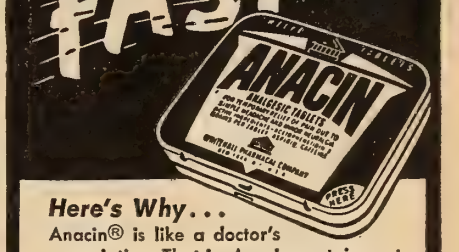
At the time I posed for the pictures, I was living in the Hollywood Studio Club, trying to pay for dramatic lessons with the irregular income I made as a model. Other than a few random fashion jobs, which pay very little on the West Coast, I hadn't worked for nearly a month; I was flat broke, the finance company was after my car, and I was four weeks behind in my rent. One day, in desperation, I called Tom Kelley, who is one of Hollywood's most artistic photographers, and told him I was willing to pose for the calendar job he had been asking me to do, off and on, for several weeks. As I told reporters, the job was perfectly professional and proper. Tom, who was shooting a series for an eastern calendar company, wanted a blonde model to illustrate the title "Golden Dreams." We worked only 30 minutes and he shot me in two poses. His wife was there, helping with the drapes and the lights. And the $50 he paid me for the job, I might add, was the most important money I've ever earned. It helped me to keep going until I got my first really important break in movies a few months later, in *The Asphalt Jungle*.

I am retelling this story, which has appeared everywhere by now, not because I like the story especially, but because I do not want it to have any relation to what I intend to say about the way I dress. I don't think it would be fair, and I do not want to put myself in a position where the obvious facts of my life can be distorted. I am very grateful that Hollywood has understood the circumstances associated with my posing for that calendar. It makes me wonder, in fact, just how much attention I should pay today to the criticism of my taste and habits of dress. Not much, I've come to think.

You see, I'm forced to admit that all of my adult life I have preferred to dress for men rather than for other women. For this reason, I suppose, I can not expect other women to appreciate or even like my clothes. But *I* do, and I was hurt by the accusation that I have no taste in my manner of dress. It is simply that, during the relatively few years I have been able to afford pretty clothes, I have always been most at ease when I am presenting myself on an unmistakably feminine level. Every suit, every dress, and every gown I own was carefully selected for its potential effect. Personally, too, I feel that if more women followed this same principle they would be more feminine. But that's only my own opinion.

I have always been clothes-conscious. Back in junior high school, I was painfully so when my entire wardrobe consisted of two hand-me-down navy wool skirts, two identical white cotton blouses, and an old red corduroy jacket. Then

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FROM THE MOVIES

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS—Paul Whiteman* (Capitol).
This 12-inch LP record actually contains two complete albums' worth of music: the *American In Paris* suite on one side and the *Rhapsody In Blue* on the other, both conducted by Paul Whiteman, with Leonard Pennario's piano solo the highlight of the *Rhapsody*. Gershwin would probably have been very happy with both of these.

BELLE OF NEW YORK—original sound track album** (MGM).
Maybe this LP, which presents eight numbers from the movie will help to remind you that good songs are still being written. These performances feature good melodies with delightful lyrics and many ingenious rhymes, ably sung. The music is by Harry Warren and the lyrics by Johnny Mercer.
Anita Ellis did the voice-dubbing for Vera-Ellen and she gets credit on the label for her two numbers, *Naughty But Nice* and *The Bride's Wedding Day Song,* which is subtitled *Thank You Mr. Currier, Thank You Mr. Ives.* Fred Astaire is his nonchalant self on *Baby Doll, Seeing's Believing, I Wanna Be A Dancin' Man,* and *Oops!* He's aided by the chorus on the clever *Bachelor Dinner Song,* and the chorus operates alone on *When I'm Out With The Belle Of New York.*

THE MAGIC GARDEN—*Pennywhistle Blues* by Willard Cele* (London); Buddy De Franco (MGM).
If you go for musical oddities, the original version by Mr. Cele himself is the one for you, though the flageolet isn't our idea of an instrument for lengthy solo performances. Buddy De Franco transfers the simple theme to his clarinet, with artificial results; jazz fans will prefer *Buddy Blues* on the other side.

QUO VADIS— Dramatic Highlights* (MGM).
Something new—MGM Records now comes up with a set of two LP records offering important scenes from the production just as they are done on the screen. Walter Pidgeon speaks an introduction written specially for this recording.
After Walter's said his piece, you'll hear Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Feliz Aylmer, Nora Swinburne and just about everybody else you saw on the screen. Until the Hollywood companies start releasing the latest films for TV use this is about the closest you can get to having your favorite movies in your own living room.

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN—title song and *Wedding Of The Painted Doll* by Tex Beneke (MGM). *All I Do Is Dream Of You* by Ziggy Elman (MGM).

THE BRAVE BULLS—title song by Harry James* (Columbia).

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART—title song by Ziggy Elman (MGM). *I'll Walk Alone* by Leroy Holmes (MGM).

my only thought was that someday I might own, not a big wardrobe, but just enough clothes so other girls wouldn't make fun of me.

A few years later, at the age of 16 I began modeling, and was able to buy my first good dresses—dresses that fit. I discovered Vogue and Harper's Bazaar and, at the same time, discovered that the clothes they featured were designed for, and modeled by, women with boys' figures. Even at that age, I realized that I didn't have a boy's figure. I certainly don't now.

I wonder how many women really fall for that routine under the pictures of sliver-hipped models in the fashion magazines— "You can be an entrancing, new, exciting *you,* madam." Obviously, they must discover that they can't be the minute they go to a store and try on one of those creations, that is, if they can get it on in the first place.

Personally, I never tried to. When I was still a girl, I realized that I had a full woman's figure. I know, too, that my figure enabled me to earn a living as a model for several years before I got into movies. What, I ask you, is wrong with that?

Even today, I do not own an extensive wardrobe; I can't yet afford one. In fact, the clothes I own have had such a personal meaning in my life that I can remember every outfit I have ever bought since I started in pictures. They are all good clothes, however, and I think they are in quite good taste, if seemingly somewhat flamboyant.

The first expensive clothes I ever owned were the three suits which I bought on credit from a Hollywood ladies' shop when Twentieth first signed me in 1948. They were all expensive—one grey, one beige, and one dark blue dress suit. In a flush of enthusiasm, I also bought every accessory to go with them—also on credit. I learned a lesson from those clothes, and I never really wore them comfortably, for three months later, when Twentieth dropped my option, I couldn't pay for them. The minute I stopped working the collection agencies descended en masse. I had an awful time getting that bill paid, and I swore never again to buy any of my clothes on credit.

BELIEVE it or not, I did not own a single cocktail dress until a few weeks after I'd completed *Asphalt Jungle.* Then I bought a simply-styled, black silk faille dress with a long narrow slit down the front which is held together with a tie. I wore it with black arm-length gloves and no $125 was ever better spent, in my opinion. Some people thought it was a little daring, but I love the dress, now as then. I wish I could still wear it to parties, but it has had its day, I'm afraid.

My first expensive evening gown was the one I purchased for the Foreign Press Association's annual dinner, where I was presented with a Henrietta award, and named as one of Hollywood's most promising young players. I very gratefully accepted the award, and later, was told I looked nice doing it. But I also heard that some of the women present had thought my gown a trifle extreme for the occasion. I seriously considered these comments, but, in my opinion, they were not reason enough to take the gown back to Oleg Cassini, who designed it. I've always admired his taste and imagination in women's clothes, and my gown is no exception. It is a red velvet creation which fits snugly down to the knees and then flares out, in the Lillian Russell tradition. It plunges somewhat in the front, but not extremely. Frankly, I love the gown and wish I had more occasions to wear it.

I have another evening gown which other women criticize but which has won me an appreciable number of fine compliments from men. It is a strapless red silk taffeta, snug from the bodice down to the hips, which is covered with black French lace. At I. Magnin's, where I paid a stiff price for it, I was told that the dress was the only copy of an original purchased by a San Francisco social leader. I wonder if her dress has ever been criticized in her set the way mine was the night I wore it to one of the few formal Hollywood parties I have attended. This is the gown that provoked so much comment from the Hollywood columnists . . . it was the proof positive, they claimed, that I was utterly lacking in taste. I'm truly sorry, but I love the dress.

My favorite dress, however, is an off-the-shoulder cocktail dress, made of beige lace over coffee-colored silk. It has a sort of tail effect in the back.

My only other new cocktail dress is a black silk by Ceil Chapman which has a big puff at the side and drapes tightly around my legs. I like its slimming effect.

I have also heard a number of comments about the two suits which I own, both of which are simply styled and, I think, tastefully designed. Perhaps it is the way I wear them; I honestly don't know. The black one, by Christian Dior, I wear with a simple red beret, black pumps, and a red rose at the bosom to add a touch of color. The beige one, I wear with brown shoes and a yellow rose. I rarely wear costume jewelry, but I like flowers. I don't think however, that either suit is made especially provocative by wearing flowers with it.

The other day, when I was hurrying to the makeup department across the lot, wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt I had put on hurriedly at home, I was stopped by one of the executives in the casting department who told me, "Marilyn, you shouldn't wear blue jeans on the lot." "Why?" I asked, thinking that of all places, the lot was the one place I could feel completely at home. "An actress should always look her best," he said.

I suppose this is true. But I have always felt comfortable in blue jeans—they're my favorite informal attire. I have found it interesting, however, that people whistle at jeans, too. I have to admit that I like *mine* to fit. There's nothing I hate worse than baggy blue jeans.

I have only a few other idiosyncrasies about clothes. I like bare-looking shoes for both formal and informal occasions. I believe, like the classic Greeks, that a woman's feet are an important part of her beauty. Furthermore, when I dress for formal occasions, I never wear a girdle or other confining garments. Freedom of movement is very important to a woman, psychologically as well as physically.

During the brief period I have been in motion pictures, I have always considered that my clothes and the way I wear them are very important to me. But I have never consciously tried to make a public display of my clothes.

I suppose, however, because of my background as a model, I will always have to expect that a tinge of daring might seem to be associated with my attire. Not very long ago, I wore the bathing suit which I model in *We're Not Married* to lunch in the commissary at Twentieth. With a robe over it, of course. The next morning, I was surprised to read in a column that I was seen eating lunch in my bra and panties. I suppose that from across the room the flesh-colored inset on my suit made me seem scantily attired. But I wasn't.

I know myself rather well, I think. Personally, I don't consider myself too daring, in my dress or in my behavior.

I leave it to you to decide. *Am* I too daring?

END

darling, you're nuts!

(*Continued from page 39*) at me and said, May I call you up next week?

"That threw me again. I thought, what's wrong with me that he wants to wait till next week to call? But I said, airily, 'Oh, sure. Do give me a ring.' That was Saturday night and he called me Monday morning. We nxed up a date for the following Saturday."

THERE's a tiny place tucked away in Los Angeles called the Tiffany Club. Only real hot music lovers know about it. But Janie's that, and so, it turned out, was Trav. He couldn't have made more of a hit with her than suggesting that they go, not to a plush nightspot, but to the Tiffany to hear Nat King Cole.

Thus, on their first real date together, they were bowling along downtown, and, to be in the mood, Janie was singing King Cole's "Lush Life" along with the record being played on Trav's car radio, when smash! Trav jammed the car in front of them which had stopped too suddenly.

In an instant, Trav was out and apologizing to the driver, a little old lady. They looked over her car and saw that he hadn't actually hurt it at all. He gave her his card, the name of his insurance company. The lady, responding to his charm and good manners, gave him a smile, and drove on. It wasn't until then that Trav noticed his own car—his new car, his luxury car. *That* had its whole nose jammed in! It was third-cousin to a wreck and it turned out to be a very special art to even limp it to the Tiffany Club. Finally, the automobile club came to haul it away.

In *Bronco Busters*, John Lund and Scott Brady play the title roles, so the studio wardrobe department fashioned some "saddle pads" for them to wear during riding scenes. "They're falsies," said Lund, "only with a reverse twist."

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

Janie and Trav laughed like crazy, heard Nat King Cole till dawn, took a taxi back to Jane's—and Trav said he'd call next morning. He did. They had two dates the following week. They had three the week after. The week after that they had four and by the end of January and up until they broke their engagement, they dated every night.

But in between there were those pressures—those special Hollywood pressures for love and the very special Hollywood pressures against it.

"I'm impulsive," Jane confessed, sitting in the library of her exquisite home. Outside, making an enormous racket, were Maureen, who is now 10, and Michael, who is seven. They were impatiently waiting for their mother, who was driving them out of town for a special week-end, just the three of them, away, alone together. "I'm madly impulsive," Jane repeated. "I do things and then I think, What did I do? And when I have that doubt, then I know I must pause and get it straightened out."

You can search the Hollywood record backward and forward and you'll never find a star who has kept things straightened out better than Jane. Take the matter of agents. Most stars change their agents about as often as they change their hair styles. Not Janie. When she first came to town, an unknown little radio singer, she signed with an unknown agent named Lou Wasserman. He's still her agent, still one of her best friends, but now he's climbed as high as she to head the mighty MCA.

For another example. It's an old Hollywood wisecrack that all stars fight with Warner Brothers, that is, if they are under contract to them. Jane started with Warner Bros. She is still with Warner Brothers. On both sides it's a mutual admiration society. On both sides they are happy as larks.

One more example. Most stars turn over their domestic help as often as they turn over their bank balances. Janie has had the same wonderful housekeeper, Carrie, since before Maureen was born, and the way they glow at one another makes you feel as though you were in a room full of white satin stoves. Now Janie, on her charm bracelet, wears a fifty cent piece, which has been dipped in gold. She gives that pixie grin of hers when she explains its significance to her. "When I first started out in this business," she says, "a friend gave this to me and had it engraved, 'It's the principle of the thing.' And it is. Everything is. You've got to get the principles right and stick with them, particularly in this town, or you are utterly lost. This gold-dipped 50-cent piece looks like gold, but it isn't really. On the other hand, it's not quite—or rather it's more, than a half dollar."

It is because Jane sincerely believes, and rightly, that love in Hollywood is like that 50-cent piece—at once itself and more than itself—that she felt she had to pause on the threshold of marriage. In justice to herself and Trav she wants to be sure of their love.

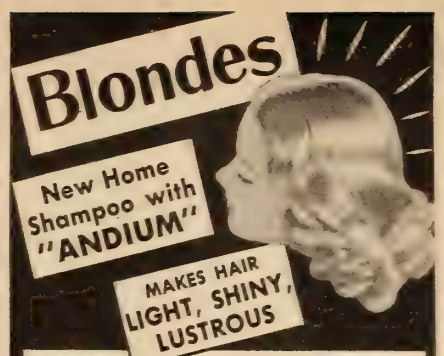
"Whether or not we like it," Jane said to me, "any of us who become so-called 'names' do become public institutions. I'm not saying we aren't royally rewarded for it. I'm not claiming it isn't all very exciting and wonderful. I love it. But the fact still is that our lives get cut up more than a boarding house pie. In the broadest sense my life is divided into three sections—Jane Wyman, the movie star, who makes two pictures a year or maybe more, then the mother of Maureen and Michael Reagan, who tries to be a good mother, then Jane Wyman, herself. However, on top of that, there's the 'institution.' The 'institution' calls me here to help launch the Red Cross drive or Community Chest or something like that every week or so. I'm asked to broadcast for the Hallmark Card Company, or a dozen other firms and I'm delighted to do so, because they have been so good to me in the past. Then, ever since 'Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening,' the 'institution' has been in the record business.

"Don't tell me that I don't have to do all these things. I know that. Yet they are very hard to resist. They are part of an enormously exciting business. Besides, all of us out here always think these extra activities will not take as much time as they do. In fact, they always take twice as much time as we expect, but still we don't believe it."

THE "institution" then was what exerted the special pressures on Jane, when she and Trav began dating seriously and nightly. One of those very special pressures can be traced to Hollywood's dramatic instinct to build up everything twice as high as it really is; a second pressure is publicity. All Janie's friends, and she has legions of them, began asking, "Darling, are you really in love again? When are you being married?" And when Ronnie married Nancy Davis the questions came thick and fast. "When are you setting the date?" Janie was asked from dawn to dusk.

Then publicity came along and said, "Hey, this is getting rough. What shall we tell the press?"

Naturally, Trav had his side in all of this, too. He's a handsome fellow—tall,



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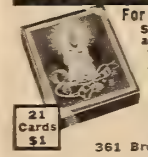
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dark and laughing. For a brief time, he wanted to be an actor. However, he changed his mind and went into the construction business, and to his great credit has made a wonderful success in the business world.

"That's one of the things I find so stimulating about Trav," Jane said, "that executive ability. But when I stopped to think about what marriage would mean to us, I began wondering where we would live. Not here. I would certainly never subject a new marriage to the pressure of living against an old background. You know how that can ruin things."

Janie's face lighted up, suddenly. "One of the best things I can say for Trav," she explained, "is the way my Michael likes him. Michael's all man, and very much my protector. In the past I've had a couple of escorts he didn't like. He behaved beautifully at all times, was very much the little gentleman, but simply too dignified. I knew Trav was 'in' the day Michael brought down one of his toys to him and asked, 'Do you know how to make one of these things work?' Trav was able to repair it instantly."

I think Jane would give up anything or anybody who'd seem to shadow Maureen's or Michael's happiness. The two of them attend a very fashionable school, about 40 miles out of Hollywood, and are home every week-end. Lots of other movie children go there—Joan Crawford's Christina and Christopher, for example—and Jane alternates with other mothers in going down to pick up their various broods. But Jane gives up every Friday to Monday, whether or not she is acting as school chauffeur, to her son and daughter.

Add up all of these factors and you see, as Jane does, "the special pressures."

Add them all together, and you can see how it was possible for her to go to dinner and dance all evening, and then, homeward bound, tell Trav that she felt it wiser to break their engagement.

And really it is wise as everyone knows to want your mind to be as completely in love as your heart seems to be. And really it is wise, particularly in Hollywood, to wait.

Except that even though Trav said, "You're nuts, darling," they still see one another every night and call one another every day. And she's thinking about his future and he's thinking about hers.

And do you think any two people, who aren't wildly in love, act that way? **END**

(Jane Wyman can soon be seen in Warner's The Story of Will Rogers.—Ed.)

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hollywood's most passionate loves (liz taylor)

(Continued from page 34) that is worth a small fortune. This fact brings up another salient point.

Elizabeth has always been looked upon in Hollywood as a sensationally beautiful ignoramus. This isn't so. Even Mike was surprised to discover the depth of her knowledge of art. Most people have overlooked the fact that Elizabeth, close as she has been to her father, has absorbed a vast knowledge about paintings. Her father once had the Hatfield-Taylor Art Gallery at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Unlike many another actress, Elizabeth never paraded her intelligence, but to prove the fineness of her taste, she gave Mike six in a series of Augustus John drawings for Christmas, and he gave her a Huldah painting of a young girl. (Huldah, by the way, did a portrait of Elizabeth for her parents).

When I last talked with Elizabeth, she told me the hitherto untold story of the struggle she and Mike had to find a house in Hollywood. Long before the trip to London, Elizabeth and Mike took long rides around Bel-Air, the beach and Beverly Hills, searching for the type of home they wanted to settle down in. At long last, in the Riviera district, not far from the old Will Rogers ranch, they found what they wanted—an extremely modern home with a view, which could be seen from practically any direction through huge glass windows.

Then, a few days after the marriage, Elizabeth called her mother, gave her the address and asked her to start negotiations. Cleverly, she told her mother not to divulge the name of the purchaser, and the deal had almost gone through when the prospective seller noted the name of the party on Elizabeth's check. Something went wrong then, and by the time the minor detail was straightened out, the price had jumped by $15,000.

But there was another house, almost equally attractive. It had a swimming pool, which is almost a necessity for both Elizabeth and Mike who are expert swimmers. At press-time, it was a toss-up between the two places. And here again, another lie about Elizabeth can be destroyed once and for all.

Mrs. Wilding has been pictured as an extravagant girl who has no sense about money. If this were so, how does it happen that even though her studio was prepared to advance her the down payment against her salary, she refused to complete the deal because it was too much money. Unlike some of her friends who have gone into hock for show palace homes, Elizabeth has insisted that her marriage be solvent from the beginning.

Girls with the dollar complex, of which Elizabeth has also been accused, are notoriously selfish and neurotic. On one occasion, Elizabeth said to me, "You know, it is a fact that Michael once seriously considered giving up pictures entirely to go back to painting, and he may do just that one day. When he does, I'll retire with him, you may be sure of that."

And, on the same subject, let me assure you that I have never heard Elizabeth complain about how much money was taken out of her check for taxes, which is a familiar theme with many an actress.

I recall that not too long ago, Elizabeth was publicly spanked in the press for dancing cheek to cheek in a Hollywood night club with Stanley Donen, but she won't be doing that with Mike. The fact of the matter is that Elizabeth, like a lot of other Hollywood stars, went night-clubbing because she was unhappy. Most people who go to night clubs do so because they are not happy at home. In London, Liz and Mike are seldom seen in the gay places.

Her routine is sleeping late in the morning, reaching the studio in time for lunch and spending the whole afternoon on the set. They rarely go out, except to the homes of intimate friends. They have been horseback riding at least two days during their weekends in the country, staying with friends. If, in a way, Liz was a doormat for her first husband's desire to show her off, she certainly isn't for Mike. She has a new maturity now, though she won't be 21 until next February.

It is odd that the moment you apply a microscope to the simple facts of Elizabeth's new life, you discover another old lie that deserves to be denied. During her first courtship and marriage, she learned to smoke, and she smoked too much, nervously. Today, she likes an occasional cigarette for enjoyment, not to prove that she is sophisticated.

ELIZABETH has always loved dogs, and she and Mike have been spending many hours romping with a mongrel wire-haired dachshund which he brought home, unexpectedly, as a present for her. This is the first pet that Elizabeth has had since her return from her first turbulent honeymoon when she learned the news that her dog had died of convulsions at the vet's.

Remember how fashion designers nearly reached a knock down drag out stage in creating a voluminous wardrobe for Elizabeth for her first honeymoon? At that time, she was extremely clothes conscious, but that's all changed now. Mike, who frequently shows up in one of those sport shirts, with no buttons at all, has brought a casual attitude into her feeling about fashions. Today she ignores mink capes for an omnipresent polo coat until one bystander at a cocktail party was heard to comment, "Good Heavens, doesn't that girl *ever* dress?" Perhaps that's where some of the stories started that she and Mike weren't too well off, financially.

I am afraid that the interest in our Elizabeth is so great that she and Mike will constantly be followed by the hounds of falsehood. As, for instance, the story about Liz' paying for the honeymoon. She did. But I learned that the rest of the story is that Mike could only take $70 out of England, and he insisted on spending every last cent of it on a big dinner in Paris, their honeymoon night. Naturally he had to draw on Elizabeth's dollars.

Elizabeth feels very strongly that it's idiotic to question anyone about whose money pays for what. On her new contract she earns $4,000 a week for five years without options. Mike earns perhaps half that amount here, but he has continuing properties in London; in fact, he has a percentage of the pictures he does with Herbert Wilcox, and it is entirely possible that in a year or so his total earnings could be more than Elizabeth's straight salary arrangement.

The contrast between Elizabeth's first marriage and her second will be forever inevitable so long as she is a star, but there is no genuine comparison. The child-bride marriage is almost completely forgotten in her life, now. Whereas Elizabeth lost many pounds of weight due to worry and sadness when she was Mrs. Nicky Hilton, she gains weight with ease now that she is Mrs. Michael Wilding—and this set off another widely circulated rumor concerning expected motherhood.

Recently, Elizabeth laughing heartily, said to her mother, "Look, Mother, I have a double chin," to which Mrs. Taylor replied, "I don't care if you have three double chins—just stay as happy as you are."

And what are the chances of this?

The girl who once said, "I thought I was grown up enough to handle marriage—but I wasn't. I found out two weeks after the wedding that I'd made a mistake—but it was a beautiful wedding, wasn't it?" now says, "I want to know my husband and like him as well as love him!"

Personally, I think that this marriage, full of youth, excitement and—yes, let's use the word—passion—is a wonderful continuing story of perfect romance, so long as Liz and Mike can keep it from following Hollywood tradition. And my personal wager is that they will!

P.S. About those baby rumors. They're planning a family—but not for another year. Although, nature has a way of ignoring brides and grooms and budgets. **END**

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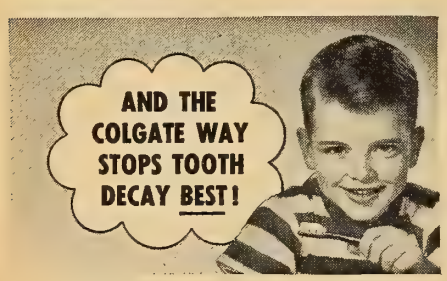
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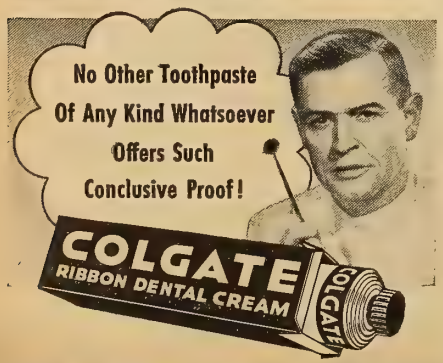
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Q. Why does MGM keep suspending Ava Gardner and taking her off salary?
—B. Y., Smithfield, N. C.

A. *Because Ava refuses to work in pictures offered her.*

Q. Is it true that Ingrid Bergman plans to return to the U. S. later this year?
—S. R., Biloxi, Miss.

A. *She hopes to make it around Christmas time.*

Q. Every time I pick up a movie magazine I read that June Allyson's real name is something else. Once and for all, when June was born what name did her parents give her?
—D. R., Denver, Colo.

A. *Ella Geisman.*

Q. I understand that Kirk Douglas is the other man in the Lana Turner-Fernando Lamas love affair. Is this true or a publicity stunt?
—Y. T., Bath, Me.

A. *Publicity stunt.*

Q. Isn't it true that Dale Robertson now regrets his hasty marriage and wishes to be single again?
S. E., Reno, Nev.

A. *No.*

Q. Now that he's shed his fourth wife, with whom is Clark Gable going these days? —I. F., Little Rock, Ark.

A. *Natalie Thompson, ex-wife of actor Robert Hutton.*

Q. The Mona Freeman-Pat Nerney marriage has been played up for years as one of Hollywood's happiest. Was it ever really happy, and what broke it up?

A. *The marriage has been foundering for years because Mona has been more successful than her husband.*

Q. Wasn't Gene Kelly a lawyer before he became a dancer?
—T. O., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. *He studied law at the University of Pittsburgh as an undergraduate, but never entered law school.*

Q. Why does Mario Lanza remain in Hollywood if he isn't particularly happy making movies?
—K. G., Phila., Pa.

A. *He has a contract.*

Q. Will you please settle an argument by publishing the name Kirk Douglas went by when he and his family lived on Eagle Street in Amsterdam, N. Y.?
—B. Y., Ellenville, N. Y.

A. *Izzy Dempsky.*

Q. Why won't Jane Wyman permit photos of her children to be taken for publication? —S. R., Ball, Minn.

A. *In this matter she has always deferred to the judgment of her ex-husband, Ronald Reagan.*

Q. Why did Jeanne Crain have to reduce so drastically after her fourth child? How much weight did she gain?
—D. U., Columbus, Ohio

A. *Approximately 30 lbs.*

Q. How come Alan Ladd and Joan Crawford answer letters from their fans, and some movie stars don't?
—R. E., Gainesville, Fla.

A. *All movie stars try to. Ladd and Crawford happen to have very efficient secretaries.*

Q. Isn't Bing Crosby retiring from the movies to concentrate on television? Doesn't Bing own two TV stations?
R. Q., Wilmington, Del.

A. *Crosby isn't retiring from movies. He has filed applications with the Federal Communications Commission to own and operate two stations. Permission has not as yet been granted.*

Q. Hasn't Ricardo Montalban been married more than once?
—N. S., San Diego, Cal.

A. *One civil ceremony, one church ceremony, with the same girl, Georgianna.*

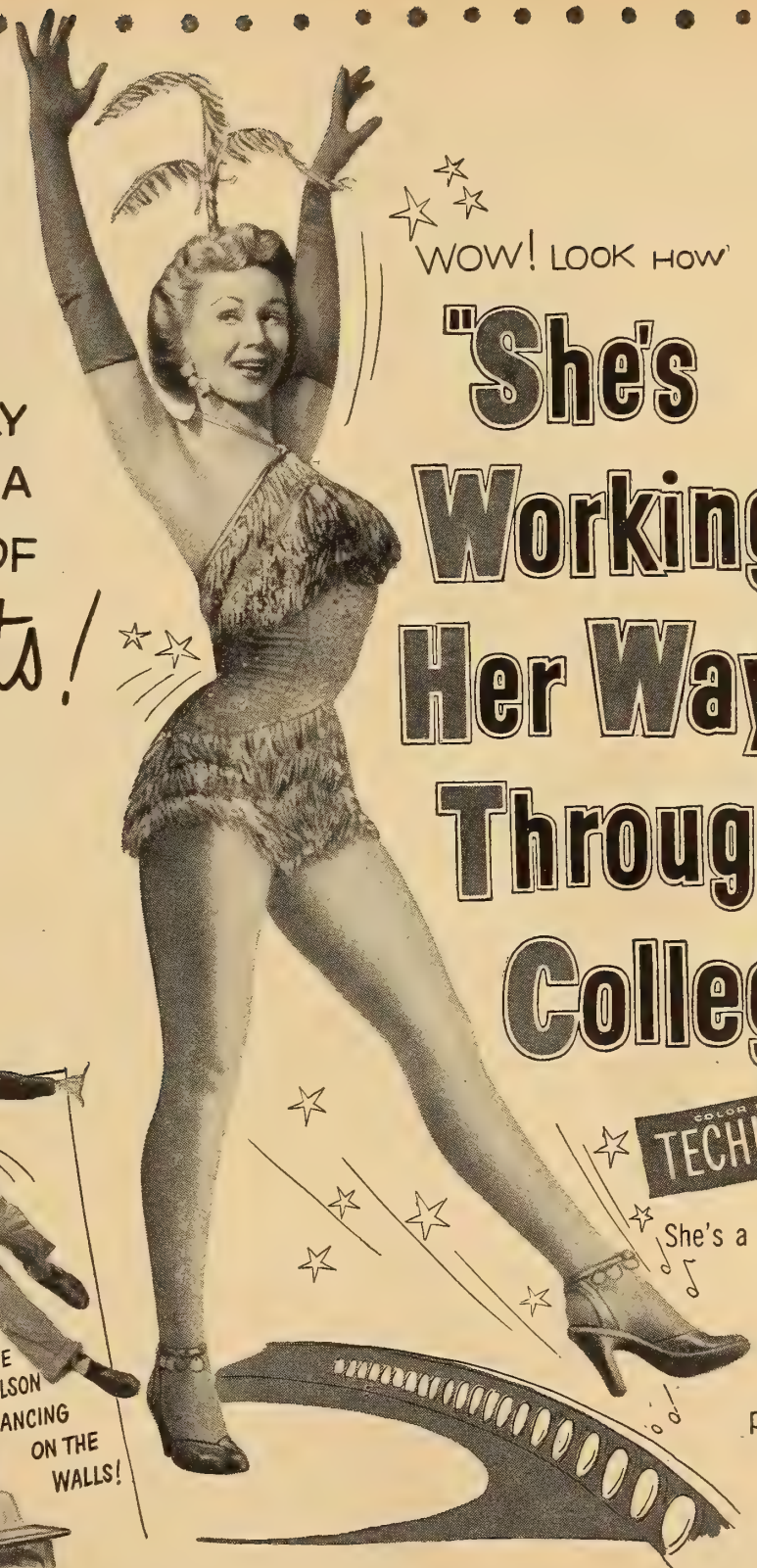




THIS IS A STORY WITH A LOT OF *Twists!*

WOW! LOOK HOW'

"She's Working Her Way Through College"



COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

She's a burlesque cutie who zips out of the runway and into college—then puts some brand new shakes in Shakespeare!



THE CHEERLEADER OF MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FROM WARNER BROS!

STARRING **VIRGINIA MAYO** ☆ **RONALD REAGAN** ☆ **GENE NELSON**

DON DeFORE PHYLLIS THAXTER PATRICE WYMORE

DIRECTED BY BRUCE HUMBERSTONE

SCREEN PLAY BY PETER MILNE
PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS

Musical Numbers Staged & Directed by LeRoy Prinz • Musical Direction Ray Heindorf

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



The Bennys throw the party of the season . . . Everyone's talking about the Tony Curtis-Piper Laurie feud . . . Will sisters Joan and Olivia make up? . . . Farley's playing it cozy in Europe.

MODERN SCREEN PAID A VISIT TO LIZ



Liz' dachshund is a lucky puppy (see page 52).



Dancing to waltz music is a favorite pastime.

THE PARTY of the Season was a dinner dance Mary and Jack Benny gave honoring Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz. All our glamour girls were out in full regalia looking like pictures.

Jane Wyman's lavender tulle with violets was one of the conversation pieces. So was Rosalind Russell's very long white dress with full skirt. I notice long dresses are coming back. Linda Christian's long white gown was much admired, too.

June Allyson seemed to be having more fun than anyone else there. She danced and danced, and when Dick Powell got up and played with the orchestra you could hear her laugh above everyone.

The dancing was rapid, gay and in the samba mood. To see dignified Dore Schary really cut a rug with Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, Mrs. Schary and others of our beauties, was something.

Ginger Rogers was with Greg Bautzer, and, as this goes to press, she's mad about the popular lawyer.

I danced with Gordon MacRae, who was there with his pretty Sheila. What a nice boy that MacRae is. He's one of my favorites among the actors of our town.

To mention all the beauties would take this whole section of MODERN SCREEN. But I must say that Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Irene Dunne, the hostess herself, Mrs. Goetz and Deborah Kerr all had gowns that were outstanding. I had a new dress myself—and I liked it.

The bobby-soxers have taken the new Mrs. Johnny "Cry" Ray to their hearts and well they might. She is sweet little Marilyn Morrison, daughter of Charlie "Mocambo" Morrison, and she's a very nice girl.

All this excitement of being the wife of the teenagers' craze is something new for Marilyn, but she's taking it in stride.

Both kids were on the phone with me right after the ceremony, because I was the one who said they would marry when other columnists denied it. Hope I can always be as right as I was with that one.

The long smouldering fight between Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie came right out in the open when Tony had a battle with his studio and was put on suspension.

There have been rumors of a feud for a long time between Tony and the flower-eating gal, but no one thought much about it until Tony said out loud in print that he'd never again make a picture with Piper.

I happen to know that the reason for Tony's stand is that he believes Piper said something that is a slight against his bride, Janet Leigh. Piper says she didn't mean it that way.

THE whole town was surprised when Tony lost his temper and said he wouldn't sign with Universal-International again.

In addition to the Laurie debacle, he is very bitter that U-I took him off salary because he went with Janet on location for her picture. He says he just wanted to spend his birthday and their anniversary with his bride.

The studio retaliated by saying they had made many concessions to the young lovers in the past—in particular a telephone bill for

AND MIKE WILDING TO BRING YOU THESE INFORMAL PICTURES OF THEM "AT HOME" IN THEIR LONDON APARTMENT.



Liz and Mike usually dine at home, sometimes invite close friends.



The Wildings both love good music, own a large record collection.



Her quiet new homelife agrees with Liz, who looks prettier than ever.



Mike, who likes to paint, is working on an oil portrait of Liz.

over $1000 Tony ran up calling Janet while he was on a personal appearance tour.

Now that she is so well—I can tell you that Shirley Temple nearly died following the birth of her son. Complications set in after birth and Shirley was unable to leave Bethesda Naval Hospital for two months.

Dr. William Bradbury, the Los Angeles surgeon who delivered little Linda Sue, was summoned east for consultation over Shirley's condition. Although Linda Sue's birth was natural, it was decided to have a Caesarian section performed for the birth of her second child.

I talked with Dr. Bradbury soon after he returned to the Coast. He had nothing but praise for Shirley's courage and the tenderness and consideration of her husband, Lt. Charles Black.

Of course, when Shirley's condition was so serious, her mother, Mrs. Temple, rushed East to her daughter's bedside.

Now what do you do in a case like this? I heard that Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker had reconciled and were on a "second honeymoon" in Laguna.

I called them there and got Arlene on the telephone.

"Now, Louella," said she, "don't say we are reconciled. It's true Lex is here with me. But there are still many problems we have to iron out."

She admitted, however, they were "having a lovely time."

What I want to know is—when is a second honeymoon *not* a second honeymoon?

Charlie O'Curran takes no sass from his movie star bride, Betty Hutton, which is the best way I know to keep her interested.

Recently, Betty corrected the way Charlie pronounced the name of Renoir, the French painter. "It's Ren-woir, not Ren-ore," said Betty to her bridegroom, but not unkindly.

"Okay, okay," said Irish O'Curran, "and remember this, baby. Stop calling me a dance director. I'm a choreographer. And until you can spell it, I'm still going to call him Ren-ore!" And that put Betty in her place.

Will Olivia De Havilland's separation from Marcus Goodrich have any bearing on her long strained relationship with her sister, Joan Fontaine?

Many people ask me that question, and my answer is—I think so, definitely.

Joan once told me that she was sure she and Livvie could get together except for the influence of Goodrich.

His (and Olivia's) intense dislike of Joan dates back to the time they announced their engagement and Joan is supposed to have made the wisecrack that Goodrich was an old beau of hers.

She didn't actually say that. What she said was that she knew him and had met him socially—or some such thing.

But Marcus never forgot—and when he takes hold of a grudge he is not a boy to let go. Of course, Livvie was hurt, too, by the manner in which her sister's remark was quoted to her. Joan once told me, "I love my

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not an oily cream —Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



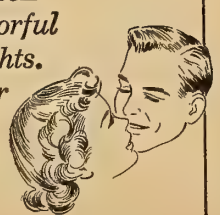
Wonderfully mild and gentle —does not dry or irritate!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.





Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Kirk Douglas took Marlene Dietrich to the Polo Matches, though his name has been linked with Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner lately.

sister—and sometime, someway, when she is not under the influence of someone unfriendly to me, I believe we will regain the understanding we once had. That will be one of the happiest days of my life. And it can't come too soon for me."

Joan is in Europe making a picture and she won't be back in this country for several months. When she does come back—well, we shall see what we shall see about these famous feuding sisters.

Zounds and Wowie! Am I getting mail from our service men protesting the Joan Evans interview (not with me) in which she talks on Parent-Child relationship. Joan scoffed at the "old-fashioned" idea of children calling their parents "Mom" and "Dad" and advocated substituting their first names.

A letter signed by "Two Soldiers in Korea" lambasts: "It's too bad these modern brats can't be over here for awhile—and then they would come to know what those wonderful words, Mom and Dad, really mean! Never in our hearts do we think of them as Elizabeth and George or Ann and Frank because we want to remember them with respect and affection as parents, and not as contemporaries.

"I'd like to get inside Joan Evans' mind and find out what makes her tick. She gives out the damnedest interviews about the damnedest bunch of modern nonsense we've ever read. Frankly, we are sorry for her. To grow up without sentiment and old-fashioned things like that is to miss some wonderful emotions in life."

Poor Joan—she does seem to get her foot in her mouth everytime she gives out one of those "modern youth" stories of hers.

FRANK SINATRA was telling us about his and Ava's harrowing flight home from Honolulu when one of the motors on the four-engine plane conked out exactly half-way over the Pacific. Too far out to turn back, the pilot decided to continue with the "injured" ship.

"We were told not to worry," laughed Frankie, "and rehearsed putting on our life-belts and on how to get out of the emergency exits if we were forced down.

"Then, over the loud speaker we were cheerfully told that a United States Army plane was following us—*just in case anything*

Did "Carrie" do wrong...or only what every woman dreams of doing!

She couldn't help using men...even when she didn't want to!

Paramount Presents

LAURENCE JENNIFER

Olivier and Jones



in

WILLIAM WYLER'S

production of the novel so daring it once shocked the nation!

Carrie



with

MIRIAM HOPKINS · EDDIE ALBERT

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

Screenplay by RUTH and AUGUSTUS GOETZ

From the American Classic,

SISTER CARRIE, by THEODORE DREISER

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news







Tony Curtis sits for his portrait at the Cocoanut Grove—but it's not long before Jerry Lewis arrives to turn the tables on the artist.

happened. I looked at Ava and she said, "Well, it's nice to know a plane will be flying over us. They can look over and say, 'There they are—let's take some candid camera shots!' "

It may be funny to look back on—but it isn't anything the Sinatras want to go through again any time soon.

It's a riot to visit on *The Road To Bali* set while Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour are working. The boys call lovely, glamorous Dottie "the old lady." The old lady has her hands full not being thrown for a loop by the way Bob and Bing ad lib dialogue. Usually, she manages to keep a straight face.

But the other day, they broke her up completely.

There's a gag scene where a gun goes off and the bullet goes straight up in the air. An elephant drops down.

"What's *that?*" asks Bob, according to script.

"A Republican!" ad libbed Bing—and it got such a big laugh it's going to stay in the picture.

The whole town's talking about Linda Christian's statue in the all-together which she presented to Ty Power for his birthday and had installed in the garden of their home.

I must say we're certainly getting a good view of many of our belles what with Marilyn Monroe's nude photo on a calendar and Julia Adams nearly-nude photographs which she posed so a statue could be sculpted of her. Her husband gave his permission.

WHY is Farley Granger playing the recluse in Europe? They're calling him the male Greta Garbo over there.

During the entire crossing from New York to London he didn't come out of his stateroom except to parade the decks late at night after everyone had retired.

When the Queen Mary docked at Southampton, he turned up his coat collar and brushed past newspapermen with a surly, "Nothing to say."

What a difference from the trip he made last year with Shelley Winters when they didn't stick their noses outdoors without being photographed or giving out with the interviews.

Farley's attitude isn't adding to his popularity abroad and, frankly, I can't see the reason for it.

WHILE I'M wondering about the conduct of gentlemen, I might bring up Travis Kleefeld, fiance of Jane Wyman for a hot moment.

Since his breakup with Janie, the rich Mr. Kleefeld has been romancing about town with the estranged wife of his former best friend, Keenan Wynn.

Romancing is hardly the word for the 'necking" Travis and Beetsie do in public. They are becoming something to stare at around the nightclubs with their persistent smooching.

If they *have* to do this sort of thing—why not wait until Beetsie at least files her divorce suit against Keenan.

Nobody arrives in the MGM wardrobe department wearing the gosh-awful outfits Debbie Reynolds whips up. When the studio calls her for fittings, Debbie goes just "as is."

The other day she whipped in wearing pajamas, a topcoat and mukluks!

Another time, she wore her Girl Scout suit. And still another, nothing more than a bra and slip under an evening wrap!

"Who cares?" yips Debbie. "I'm not a glamor girl."

In my grandmother's day they would have called Debbie "a card."

The least temperamental of actresses, she recently surprised her co-workers by ordering the *I Love Nelda* set closed while she did a specialty number—locked and bolted yet!

Then she hung up a fifty-cents admission price on the door.

She sold more than 150 boxes of Girl Scout cookies to those who wanted to watch and raised a nice tidy little sum for her favorite organization.

"Sometimes," mused Missy Reynolds, "I believe I have a touch of Hetty Green in me."

I FIND I have a few thousand words more to say about Tony Curtis' new attitude toward his career.

I'm sure it is unconscious, but I think Tony's close friendship with Jerry Lewis has had a peculiar effect on him.

Jerry's success with Dean Martin has lifted him high into the big money bracket. He has a big home with servants, swimming pool, camera room and practically all the other big star trappings.

Tony doesn't envy Jerry all this. He is glad he has it. But, somehow I feel that he expects his own career to bound along and skyrocket as his pal's has.

Young Curtis is an entirely different type of actor and he hasn't the big field to operate in that Jerry does—nightclubs, theater appearances, TV, radio, and other fields of entertainment.

I realize Tony's salary at Universal-International is not big—perhaps not big enough in view of his popularity. But he must remember that most of our big stars have served their apprenticeships in lower salary brackets and that when the right time comes, they get on the gravy train.

Tony's and Janet's days of living in a small apartment and economizing so they can help their families won't last forever the way they are both going.

He should be patient and bide his time. Quarreling with a studio has never benefited a new star.

THE Letter Box: "Persimmons," Chicago, writes: "Are you mad at Rock Hudson. You never mention his name." You are wrong, Prissy. I have interviewed him for a Sunday newspaper story and I print all the news I hear about your favorite.

From London, Cassie Carter tells about Janet Leigh when Janet was there appearing at a charity affair sponsored by the Duke of Edinburgh. "Janet admitted she was very nervous before meeting the Duke because she has a very loud laugh. 'And then I found out that the Duke laughs louder than I'."

Doris Day—please, please, please answer your fan mail and requests for pictures from our boys in Korea. Corporals Joe Gottlieb and Jim Wynne are the latest to protest to me their disappointment over hearing nothing from you. You should not have to be begged to do this, Doris.

Vivien La Monte, Kansas City, asks: "Is Carleton Carpenter always jiving it up, singing and playing drums in nightclubs?" No—I wouldn't say so. Carleton has his serious side. For instance, he plays an excellent game of bridge.

That's all this month. See you next month.



Yes, your hair can shine like silk, feel soft as silk, gleam and shimmer like silk.

It's so easy to have excitingly lovely, lively hair . . .

Just shampoo it with today's gentle Drene!

(Sh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.)



GET DRENE TODAY!

DRENE SHAMPOO

silkens your hair...as it cleanses!

PERSPIRATION
Effectively
Checked!
DAY-LONG PROTECTION FOR YOU



WITH
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Perfect
DEODORANT CREAM
new improved FORMULA

- Quick two-way action . . . effectively banishes underarm odor and safely checks perspiration.
- Gives day-long protection.
- Will not stain or harm delicate dress fabrics.
- Has quick-vanishing base.
- Disappears in seconds.
- Non-irritating to normal skins.
- Will not dry out in jar.
- Daily use insures personal freshness.

Small size: 50¢
Jumbo size: $1.00

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
House of Highest quality creams since 1890

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly



famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

At the cry of "Fire!" all the stars dining in Warners' Green Room commissary were electrified into action. Seconds later every one of them was racing toward the expanding chaos. Among those holding their skirts high, running to do anything they could to stop the $1,500,000 blaze, were Kathryn Grayson, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day and Phyllis Thaxter. Also working feverishly, passing fire-fighting equipment from hand to hand, were Gordon MacRae, Burt Lancaster, Steve Cochran, David Brian and Lon Chaney, Jr. And, at the end of the struggle, they stood and stared at the gaunt skeleton of once glamorous sets . . . Barbara Stanwyck's son, Tony, donned the khaki of Uncle Sam at Fort Ord . . . Hollywood can't figure which Debbie Bob Wagner is most interested in: Reynolds or Paget . . . Ann Blyth is all smiles because the Army has returned Richard Long to Hollywood . . . Marilyn Monroe's only after-effect from her operation is a bent ear. The guy who was bending it was baseball's Joe DiMaggio—twice a day, and by long distance!



Paget

Shelley Winters gave her age as 25 when she and Vittorio Gassman were wed in Juarez, Mexico. Huh? . . . There was a buzz around town that a "deal" had been made with the District Attorney and that Walter Wanger would get out of his jail sentence for shooting Jennings Lang. The D. A. indignantly denied it. Wanger will serve the term . . . Meanwhile, Lang made his first public appearance since the shooting on the Racquet Club tennis court in Palm Springs, a few days after Wanger was sentenced . . . And her closest friends say that Wanger and Joan Bennett will never reconcile, although the Rev. John Smith of All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills has done everything possible to bring these two together again . . .



Winters



Hunter & Rush

Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush finally got away to San Francisco for their honeymoon, after 18 months of marriage . . . I'm waiting for Bing Crosby to frame his birthday gift from Bob Hope. It's that nude calendar picture of Marilyn Monroe, with Bing's head superimposed . . . Bing dropped the keys and newspaper he was carrying when 100 couples greeted him in the living room of his Holmby Hills home singing "Happy Birthday To You" . . . Next time a star tells me he's too busy to make a charity appearance because he's busy making a picture, remind me to remind him of Jane Powell, Joan Evans and Vera-Ellen. All were working before the cameras every day but all entertained for the Mother Cabrini benefit one Saturday, then put in all day Sunday at the Santa Monica Auxiliary hospital benefit.



Dahl & Barker

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker separated shortly after a friend sent Lex a shrunken head from Lima, Peru, and Arlene ordered him to get rid of it—although I'm not trying to say that's WHY! Actually, these two will reconcile when she devotes less time to being an actress and writing a beauty column and more to being a housewife—if they haven't already reunited when you read this . . . Remember the fuss when Esther Williams won the Sour Apple Award? Hollywood Women's Press Club is seriously thinking of calling

Now! A choice of 3 permanents for all different types of hair

NEW TONI TRIO
custom-made for you!



Regular Toni

FOR NORMAL HAIR

Perfect for most women—including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. Now better than ever, Regular Toni gives you the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.

Super Toni

FOR HARD TO WAVE HAIR

If other permanents didn't take or didn't last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.

Very Gentle Toni

FOR EASY TO WAVE HAIR

If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It's custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.

Now . . . do what the finest beauty shops do

—choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio — *Regular* Toni, *Super* Toni, *Very Gentle* Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills **$1.50**

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NEW PERMANENT FOR CHILDREN



At last a permanent that takes on every little girl's hair! Tonette—the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters' hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.

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LET'S SPEAK FRANKLY

about these 'EXTRA' advantages for

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



Greaseless Suppository assures continuous action for hours!

Zonitors are being most enthusiastically used by up-to-date women. Zonitors offer a daintier, easier, *powerfully effective* yet *absolutely harmless* method for intimate feminine cleanliness (so important to married happiness, health and to guard against offensive odors).

One of the *many* advantages of Zonitors is they're *greaseless*, stainless vaginal suppositories.

They are *not* the type which quickly melt away. When inserted, Zonitors release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as famous ZONITE liquid. And they *continue* to do so *for hours!* Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.



Zonitors *completely* deodorize and help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can *be sure* Zonitors *immediately* kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' *extra protection* and *convenience* at small cost!

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways

- Individually foil-wrapped, or
- In separate glass vials

Zonitors

(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMR-82, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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hollywood report continued

off the annual award headache. I guess there aren't that many uncooperative stars in town . . . Lana Turner screamed to me when the columnists started linking her romantically with Kirk Douglas. It looks like she and Fernando Lamas will wed in Mexico as soon as they get their respective divorces—although for a while there it looked as though Lana's lawyers wouldn't be able to locate Bob Topping to serve the divorce papers.



Turner

Liz Taylor went back on salary, after almost an entire honeymoon without a paycheck, when she returned to MGM to star in *The Girl Who Had Everything.* She asked the studio to change the title, claiming, "It's misleading—I *don't* have everything!" . . . Bet you'll agree with me that "Zing Me A Little Zong" is hit parade material after you hear Jane Wyman and Bing Crosby sing it in *Just For You* . . . None of their pals holds out any hope for Zsa Zsa Gabor and George Sanders to reconcile. Even though Zsa Zsa says, "This was never a marriage—it was a love affair!" . . . And the Gary and Rocky Coopers were just as rocky as ever at press time. Gary lunched with her at her home one Sunday recently, took her to the polo matches that afternoon, and then dined with her at home again that night. Next night she was out with one of the polo players!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Jane Russell's business manager allows her only $100 a month pocket money . . . RCA-Victor's recording deal with Mario Lanza guarantees him $150,000 a year for life. His Red Seal royalties last year alone exceeded $500,000 . . . Vittorio Gassman's weekly paycheck from MGM is $1,250—just $250 short of spouse Shelley Winters' $1,500 a week from U-I . . . Howard Hughes rewarded Ann Blyth for taking over the role that Claudette Colbert bowed out of in *The Korean Story* with a free trip to Honolulu . . . Paramount paid Jean Arthur $150,000 to settle her contract. It called for $1,000 a week for ten years and it had six more years to go.



Lanza

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

They say Charlie Morrison, who operates the Mocambo, threatened various members of the press with mayhem when they printed that his daughter Marilyn would marry Johnnie "Prince of Wails" Ray. He kept denying they'd wed up until Marilyn and Johnnie said "I do" . . . You've got troubles? When last heard from, MGM's June Allyson was insisting on retiring, Ava Gardner was demanding that she be allowed to spend more time with her "Old Man" between pictures, Jane Powell wasn't able to make pictures because she was having a baby, and Janet Leigh was rebelling against making too many pictures . . . And Tony Curtis was insisting that U-I, the studio that made him a star, let him out of his contract.

The Gable divorce was one of the fastest on record. Lady Sylvia untied the knot in court here in exactly 12 minutes . . . This was exactly the same day, same court, that a girl named Jill Winkler Henry won her divorce from John Henry. For the record, Jill is the widow of Otto Winkler, the press agent who died in the plane crash that killed Carole Lombard! . . . Meanwhile, Josephine Dillon, Gable's first wife, pressed by a reporter for a statement, said: "I never asked Clark for alimony and didn't want any. Right now I'm happy sitting under my tree in North Hollywood and giving drama lessons in my barn" . . . Despite all the fights with Gloria Grahame and Jack Palance on the set while the picture was shooting, Joan Crawford tells me that *Sudden Fear* is far and away her best picture since *Mildred Pierce.* Joan could use a good picture just about now . . . Somebody noticed that one of the lady guests attending a Los Angeles Press Club party was wearing slacks and asked that she be ejected. But nothing came of it, because they found out it was the guest of honor—Jane Russell!



Russell

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Those close to Rita Hayworth will tell you that she will never love anyone as much as Aly Khan. At any rate no one has been found who has ever heard her say a word against him . . . Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger rented a 30-foot sailboat for July and August, and I sure hope it's smooth sailing! . . . Shirley Temple, who was laid up in a Washington, D. C., hospital for a while with virus and anemia, told chums she can't wait for hubby Charles Black's tenure with the Armed Forces to be over so that they can return to California. Can't blame her, if Washington's as hot this summer as ever . . . Marlon Brando finally found a permanent home for his pet raccoon. It's now languishing at his parents' place in Libertyville, Ill.

Don Loper decorated the three Beverly Hills Hotel bungalows reserved for Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and entourage of 40 with oranges (for the House of Orange) and white tulips . . . At MGM's reception for Her Majesty, Leslie Caron was the only one who curtsied. The rest shook hands with the Queen . . . The door chimes in Ezio Pinza's Connecticut home now ring out "Some Enchanted Evening" . . . Don DeFore has a plaque over his fireplace that reads: "God Bless Our Mortgaged Home" . . . Mario Lanza's nomination for the world's meanest thief is the so-and-so who sneaked into the new house Mario bought for his parents and removed all the electrical appliances—including refrigerator, deep-freeze, automatic washing machine,



Caron



Invisible

Playtex® Pink-Ice

gives you a look-twice figure



You'll never know how slim you can look, how free you can feel, how blissfully comfortable you can be in the fun-loving clothes of summer until Playtex Pink-Ice becomes part of your life.

For nothing in the world sleeks you so beautifully, gives you such freedom and ease as this slender sheath of smooth latex. There's not a seam, stitch or bone—and Playtex Pink-Ice is completely invisible, even under your slimmest swim suit.

So convenient, too, it washes in seconds, dries with a towel, ready to wear again *immediately*, under all your clothes!

See Playtex Pink-Ice at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Panty brief—$3.95. Panty with garters—$4.50. Garter Girdle—$4.50. Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50. Slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

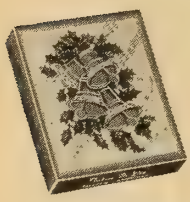
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hollywood report continued

TV set and custom radio-phonograph—which he had had delivered there as a Mother's Day surprise. Neighbors reported seeing someone with a truck hauling things from the house but said they assumed it was okay. The radio-phonograph was equipped with a tape recorder so that Mario's mother could record and save his Friday night airshows.

FUNNIES:

Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry (if your name's Johnnie Ray!) and you sell 2,000,000 records! . . . It strikes Steve Cochran strange that a guy will propose to a doll under a light he wouldn't think of choosing a suit by . . . Blackbirds building their nest high on the *Stars And Stripes Forever* set have been attacking Clifton Webb's beard. Clifton says they think he's from the *Something For The Birds* set . . . And over at Warners, the pigeons who nest in the ivy have been upsetting Ray Bolger, who says, "We'll either have to get rid of them or have them tuned" . . . School kids in Beverly Hills are now singing a song that goes like this: "Heigh ho, Silverware, Tonto lost his underwear! Tonto say, 'Me don't care—Wild Bill Hickok buy me 'nother pair!" . . . A snobbish young contract actress charged into the mail room at MGM and screamed, "Where's my fan mail?" The mail clerk squelched her with: "Two postcards came POURING in for you this week!"



Cochran

ODDS BODKINS:

Fantastic, all the fabulous picture deals that have been offered Alan Ladd since he left Paramount, even though he has appeared in nothing but mediocre pictures for years. Imagine what would happen if he came up with a real HIT picture! Could be *Shane,* incidentally . . . MGM plans sending Vic Damone on a two-month cross-country theatre tour the moment he steps out of khaki . . . *Tribute To A Bad Man* will be Hollywood's most candid look at Hollywood to date. In it, Lana Turner plays a temperamental film star. Kirk Douglas a producer, Dick Powell a writer, Barry Sullivan a director and Walter Pidgeon a studio boss . . . Loretta Agar is modeling for John's ma in the senior Mrs. Agar's Beverly Hills dress shop.



Sinatra

Lois Andrews, who used to date Michael North, went to Las Vegas to stand up at the wedding of Lee Levine and Michael North, who used to be married to Mary Beth Hughes, who is now married to Lois's ex-husband, David Street. Whew! . . . Janet got her hair cut shorter than Tony's! . . . Nancy Sinatra is taking singing lessons and everybody's wondering if she's planning a career like Frankie's . . . Kathryn Grayson, who's on loanout from MGM, inherited Joan Crawford's old dressing room at Warners. Katie's making *The Desert Song* there . . .During his dull, dreary locationing stint with *The Pony Soldier* in Arizona, Ty Power sent to Hollywood for his old pictures and everybody sat around, lacking anything better to do, and looked at them every night.

SEX APPEAL:

Models were so pretty, the male judges weren't keeping their minds on their work at Modern Screen's fashion show at the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond estate in Bel-Air. It was the month's most pleasant turnout. June Taylor opened the show with a splashy swimming splurge and platebearers at the buffet spread included Ann Sheridan, Terry Moore, Ursula Thiess, Bob Stack, Jeff Hunter, Barbara Rush, Frank Lovejoy, Vera-Ellen, Keith Andes, Corinne Calvet, Vanessa Brown and Sally Forrest . . . Order went down from the front office at 20th that there must be no back-lighting for a scene in *My Wife's Best Friend* in which Anne Baxter wears a mere four-ounce silk negligee . . . Joyce MacKenzie reverted to being a brunette after she finished *Night Without Sleep*—"because as a blonde I just felt too darned sexy!"



Connolly & pals

Gordon Douglas, who's directing *The Iron Mistress,* told me, "Virginia Mayo plays a hot-blooded New Orleans gal who drives men mad in this picture, and that's why I won't let her wear a girdle" . . . Cashing in on Marilyn Monroe's nude calendar publicity, an enterprising moppet in Stone Canyon has been hawking views of Marilyn sunbathing in her private patio at the Hotel Bel-Air. His dad's gardens on a high knoll overlooking the hotel offer a bird's-eye view . . . Some New York television executives decreed that Arlene Dahl's decollete gowns were too LOW AND BE-HOLED to be viewed by the folks watching her show in their homes. That's why she wore those high-necked outfits you saw.

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Jeff Chandler is very unhappy because Ty Power got the role he wanted in U-I's *Mississippi Gambler.* Jeff is on straight salary at U-I. But Ty has a 50/50 deal—that is, Ty owns half the picture and the studio the other half. And all this despite the fact that Jeff's *Apache Pass,* which cost only $680,000 to shoot, is making as much money at the nation's boxoffices as U-I's other big money-maker this year, *Bend Of The River* . . . They've dubbed a femme columnist who loves nothing better than to write about the matrimonial difficulties of the stars Miss Friction Writer of 1952 . . . Dr. Lindstrom decided not to sell his house after his custody fight with Ingrid Bergman over their daughter, Pia. He'll be back in Hollywood with Pia after he finishes his present job in that Pennsylvania Veterans' Hospital.



Power

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THE PORTUGUESE: The fur pirate who was too tough to hang and too mean to drown.

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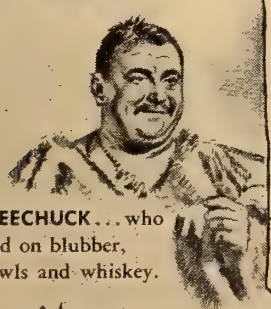
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THE DEACON: He ran the schooner with a Bible in one hand and a belaying pin in the other.



OGEECHUCK... who lived on blubber, brawls and whiskey.



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MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn



PAT AND MIKE

picture of the month

■ MGM took two veteran stars (Hepburn and Tracy) and added them liberally to a sparkling script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin. The result, like its predecessor, *Adam's Rib,* is a fine warm human comedy called *Pat And Mike.*

Katharine Hepburn (who never looked more enticing) is cast in a hand-tailored role as a high-class lady named Pat, who can golf, play tennis and do everything sportswise. Her stuffy educator fiancé (who resembles Willard Parker but is named William Ching) keeps repressing her. So, in an effort to be an independent success, she turns pro athlete.

Promoter-manager Tracy (as Mike) is a New York sharpie with an eye for a fast dollar and the maintenance of his reputation at Lindy's. He owns a race horse (Little Nell) and a big dumb prizefighter (Aldo Ray) and isn't loath to add a female gold mine to his collection.

His bad grammar and shady connections don't detract from the fact that under his loud pinstripe beats a heart of gold.

Katie's fiancé mixes things up by jinxing her every time he watches her play, and there's a small complication of three soft-spoken racketeers who think they own part of Miss Hepburn.

But if you can't guess the ending, then you're immune to this inspired casting of two unretouched grownup charmers who belong together like ham and eggs, Scotch and soda or . . . Pat and Mike.

There's an added fillip in the appearance of real-life athletes like Helen Dettweiler, Babe Didriksen Zaharias, and Gussie Moran plus panties.

But the big moments are when Hepburn gives her off-hand delivery of lines (like people really talk) and Tracy goes in for some tempered histrionics. Aldo Ray also scores brilliantly as a likable bruiser whose brains are in his fists.

NO ROOM FOR THE GROOM

No Room For The Groom will set many a comparatively aging moviegoer reminiscing about a couple of prewar screwball films: *You Can't Take It With You* and *Three-cornered Moon.* Those set off a cycle of farces about family life, but *No Room For The Groom* is not likely to do the same. The reason is a simple one: The people in the earlier movies were mostly attractive freaks, while in the current Tony Curtis-Piper Laurie picture they are, with the exception of the principals, practically monsters. Possibly by comparison Curtis and Miss Laurie seem more effective than ever—real young people caught in a kind of cinematic zoo. That's the sad part of the story—both of them can play that kind of part so effectively and seem to find the script and opportunity so seldom.

Cast: Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Don De Fore, Spring Byington.—Universal.

THE SAVAGE

It would be easier to discuss *The Savage* if the recent *Broken Arrow* hadn't happened to come along first. As it is, comparisons, necessary and obvious as they are, are not odious. Both concern the relations between white men and red men during approximately the same period in U.S. history. Both take a view that is still novel and has heretofore been pretty unpopular: that the wrong wasn't necessarily always on the Indians' side. Once this approach is accepted for what it is—an intelligently magnanimous re-examination of our past—there isn't too much to choose between the two pictures, for both offer lots of effective melodramatic excitement. What with ambushes, escapes, warwhoops and what-not, *The Savage* ranks as a better-than-average adventure tale.

Cast: Charlton Heston, Susan Morrow, Peter Hanson, Joan Taylor.—Paramount.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Certainly the story sometimes gets in the way of a good many attractive girls and pretty melodies, but MGM's current musical remake is as definitely *Lovely To Look At* as it is to listen to. Not quite so successful in integrating song with scene as some of the recent pictures that had original plots, it makes up for most of its shortcomings in sheer production effectiveness. Whenever the libretto fails, one of five charming people (Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Marge and Gower Champion, Ann Miller) is usually around to take up the slack with an act, a dance or a song. The plot is about a Broadway performer, Red Skelton, who inherits from his late aunt half a Paris salon of *haute couture* (otherwise a dressmaking establishment and, like the film's and stage's original, known as "Roberta"). Trying to sell it to raise money for a New York show, he arrives in Paris with his buddies, Keel and Gower Champion. It turns out the other "half" of the "Roberta" ownership is composed of sisters Grayson and Marge Champion and that this half is worth no more than the newcomers in terms of hard cash. So the group gets together to put on a real Broadway type production of a style show that will put "Roberta" back on its feet again. The show, of course, turns out to be more Hollywood than Broadway, but then so does the movie. Keel and Miss Grayson do an effective job with Jerome Kern's well-known melodies, and the Champions prove themselves a well-named dance team who will be around motion pictures a long time. Ann Miller is likable but mostly wasted, and the rest of the cast exist primarily to fill out the omnipresent plot. Most moviegoers will be somewhat bored by this story line now that Paris dressmaking is no longer the news it was, but the players do their best—and they're pretty successful—to make what is essentially old hat the new fashion.
Cast: Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Red Skelton, Marge and Gower Champion, Ann Miller.—MGM

THE WILD HEART

Jennifer Jones plays a child of nature in her latest vehicle, and if it is not one of her best films it is certainly one of her better performances. Based on Mary Webb's novel, *Gone To Earth*—a title, incidentally, that better describes the story of the fated, feyish heroine—the picture tells how a shy, half-gypsy country girl foretells and meets her doom on the rolling hills of Shropshire, an English county on the border of Wales. Hazel Woodus is the daughter of an aging coffin-maker who is usually half dazed by drink but who plays the harp like a sober angel. Left mostly to herself since her gypsy mother died and educated in only the most rudimentary fashion, beautiful young Hazel is a sweet but simple creature. Her "bible" is her mother's book of black magic, her friends the forlorn and lamed little animals she finds in traps made by man—foxes, rabbits, blackbirds. Hazel's enemy, in fact, is man, both individually and collectively. The theatrical landscapes that provide much of the picture's background, the storms both of nature and angry man, are thoroughly effective, particularly in full color, but the fact remains that Hazel never seems quite all there. Where simplicity is called for, the script has made her appear simply simple-minded. What should



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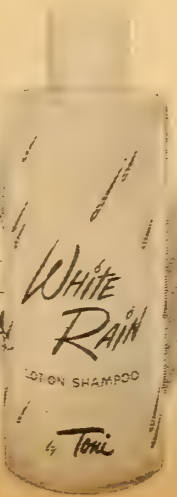


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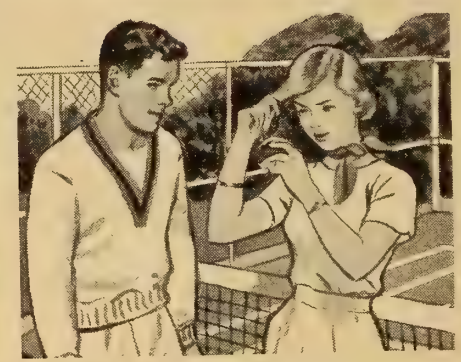
New term—new faces; and it's up to you femmes to start the shy guys social-whirling. Plan a Leap Year dance, with ample eats; each doll inviting a new classmate. And for a quiet riot—feature a cut-in, where the gals tag and lead! "Ice breaking" is a matter of forgetting about yourself. As you do (at certain times) with Kotex—knowing those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. And you get extra protection with that special *safety center!*



How should they settle the check?

☐ *One for all* ☐ *Pool the moola*

Spare the waiter needless waiting while you buttercups pool your loot! Let one settle for all. You can pay her in advance or when leaving. But when buying *sanitary protection*—there's no "one for all" absorbency of Kotex, because different gals have different needs. So try all 3; find the absorbency for *you*. And remember Kotex *holds its shape*, keeps you really comfortable.



If you're a problem blonde should you—

☐ *Brush up* ☐ *Brighten up*

Towhead, woehead!—when shadowy roots bedim the gold. Brushing helps; draws up excess oil. Also, tinted shampoos (wash-outable) brighten topknots—safely. You'll always be the fair-haired gal, if you watch your grooming; guard your daintiness. On problem days choose *Quest* deodorant powder, best for napkin use. Safe. *Positively destroys* odors.



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How to prepare for "certain" days?

☐ *Circle your calendar* ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe* ☐ *Buy a new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight sanitary belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. Buy *two—for a change!*

be a dark and moody drama like *Wuthering Heights* ends up only as a case history against Englishmen who kill foxes and, in this case, by mistake, Jennifer Jones.
Cast: Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, Cyril Cusack.—RKO.

SKIRTS AHOY!

The producers of *Skirts Ahoy!* have had the bright idea of making a musical about three enlisted members of the Navy who are also bosom buddies. If this sounds like *On The Town*, the producers must be pardoned, because they were the very same people who made that fine film, and this one is a twist on the original idea. The buddies here are babes—Waves, to be exact—and are played by Esther Williams, Vivian Blaine and Joan Evans, which is even more of an excuse. Each joins the Navy at the identical moment: society-girl Esther, because she can have anything she wants (in this case, a man) and never wants it when she gets it; country-girl Joan, because she can't get what she wants (her man jilts her at the altar), and salesgirl Vivian, because she simply yearns after a sailor. Unfortunately the film doesn't manage to maintain an amusing, spoofing quality. More often it alternates between moony, spooning romancing and a variety of specialty numbers, in the water and out (Billy Eckstine appears in an earthbound sequence), so that it sometimes seems to be a semi-serious musical comedy, sometimes just a hodge-podge of revue acts. The stars never take it too seriously, however, and neither should the audience unless they happen to be particularly fond of Esther Williams, in which case they're likely to love it.
Cast: Esther Williams, Joan Evans, Vivian Blaine, Barry Sullivan, Keefe Brasselle.—MGM

GLORY ALLEY

Glory Alley is the name the narrator of the film gives the street in New Orleans where the picture takes place. It is a section where almost anything can happen—a passageway to man-made heaven or hell. Grifters, quitters, grafters, gunmen frequent it, and so do heroes, it has so much that is bad and good to offer. The movie does, too. The narrator's technique is technically effective. It gives a certain realistic feeling to what is essentially a romantic view of a sleazy sector and story. And its falsely heroic attitude is bolstered by a fine, straightforward performance in the role of an introverted young prizefighter by a newcomer named Ralph Meeker. He plays a pug named "Socks," a nothing from up north who matches fists with the South's finest, wins and becomes a Delta favorite. Offering, as it does, Ralph Meeker and Leslie Caron, the personality and voice of Louis Armstrong and a pungent if somewhat involved story, *Glory Alley* provides an easy way to while away the time.
Cast: Ralph Meeker, Leslie Caron, Kurt Kasznar, Louis Armstrong.—MGM.

LYDIA BAILEY

The imposing, six-foot-five Negro figure of William Marshall, as King Dick, a Haitian patriot, towers both literally and figuratively over the rest of the cast of *Lydia Bailey* and helps set the picture's pace and mood. That is one reason why this is a completely different, often really fascinating adventure

film. The time is 1802, the scene the Haitian port of Cap Francois and the verdant jungle around it. Dale Robertson, as a Baltimore lawyer, arrives on a legal mission involving both the U. S. Government and Anne Francis, an American expatriate living on the island. He finds that Napoleon has sent a fleet, due momentarily, to fight the infant republic of Toussaint L'Ouverture and attempt to regain the territory for the French. Most of the whites have fled; Miss Francis is living in the jungle plantation of Charles Korvin, her fiancé and an agent of the emperor. With the help of King Dick, Robertson outwits Haitian renegades and reaches the young woman he is after, only to discover her unwilling to sign the papers he has brought along. There is a mounting sense of terror-to-come as Haitians perform blood-dances, and when King Dick kills a Negro turncoat officer who is aiding Korvin, Robertson helps his friend escape and finds himself haunted by love and hunted too. War and civil war now rage in earnest, with the forces of King Dick's leader, Toussaint, fighting a double battle: against the French renegade republicans under native cutthroats. The pictorial transitions from scene to scene and the overall integration of a very involved mixture of fact and fiction are so well handled by the screenwriters and by director Jean Negulesco and his fine camera and editing crew that this must be listed as one of the most successful recent filmings of a well-known novel (Kenneth Roberts' best-selling book of the same name). Some day, it is to be hoped, some movie-maker will attempt a more intensely focused study of Toussaint and his proud, freedom-seeking people.

Cast: Dale Robertson, Anne Francis, William Marshall, Charles Korvin.—20th Century-Fox.

CLASH BY NIGHT

Clifford Odets' powerful, if only partially successful, prewar stage drama about love, passion and responsibility has finally been made into a movie that contains a surprisingly large percentage of the play's plot but a lesser amount of its high-voltage passion or power. Yet the story of Mae Doyle, who returns to her native fishing town emotionally burnt out after ten years making her way in the big city, is still mostly an engrossing one, and Barbara Stanwyck gives one of her finest dramatic performances in the part, a role not easy to play. It is Mae's tragedy that when she finds the man who can give her the peace and security she is looking for, she finds in his best friend a man who awakens her passion. Close as it is to Odets' original, this script fails to achieve the dramatic punch of the play partly because it portrays the husband, played by Paul Douglas, as too decent a man—almost unbelievedly saint-like rather than just a man who expects his wife to behave. Even more important is the shifting of the problem to a moral level, whereas on the stage the trouble was basically animalistic. The movie catches most fire when Miss Stanwyck and Robert Ryan, as her lover, break through the script, in effect, in some of the more torrid scenes on recent record. The fact remains that the generally fine performances, the interesting theme and the taut direction and photography all deserve recognition. *Clash By Night* is still something for an adult audience to see.

Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, Robert Ryan, Marilyn Monroe, Keith Andes.—RKO.

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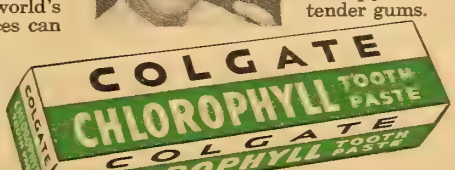
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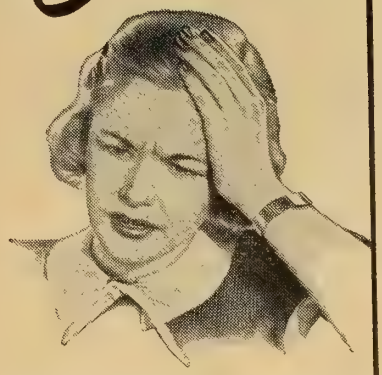
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MIDOL



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Take my word for it

by GENE TIERNEY, star columnist for August



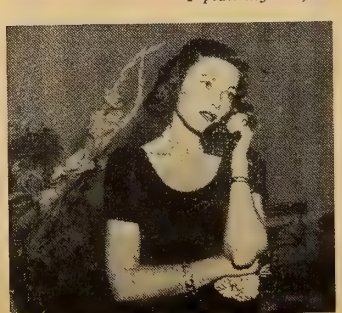
I like women who use their heads.



Makeup sets my mood.



I plan my outfits.



I depend on my friends.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, a beautiful lady came to visit us for several days. I can't remember her name or exactly what she looked like, though I know she had beauty. But one thing has lingered over the years and I will never forget it—a certain deliriously lovely perfume. Weeks after she left it still hung about the linens she had used, after several launderings, pleasantly reminding us of her again and again. It was then that a love of perfume (and a sense of its importance) was born in me that will be with me the rest of my life.

I have a variety of perfumes, of course, because here again it is a question of mood. One kind affects you one way and another a different way. It is odd about perfumes, too, that they smell different on different people, like lipstick will change color on different lips.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INTRIGUED by the relationship between mood and makeup. Is there anything that can more quickly give you new heart when you are low than to catch sight of yourself in the mirror when you happen to be looking well? Is there anything that can ordinarily lift you so completely from fatigue and depression as spending an hour primping and fussing in your bedroom and bath to finally achieve a sparkling, beautiful you? You have done things only to your skin, your hair, apparently; yet the effect has transformed your inner self as well! That is why make-up and beauty care are to me more than just a mechanical process, a business of using this or that in such and such a way. There is more in a cold cream jar than just cold cream, more to a lipstick than just color, more to a lotion than the tingle it leaves on your skin. Here is the stuff to make you feel desirable and wanted—and that translates into happiness!

That's why I don't have just one kind of lipstick or lotion or cold cream; I have a selection and rotate them. How can I experiment, how can I make that *difference,* if I don't have the proper ingredients? Of course, I have some favorites.

I love the pleasant odors, the attractive jars, the sense of femininity that these things bring to a woman's life. And nobody can tell me that these things aren't important . . . that they don't inspire . . . that they don't make the *difference.*

WE ARE ALL SEEKING the difference between feeling just so-so and feeling and looking our sparkling best. If we are young or if we are old, the desire to look that one bit better never leaves us; that, I believe, is the truest characteristic of the feminine human, as well as

most of the males. Sometimes we do ludicrous things to achieve this, but our goal is a worthy one.

Among all the habits of man which are blamed for the world's ills, the love of beauty is not to be found.

It's hard for a person to find out what is good taste! Yet this is the first thing a girl must learn about herself. One way of finding out might lie in recalling whether you are ever complimented on your clothes and to what degree. If you never get a compliment, there is definitely something wrong and you need advice.

There are some basic rules, of course. Simplicity is one of them. Irene, the famous dress designer, and Walter Plunkett at MGM, who did the costumes for *The Plymouth Adventure,*



my latest picture, both advise that after a girl gets all dressed up her last act should be to check herself in the mirror to find out if there is anything that should be left off. Clothes and accessories and jewelry must never be *on* you, they must be *part* of you.

I think about this very carefully when I am ready to dress. The shampoo I have used, the trouble I have gone to brushing my hair, the care I have given my face, my nails—they can all be wasted by a wrong guess at the last minute. I lay out *everything* I plan to wear and visualize myself completely against any background and in any situation that may come up. When I am sure I am right I give myself a good hour to do the job.

I LIKE WOMEN who use their heads as well as their hearts about situations. I hope my friends do. As a divorcée I have come to think a lot about their attitude towards me. I don't want them to start considering me as a problem. This business of worrying about who to get as the extra man at a party, which is to be attended by a divorcée, is definitely old hat, or should be. Don't get anyone if it is a problem. Just let me come alone. What I am trying to say is that if you like a woman who is unattached, don't let this business of getting an extra man stop you from inviting her. Invite her anyway. She is going to miss a lot of good times if you insist on being technical as a hostess. Your divorcée friend wants your friendship more than ever now; she is depending on you more for that than for a solution to her romantic future.



1 **TAKE A GOOD LOOK.** This fragrant liquid-saturated pad is called the 5-Day Deodorant Pad and it is fast *revolutionizing* America's deodorant habits.



2 **YOU WIPE UNDERARM,** then throw pad away. Liquid in pad applies itself as no cream or spray can. No trickle! No sticky feeling or messy fingers.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

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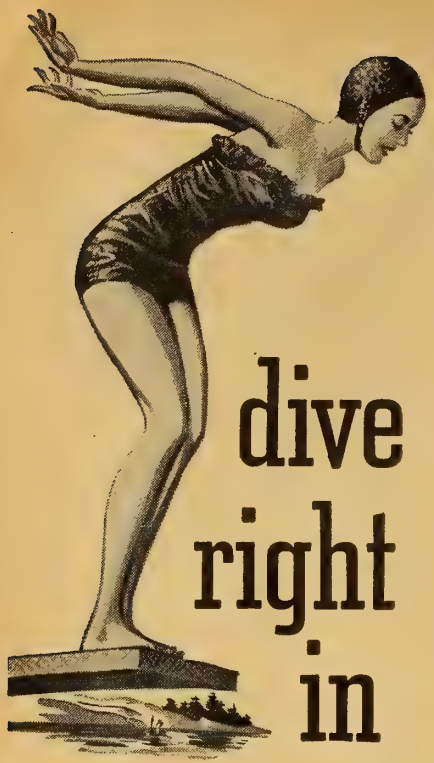
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Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only . . 2¢ on 25¢ size . . 4¢ on 59¢ size . . 5¢ on $1.00 size



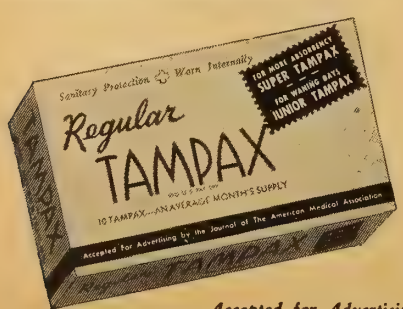
dive right in

Don't miss a swim —use Tampax!

Frequently women give up swimming on "those certain days" for no other reason than bathing-suit worries. Please get this fact clear in your mind. *Tampax monthly sanitary protection can be trusted even with a wet, form-fitting suit.* That's because Tampax (worn internally) discards the harness of belt and bulky outside pad. Tampax will never embarrass you.

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A doctor invented Tampax for this special use. Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed into efficient applicators. Easy to use and dispose of. Comes in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. Sold at drug and notion counters. A truly remarkable improvement. Don't miss it. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Take my word for it

continued

I PREFER SEVERAL MIRRORS in my bathroom because I don't judge my weight so much by what the scale reads as I do by how I look. You may need toning up only in small areas, and you might be able to go about this specifically instead of generally. For instance, I weigh more than people think, but this is because I try to keep proportionate and at all cost I don't want to be too thin. Sometimes I diet a little because circumstances have brought about a change in my regular mode of life. The period I spend waiting for a picture to begin, for instance, making tests, trying wardrobe, discussing the script, finds me more than ordinarily nervous and given to munching between meals.

I'M NOT MAD ABOUT excessive jewelry; a pin at the neck, a clip on the lapel, some cultured pearls are touches I like. Earrings, perhaps. I think few women can get away with enormous-sized jewelry pieces. And I don't think that in this day when such wonderful cloth is being woven, and so many types of fur material are being evolved, that expensive furs are at all necessary. Particularly bad is the attempt, I think, to imitate expensive fur. Cloth coats are unbelievably chic if the cut is good; there are occasions when I know mink is not suitable and another coat, of far less value, will be more complementary.

Well, let's drag the furs to one side and talk about simpler delights. I love the scent of lilacs, and lilies of the valley are a favorite flower, too. I'm a mush for an old, sentimental song. I like factual reading, even in romances —it makes it twice as interesting when you know the story actually happened!

Gene E. Tierney

Editor's Note You may want to correspond with Gene Tierney personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

easy money!

Money won't buy happiness, they say, but at least every little bit helps. And we have some to give away to you. All you have to do is read all the stories in this August issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new, one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started —write now, right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Gene Tierney
- ☐ Smile When You Say That (Stewart Granger)
- ☐ Lana Told Me All (Lana Turner)
- ☐ Brother, Can You Spare A Date?
- ☐ "Sometimes I'm Happy . . ." (Farley Granger)
- ☐ Come Dance With Me (The Champions)
- ☐ The Fifth Passenger (Piper Laurie)
- ☐ Madly In Love (Mitzi Gaynor)
- ☐ They Want Him Bad (Dick Widmark)
- ☐ Golden Key Girls
- ☐ Gorgeous Gamin (Leslie Caron)
- ☐ Love On The Run (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh)
- ☐ Letter From London (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ What Women Have Done To Bill Lundigan
- ☐ So Easy To Love (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ A New Love, A New Life (John Agar)
- ☐ "We Fight—But We Love It!" (Frank Sinatra-Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....:

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

My name is.....

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City..... Zone....

State..... I am .... yrs. old

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NEW Prell leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'!

. . . proved more radiant than with cream or soap shampoos!

New Prell's cleansing action is truly marvelous . . . tests prove that *ounce for ounce it leaves hair more radiant than any other leading shampoo!* See for yourself! Just one shampoo and you'll love the radiant difference at once, no matter what cream or soap shampoo you may have been using. New Prell leaves hair softer, too—and so easy to set and curl. After New Prell, hair sparkles with a breath-taking radiance that actually makes it look *younger* . . . even though it seemed dull or "lifeless" before. And that tube is so handy—won't spill, leak or break. Get New Prell today. It's the exciting new *shampoo miracle!*



star dust

Jack Carter says, Hollywood kids brag: "My daddies can lick your daddies."

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post



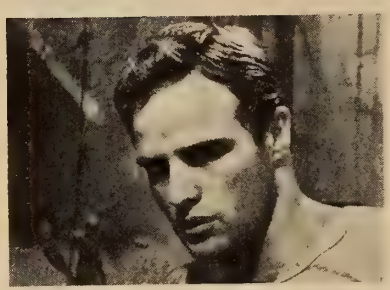
She took some advice.

When Ken Murray auditioned well-stacked gals in Hollywood in '48 to sub for Marie Wilson, in the Broadway-bound *Blackouts*, one gal stood out. She sang a song about a waitress who wanted to be a movie star. "Honey," Ken told her, "you stay here and become a movie star." So Marilyn Monroe did.

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

Robert Siodmak, the movie director, was in El Morocco telling of a famed mystery writer he once had under contract. The mystery writer has a 6-year-old son who visited the studio and said that he himself had started to write a mystery story . . . "It begins in this house, where the police find two bodies in a closet," the boy told him. "The heads have been chopped off both bodies, and nobody can find them" . . . "Are the victims men or women, or a man and a woman?" Siodmak asked the boy . . . "That's the mystery," the boy replied. "The police can't tell—because, as I said before, the heads are missing."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post



Higher math for Marlon.

Charlie Feldman told us of his first negotiations with Brando for his portrayal in *Streetcar*. "How long do you figure the picture will take to make?" asked Brando. "Six or seven weeks," Feldman figured. "How much is that in months?" responded the always befuddled Brando.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

For *The Texas Man*, director Budd Boetticher asked the casting office for five sulky drivers and the casting gal answered, "How sulky do you want them?"

Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat

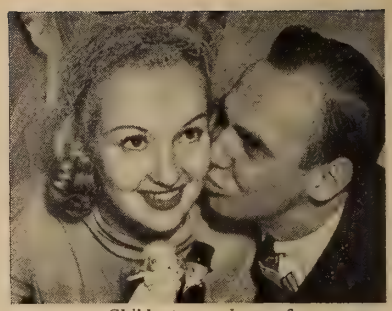


Turner interpretation.

At his first dinner party in the film capital, Author Truman Capote was pleased to discover that he was seated next to the luscious Lana Turner. She told him she had returned that day from a visit to New York. "What plays did you see?" he asked. "I really went for a shopping spree," she answered, "so I only attended one show. It was Judith Anderson in that Greek tragedy, *Medea*."

After a moment's pause she added, "I'd have played it *much* differently."

Bennett Cerf in
This Week



Child star and mom?

Jackie Coogan, who has had a fantastic career—starting as child movie star, and including the loss of his fortune, an unhappy ending to his marriage to Betty Grable, and meritorious service in the U. S. Army—was in Hollywood . . . where Darryl Zanuck mentioned to him the possibility of a movie based on the story of his life . . . Coogan said he would be eager to have his life story made by 20th Century-Fox. "But on one condition," Coogan tola Zanuck . . . "What's the one condition?" Zanuck asked . . . "In the movie," said Coogan, pointing to the photo of the 20th Century-Fox star, "Betty Grable must play my mother."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post



Best for burley-cue.

A Hollywood stripteaser, Lili St. Cyr, says Bette Davis would have the best chance of all Hollywood stars to make the grade on the burlesque circuits.

The shapely Miss St. Cyr's list of good burlesque queen material are Lana Turner, Ginger Rogers, Jane Russell, Gene Tierney, Katharine Hepburn and Rita Hayworth.

But Virginia Mayo and Elizabeth Taylor rate a thumbs down. "Too lady-like," says Miss St. Cyr.

United Press

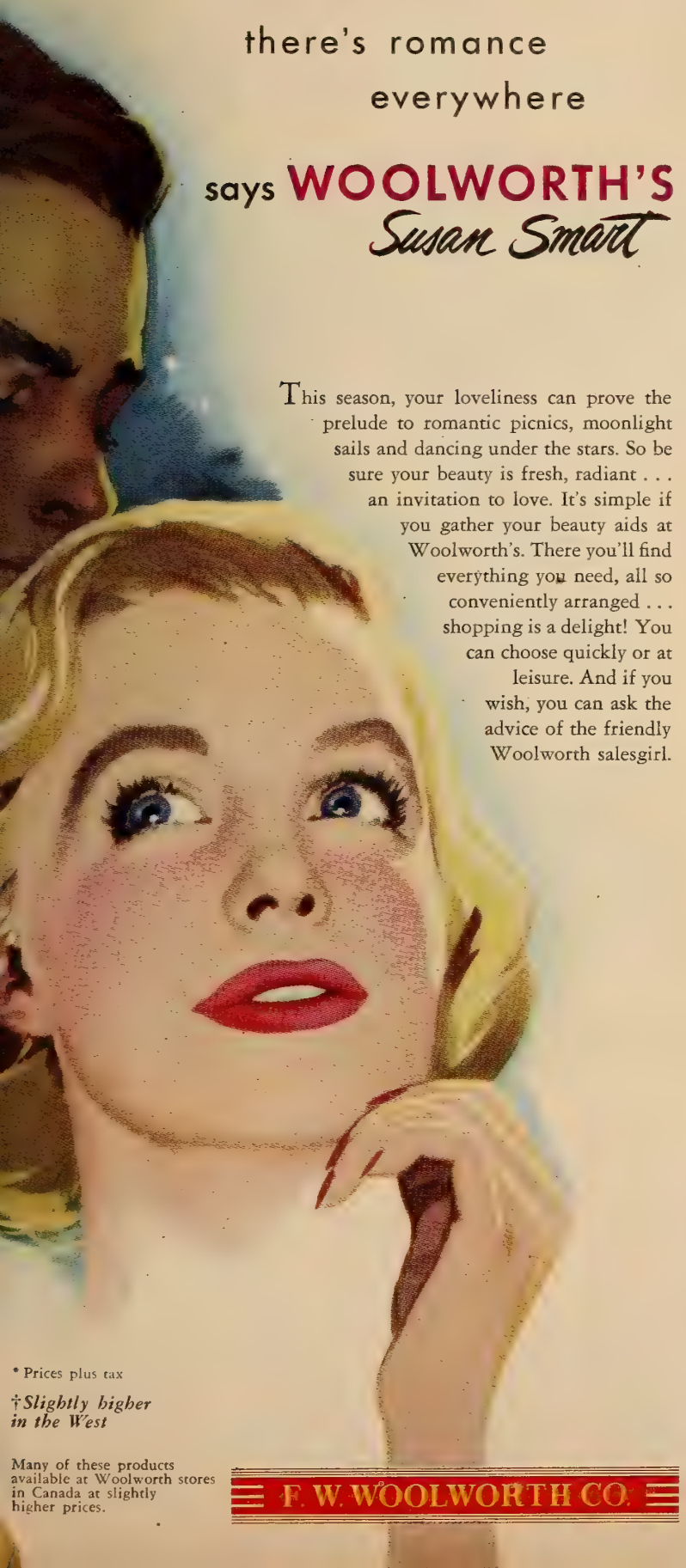
I always figured I'd become a conqueror, like Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great. But then Hollywood has to crumb that up by making me an actor. They interfered with my political career.

Aldo Ray quoted in
The Hollywood Reporter

Sing a Song of Summer

there's romance everywhere

says **WOOLWORTH'S** *Susan Smart*



This season, your loveliness can prove the prelude to romantic picnics, moonlight sails and dancing under the stars. So be sure your beauty is fresh, radiant . . . an invitation to love. It's simple if you gather your beauty aids at Woolworth's. There you'll find everything you need, all so conveniently arranged . . . shopping is a delight! You can choose quickly or at leisure. And if you wish, you can ask the advice of the friendly Woolworth salesgirl.



LONG LIFE TO DAINTINESS! Discover ETIQUET, the safe, sure way to end underarm odor, check perspiration. *Safe* for normal skin . . . *sure* for all-day protection. Cream form **10c, 25c, 39c;** Spray form **43c;** Stick form **59c***



LOOK LOVELY CLOSE-UP with SOLITAIR Cake Make-Up to lend *natural*-looking beauty to your skin. Made with lanolin, Solitair smooths on easily . . . *conceals* tiny skin faults! Use it daily to be ready for romance. **30c, 60c***



SMART OUTDOOR GIRLS love the way a touch of SUAVE helps your hair-do laugh at wind and weather! Made with miracle Curtisol, Suave keeps hair *softly* groomed all day and protects from sun's fading, drying rays. **50c, $1***

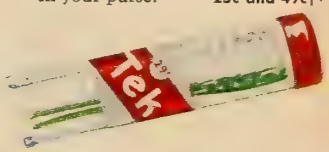


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NEED A HOT WEATHER PICK-UP? Stroke on cooling MINER'S Stick Cologne. Inspired by French perfumes, it keeps you *lastingly* fresh and sweet. Carry your favorite fragrance, handy and spill-proof, in your purse. **25c and 49c†***



REFRESHMENT PLUS . . . a *clean mouth taste!* PEPSODENT cleans teeth with oral detergent (not a soap) so gets teeth cleaner. Make your own test of Pepsodent and compare your clean mouth taste. It lasts *hours!* **10c, 27c, 47c, 63c**



OUNCE OF PREVENTION . . . wherever you go, take a TEK 29c Toothbrush for after-meal brush-ups so important to healthy teeth and sweet breath. Finest soft, medium or hard nylon bristles. Smart plastic travel case. **29c**



WHY NOT BABY ALL OF YOU! Make every inch of you *feel young* with Pacquin's SILK 'N SATIN Lotion. Its lanolin-richness satinizes your skin . . . leaves it baby-soft and lovely in revealing warm-weather fashions. **25c, 49c***



TO BE SUMMER SWEET, dust LANDER'S Flower-Fresh Talcs head to toe. Choose Spicy Apple Blossom, Sweet Pea or Lilacs and Roses in **12c** tins, or the latter in an economical **25c** tin.†* You'll love them all!



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PERMANENT BEAUTY. To end summer hair cares, give yourself a PROM Permanent. *So* easy! Use plastic curlers. Apply. Rinse 30 minutes later. Needs no neutralizer. Takes every time! 3 Prom lotions for different hair types. **$1.50***



THERE'S MAGIC in the *right* shade of face powder! Choose the perfect one for *you* from LADY ESTHER'S lovely summer shades. You'll look prettier longer, for Lady Esther Powder clings for *hours.* **15c, 29c, 55c***



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GET IN THE SWIM! Try HAZEL BISHOP, the No-Smear Lipstick that stays on so perfectly you can even wear it swimming! And it won't eat off . . . bite off . . . kiss off. Choose from 8 of the smartest shades under the sun. **$1.10***

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Colors that bring out your Beauty!
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6 Gloriously "Alive" Shades—
that cling . . . that flatter . . . that bewitch!

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Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

Only 29¢

smile when you say that

With a chip on each magnificent shoulder, Stewart Granger is winning a strange reputation for himself. But this battling Briton is nobody's fool.

BY JACK WADE

■ Several of Hollywood's topflight directors were overheard while taking their 10 o'clock coffee in the studio commissary one morning.

Their topic of conversation was, "Movie stars I would least like to direct."

Two candidates for this doubtful honor rushed immediately to all their lips: Shelley Winters and Stewart Granger.

Said the first director, "I will direct any star in this business except Shelley. As a matter of fact, before I direct her again, I will dig ditches, return to the Army, or even go back to my second wife."

In the tone of a man who has been subjected to the tortures of Hades but has managed, somehow, to stay alive, the second said, "Compared to Stewart Granger, your Shelley Winters is a dream."

Two other directors who were present nodded in agreement. "From what we hear," they said, "Granger wins hands down."

In the two and a half years that he has been in Hollywood, cocky 39-year-old Stewart Granger has succeeded in getting himself disliked by an inordinate number of fellow-workers who refer to him as "the prize ham, the magnificent jerque, the know-it-all Englishman," and "the male Shelley Winters."

Why is this man, who is so well-loved by millions of female movie-goers, disliked by so many of his colleagues?

Deborah Kerr, who is genuinely fond of Granger, explains the fact by saying, "He's extremely good at a number of things, but getting along with people isn't one of them."

Jean Simmons, Granger's wife, states simply, "Many people don't understand Jimmy."

Michael Wilding, a loyal friend, says, "He was always a stormy petrel, that one."

All of which adds up to a tacit admission that Stewart Granger does not go through life like Dale Carnegie, winning friends and influencing people.

Granger is hot-tempered, self-centered, irrepressible, impetuous, intelligent and hardworking. In the words of a non-admirer, "He (*Continued on page 87*)



Separation rumors about Stewart and Jean Simmons are a direct result of his irascible behavior.



LANA TOLD ME ALL...

by louella parsons

Harassed by cruel gossip, Lana has decided it's time these true facts reached her public. She asked her good friend Louella Parsons to present, in this exclusive article, the story of her love for Fernando Lamas.

LANA TURNER'S voice was shaking with indignation over the telephone and she was near tears as she told me—

"I'm so embarrassed I could cry over that printed stuff that I'm making eyes at Kirk Douglas on the set.

"I love Fernando Lamas and he is the *only* man in my life. We are going to be married as soon as we are free, and we want the world to know it!

"Louella," my girl friend cried, "can't you help me fight these ridiculous, vicious stories about me? Every day it is *something!* If I'm not flirting with Kirk Douglas, I'm holding out a $250,000 non-existent emerald necklace on Bob Topping. I'm just not going to take it any more. I—"

"Lana, Lana," I interrupted, "Wait a minute, honey. Take it easy. Where are you ? If you want to give me a story, I'll be out."

"I'm at the studio," she said promptly, "and I *do* want to give *you* the story. How long will it take you?"

No longer than it takes to cover the distance from my house in Beverly Hills to the MGM studios, I can assure you, for I could tell that Lana was in a mood to talk. And when she is ready, this girl really "gives" in a big way.

As always she looked like a big, beautiful doll when I met her. We took a small table in the Commissary, and as I looked at her, I couldn't help thinking how increasingly lovely she becomes from meeting to meeting.

As slender as a reed, she had on a red robe over the strapless white bathing suit she wears for a scene in *Tribute To A Bad Man*— Esther Williams never did more for a bathing suit than Lana was doing (*Continued on page 60*)



Brother, can you

There are lots of men in Hollywood—but for every man, there are ten love-starved women who'd give anything to get their pretty paws on him!

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

■ For every successful young male star in the movies today, there are four successful young female stars. For the older women stars who are unmarried, the problem is even worse than that. For them, there are probably only three or four eligible older men in all of Hollywood.

In no city in the world, with the possible exception of Reno, are men at such a premium. And in Reno the lonely ladies need to amuse themselves for only six weeks. In Hollywood, the pursuit of a mate is a 365-days-a-year project, and the few men there are hunted and chased by desperate Dianas year in and year out.

The Hollywood wolf is well fed and lazy, for Little Red Riding Hood comes to *him*. He doesn't need to masquerade as a sheep. He is chased. And what does he do? He runs, brother, he runs the other way! He flees like hunted men and animals have done since the beginning of time.

And the more desperate the girls become, the more spoiled and bitter are the men!

Farley Granger is bitter. He says, "I go to a party. I look around, and suddenly I realize there is a girl there that the hostess has decided is for me. Why? Why



spare a date?

can't I be allowed to pick my own type?"

Bob Taylor's friends laugh about the situation. Bob has three great enthusiasms—hunting, fishing and flying. After his divorce from Barbara, he became one of the most desirable men in town—attractive, rich, unmarried. And overnight, girls who didn't know what a forest or a stream looked like became passionately interested in hunting, fishing and flying.

Scott Brady, despite the crazy interviews he gives, is a good kid. He adores his mother. He is devoted to his brother, Larry Tierney, to whom life has dealt some crushing blows. He's a friendly guy, but he has learned to hate the telephone. It rings all the time and on the other end there's usually a young lady angling for a date! Every time you ask Scott Brady about his love life, he tells you. "I'm very much in love with Dorothy Malone." This may be true. There may be some good reason why they don't marry. On the other hand, it *could* be an alibi. It *could* be a way for Scott to brush off the girls who call him on the telephone constantly.

Kirk Douglas thought, when his marriage ended, it would be wonderful to be free. Why, he could go out with dozens of different girls. He could choose them. But they chose him. And he got so tired of being chased that he felt like a fox instead of a wolf and just wanted to crawl into a hole and hide. His latest date has been Marlene "Grandma" Dietrich, a superb woman, but hardly a matrimonial candidate. And maybe that's why he's interested.

After the tragic death of Maria Montez, Jean Pierre Aumont returned to Hollywood. He is a charming and brilliant Frenchman. But he is also an available unattached prospect. Top flight stars made fools of themselves over him.

And then there (*Continued on page 102*)



He's up—he's down! He's glad—he's sad! He's not in love, but he wants a wife! Farley has mixed emotions over everything—and nobody knows why, not even the guy himself!

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

"Sometimes I'm happy..."

■ "I'm just not madly in love," Farley Granger said. "There are periods in your life when you're not madly in love. This is one of those periods for me. So what do people want me to do? Make up a big love affair? Everybody in Hollywood expects a person either to be madly in love or just recovering from being madly in love or carrying a big torch or feuding with somebody.

"The night after Shelley and Vittorio Gassman announced their engagement they came to a party. I happened to be at the same party. Well, such a buzz started. People parted like the Red Sea. You would have thought it was an international crisis. And everybody was real disappointed when the three of us sat down together and talked and had a wonderful time. Everybody seemed surprised that we didn't kill each other.

"You see, what people can't realize is that Shelley is one of my closest friends and always will be. We could be away from each other for years and years and I know that if I was in trouble Shelley would help me."

This all sounds very simple. Farley makes it sound simple because he actually does not know how complicated he is.

Look at him. It's an intense face, isn't it? You would think not only from the way he looks but from the way he behaves that his career drives him. Farley is occasionally misunderstood by the press, because, he says, "I can't be a master of ceremonies on the set. Between scenes I stay in my dressing room. I can't get out there and yak it up, I have to concentrate and (*Continued on page 89*)



From their living room window, the Champions can see Catalina on a clear day. Perched on a terraced hillside, their house appears larger than it is. It has only two bedrooms, a living room, dining room, kitchen and studio.



Marge's bedroom is as small as a room can be and still be bigger than its closet. She arranged the twin beds along each wall and then added an over-sized mirror that gives an illusion of extra space.

Marge and Gower never intended to own a swimming pool—but it came with the Connecticut-type frame house. They were afraid people would

Come dance with



Marge found a Gay 90's wicker table and chairs, painted them coral and put them in a kitchen niche. Now Gower doesn't mind breakfasting there.

say they'd "gone Hollywood." Now they love it!



HOUSE OF THE MONTH

...ew mattresses have a prettier, lighter, dressing room than Marge. On a level with the tree tops, it was made by enclosing an outdoor balcony in glass. The furniture is built in, and the lighting fixtures are from New York's old Murray Hill Hotel.



The Champions' hillside home is a tailor made answer to the dreams of a boy and girl who danced their way, cheek to cheek, into the Hollywood spotlight. by Marva Peterson

■ Fifteen years ago when a Hollywood mother wanted her little darling to study dancing, she usually sent the youngster to one place, the Belcher School.

Ernest Belcher, who ran the school, was not only *the* great ballet coach who had taught Betty Grable, Loretta Young, and practically every other movie star how to dance gracefully, but he also had the cutest daughter—a brown-eyed, winsome, little widget named Marge.

Marge could dance anything—ballet, Spanish, tap, acrobatic, ballroom—so that on occasion her dad put her to work as his assistant. She taught the five-year-olds to tap and sometimes danced with shy, awkward adolescent boys.

One day, when Marge was all of 11 a new boy was enrolled in the school. He was tall and skinny and awfully quiet, but there was nothing awkward about him. He seemed to have a natural grace, a wonderful suppleness, a born bent for dancing.

He was 14 years old, and his parents had been divorced before he was born. He came from Illinois, and he had (*Continued on next page*)



Every dancer dreams of some day having a rehearsal room in his own home. Marge and Gower realized this ambition when they found a house with a basement that would make a dance studio.



As a sure way of remembering his dance routines, Gower records them on film. He's also a home movie fan, and he and Marge entertain their guests by showing 16 mm. prints of current movies.



Perched on a hillside, the Champions' house appears larger than it is. Contrary to Hollywood custom, Marge and Gower get along perfectly well without maid's quarters, or a guest room.



Gower Champion designed all the furniture for his pale gray room, and it fit exactly to plan. An art collector on the side, he owns two Goya etchings and a large Picasso lithograph.

a real funny name—Gower Champion.

Marge danced with him once and fell completely, hopelessly, and utterly in love.

Fifteen years later she became his wife.

Today, Marge and Gower Champion, Hollywood's newest dancing sensations—they were terrific in *Show Boat* and are even better in *Lovely To Look At* and *Everything I Have Is Yours*—live and dance together in a small, six-room hillside house, which might as well carry a neon sign identifying it as the residence of two people who are very much in love with each other.

"Marge and Gower are perpetual honeymooners," one of their neighbors points out, "and their house fits them perfectly."

"I guess Gower and I look like newlyweds," Marge says, "but honest, we've been married five years, and all that stuff about our having a real fairytale love affair—well, it isn't exactly true. Gower had a different dancing partner for years, and like all men, he was very difficult to get to the altar."

There is a theory which holds that every girl, no matter how young, regards every boy who takes her out as a potential husband.

In Marge's case, that certainly was true.

She and Gower both attended Bancroft High in Los Angeles, and after each date, Marge would come home and write in her diary: "Dated Gower Champion tonight—H.T." The "H.T." (*Continued on page 100*)

No. 13 *in a series:*
HOW THE STARS FOUND FAITH

I could hear my mother's voice. "God is with you," she said. And that terrifying night in Korea I seemed to feel His presence

the fifth passenger

by Piper Laurie

■ I want to admit, first of all, that up to several months ago I didn't give much thought to the war in Korea. When I did think of it I'd sometimes get a faint feeling of guilt but could overcome it without much trouble. I was too young to worry about things that didn't touch me personally. Then, last January, when I was actually in Korea on a ten day entertainment tour of the camps, that guilty feeling came to me again. But this time I didn't try to dismiss it. I don't think I could have. I did something, instead, and out of that came a strengthening of my spiritual devotion, where there had perhaps been weakness.

After our group had given its show on the evening of our fifth day in Korea I was talking to a Protestant chaplain, Lt. Mason E. Bondurant, who seemed to be preparing for a trip. It was very cold, in fact, a temperature of 20 below was predicted for the early morning hours.

"Where are you going on a night like this?" I asked.

He smiled. "All the nights are like this. I'm holding prayer service up in the front line in a few hours."

"The front line!" I exclaimed. "How near are we?"

"Twenty miles," he replied.

"I think I'd like to go along," I said.

I wasn't serious when I spoke. I knew the army frowned on that sort of thing so I was just making talk. And the chaplain knew it, too. He just looked at me and shook his head.

I felt a sharp sense of self-annoyance. It was as if I had taken for granted that I was a sort of privileged person who must not be subjected to personal risk, and I didn't like myself for that. In a few days I would be back in the U. S. A., safe and warm. But these kids up in the line, most of them no older than me, and just as fond of life as I was—they would still be there sweating, or rather freezing out whether they were going to live or die. And they were doing it for me. What better (*Continued on page 68*)



MADLY IN LOVE



Mitzi plans to wed 31-year-old Richard Coyle, to whom she's been engaged for five years.

■ When she first saw him backstage on that June night she knew he was the man for her. She was 16 at the time; she's almost 21 now. But for Mitzi Gaynor, tall, handsome attorney-at-law Richard Brown Coyle is still *the* man.

"Some time ago," says madcap Mitzi, "when I read in a Hollywood column that a young star's mother admitted to 13 engagements before she married, I was slightly startled. Especially when she said she hoped her daughter will know lots of men, be engaged often, before making a final choice. Of course, I'm willing to admit that that may have been good advice for that particular girl, but as for me I'm a one-man gal . . . and have been since I met Richard."

Mitzi confided this in an interval during dance rehearsals for *Bloodhounds Of Broadway*. Wearing navy denims laced up the front with white cord, a tiny red sweater, enormous droopy antique earrings and tennis shoes, she had been dancing from platform to platform, losing combs, earrings, scarf, along the way, while the temperature hovered in the '90s. At the end of the number her pert little face was streaked with perspiration and a towel was wrapped around her shoulders, but she walked as though an invisible book were balanced on her head. "I love to dance—hot, cold, anything," she said. "And I've loved it since my Aunt Francine, a dancing teacher, tore me away from a hopscotch game, put ballet slippers on my feet and turned them out like a duck's underpinnings, when I was all of three. In school I'd be amazed to hear my pals deciding one day to be Florence Nightingales, the next day bareback riders. I always knew I'd be a ballet dancer. And I've never changed my mind." (*Continued on page 92*)



GAY, SPARKLING MITZI GAYNOR, ABOUT TO BE 21,



IS RIDING ON A PINK CLOUD WITH HER WEDDING DATE JUST AROUND THE CORNER. BY SUSAN TRENT

they want him bad

Some like 'em sexy, some like 'em suave, but Dick Widmark's fans like him with a spine chilling laugh, and a maniacal gleam in his eye!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

■ Every once in a while a scene flashes on a motion picture screen, often for only a brief moment, and a star is born. There was the time Lana Turner walked down the street in a tight sweater and skirt for a Warner Brothers' picture—the single shot of Clark Gable as a chauffeur opening a car door in *A Free Soul*. Marilyn Monroe's entry into *The Asphalt Jungle* wearing a one-piece black pajama outfit. Jimmy Cagney pushing a half-grapefruit into a dame's face. And Humphrey Bogart's first menacing appearance as the killer in *The Petrified Forest* . . .

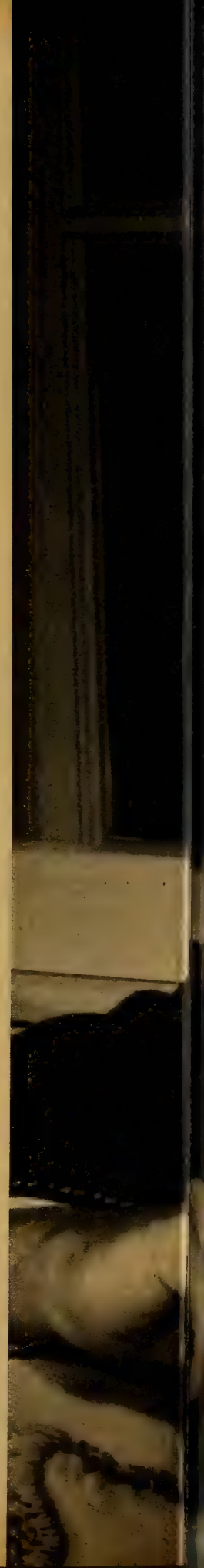
It only takes one scene sometimes. It only took one to make Richard Widmark a star. The movie was *Kiss Of Death*. Widmark, made up as a moronic killer, pushed an old lady in a wheel chair down a flight of steps and stood at the top laughing gleefully. Audiences never forgot it, and to them he'll always be the maniac with the low brow and the wild giggle. That's the way they want him—and they've got him back now in a soon to be released 20th Century-Fox picture called *The Clarion Call*.

There is no question that the fans wanted killer-Widmark back. A magazine columnist found proof of this some time ago when he printed an item stating that Richard Widmark was not at all a hard guy, but a gentle, scholarly chap who wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone an old lady. From that one statement he got more response than he had ever gotten before. Fans wrote in by the hundreds calling the columnist a liar, demanding retraction, and vowing that they had actual proof that Richard was by nature a woman-whomper and tougher than Mike Mazurki.

Widmark himself has had experiences which would indicate that his fans like him when he's bad. Once at a personal appearance in an eastern city, Dick had just finished a short talk in a shy, quiet voice when one of his rooters, a young lady of about 17 who was on the brink of complete disillusionment, leaped to the platform and let loose a haymaker at the star's jaw. She (*Continued on page 97*)

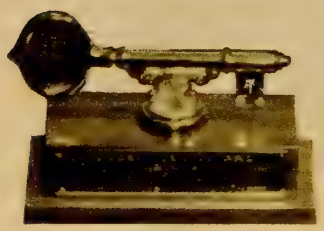


Dick has that menacing look on his face again—but it's strictly for public consumption. At home (*right*) he's a nice normal guy.





Introducing Modern Screen's Fabulous 15



GOLDEN KEY



ANN BANCROFT



SUZAN BALL



EILEEN CHRISTY

There's never been anything like it! Fifteen girls working like hundreds of others—waiting for a break—when suddenly their big-name star sponsors tapped them on the shoulder and they stepped from obscurity into the spotlight. MODERN SCREEN is proud to bring to you these new beauties who have each received a symbolic Gold Key to success

GIRLS


JOAN TAYLOR


GLORIA GREENWOOD


LUCY KNOCH


URSULA THIESS


BARBARA RUICK


VIRGINIA GIBSON

■ It's true . . . when John Derek stepped up to Gloria Greenwood on the Columbia lot to tell her she had just been named a Golden Key Girl, she opened her lovely mouth to say something, gulped once, and keeled over in a dead faint!

As the lightning of new-found fame struck Gloria, so too did it touch 14 other talented Hollywood newcomers from all parts of the world. One day, each of these girls was just one of hundreds working hard in the studios, hoping for some big break that would make them immediately known to the public—that first big step to stardom. The next day, each of them had a big-name star sponsor and stepped into the worldwide spotlight at Modern Screen's welcome party for them at the Beverly Hills Club, where the top stars of Hollywood gathered to do them honor.

The winners were selected by a long and careful search among hundreds of young women. They were chosen for their talent, beauty and outstanding qualities of character and are, in the opinion of the editors of Modern Screen, worthy of future stardom.

We want you to look at their pictures, read their success stories as told for the first time by their famous sponsors, and wish them luck in movies.

MORE➤

ontinued from preceding page

The most glittering social event of the season was MODERN SCREEN'S



Bill Lundigan's protégée, Penny Edwards, couldn't make the party, so Bill long distanced the good news to her.



Penny was on location in Arizona tor *Pony Soldier,* in which she plays opposite Ty Power, the night Bill phoned to say she'd won the award.



Howard Duff took time out from pacing the floor (Ida's baby was due momentarily) to sponsor Dot Hart.



Maureen O'Sullivan, who has appeared on several television shows with protégée Kathy Sharpe, feels that tiny Kathy has a big future ahead.



Eileen Christy, a Golden Key girl with *two* sponsors, received her award from John Russell, Ella Raines.



Virginia Mayo and Virginia Gibson made a toothsome twosome when the first presented the second with MODERN SCREEN'S Golden Key award.

ANNE BANCROFT: TV LOST HER TO HOLLYWOOD

By David Wayne

Being a stage actor myself, I'm delighted to tell you about Anne Bancroft, for whom I am the sponsor in behalf of 20th Century-Fox. Anne was born in Gotham, and she stepped directly from high school into study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Even before graduation, she won roles on important television shows and she was twice tested by 20th before she was signed after her farewell TV performance in *Lights Out.*

Right now, Anne is attracting a great deal of attention because of her superb performances in *Don't Bother To Knock,* with Dick Widmark and Marilyn Monroe, and in *Treasure Of The Golden Condor.*

At twenty years of age, Anne has a great future before her, and one for which she is thoroughly prepared. I hope you give her as big a hand as they did the night she accepted her MODERN SCREEN Golden Key Award!

JOAN TAYLOR: COULDN'T ACCEPT HER AWARD

By Ronald Reagan

When Mrs. Reagan and I arrived at MODERN SCREEN'S Golden Key party, we were surprised to discover that Joan Taylor was not there to accept her award. The poor girl was in the hospital with a serious case of pneumonia, so we sent her Golden Key over in a burst of flowers and she recovered in record time. No future star has ever worked harder than Joan for her achievement, although from birth she seemed destined for an important place in the entertainment world.

Her father operates the Deerpath Theater in Lake Forest, Illinois, which he opened the night she was born. From her mother, who was a vaudeville dancing headliner, Joan learned ballet, and graduated from the Chicago National Association of Dancing Masters when she was only sixteen. During the war she entertained for many hours with the USO, and afterwards graduated from the Pasadena Community Playhouse where she won attention in the role of a sixty-year-old woman.

You need (*Continued on page 80*)

Golden Key Party, when all Filmdom arrived to honor the winners



Jane Powell's protégée, Barbara Ruick, got started in show business the same way Jane did—on radio. Barbara's parents are both radio stars.



John Derek presented Gloria Greenwood with her Golden Key a few nights after her studio gave her a new last name. She's delighted with both!



Bill Lundigan (right) gave David Wayne a helping hand when Dave presented protégée Anne Bancroft with her award.



The minute Red spotted Lucy Knoch, he snapped her up for his TV show. Now she's a Golden Key girl, thanks to "talent scout" Skelton.



Jane Russell, one of America's most beautiful women, is the sponsor of Ursula Thiess, one of Germany's most beautiful and talented actresses.



Tony Curtis takes a good look at the Golden Key trophy before awarding it to lucky screen-hopeful Suzan Ball.



Kathy Phillips was so nervous when she auditioned for Dennis Day's television show she almost backed out. Now Dennis is her Golden Key sponsor.



Mary Sinclair, who made a name for herself as "the first lady of TV," comes to Paramount as a Golden Key girl under Bill Holden's sponsorship.



Peggy King, who received her Golden Key award from sponsor Howard Keel, has been called "another Garland."





On *The Story Of Three Loves* set, Leslie makes-up husband George. He appears briefly in the film.

Hollywood knew all about sex appeal until it found Leslie Caron who has everything and *more of it* than anybody else around!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

Gorgeous Gamin

Can-can by Caron.



■ Now that the chips are down, her career set and the film in the can, so to speak, we can tell you about Leslie Caron.

At this writing, Leslie is probably MGM's brightest prospect. With several pictures under her belt and a half-dozen more planned for her, she has attained the status of full star. On the lot she is a woman to be respected as one of the top money makers. Right now they're painting her image for billboards, setting her name up in big type for advertisements, and whipping up a sandwich they can name for her on the studio commissary menu. In other words, the kid's in.

What is happening to Leslie Caron right now is the dream of a million girls in the world today. It is something that youngsters begin thinking about early and never forget until they take a look at the score and see their day has passed. Something that happens to a very, very few. It's the tag of the Cinderella story. The only thing wrong with the picture is that it was never Leslie Caron's dream. In fact, until a couple of years ago she couldn't have cared less.

Probably if Leslie Caron had been born in Kansas and had been subjected to the movie-fame fever all her life, she might have wanted the things she has now. But she wasn't born in Kansas, and in her formative years, which were spent under the Nazi occupation, the only movies she saw were German films starring busty blondes or dreary Spanish movies (*Continued on page 98*)

Tony grabs his hat,
plants a kiss, and runs—
Janet fixes her lipstick,
dashes off in the opposite
direction. It may be
marriage, but it's not much fun!

BY JIM BURTON

love on the run

■ When Janet Leigh was Jeannette Helen Morrison not too long ago and one of the best baton-twirlers Stockton High ever had, she used to read movie magazines like this one and day-dream about becoming a rich and famous screen star.

And then one day she woke up in Hollywood, the dream was in the hollow of her hand, and she was living it breathlessly, completely, unbelievably. She had her own home in Brentwood, a flashy convertible, expensive clothes, $850 a week, and a handsome husband named Tony Curtis.

Last year reporters who asked Janet how she felt about her situation in life were given a typically ecstatic Leigh reply. "Five years ago," the young actress would exclaim, "I used to worship Greer Garson, John Wayne, and Walter Pidgeon, and here I am, actually playing opposite them! And I can't get over it. I simply can't!"

This year, Janet has gotten over it. She is no longer the enthusiastic, wide-eyed Cinderella she used to be. She has reached that point where she can view the life of a movie star objectively, honestly. And, while she still ardently loves the life—"I think it's the most divine thing in (*Continued on page 94*)

THE CURTISES RARELY HAVE A DAY OFF T



"You about ready, honey?



then watches Tony . .



One last putt . . .

GETHER—BUT WHEN THEY DO, THEY HEAD FOR THE GOLF LINKS RIGHT AWAY!



Janet swings . . .



and misses . . .



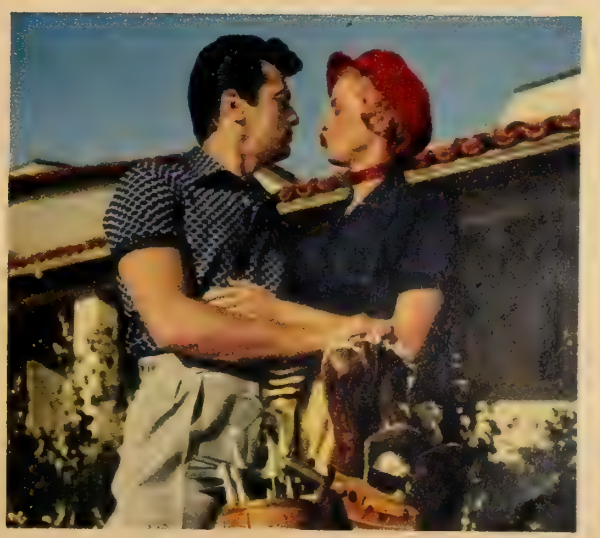
hit a long one . . .



right to the green . . .



and they're ready . . .



to call it a day.



Letter from London

Dear Mr. Saxon:

The other day I ran into Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle, whom, as you know, stood up for the bride and groom at the wedding of Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding.

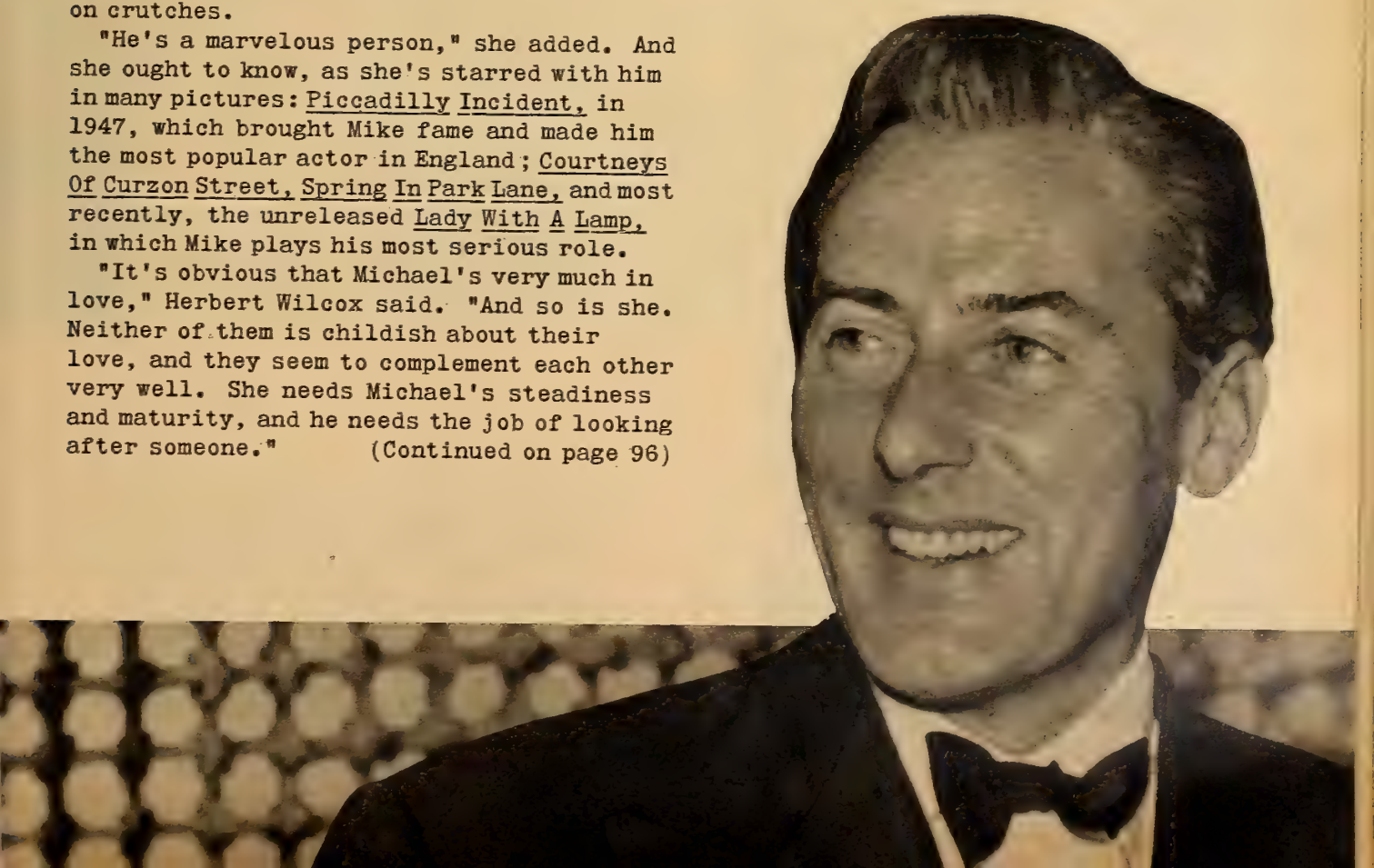
I asked them if they'd seen the newlyweds since their honeymoon trip to that secluded, snug little town in the French Alps. Very little has been heard from the Wildings, who have been keeping to themselves lately.

The Wilcoxes, though, see them regularly. They're very enthusiastic about Liz, and Mike, of course, is their closest friend. (They call them Elizabeth and Michael).

I asked them confidentially if they thought the marriage would work out. Both of them said without hesitation that they were sure it would work, even in the face of serious disadvantages. "Never have two people in love been the object of so much praise and censure," Anna Neagle said. "From hearing all that's said about the difference in their ages, one would think that, at 40, Michael is on crutches.

"He's a marvelous person," she added. And she ought to know, as she's starred with him in many pictures: Piccadilly Incident, in 1947, which brought Mike fame and made him the most popular actor in England; Courtneys Of Curzon Street, Spring In Park Lane, and most recently, the unreleased Lady With A Lamp, in which Mike plays his most serious role.

"It's obvious that Michael's very much in love," Herbert Wilcox said. "And so is she. Neither of them is childish about their love, and they seem to complement each other very well. She needs Michael's steadiness and maturity, and he needs the job of looking after someone." (Continued on page 96)



What women have done to BILL LUNDIGAN



Bill, who fought all over the Pacific with the Marines in World War II, is a man's man. An avid sports fan, he likes to read the baseball news every morning at breakfast.



Whenever they can get away, the Lundigans take a picnic lunch and drive into the hills till they find a secluded spot near a lake. There they spend the day just relaxing.

Every man needs a good woman—the wrong one can wreck his career, ruin his life. Luckily, Lundigan always found the right one at the right time.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

■ Hollywood's the place where most actors attribute their triumphs to themselves and their failures to women. But a tall, well-built, blue-eyed Apollo named Bill Lundigan stands out as a refreshing exception. Bill frankly admits: "Without women, I'd be a dead duck!"

With women, he's one of the most popular stars on the 20th Century-Fox lot, where he's just finished *Down Among The Sheltering Palms* with Mitzi Gaynor and is now getting ready to star opposite Susan Hayward in a sequel to *I'd Climb The Highest Mountain.*

Marilyn Monroe, for example, when asked recently which



Rena's love is the best of all the good things women have given to Bill Lundigan. Their marriage is one of the most solid in Hollywood.

actor she'd most like to work with, quickly answered, "Bill Lundigan, because he really knows how to treat a girl."

Ten years ago, Deanna Durbin said the very same thing, and later on such top-flight beauties as Hedy Lamarr, Gloria de Haven, Arlene Dahl, Susan Hayward, and Jeanne Crain agreed with her.

Bill Lundigan is the type of sweet guy the girls simply love to be nice to. But while Bill is terribly appreciative of what they've done for him and what they've taught him, their fondness embarrasses him, because essentially he's a man's man, one of those big, quiet, steel-muscled heroes of World War II, who fought all over the Pacific with the Marines and then refused to talk about his exploits.

I remember a few years ago when Bill was making *Dishonored Lady* with Hedy Lamarr. In addition to starring in this one, Hedy was also the producer. She and Lundigan went into a clinch for one scene. When the rehearsal was over, Hedy looked at Bill rather strangely. "I can't understand it," she said. "You kiss as if you've never kissed a girl before."

Bill grew beet-red. "I'm a married man," he said, "I've kissed girls before."

"Well, stop holding back," Hedy (*Continued on page 81*)

So easy to love

IN HAWAII, ANN FOUND WARM SAND AND LAZY SURF, BRIGHT FLOWERS, A PALE MOON–



by Jim Newton

AND, BEST OF ALL, THE ANSWER TO A LIFE-LONG DREAM

■ The big Pan American Clipper nosed gently down toward the glassy sea and the pilot grinned at the eager-faced girl beside him. He pointed dead ahead. "Well, there it is," he said, "Blue Hawaii."

Ann Blyth strained to look at the horizon. At first she saw nothing, only the endless blue-green world she had eagerly scanned since dawn, when she left her rumpled berth to watch the sunrise. She hadn't slept—not a wink since she boarded the plane at midnight in California. She was too excited. And now, as her eyes focussed at last on a velvet spot with a cloud for a halo, her heart skipped a beat. "Hawaii!" she breathed, and that was all because, oddly enough, her thoughts flashed back 5,000 miles to a drab little room in a New York City apartment where the Third Avenue "El" rattled past.

There wasn't much romance or adventure, actually, in that room. It was plainly furnished, because Ann and her mother were poor. But not too poor to own a radio, and the 12-year-old girl was an accomplished day-dreamer. Each week she would turn the knob excitedly to a favorite spot on the dial, lie back on the worn sofa and go on a trip. She would close her eyes as the program opened with the plaintive, throbbing rhythm of steel guitars, soft drums, ukuleles, and native voices chanting *Aloha Oe* . . . "From Heavenly Hawaii in the Blue Pacific come songs and Island music saying, 'Come, come to Hawaii!' This is Webly Edwards . . . 'Aloha!' . . ."

Ann would open her eyes then and stare at the ceiling where there were cracks in the plaster. But what she would really see was a paradise of swaying palms, pink sands and creamy surf, of golden people feasting, playing and singing straight to her "from under the big banyan tree." When it was over she would quickly snap off the radio, so nothing could break the spell. Then she would promise herself fiercely, "I'm going there. Some day I'm going to Hawaii!"

Lots of things have happened to Ann since then. Broadway, radio, and the movies. Fame, fortune, a fascinating, successful career, the opportunity to employ her talents and bring herself and others happiness. But always there were the pressures of the moment, too much she wanted and too little time to do it in. And so, at 23, romance, dreams of Hawaiian idylls somehow had just been put off. This was the first real holiday trip Ann had ever had in her life, and it was hard for her to believe it was really happening.

"Look," commanded the pilot, (*Continued on page 84*)



The studio technicians that worked on Ann's latest film, *Sally And Saint Anne*, were in on the deep dark plot that lured her to a glorious vacation in blue Hawaii.



Many famous personages, among them Governor Orin Long of Honolulu (above), went out of their way to welcome Ann and make sure her trip was a success.



Learning the hula was a high spot in Ann's trip. Here two dancers explain one of the more intricate steps while Ann listens. She became an expert at this native dance.

a new love, a new life

John Agar turned from the spotlight's glare to the calm of suburban living —with the girl who has given him a glorious year of marriage and the peace he has always longed for . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES





John relaxes on the porch of his apartment in quiet Westwood, a suburb of Los Angeles. This particular real estate development is relatively new and the Agars, whose marriage is just a year old, feel at home here.



Loretta encourages John to make use of his many talents, one being song-writing. Here they put his latest tune, "I Wonder If You Know" on the tape recorder. Their design for living is characterized by their informal apartment.





Rain cancels John's golf game and he is forced to take a putting fix inside. He and Loretta are both golfers, first met because of the game. Once John played 72 holes in a single day.

■ There is a quiet, tree-lined street in Westwood, a suburb of Los Angeles, that is brand-spanking new. Homes and small apartment houses have only been built on this street for a year or two, and most of the lawns are just patchy-green against black loam; and the trees are sprouts with tender bark and ambitious little leaves. It was to this street that MODERN SCREEN sent a reporter recently, not to cover a story but just to pay a call—to see what was doing with the John Agars. To find out how they live.

No particular story came out of the interview. There was no news. Shortly after the reporter and photographer arrived it began to rain, and everyone just sat around and chatted and spun yarns. And it turned out to be a very interesting afternoon, because we came away with a real insight into John Agar and his wife, Loretta. As yarns were spun and tales of boyhood and living in Hollywood and other places were swapped, it developed that Agar was a very different guy than a lot of people think—and that he shared with his wife a really happy marriage.

It was information that is worth passing on.

When he was a boy John Agar circulated in a pretty affluent atmosphere. He lived in Chicago where his family was in the meat packing business. They lived in a fine home, and young Jack had all the advantages. But he wasn't a wastrel—no rich kid with a piggy bank full of twenty dollar bills. He had to earn his spending money. From as long as he can remember he got every dollar he spent the hard way.

The first job that ever amounted to anything was just about the oddest chore a boy can work at—pig herding. Jack was paid three dollars a week for getting up at four in the morning and, in the company of several older men, escorting something like three or (*Continued on page 78*)

lana told me all

(*Continued from page 31*) at the moment.

After we had ordered, I said, "All right. Let your hair down (it's short) and tell me all about what's troubling you."

Lana laughed. She had to. It isn't natural for her to be angry for she has a really good disposition. But she was deadly in earnest when she said, "I hardly know where to start, there's so much junk being circulated."

Of course, the big talk is about Lana's marriage to the good looking South American, Fernando Lamas, so for good and sufficient reasons of my own, I was willing to start with them, and their wedding plans.

"Is there a chance you and Fernando will elope to Mexico and be married before I can get this story in MODERN SCREEN?" I asked promptly.

"We may," Lana nodded. "Our wedding will take place just as soon as we are both free—whether it is in Mexico, or Hong Kong, or South America when Fernando and I go there to make a picture together in the late summer.

"The point is—we are so much in love, Louella. Why can't people let us alone? Fernando and I mind our own business. We are very quiet. We stay away from nightclubs and attend only a few private parties.

"And, then, just because Kirk Douglas and I are working in the same picture, all this nonsense starts that we are flirting. It's so *cheap*.

"The morning the picture started, Kirk sent me flowers—just a nice custom in this business. Almost every actor I have worked with has done the same thing.

"I say 'Good morning' to him—common courtesy. And yet it comes out in print this way: *'Isn't Lana Turner getting a wee Kirk of Douglas these days?'* How horrible can they get?"

Not since those days, long since gone, when Lana was deeply in love and then deeply hurt by Tyrone Power have I seen her so emotionally upset over gossip. And her greatest concern was for Fernando. I have to admit I was a bit surprised for I had thought in the beginning, along with many others, that her romance with the handsome Lamas might have been just to stimulate interest in their *Merry Widow*.

I had only to listen to Lana mention his name to realize how wrong I was.

"Our marriage will be so right, Louella," she told me. "He loves my little daughter Cheryl, and she is devoted to him.

"Fernando's divorce, as you know, has been held up because he wants, rather he is insisting on, having his little girl with him at least part of the time. I wouldn't respect him if he were willing to give up his child even for me.

"He and Mrs. Lamas have been separated several times, and now that they have come to a final parting of the ways, it isn't as though I had broken up his marriage, or he—mine.

"When all our troubles are worked out, all we are asking for is to share a good, solid family life. I tried to have that with Artie Shaw. I tried with Steve Crane. I tried with Bob Topping, and you know what happened each time."

Having gone through each of these upheavals with Lana, I most certainly knew what she meant. Artie Shaw preferred the intellectual life. He never thought Lana was "cultured" enough for him.

Steve Crane loved being married to a glamorous movie star, and Lana spent most of her life with him in nightclubs posing for the photographers.

Bob Topping—well, shall we say he just likes to play around?

"Tell me about that $250,000 emerald necklace you are supposed to be holding out on Bob," I put in, "and all those other jewels belonging to his mother he says you are refusing to return."

If it is possible for a blonde as beautiful as Lana is to snort, that was just about her answer.

"Nonsense," she snapped. "Those jewels are a myth. The only jewels I have that were Bob's mother's are an emerald ring and a pearl necklace. There never was any 'fabulous emerald necklace' except in somebody's imagination.

"Believe me, I wouldn't mind giving the ring and the pearls back to Bob if I felt he was really sentimental about them. But I don't think he is.

"I think this talk about him being a multi-millionaire is as phony as these stories about the family jewels. It is my opinion that he has spent most of his inheritance."

Lana went on, "My attorney is doing everything he can to bring about a settlement with Bob so I can get my freedom. But, believe me, I am going to insist on getting back some of the money I sank in that marriage. Even getting back some of that money won't begin to make up for the many heartbreaking things that happened." Her voice trailed off, almost sadly.

I'll never forget the deep heartache she suffered when she miscarried two children—babies she had wanted very much to have. I was sure she was thinking about that now—of how she had cried and cried as though her heart would break both times motherhood was denied her.

Following the loss of the first baby, she had been gravely ill. It had been months before she had been able to return to work. During that time, many people and even her studio believed she might give up her career to be just Mrs. Bob Topping—that's how eager she was to make a real homelife for herself and him.

I remember she had said, "I'll work just when Bob is willing to remain in Hollywood. If he prefers to travel, I'm going with him." And she meant it. I believe it wasn't until later that Lana came to realize that if there was going to be money enough for travel and mansions for homes in her life with Bob Topping she was the one who was going to have to earn it.

But that is in the past. Sometime she will forget it all, she hopes. And she doesn't stay long off the subject of her one and only present interest—Mr. Fernando Lamas.

"One reason I am perfectly sure our marriage will work out is because I respect Fernando so much," she said, calmly now, stirring a cup of coffee.

"We both have careers. We understand each other's problems. The only good thing to come out of all this silly gossip about Kirk and me is that Fernando was not once the slightest bit jealous. He just laughs and tells me not to take it so seriously.

"And, he is such a wonderful actor. I think he gives one of the best performances I've ever seen on the screen in *The Merry Widow*. Oh, how I love that picture, Louella! It was just heaven playing opposite Fernando. I don't care if they say he steals the picture!"

We both laughed, for, believe me, when a star of Lana's stature says a thing like *THAT*, it's bound to be love with a capital L.

She is eagerly looking forward to the time, in the late summer, when she and Lamas and Cheryl will leave for South America, where MGM will star Lana and Lamas in a picture to be called *Latin Lovers*.

"I'll meet his family there . . . and we will be, very quietly, just homefolks. The last time I was in South America it was quite a different story: the full glamor treatment all the way—parties, luncheons, dinners, cocktails, meeting dignitaries, nothing but a whirl from morning to night.

"This time I shall get a chance to know the people and how they really live when not entertaining a movie star from Hollywood."

She said, seriously, "With all our efforts to keep our happiness to ourselves and our attempt to be dignified about it, it breaks my heart when ridiculous and vicious stories are printed. I guess that's why I blew my top the way I did to you, Louella," she explained a little apologetically. "Is it so wrong to want a solid marriage and to have a happy home for my child, and a place where his child can come and be with us?"

I didn't bother to answer that because I am sure that Lana knows I am her good friend and that I will always wish her happiness.

I was really kidding her when I said, just before I was ready to go, "There's one little rumor you haven't denied, Lana," I laughed.

"What's that?" she asked quickly.

"That you are being temperamental at the studio for the first time in your career."

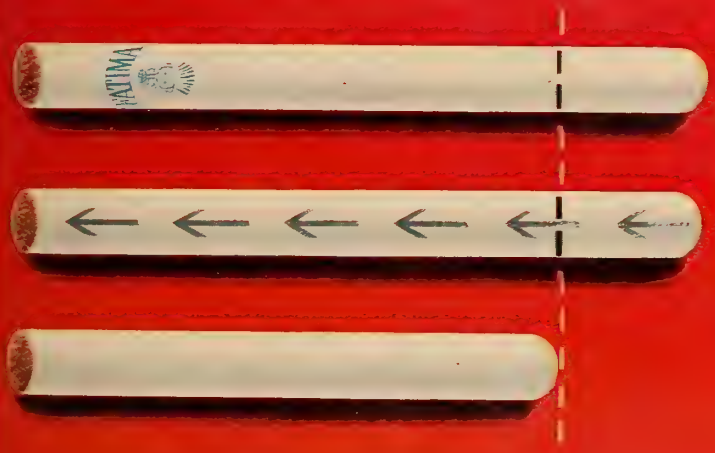
"Oh, *that*," she winked. "Temperament, or a little of it now and then, is good for the game. Seriously, the only thing I was annoyed about was that I wasn't able to get my own hairdresser for *A Tribute To A Bad Man*. I've had this girl for years and years and I thought it was silly to give her to another actress when I was ready to start my picture. But," she sighed, "I wish that were all I had to worry about!"

As I mentioned before, my friend, Lana, is a very even tempered girl, except when she gets her dander up! **END**

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FROM THE MOVIES

ABOUT FACE—*No Other Girl For Me* and *If Someone Had Told Me* by Tony Martin and Dinah Shore (Victor).

MERRY WIDOW—*Vilia* by Skip Martin* (MGM).
MGM's new Technicolor musical brings back this familiar Lehar melody, neatly done up here in modern dress by the new band of arranger Skip Martin (he's the fellow who wrote Les Brown's hit record of *I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm*).

ROBIN HOOD—*Whistle My Love* by Henry Jerome* (MGM).
Pleasant performance of a song from the new Walt Disney opus, with Ray DeMeno on the vocal.

SKIRTS AHOY—*Hold Me Close To You* by Billy Eckstine** (MGM).
Here's a truly outstanding vocal performance that Billy does in his first movie. Accompanied by Georgie Stoll and the MGM studio orchestra, he does a splendid job.

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART—Album of songs by Jane Froman** (Capitol).
Title song by Doris Day* (Columbia); Perry Como (Victor); Hildegarde (Decca); Ezio Pinza (Victor).
Tea For Two by Guy Lombardo (Decca); Frank Sinatra & Dinah Shore* (Columbia); Gordon MacRae (Capitol); Bing Crosby (Decca); Charlie Ventura (Victor).
Embraceable You by Paul Weston* (Columbia); Dave Rose (MGM); Kate Smith (Columbia); Nat King Cole* (Capitol).

POPULAR

PEGGY LEE—*Lover** (Decca).
Peggy will almost certainly have her biggest seller in a long time with this disc, thanks to the excitement-packed Gordon Jenkins arrangement. The other side is a more typical Lee performance of *You Go To My Head,* and although it'll be far less popular, it's my personal preference of the two sides.

JOHNNIE RAY—Album* (Columbia).
What can I say? So much has been said and written about the fabulous 25-year-old kid from Dallas, Oregon, that there's nothing left to add except that the best record he's made to date, *Give Me Time,* is in this album (or LP disc) as well as some other typically tearful tunes.

JAZZ

BERYL BOOKER—*A Handful Of Stars** (Mercury).
A wonderful new piano star makes a very promising debut with her own quintet. On the other side she sings, too—*You'd Better Go Now.*

RALPH BURNS—*Free Forms Album** (Mercury).
Woody Herman's arranger produces eight delightful original compositions here played by a group featuring woodwinds and strings. Gentle music with agreeable touches of jazz.

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THE SLUGGING SINATRAS ARE THE FIGHTERS OF THE YEAR. AND HERE'S THE REASON WHY . . .

"We fight—but we love it!"

■ A few weeks ago when Frank and Ava Sinatra returned from their second honeymoon in Honolulu—their first consisted of a weekend in Havana—they found the mailbox jammed with bills and magazines.

They took care of the bills and then sat down of an evening for a little literary relaxation. They began to pore through the magazines and then suddenly broke into laughter. The periodicals were filled with stories of THE BATTLING SINATRAS, in big bold type. (*Continued on next page*)



THEY SAY SHE'S INSANELY JEALOUS . . . THEY SAY SHE CAN'T GET ALONG WITH FRANKIE'S KIDS—BUT AVA



Most rumors don't bother me



Certainly, they don't affect Frank



They say I'm insanely jealous



It's pure baloney

THEY SAY HE'S A HOTHEAD . . . THEY SAY HE SCREAMS AT AVA ALL THE TIME—BUT FRANKIE JUST SITS



f we get along—that isn't news



If we quarrel—that's a scoop!



We do quarrel



So does every other married coup

"We fight—but we love it!" continued

You must have read some of them yourself if you read film magazines; and if you did, you probably came off with the impression that Ava spends most of her spare time banging Frankie over the head with a rolling pin and that he retaliates by battering her lovely body to a bloody pulp.

According to the stories, Ava is insanely jealous about her crooner-boy. Let him so much as even look at another girl, and she pulls his heart out by the roots, at least three times a night, which means, of course, that he has a very elastic heart.

These same self-appointed Gardner-Sinatra authorities also say that Ava doesn't get along particularly well with Frank's children, that when their mother went to New York with Barbara Stanwyck some time back, and the children visited Ava and Frank, they witnessed a battle royal. They say that the young Sinatras are embarrassed, uneasy, and nervous in Ava's presence, and she in theirs. But these statements have no basis in fact.

As for Frank, supposedly his jealousy takes form in frenzied rages. When Ava says "Good morning" to the mailman, Frank races out of the house with a set of swords and a set of dueling pistols. "Mr. Mailman," he shouts, "you have your choice."

It's ludicrous, but that's what the wisenheimers would have you believe.

As Ava used to say back in dear old Smithfield, N. C., "all of that, honey-chile, is pure, pure baloney."

Ava has never been happier in her life than since her marriage to Frank. She thinks he's adorable and everything she has ever wanted in a man. That's why she married him in the first place. "I never judged him," she says, "by a sheaf of newspaper clippings. I judged him by his actions. They say he's a hothead with a very low boiling point. Not true. You really have to rile him before he blows his top. Frank has a wonderful sense of tolerance. He gets furious at people who

ONLY SMILES AND ANSWERS THIS . . .



ve never been happier in my life



I think he's adorable



Frank and I fight all the time



Our hearts know what is important

BACK, GRINS, AND SAYS THIS . . .



t the quarrels are about nothing



Neither of us are diplomats



We fight about anything at all



But we love it!

denounce others for being Negroes or Jews or Catholics, and so do I."

The Monday-morning quarterbacks insist that Frank screams at Ava all the time, that it makes no difference where they are, at home or in public. They like to exercise their vocal chords. That's a slice from that same hunk of baloney.

Ava and Frank believe in acting naturally. If they're out in public and they disagree, they speak their minds.

A few weeks ago, for example, when Frank was singing at the Cocoanut Grove of the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles, one of his old acquaintances came over after the show and put the bite on Ava's boy for a hundred bucks.

Ava grew furious. "You've already loaned him more than $2500," she complained. "He has no intention of returning that. Why do you keep pouring good dough after bad?"

"Well . . . he happens to be a little hard up," Frank said.

"He's been a moocher for the past 20 years," Ava pointed out, and she launched into a real wifely tirade. Ava is pretty practical when it comes to money. Frank is not. Any sort of sob story and he'll get softhearted and come across with his last twenty dollar bill.

Folks who overheard Ava arguing with Frank that night undoubtedly misinterpreted their quarrel for the fight of the century, because the next day Ava picked up a newspaper and a local columnist said, "the Sinatra marriage will blow sky-high any evening now."

The truth of the matter is that Frank and Ava fight vocally all the time. They are two people with decided opinions who believe in getting to the point—no beating about the bush with this pair.

If Frank doesn't like a particular dress of Ava's, he'll say, "Not that one, sweetie"—they both (*Continued on page* 86)

the fifth passenger

(*Continued from page 39*) thing could I do than share their discomforts and danger for a few hours, and what sort of creature was I to *pretend* I wanted to do it but not really mean it?

It was no slight feeling of guilt that bothered me now, but a strong one, and there was only one way to square it. "Please take me along," I told the chaplain. "I must go."

He said he couldn't do that. He was traveling alone in an open jeep (open so you can jump out and take to a ditch in a hurry in case of a plane or sniper attack) without lights and over a route that was more of an icy, rocky trail than a road. I stood a good chance of being frozen, bumped out, hurt in a crash, shot, or, as he put it, "all four, maybe."

But by now I had to go.

I PUT on six suits of long, woolen underwear, tops and bottoms. Over this I wore two pairs of GI trousers, two sweaters, a shirt, two jackets and over all a fur-lined parka that reached to the knees. I pulled on four pairs of socks and stuck them along with my trouser bottoms into shu-packs—big, army overshoes. I wrapped two woolen bandannas around my head and after I'd pulled up the hood of the parka I wrapped another woolen scarf around my face, almost to the eyes, so that I could see only through a narrow slit between bandanna and scarf. In each of my woolen gloves was a chemical handwarmer which I held in my fingers.

When I was ready I went out and found two other figures similarly bundled up. They turned out to be Mala Powers and Johnny Grant who were members of our troupe. They'd heard part of my conversation with Lt. Bondurant and had decided to go along.

A moment later the chaplain got into the car and asked a question which made me gulp. Did we have our identification cards? They would be needed, I knew, if we were captured by the enemy, to prove we were non-combatants and also (which was hardly a comfort) to earn us officers' treatment as prisoners of war. We all nodded soberly and the chaplain started off.

I turned my head to look back. Headquarters was disappearing behind us and with it I lost whatever feeling of safety I'd had up to then. I was scared . . . so scared I called myself crazy for ever getting the idea of going. I began to count the minutes; each one that went by made me think, "well, just another one like that, and another one after that, and before I know it we'll be there."

In the back of my mind a phrase began to put itself together, a phrase I had heard often about the war. And then I knew what it was—"loose front." GI's would tell us that there was no exact fighting line, especially at night. Soldiers from both sides were slipping through, raiding, making surprise attacks, ambushing cars on the road. That's why we didn't use our lights; not so we could sneak by undetected but so as not to give them an easy, illuminated target.

I tried not to think of this and a phrase came to my mind, one my mother was always saying . . . "God is with you." Crouched deep in my seat, my head pulled down as far as it would go between my shoulders as we jounced along, I kept wondering, "Was He. . .?" I tried to prove to myself that He was, that He always had been. But there was no proof for me out there in the freezing darkness.

"God is with you," my mother would cry out when I fell as a toddler and I would pick myself up unhurt and believe He had been. "But God will be with you," my mother had said when she told me my tonsil operation would hurt, and I had believed her with the faith of a six-year-old. When I was 14 and frightened about taking my first plane ride, when the pilot of a speeding motorboat I was in, seemed to go crazy and was missing the dockside by inches as he roared by, the first time I stood, dry-mouthed and heart pounding, in front of a camera—"God is with you," had been enough. But was He with me now?

Greer Garson opened a new theater in New York. The manager asked if she would say a few words and gave her a small slip of paper on which a suggested speech had been written. "Only this, to open a theater," replied Miss Garson. "I use more words than that to open a can of tomatoes."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

I found myself feeling sorry for myself, and then, I recognized this feeling as one I'd had before in my life . . . for another person, a girl riding in a car with my older sister and me. They had been talking without my taking special notice of their words until this girl had said, "As far as I am concerned I am an atheist. I can't be a believer. I just can't believe."

I had been shocked and had felt sorry for her . . . and in exactly the same way I was sorry for myself now! Was I, too, being a skeptic with the little faith I was showing? It wasn't a pleasant thought out there in the menacing freeze.

I sat up straight in my seat and stopped cowering. For most of my life I had always felt that if a thing was right it should be done. Whether it seemed risky or unwise did not matter. This, which I was now doing, was the right thing to do and from this point on I must stop worrying. It was out of my hands.

THERE is no way of judging the time but perhaps it was an hour later when we were challenged by an American sentry, then by another some distance further on, and after that we pulled up at a big tent hidden in a clump of trees. Several GI's showed up and we were helped out of the jeep . . . and we needed help, we were so stiff.

Inside we found almost 50 more men, some standing around a little stove trying to get warm and others bunched into little conversational groups. Mala and I pulled our hoods down and took the bandannas off our hair. Everything grew quiet, awfully quiet, and they just stood and stared at us. The chaplain entered quickly behind us and made a little introductory announcement.

"Miss Mala Powers, Miss Piper Laurie and Johnny Grant of Hollywood, men," he said. "They've just come up to join our get-together tonight."

Still no one said anything. I got a feeling that it was because they had lost touch with the outer world. It had been so long they were too surprised to get over it easily. A few of the boys came closer and tried to talk . . . but awkwardly, as if they couldn't think of what to say. A couple of the soldiers started to distribute song books and each man took his, but still stared silently. We were given books and then the chaplain led off.

For the first few seconds everybody sang. But, as if they had all rehearsed it beforehand, the voices of the men suddenly became almost inaudible and just Mala and I were singing. I sensed why immediately. They wanted to listen to us, not because it was Mala and me, but because to stand there and hear girls' voices brought back everything they had left behind. And you could tell. As we looked around now a smile broke out here and there, a smile, an appreciative grin, an understanding look between buddies. We sang on. We knew we were giving the best performance of our whole trip.

The second song was a hymn and now the boys started to join in a bit and it was more of a party. I was singing away when I felt something brushing me lightly from behind. I turned around and there, so close that his nose must have been touching my hair before, was a young GI, a dark-haired boy maybe 19 at the most. His eyes were closed and he was inhaling deeply. Something must have told him that I had moved and he opened his eyes. For a second he looked at me, the barest smile coming to his lips. Then he closed his eyes again, said "Girls!" and inhaled again, sighing.

The chaplain delivered his sermon and then led us all in a prayer. Another song and it was over. Now the boys started moving in, there was no more strangeness but an eager desire to talk on the part of almost every one of them.

"How long you been here?"

"How long you gonna stay?"

"You coming back up here?"

"When did you leave the States? How was it?"

Nobody wanted a show. Nobody wanted us to entertain in any way. They just wanted to talk. They wanted to be carried back, even if only conversationally, to what they had left behind. I looked around for my little inhaler and saw him sitting alone, his head to one side and a lost look in his eyes. I knew he was thinking of someone he had hated to leave and wondered if he would ever see again. I had to blink my eyes to keep them from watering and turned back quickly to the others. Open sentiment was not wanted here. There was a lot of it around but for each it was private.

Almost every night of my life since I have been five years old I have prayed. I just pray—I don't pray *for* anything. But this night I resolved to include thanks in my prayer, thanks that I had turned an idle idea into something valuable.

We were there almost two hours, most of which time Lt. Bondurant had individual sessions of prayer and talk with some of the boys. Then we started to bundle ourselves up—the fellows laughing at us openly—for the return trip. They escorted us—or I should say practically carried us—out to the jeep and stood in a half circle around us until we got under way. Mala turned to me immediately.

"I'm so glad we came," she said. "So awfully, awfully glad."

It was colder than before, if anything, but we were so exhilarated that I don't think we noticed it at first. Mala and I, as well as Johnny and Lt. Bondurant, would lean towards each other despite the biting wind to recall incidents about the visit. Eventually we huddled down into our seats silently as the jeep bounced along. It was then that I had a chance to realize that once more I should be frightened. We had 20 miles of night ahead of us, night that could well be filled with danger from enemy patrols. But I wasn't frightened. I felt wonderful.

I felt wonderful because I knew, somehow I just *knew* that there were not four of us, but five of us going back in that jeep. And the fifth passenger, I was certain, was God.

He *was* with me. **END**

(Piper's next picture is Universal-International's No Room For The Groom.)

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Science proves it's moisture from within that makes skin really smoother

There's a *definite promise* of a smoother, fresher complexion for you—in this newly discovered SKIN-TONIC ACTION of Lux Soap care. A softer, dewier look . . . the wonderful *young* look!

Skin-Tonic Action works *from within* to improve your skin—not just from the *surface*, but actually *from within your skin*. New tests by Lever Bio-Chemists prove . . .

Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care wakes vital moisture within your skin

It's *moisture from within* that makes skin look really smooth, lastingly smooth. It's *moisture from within* that gives radiant freshness. Your skin *must* have this natural moisture to look its loveliest—and that's just what the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care gives your skin!

Yes, your skin looks smoother . . . and *it stays smoother*. That's the wonderful news of Skin-Tonic Action in daily Lux care—*lasting freshness, lasting new smoothness.*

Moisture! . . . for dry skin!

Moisture is particularly vital to dry skin. The flakiness you see is dry, inactive skin flaking off. Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care actually helps correct this condition *from within*. It helps your skin *retain natural moisture*. Immediate improvement is evident—you'll *see* your skin looks fresher, more luminous. Feels smoother to touch.

FOR YOU . . . a minute a day, each day. Now think of your Lux care as more than mere cleansing. Think of it as a beauty stimulant! As you cream in the rich lather for your Lux Soap Facial, this stimulating Tonic-Action wakes vital beauty. A minute-a-day makes a difference! Your warm rinse, your cold splash, *add* to the stimulation.

Now see the dewy freshness! Touch the more satiny feel of your skin! You're truly Lux-lovely.

Lovely DEBRA PAGET says: "*I find the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care makes a wonderful difference in my skin . . . brings fresher sparkle, delightful new smoothness!*"

And *you* can be sure . . . the beauty care that works for lovely Hollywood stars like Debra Paget will work for you, too.

The evidence in these Lux tests *proves* that the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care will make a real difference in the loveliness of any normal, healthy skin—and that probably means *your* skin.

You can prove this for yourself. Try Lux now . . . start *daily* Lux care . . . and you will see that just *one* cake of Lux can make your skin *definitely smoother, definitely fresher.* We would not make this promise unless we were sure Lux would fulfill every word of it.

Today, get fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap . . . Hollywood's favorite. You'll see why 9 out of 10 screen stars are Lux Girls!

LUX TOILET SOAP care and the beautifying benefits of its Skin-Tonic Action are guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company—or your money refunded.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux with "Skin-Tonic Action"



See Lux-lovely DEBRA PAGET, starring in "LES MISERABLES" A 20th Century-Fox Production

Put that $100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Wildroot gleam girl, Diane Cheryll of Omaha, Neb. says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo rinses away like magic . . . gleams my hair without a special rinse . . . leaves it radiantly alive."

Does your hair have that $100 gleam? Does it sparkle with highlights . . . does it have that alive look? Sounds like you've discovered new Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . the liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans . . . cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid . . . more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both. It's a soapless shampoo plus soothing lanolin. Watch it foam into a quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Feel it leave your hair soft, silky, in all its natural beauty . . . with just enough body to take a quick set . . . and to hold that set!

For a clean . . . deep-clean scalp . . . for softly gleaming, radiant hair . . . for *manageable* hair that never needs a special rinse . . . for a soft shampoo that *protects* your hair . . . try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!



Wildroot gleam girl, Tommie Hendler, Vancouver, B.C., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair gleam because it gets it so clean."

How to win $100

Want to win $100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture.

If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot ad, and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York Artist and art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that $100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!



Wildroot gleam girl, Barbara Ellen Myers of New York says, "I love the good smell of Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . 'n mother says it never leaves a dull film 'cause it rinses right out."

Get New Lady Wildroot shampoo

gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams



Three Sizes
29¢ 59¢ 98¢

PREVIEW OF FALL FASHIONS FOR CAMPUS, COUNTRY OR CAREER

GLAMOROUS VIRGINIA MAYO CASUAL AND SMART IN PLAID TWEED

A Year Round Traveller, this striking coat worn by Virginia Mayo of Warners' *The Iron Mistress* was designed by Prestyly of Jaunty Juniors. It does double duty in colder weather with the addition of a zip-in lining of grey wool. The cuffs and facing are of matching wool. Note the newest pocket trick—the flaps conceal deep serviceable slit pockets. Sizes 7-15. Plaid tweed available in grey with copper, gold or Fireball red, all trimmed with grey wool. About $70. Without zip-in lining, about $60. Virginia wears Cobblers of California "Cable Stitch" shoes, about $9; she holds Cobblers' new handbag "Chatterbox," about $11. The John Frederics' "Charmer" is a youthful grey felt cloche with belting trim, about $11; she holds shortie gloves from Hansen; hosiery in the new shade "Shadow" by Gotham Gold Stripe. Gold jewelry by Coro.

In this issue:
Hosiery—Gotham Gold Stripe
Gloves—Hansen
Handbags—California Cobblers
Jewelry—Coro
Hats—John Frederics' "Charmers"

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL


modern
screen
fashions
in hollywood



CAMPUS,

Happy is the girl who owns a wardrobe of Ship 'n Shore blouses for she will be smartly equipped for almost every occasion. Eve Miller of Warners' forthcoming Technicolor production *April in Paris* poses in three blouses. All have convertible collars, come in sizes 30-40 and Coro jewelry adds bright and becoming accents.

1. Rayon shantung is chosen for this blouse with a tiny Peter Pan collar and crystal buttons. Charcoal, toast, white, peacock, hyacinth, beige, pink or gold. About $3.50. Jonathan blonde cowhide belt trimmed with gold, about $4.

2. Pretty as a picture—this tailored blouse of rayon shantung with its youthful Johnny Junior collar. Toast, white, peacock, hyacinth, charcoal, beige, pink or gold. About $3.50. Jonathan cinch belt of beige cowhide, about $5.

3. Custom cuffs and links are features of this tailored blouse in beautiful Pediloom (nylon-rayon). White, avocado, nude, mint, charcoal, buttercup, coral, pink, navy or blue. About $5. Elastic and calf Jonathan belt, about $2.50.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

COUNTRY OR CAREER



modern screen fashions in hollywood

Left, Monica Lewis of MGM's *Everything I Have Is Yours,* pertly illustrates the perennial smartness of the simply tailored suit. Designed by Prestyly of Jaunty Juniors in novelty check worsted, the jacket features the rounded, molded hipline and bias binding of the fabric trims the collar, pockets and flared cuffs. Sizes: 7-15. Red, royal or brown combined with black. About $55. Monica's black velvet hat is a John Frederics' "Charmer." About $13. California Cobblers' "Chatterbox" handbag (strap-handle) in veal calf, about $11. Monica holds Hansen shortie gloves.

CAMPUS, COUNTRY OR

modern

screen

fashions

in

hollywood



Just right for all casual wear! Dorothy Bromiley, of Paramount's *Pleasure Island,* wears the newest three-piece outfit from Junior House of Milwaukee. The quilted weskit and skirt are in foulard— printed corduroy. The blouse is of cotton broadcloth. Sizes 9-15. The weskit and skirt are available in raspberry with gold, green with gold or white with gold—all with matching gold blouses. About $40. Perfect accessories with this ensemble are California Cobblers' smartly styled "Quarterbag", a melon-shaped pouch with contrast piping. About $9. It comes in calf or suede in all shades to match the "Dixie-land" shoes. (For description of shoes see page 77.) Popular cotton shortie gloves by Hansen. "Cheesecake '52" hosiery by Gotham Gold Stripe.

CAREER





Above left, for a semi-formal date, Junior House of Milwaukee has designed this delightfully picturesque dress of finely striped woven taffeta worn by Audrey Dalton of Paramount's ***Pleasure Island.*** The ruffled, tiered skirt is gracefully billowing and tiny gunmetal buttons trim the neatly tailored bodice. Sizes 9-15. Turquoise blue, rose or copper. About $35. Audrey wears Coro pearl jewelry—Gotham Gold Stripe hosiery in the new shade, "Cheesecake '52." *Above right,* cleverly solving the problem of what the smart career girl can wear for her exciting and casual After-Five dates, Junior House designs a versatile two-piece dress. Joan Elan, of Paramount's ***Pleasure Island,*** wears it. The top is a turtle-neck jersey dyed to match the skirt of Treebark moire, which has corded tiers to make it stand out. Sizes 9-15. Black or brown. About $30. Joan's gold jewelry is from Coro and she wears Gotham Gold Stripe hosiery in the new shade, "Cheesecake '52."

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL



SHOE PROFILE

No career girl's wardrobe is complete without a year-round dress that changes aspect and purpose according to the shoes worn with it. Audrey Dalton of Paramount's *Pleasure Island,* wears this Orlon-Acetate sheer. Sizes 7 to 15 and 12 to 20. Black, navy or brown. About $13. A George-David Original.
For dress-up occasions the Dream Step pump below. Coro's gold jewelry. Nylon hosiery by Rivoli.

1. A cleverly designed moccasin of Norzon with a cush-n crepe sole and cush-n insole for added comfort by Friskies. Sizes 4 to 10, narrow and medium widths. Black, tan, red or gold. As low as $3.99.
2. This classic saddle Oxford is from Sports Pals. Available in various heel heights. Sizes 4 to 10, in double A, B, C, or D widths. Black and white or brown and white leather. As low as $3.99.
3. The new opera pump with the open-toe by Dream Step. Sizes 4 to 9, including half-sizes, in narrow and medium widths. Available in black or brown suede; brown, red or green calf. About $4.99.



MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

where to buy

modern screen's fashions



This fashionable and delightfully feminine slip by Gotham Gold Stripe is of all-nylon tricot and imported all-nylon lace. The lace forms the midriff and skirt yoke—matching lace edges the shirred bodice and wide circular skirt. Sizes 32-38. White, sunset pink or ballet blue. About $17.

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores:

CALIFORNIA COBBLERS (Shoes—Handbags)
STORES CARRYING "CABLE STITCH" SHOES PAGE 71 AND BELOW
E. Hampton, L.I., N.Y., E. Hampton Shoe Store
Elko, Nevada, Traher's
Odessa, Texas, Model Shop
Ruston, La., Carpenter, Inc.
STORES CARRYING "DAILY DOUBLE" SHOES BELOW
Dallas, Texas, Ring & Brewer
Dover, Dela., Ettingers
El Campo, Texas, Sam Bishkin's Dept. Store
Lexington, N.C., Family Shoe Center
Lubbock, Texas, Dunlap's
Nashville, Ark., G. W. Robinson & Co.
Odessa, Texas, The Dunlap Co.
San Angelo, Texas, Sturges
STORES CARRYING "DIXIELAND" SHOES PAGE 74 AND BELOW
Conroe, Texas, Prosser's
Portland, Ore., Armishaw's
STORES CARRYING "QUARTER-BAG" HANDBAG PAGE 74
Cincinnati, Ohio, Newbold's Inc.
Colfax, Wash., Roberts
Columbia, S.C., Henry Averill Shoe Co.
Columbia, S.C., J. B. White Co.
Eugene, Ore., Arbuckles
Gadsden, Ala., A. B. Bottoms Shoe Co.
Kingman, Ariz., Babbit Bros. Trading Co.
Lexington, N.C., Family Shoe Center
Nashville, Ark., Geo. W. Robinson
Tyler, Texas., The Booterie
"CHATTERBOX" HANDBAG PAGES 71, 73
Write to address below for store nearest you.

If there is no store listed near you, for California Cobblers' Shoes and Handbags, write directly to Cobblers, Inc., 1212 Stanford Avenue, Los Angeles 21, California.

CORO (Jewelry) Pages 71, 72, 73, 75, 76
Available at leading department, specialty and jewelry stores throughout the country.

DREAM STEP (Shoes) Page 76
For store nearest you write to DREAM STEP, 35 N. 4th St., Columbus, Ohio

FRISKIES AND SPORT PALS (Shoes) Page 76
Albany, N.Y., John G. Meyers Co.
Atlanta, Ga., Davison-Paxon Co.
Baltimore, Md., Julius Gutman & Co., Inc.
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros. Dept. Store
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich., Federal Dept. Stores
Harrisburg, Pa., Pomeroy's
Morristown, N.J., Bamberger's
Newark, N.J., Bamberger's
Toledo, Ohio, LaSalle & Koch
Washington, D.C., E. D. Edwards Shoes
Wilkes Barre, Pa., Pomeroy's

GEORGE-DAVID ORIGINAL (Dress) Page 76
Baltimore, Md., Stewart's
Boston, Mass., Slattery's
Buffalo, N.Y., Hengerer's
Charlotte, N.C., J. B. Ivey
Chicago, Ill., Fair Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Harrisburg, Pa., Bowman's
New York, N. Y., Stern Bros.
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer, Fuller
Washington, D. C., Jelleff's

GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE (Hosiery—Pages 71, 74, 75; Slip—Below)
Bakersfield, Calif., Harry Coffee
Birmingham, Ala., Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Detroit, Mich., D. J. Healy
Los Angeles, Calif., J. W. Robinson
Mansfield, Ohio, H. L. Reed
New York, N. Y., Gimbel's
New York, N. Y., Saks 34th St.
Philadelphia, Pa., B. F. Dewees
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel's
Seattle, Wash., Best Apparel
Spokane, Wash., The Crescent

HANSEN (Gloves) Pages 71, 74
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

JAUNTY JUNIORS (Coat—Suit) Pages 71, 73
Akron, Ohio, A. Polsky
Baltimore, Md., Hutzler Bros.
Buffalo, N. Y., L. L. Berger
Champaign, Ill., Field's
Charlotte, N. C., Belk Bros.
Chicago, Ill., Morris B. Sachs
Columbus, Ohio, Robert's
Des Moines, Ia., Wolf's
Detroit, Mich., B. Seigel
Duluth, Minn., Bruen's
Elgin, Ill., Joseph Spiess
Hartford, Conn., Sage Allen
Lincoln, Nebr., Magee's
McKeesport, Pa., Cox's
Macon, Ga., Goldman's
New Bedford, Mass., Lloyd's
New York, N. Y., John Wanamaker
Omaha, Nebr., Herzberg's
Paterson, N. J., Meyer Bros.
Pittsfield, Mass., Textile Store
Plainfield, N. J., Rosenbaum Bros.
Portland, Oregon, Berg's
Spokane, Wash., Rusan's
St. Louis, Mo., Boyd's
St. Paul, Minn., Schuneman's
Syracuse, N. Y., The Addis Co.
Topeka, Kans., Harry Endlich
Utica, N. Y., Doyle Knower
Washington, D. C., Hecht Co.
Wilmington, Dela., Kennard-Pyle

JONATHAN (Belts) Page 72
El Paso, Texas, Popular Dry Goods Co.
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.
Also available at leading specialty stores throughout the country.

JOHN FREDERICS "Charmers" (hats) Pages 71, 73
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field
Dallas, Texas, A. Harris
Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Calif., Bullock's
New York, N. Y., B. Altman
Philadelphia, Pa., The Blum Store

JUNIOR HOUSE (Dresses) Pages 74, 75
Augusta, Maine, Wiese's
Baltimore, Md., Linda Lynn
Bridgeport, Conn., Outlet Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill., Mandel's
Cleveland, Ohio, Taylor's
Colorado Springs, Colo., Grey-Rose
Coral Gables, Fla., Ruth Boyle, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Kline's
Ft. Worth, Texas, R. E. Cox Co.
Hartford, Conn., Manhattan Shop
Hempstead, N. Y., Frederick's
Houston, Texas, Sakowitz Bros.
Kansas City, Mo., Adler's
Little Rock, Ark., Pfeiffer's
Los Angeles, Calif., May Company-Wilshire
Milwaukee, Wis., Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn., Harold's
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche
New York, N. Y., Oppenheim Collins
Norfolk, Va., Berson's
Reading, Pa., Parisian Shop
Reno, Nevada, Howay's
San Francisco, Calif., Livingston's
St. Louis, Mo., Sonnenfeld's
Syracuse, N. Y., The Addis Co.
Washington, D. C., Krasner's
Wilkes Barre, Pa., Hollywood Shop
Worcester, Mass., John C. MacInnes Co.

RIVOLI (Hosiery) Page 76
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

SHIP 'N' SHORE (Blouses) Page 72
Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
Chicago, Ill., The Fair
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Dallas, Texas, Titche-Goettinger
Denver, Colo., Neusteter's
Detroit, Mich., Ernst Kern Co.
Hartford, Conn., Sage-Allen
Indianapolis, Ind., Wm. H. Block
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., Ed Schuster
Minneapolis, Minn., The Dayton Co.
Nashville, Tenn., Cain-Sloan
Newark, N. J., Hahne's
New York, N. Y., Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa., Wanamaker's
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufman's Dept. Store
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank
Richmond, Va., Thalheimer's
Rochester, N. Y., Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
San Francisco, Calif., Macy's
Seattle, Wash., Bon-Marche
Washington, D. C., Hecht Co.



California Cobblers shown here all come in suede-kid or polished calf in sizes 3-10. 1. "Cable Stitch", a wedge heel sling pump has foam rubber cushioning. Slim, N.M. widths. Brown, red, smoked pearl grey, emeraude or black. About $9. 2. Colorful contrast binding is a feature of "Dixieland". AAA, AA, and B widths. Available in Benedictine, black, red or blue and in various shades of brown. About $10. 3. "Daily Double", a dress sandal with the heavenly comfort of a walking shoe. Slim, N.M. widths. Suede—black, maple, Benedictine, spice, tang, chestnut, brown, ruby red, flight blue, emeraude or smoked pearl grey. Calf—black, turf brown, russet glow, cognac, smoked pearl grey, ruby red, flight blue, basque red or caramel. Suede or calf, about $7.

Stay as Sweet as you are



Only Mavis keeps you flower-fragrant, flower-fresh, alluringly feminine all over. This velvety *imported* talc, exquisitely perfumed, insures your daintiness . . . absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing. With Mavis you are always your loveliest self.

MAVIS
TALCUM

IT'S SMEARPROOF!



Irresistible
FRENCH FORMULA
LIPSTICK

For more exciting, more inviting lips. Irresistible Lipstick stays on you. 8 radiant fashion-perfect shades.

29¢

Also available: Regular formula in swivel case 29¢



Complete the magic spell with bewitching . . .

Irresistible PERFUME

10¢ & 25¢

a new love, a new life

(*Continued from page 59*) four hundred hogs through the streets of the city from the loading pens to the slaughter house. The pigs, not sure of their fate after a long train ride, generally resented the trek and gave the drivers considerable trouble. The porkies wanted to see the sights—or go some place else—for they would take the side roads at every opportunity. A boy had to be on his toes every minute and wide-awake or wind up spending the entire day hog-calling in the business section of Chicago.

"It was nothing like servicing a newspaper route," John said. "Some of those animals would weigh several hundred pounds and they didn't want to be shoved around. And we had a bit of traffic to contend with, too. We got up early for the drives but there was always that one motorist, in a hurry to get to work or something, who would turn into the herd and scatter the hogs in every direction but the right one. One day one of the pigs went berserk and charged us . . . and we all climbed phone poles. When we got down about half an hour later, darn near every home in that district had a pig or two in the back yard. If the family hadn't owned the plant, I'd still be paying a pork bill there for the ones we lost."

A summer or so later, when the family moved to its home at Lakeside, Michigan, for several months, young John found the type of work he wanted to do. He became a caddy. He didn't want to be a caddy all his life, of course, but he wanted to do something around a golf course. And he was a good, tireless caddy. He'd be the first one at the Lakeside Club in the morning, and he wouldn't go home to dinner until the last weary golfer had put away his clubs and given up for the day. From that time to this John Agar has been a fanatic golfer.

As a caddy he got his fill of walking around the course professionally, but as a player he never ever got enough. Once for four straight days he played 72 holes a day—something of a record even for a kid with youthful stamina. But on days that he worked, picking up a dollar and a quarter a trip around, he used to get out on the greens before the worms got back in their holes, play a round, and then top off the day with 18 holes before complete darkness set in.

Jack Agar loved golf so much that he refused to go into the pro shop, the place where the equipment is looked after. He had heard of a ruling that made anyone who worked in a pro shop a professional, and it was his ambition to become a champion amateur.

NOBODY has ever called John Agar a lazy man, but once, as a youngster, he fell asleep on the job, right in the middle of the day. It was while he was going to school. He had taken a job as a sort of handy lad with a pharmaceutical manufacturing company. One day he was asked to go into a huge cavernous room and assist in a chore he had not been introduced to before. There were huge mills grinding chemicals into a fine powder. Jack's job was to keep the mills full of material. He noticed that the other workers were wearing special nose and mouth masks, but he paid no attention—and nobody apparently was aware that he wasn't wearing one of the masks. After about 20 minutes of work, with the fine powder filling the air, he began to feel strangely drowsy and then faint. Finally somebody did notice him, and two husky fellows ran to his side, grabbed his arms and rushed him out of the room to the emergency hospital, where he lay down a very sick boy. He found out the next day that the powder he had been breathing was from a chemical used to manufacture sleeping pills, and that by rights he should be sleeping yet.

Not every kid gets to go to a private prep school, but a good many do. John Agar was one of them. When he finished grammar school he was shipped off to the Harvard School for Boys at Pawling, New York. He had no idea at the time, of course, but he was to join the ranks of a number of other screen stars who were educated at Pawling. Frank and Ralph Morgan went there, as well as George Montgomery and George Murphy. Jack was a pretty good pupil, although no whiz. He held his own in the classrooms and did a little better than that on the playing fields. He was a fair end and blocking back in football and a dinger of a center in basketball. As a matter of fact, he is held in higher esteem at the school even now for his record of baskets tossed than for his fame on the screen.

It has been said a good many times that John Agar is a spoiled product of a wealthy family. That is not true. At no time did his family cater particularly to any of his whims—work and earn was the motto as far as the boy was concerned. There never was a summer that he did not earn enough money, generally by the generous sweat of his brow, to go on to school at his own expense if he had found it necessary. And he learned thrift. He didn't squander his money then any more than he does now.

If it hadn't been for World War II, young Agar might have gone on to college and become a professional man and settled down in some city distant from Hollywood and never had his picture taken again in his life. But there was a war and along with millions of other fellows Jack was plucked from his plotted pattern and stuffed into an Air Forces uniform. He wore it for three years, with distinction and honor, the record books say.

HIS mother and grandfather had moved to Beverly Hills, California, so it was there that Jack headed on his leaves and furloughs. Beverly Hills and not Hollywood itself is the center of the social life of the film industry, so it was to be expected that Jack would get to know and get mixed up with the film set. It was soon after that that you and I both first heard of him. He was the handsome lad who was dating Shirley Temple—the one who, against a backdrop of hoopla so foreign to him, eventually married her.

Having been Shirley Temple's husband is now so far in the past in John Agar's life that if it were not for the never-ending fame of that young lady it would be irrelevant. But Shirley, in a sense, is responsible for his getting into pictures. Actually John had no ambitions theatrically. As a matter of fact, he had rather definite aversions to a screen career. He had no grease paint in his blood, thought it was a bit silly for a grown man to get paid for making faces, and above all shivered at the thought of capitalizing on his relationship to further any kind of a career. For that reason he rejected all suggestions that he take up movie-making in any department, rejected them flatly.

But a man must make a living, especially if he is married to a woman who must be in the public eye, one who needs pretty things oftener than most wives. And a baby was well on the way. So, merely as a means of turning a few fast bucks, Jack listened to David Selznick, who had been after him for a long time to take a screen test, and was shortly afterwards signed to a long term contract. Those who knew the details of the negotiations will recall for you that it took quite a bit of

coaxing to get the boy in front of a camera —and quite a bit of intestinal stamina on John's part to take the step.

If you saw him in his first films, *Fort Apache, She Wore A Yellow Ribbon* and others, you must agree that David Selznick knew what he was doing when he signed Agar. He was a fresh, clean personality, an unspoiled, handsome new face. The record of his credits show that all of his pictures were made on loan-out, not produced by the man who had Shirley under contract, which means that he got the parts on his own merit and that outside producers were willing to pay handsomely to get him.

No matter how low an opinion a person has of acting as a talent or craft, they'll lose it for keeps if they ever work for John Ford. Ford is a perfectionist, a slave driver and a man who can drill respect for what he is doing into the most amateur of amateur actors. John Agar fell into Ford's hands in his first and third pictures. By the time the first one was over, he was no longer of the opinion that acting was a form of kidding. He knew it was a profession and that few are chosen for it—and fewer yet capable of it. He became really enthusiastic. He wanted to learn, not entirely to make money now, but because it was a challenge to improve himself in an artistic endeavor. The fact that Ford called him back for a second movie is proof that his effort was not wasted—and that he had a genuine talent for acting. Ford has no room on his sets for dullards or laggards.

It is unfortunate that divorce came into his life at the time it did, for John Agar was not prepared to handle tragedy at that period. But it did—and then came an interlude of morbidity. It is to Agar's eternal credit that he whipped that and emerged a better man and artist.

No picture you have ever seen of Loretta Agar has ever done her justice. Possibly she doesn't care very much about having her picture taken, because no cameraman has been able to truly capture the loveliness and wholesomeness of the girl.

John and Loretta met at a mutual friend's house, a chap named Larry Springer with whom John played golf. Their first interest in each other was because of golf—and they'd sit at the tables in the club house after a game and hold a post-mortem, and Loretta was generally more accurate in her analysis of the contest just finished than either of the men. That was a strong link between John and Loretta.

Somehow I can't quite believe that one way to save the theater is to get Shelley Winters to appear on the stage.

Richard Watts Jr. in The New York Post

And their marriage was no hasty affair, as has been said in the press. It was a sensible, well discussed mating that was important to both of them from the very moment they discovered they were in love. Like most fellows, John was a bit lazy about some of his ambitions. For instance, he had always wanted to be a good singer, but never having given much thought to becoming a professional performer, he hadn't done anything about it. Loretta made him go to a coach and study—and if you think it didn't pay off, talk to the managers of some of the places John has worked as a singer, like the Oriental Theatre in Chicago, the Olympic Theatre in Miami, the Earle in Philadelphia or the Copa Club in Pittsburgh.

John has another talent that Loretta is working on right now that might very well keep the family sugar bowl filled with lettuce. He writes songs. He used to just kid about it—but now he is in earnest, thanks to Loretta. One, "I Wonder If You Know," is said to be a standout by many professional tunesmiths.

The John Agars are members of the congregation of the All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills and attend services regularly. They play cards at home a lot and go to movies with the college kids of Westwood. Their real enjoyments are found in their home.

The day MODERN SCREEN called on them they were sprawled in the middle of the living room floor surrounded with dictionaries and encyclopedias, working several cross word puzzles simultaneously. Music, popular and a bit of long hair, was pouring from a record player that is never turned off. A huge pot of coffee was bubbling on the kitchen stove, for the Agars have a cup of coffee every time they think of it. It was a truly domestic scene.

And after a while, when it began to rain —and the pictures we had come for had been taken—a feeling of peace and security seemed to permeate the apartment, and the world beyond the steamy windows seemed very far away. The apartment with its comfortable rooms and warm colors became truly a home—a place where Mister and Missus Nice Ordinary would live. And the conversation was warm and the coffee hot and the laughter easy and genuine.

It was a shame to go away. But we did. Me and the photog. And when we had been seen to the door and had stepped into the street for the short walk to the car, we wanted to hurry back. So we looked well at the street and the newness of it all and the juvenile trees, so we'd remember the place. And we were both happy we'd called. Dropping in on the Agars was a pleasure—a *real* pleasure. **END**

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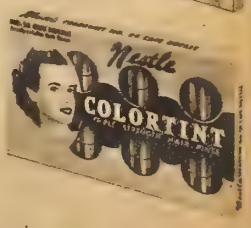


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(*Continued from page 47*)

not take my word for it that Joan Taylor is a future star of exceptional talent. (MODERN SCREEN photographers call her "their pet.") You can see her in *The Savage,* with Charlton Heston, and in many more Paramount pictures to come!

BARBARA RUICK: SHOW BUSINESS IN HER BLOOD
By Jane Powell

I was delighted to be Barbara Ruick's sponsor at MODERN SCREEN's First Annual Golden Key Awards. Like me, she began her career in radio. Unlike me, however, she has a fine acting heritage. Barbara, born in Pasadena, California, is the daughter of Melville Ruick and Lurene Tuttle, both outstanding radio stars. At 14, Barbara began singing with the high school band and during her senior year she sang twice weekly on radio.

Many thousands of service men, I am sure, will champion Barbara for stardom as much as I do, for she has made seven trips to Travis Airfield and recently returned from a 21,000-mile trip helping to entertain troops in Europe and North Africa.

Barbara's Golden Key now has a place of honor in her Beverly Hills apartment, and if you have seen her in the MGM's *Invitation* and *Scaramouche,* I know that she'll have a place of honor on your list of new favorites.

DOROTHY HART: HER NAME MEANS WHAT IT SAYS
By Howard Duff

The night of the Golden Key Awards, I paced the floor at the party, waiting for Dorothy Hart to show up. She was the last to arrive, and I almost had to leave because I was waiting for that any-second call that Ida's baby had appeared. And why was Dorothy so late? Because she was working at the Mobile Blood Bank, and considered what she was doing more important than anything concerning her career.

Dorothy has been one of our most prominent magazine cover girls, Queen of the Cleveland Air Races, and has won so many beauty contests she's forgotten the number. Yet she never trades on her beauty and in my opinion, is the Sweetheart of All the Golden Key Girls, just to give her one more title. Her first film role was opposite Randolph Scott in *Gunfighters,* and you may have seen her since in *Raton Pass* or *Loan Shark,* with George Raft. Lippert productions have every reason to be really proud of their entry in the Golden Key derby!

URSULA THIESS: MOST IMPORTANT SINCE DIETRICH
By Jane Russell

Everyone at RKO-Radio Pictures is cheering MODERN SCREEN's selection of Ursula Thiess (rhymes with niece) as a Golden Key winner. Born in Hamburg, Germany, she is the first important screen discovery from that country since Marlene Dietrich, 20 years ago. Ursula's home was bombed out during the war, and she was forced to flee the country. After the war was over she became a photographer's model, and wrote and sold film stories for short subjects. When her picture appeared on the cover of Life Magazine, studio officials cabled her a screen test offer, which she couldn't at first believe.

When Ursula arrived in Hollywood, she couldn't speak a word of English, but she mastered the rudiments of the language in four months and was cast as the leading lady for the Technicolor film, *Monsoon,* which was filmed in India.

The British press has heralded her as the "most beautiful girl in the world," and I personally believe that she is potentially one of the greatest stars ever to be brought to the RKO-Radio lot.

SUZAN BALL: SHE BAKED A CAKE
By Tony Curtis

You want to get into a hot argument over at Universal-International, ask anybody who they think Suzan Ball looks like. Some say Elizabeth Taylor or Jane Russell. Maybe Lana Turner, but unlike Lana, Suzan didn't get her start by being discovered on a soda fountain stool. No, Suzan did it the hard way, by baking a chocolate cake for a charity bazaar in Santa Maria and getting it seen by talent scouts. (Her face, not the cake.) Suzan is from my home state, New York, and she landed in Hollywood because her father happened to be a travel agency manager.

She didn't fool herself that she could make good in movies; she went to North Hollywood, and every time she looked around she thought she saw a thousand girls who looked better. So she did a little modeling, sang with a dance band and hoped the right guy would come along. He did, and signed her to a movie contract. I won't say she's going places—in my opinion, she's already there. So go take a look at her in *The Untamed* with Jeff Chandler and *Yankee Buccaneer* with Scott Brady. And remember, a couple of years from now, I told you!

GLORIA GREENWOOD: SHE WAS "TOP SECRET"
By John Derek

For a long time, Gloria Greenwood was a "hush-hush" girl at our studio, Columbia. The former Queen of the Portland, Oregon, Rose Festival had been signed to star in her first picture, playing the late Grace Moore's role in *One Night Of Love.*

A few days before winning her Golden Key, Gloria still had her original name, Gloria Krieger. Of her singing in concerts and on the radio, critics had already said such things as "the most exciting voice I have ever heard" and "the best voice in a hundred years." To date, her greatest achievement has been as the soloist for the Denver Symphony orchestra, but she would already be a movie favorite if the studio had not kept her a "top secret" while grooming her for her all important screen debut in *One Night Of Love.*

I am proud to be Gloria's sponsor and anxious to appear opposite her in pictures, but I am certain that, even without this modest endorsement, she will be successful and famous in Hollywood for a long time to come.



Joan Taylor was ill, so sponsor Ronald Reagan and wife Nancy sent Key to the hospital.

EILEEN CHRISTY: THE BANK CLERK BEAUTY
By John Russell

I think that few Hollywood Cinderella stories can match that of Eileen Christy, for whom Ella Raines and I are the sponsors. (The only Golden Key girl with *two* sponsors, by the way.) Eileen was only 14 and a native of Baldur, Manitoba, Canada, when she grabbed off a job as clerk in a San Francisco bank, and she might still be headed for a vice-presidency if so many people hadn't commented on her beautiful voice.

She auditioned at the Civic Light Opera Association, and abruptly veered to a new career. In 1949 she entered the Atwater Kent Auditions, placing second, but she was so determined that she tried again the second year and captured top honors. This led to television and her own NBC musical program known as the Eileen Christie Show. Today she has been signed to a Republic starring contract and you will see her first in *I Dream Of Jeanie.*

Keep an eye on this girl, and I will too, at Republic studios, where I hope to appear opposite her in many pictures.

PENNY EDWARDS: NOW SHE'S IN THE BIG LEAGUE
By Bill Lundigan

Even my best friends didn't tell me that I'd be the loneliest guy at MODERN SCREEN's Golden Key party until I arrived and was told that Penny Edwards, for whom I was named sponsor, was held over on location at Sedona, Arizona, and couldn't be present to receive her award. So, with a fine disregard for other people's money, I called her long distance, got Ty Power on the phone and told him that his leading lady in *Pony Soldier* was getting famous overnight.

Penny's career really began one night outside a theater in Jackson Heights, New York, when at the age of four she told her parents she was going to become an actress. Thereupon, she rustled up a gang of neighborhood kids and began to produce plays. She stuck to show business like a leech, wound up as a specialty dancer in the last Ziegfeld Follies at the tender age of 12.

Penny was Roy Rogers' girl in a half dozen movies and an equal number for Rex Allen. Then this dancing and acting whiz, who is prettier than a Petty girl, signed with 20th, where everyone is delighted at the great strides she is making as an actress. Check on her in *Pony Soldier* and see if I'm not right!

VIRGINIA GIBSON: CHORUS GIRL MAKES GOOD
By Virginia Mayo

Yes, it still can be done—Virginia Gibson has danced her way through the chorus line of several Broadway shows, straight into a Hollywood contract, and I was proud to be present the night she accepted her Golden Key Award from MODERN SCREEN.

The sprightly little red-haired Virginia comes from St. Louis, Mo., where as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gorski she was educated at St. Alfonse's School for Girls and was sent to dancing school almost as soon as she could walk. And at 17, she took off on a shoestring to win her place in the hearts of New York

theater-goers, as she certainly will throughout the whole country, now that she has the much wider audience of movies.

I urge you to watch for Virginia in *About Face*, if you have not already seen her in *Tea For Two* or *Painting The Clouds With Sunshine*. Write and tell me how you like her; for as her sponsor I'd like to know how the Golden Key Girl who bears the same first name I do is getting along.

LUCY KNOCH: "STRAIGHT GIRL" MAKES GOOD
By Red Skelton

I want to step out of comedy character long enough to summon Lucy Knoch to the stage for a long deep bow as she accepts her Golden Key. This girl from Nashville, Tennessee, has brought a lot of pure fun and pleasure to millions of people watching my NBC-TV show, and I'm a little more than proud that she has won this honor, after spending four years on a studio lot where her talents were never properly used.

It was just a bit of luck that my business manager, Bo Roos, and I happened to spot her in a restaurant at the time when we were badly in need of a girl for the show, and Lucy said to me later, "I thought that Hollywood had become a blind alley for me, and I was all ready to take off for New York."

I feel that Lucy Knoch is one of the greatest natural comediennes of our time, and I am humbly proud that I have had a small part in furthering her career.

KAREN SHARPE: TINIEST OF THEM ALL
By Maureen O'Sullivan

I know that Karen Sharpe is headed for a fine future in the entertainment world, because I have appeared with her in television shows and know just how talented she is. Karen, who has a featured and continuing role in The Children's Hour series, a full hour program, came from San Antonio, Texas, graduated from the Hollywood Professional School, and originally planned to become a professional ice skater. Just five feet two inches tall, and weighing a hundred and three pounds, Karen is the type of girl I like to see succeed.

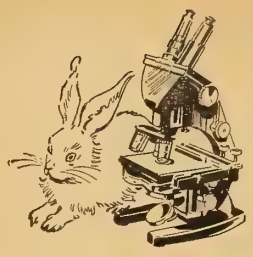
Karen is the first girl to be placed under contract by Hal Roach studios for their television productions, and other studios have been anxious to borrow her for movies ever since.

I hope you will continue to follow her career with as much interest as I do.

MARY SINCLAIR: TV HITS HOLLYWOOD
By Bill Holden

It is seldom that a player scores a solid success at any studio at which he or she has once been dropped from the contract list, but that is just what happened to Golden Key winner, Mary Sinclair. From San Diego, Mary was hailed to Paramount, just out of high school. Her tests failed, so she went on to New York, and after working in small stage roles, she landed a role in the television show, *Studio One*. She became the first lady of TV. That did it. All the studios bid for her services, but Mary preferred Paramount, where she once had failed to make good.

Oddly enough, Mary once modeled with Esther Williams, and gained most of her early drama experience by attending Hollywood High School evening drama school. Work and persistence have paid off for Mary Sinclair, who is scheduled for important roles at Paramount. I sincerely believe that before long she will have other



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honors to place beside MODERN SCREEN'S Golden Key tribute.

PEGGY KING:
THE SECRETARY HEADS FOR FAME
By Howard Keel

The most sensible way to success is to work at what you can do while waiting for an opportunity to try what you hope to do. That is exactly the procedure followed by Peggy King, who worked for two years as a secretary after her training in business college. Meantime, she patiently sought an opportunity with radio stations in Akron and Cleveland, Ohio, until she clicked. The parts were small at first, but she turned to singing and was signed with Charlie Spivak's band. Eventually, she auditioned for Decca records, at a time when MGM's producer, Arthur Freed, was present. "If I'd known who he was," Peggy says, "I wouldn't have been able to sing a note." But that audition won her an MGM contract.

Now she is considered "another Judy Garland," and I am only one of many who predict that this particular Golden Key girl has a golden future.

KATHY PHILLIPS:
THE MIRACLE FROM WOOLWORTH'S
By Dennis Day

Yes, it's true. Woolworth 5 and 10c store's loss was the entertainment world's gain. Kathy doesn't remember, exactly, whether she quit Woolworth's or whether they quit her, but one thing she does know—she was borrowing money to eat on when she heard that we were auditioning for my TV show. She had nothing to lose, so she decided to try out, and at the last minute she was so afraid, she wanted to back out. I think it was her nervousness in part that brought out her charm and made us decide to sign her for my NBC-TV show, after she sang "Getting To Know You" in competition with three skilled professionals.

There's something sort of wonderful about discovering a girl who once ran an elevator, shook towels in a laundry and stuffed bags in a potato chip factory, and then being able to watch her develop into a fine actress. Kathy is what we in show business call a "natural." She just "had to sing" all through her schooling at Mission High School in San Francisco, and the longer she is with us, the more convinced we all are that she'll one day be one of the most famous stars in the business, but that, in achieving that goal, she'll never lose an ounce of her delightful sweetness. **END**

what women have done to bill lundigan

(*Continued from page 55*) ordered. "Nobody's going to punish you."

Bill took the actress in his arms. He mashed his lips against hers. After a minute, Hedy came up for air. "A little better this time," she announced. "But you still need some instruction."

Women have been instructing Bill Lundigan all his adult life, largely because he gives them the feeling that he is a lost but talented soul, a frank actor who believes in speaking his mind honestly and bluntly, a practice frequently at odds with the high-powered diplomacy necessary to achieve Hollywood stardom.

Not too long ago, Bill was on location with Susan Hayward down in Georgia. The two of them were rehearsing a scene in which Bill drives a team of horses. A lot of townsfolk were watching the rehearsal, and Bill was taking a fearful verbal lashing from some third assistant director.

After the tenth bawling out, Bill was ready to blow his top. "I'm going down and tell that guy what I think of him," he muttered.

Susan Hayward grabbed Lundigan by the sleeve. "Just because he's a jerk," she whispered softly, "there's no point in your joining him. Let that Irish temper of yours cool down."

Bill looked at Susan, and she smiled. Then he broke into a grin, too. "Thanks," he said. "You probably saved my job."

LUNDIGAN has been extremely lucky in having a woman at his side during most of the critical moments of his life, and fortunately, women who have had more than their share of common sense.

The first was a beautiful young coed named Dorothy James with whom Bill attended Syracuse University. Dorothy's old man was the Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania. She was a girl with a quick and ready wit, an attractive personality, and a Venus de Milo figure.

Bill fell for her the way coal shuttles into a cellar basement, and she in turn, fell for him, because well, let's face it, Lundigan is a handsome hunk of man.

Bill, carried away by it all, proposed marriage to Dorothy. Romantically, he even suggested elopement. But Dorothy, despite her youth, knew the difference between real, lasting love and a tempestuous infatuation; and she told Bill very frankly that, while she cared for him a great deal, they were much too young to plunge into matrimony.

"My heart was broken at the time," Bill says. "But she certainly was right. She had a much deeper understanding of human nature than I. She saved us from a marriage that would never have worked. And I learned from her that marriage is nothing you enter into lightly, that it's the most important move in a man's life. When you finally take the step, you've got to be 99% sure. When I married my Rena, I was even more than 99% sure."

WHEN Bill Lundigan first hit Hollywood in 1937, however, he was about as sure of himself as a young girl attending her first dance. He was under contract to Universal, a studio majestically ruled over by young Queen Deanna Durbin. One night, after having seen this charming, neophyte actor in *Dodge City*, Queen Deanna expressed the desire of emoting with the lad in a movie entitled, *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*.

Midway during the production of this film, Deanna called Bill into her dressing room. She must have been all of 16 at the time. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded. "Don't you like this business?"

"Sure," said Bill. "I'm crazy about it."

"You certainly don't act that way," Deanna countered. "You spend all your time gabbing with the extras and the electricians, and your mind seems to be a million miles off. I know you're easy-going and all of that, but honestly, Bill, you'll never get anywhere in Hollywood unless you concentrate."

Bill says now that Deanna was right. "She made me see," he admits, "that you couldn't play a scene cold, that the lines had to get inside of you, that you had to make the character you were playing part of your life. As young as she was, Deanna taught me an awful lot about acting.

"I've been out in Hollywood quite a while now, and I still hear all those stories about how catty actresses are. But that hasn't been my experience at all. Actresses have been the most wonderful persons in my life. They've taught me things. They've gotten me jobs. They've stopped me lots of times from making a fool of myself.

"I remember some time back when I was playing with Bette Davis in *The Old Maid*. I was so nervous I couldn't stop my knees from knocking together. I blew line after line. When Miriam Hopkins came into the scene, I was even worse. Finally, Bette took me over to one side. 'Look, Bill,' she said, 'Miriam and I both know how hard you're trying. Take it easy. Relax. We know you're okay.' After that, I was fine.

"After the war was over and I was married and in need of a job, who do you think came up with one? Hedy Lamarr. She put me in one of her own productions.

"In 1949 when Zanuck was looking for a male lead opposite Jeanne Crain in *Pinky*, they were testing every actor and his grandfather. There was talk of Gregory Peck, Tyrone Power, Dana Andrews. I was sure I didn't have a chance, but Jeanne put in a good word for me, and Zanuck gave me a contract.

"I'm not kidding. Without women—without actresses in particular—I don't know where I'd be. Probably back in Syracuse working in my old man's shoe store."

Gloria De Haven and Mitzi Gaynor, who star with Bill in *Down Among The Sheltering Palms*, say that Bill was pretty nervous about his timing because this was the first musical he's ever been in.

"We talked to him," Gloria admits, "gave him a few pointers about music and dancing, and he came across like a million bucks. I've been asked lots of times why girls like to help Lundigan, why we go out of our way for him. It's a pleasure because he's so darn sweet and appreciative. He's been in the business a long time, but he has a wonderful sense of humility. Most men resent a woman's help and show it. Not Bill. He appreciates it, and he shows his appreciation. Women find that irresistible. I guess all of us by nature have something of the schoolteacher in us. Bill brings it out."

THIS handsome heart throb who brings out the best in women first saw the light of this world in Syracuse, N. Y., as the son of Martha and Michael Lundigan, who had Ireland in their blood and Killarney in their souls.

As a boy he wanted to become a lawyer. But his father's shoe store was in the same building that housed radio station WFBL, and Bill spent most of his spare time hanging around the radio studios.

By the time he was ten, he was a regular on the Children's Hour, and by the time he was 16, he'd developed into a full-fledged producer. One of his discoveries was an 11-year-old master of ceremonies named Gordon MacRae.

When he entered Syracuse University, Lundigan was torn between radio and law. Radio won, and Bill left college to take over the station.

One afternoon, not long after Bill and his coed sweetheart had decided that marriage was not for them, a press agent, exploiting the virtues of a Tarzan movie, strode into Bill's office.

"Just interview me over your station," the press agent explained, "so that I can plug the picture. That's my job."

Lundigan is the world's most agreeable soul and so he said, "Sure."

When the interview was over, the ex-

ploitation man thanked Bill and told him to look him up if he ever got to New York.

A few weeks later Lundigan was in the Big City, and the executives of Universal, thanks to the press agent, agreed to screen test him in their Long Island studio. A month later, the blue-eyed Irishman landed in Hollywood!

His first two years were spent at Universal, his second two at Warners, and his third two at MGM.

DURING these six years there were many women in his life, but only two had a major lease on his heart. They were Martha O'Driscoll and Marguerite Chapman.

There was also a high school girl who, unknown to him, had a terrific crush on Lundigan. Her name was Rena Morgan, and her mother was Helen, the famous torch singer. Rena used to sit in Schwab's drug store on Sunset Boulevard and whenever Bill walked in, she'd just look and sigh.

Their paths never crossed—at least, not until 1943, when Lundigan was a Marine at Quantico, Va.

Rena Morgan came down one weekend from Washington, D. C, to visit friends. She was introduced to Lundigan. Her heart started doing flip-flops. Bill reacted the same way. He kept staring into Rena's big brown eyes, and for a man who ordinarily spoke with careful deliberation, Lundigan suddenly became very glib.

"I don't know what it was," he says. "We began to talk about life and philosophy and very serious things. I began to see that my life had been without aim or direction. That is, I began to see under Rena's tutelage. She told me that if acting was going to be my life's work, then I owed it to myself to become the best actor I possibly could. You know how it is. You drift along from day to day, and suddenly you meet a girl and she asks you where you're going in life and you're stumped."

BILL fell in love with Rena Morgan, and, all the time he was fighting overseas, taking part in the actions on Peleiu and Okinawa, his thoughts were concentrated on her. They corresponded prolifically, these two, and the first night he was Stateside, Bill took Rena dancing at the Mocambo.

Emil Coleman and his orchestra were playing "Night And Day," the floor was very crowded, and Bill and Rena were dancing very close together, so close in fact that you couldn't have gotten a blade of grass between them. Quite suddenly Bill spoke into Rena's ear. "Would you mind very much," he asked, "if we got married?"

The light in her eyes gave him the answer, and he kissed her hair, and then her lips, right then and there and a few weeks later they became man and wife.

When you consider how many actresses genuinely like Bill Lundigan and how quickly in Hollywood the liking of an actor will develop into something stronger, it is quite remarkable that not one whiff of scandal has ever wafted over the Lundigan marriage.

After seven years, this is still one of the movie colony rock-firm marriages.

Friends of the Lundigans attribute its stability, in part, to the fact that both Rena and Bill are blessed with a well-rounded sense of humor.

WHEN Bill was making *Pinky*, Rena used to meet him at the door and say, "I bet you're all worn out from kissing Jeanne Crain today."

Bill would grin. "You've got no idea, Rena, what Jeanne and I go through in a love scene. It's the same thing over and over, and under those hot lights, too."

Then they'd both laugh and kiss and sit down to dinner.

The other night while dining with the Lundigans I asked Bill to sum up what the various women in his life had done for him.

"That's a great thing to ask in front of my wife," he said.

"Go ahead," Rena urged. "Tell us. I'd like to hear."

Lundigan gulped. All the women in his life, he explained, had been simply wonderful. Dorothy James had made him think about marriage like a man, not a boy. Deanna Durbin had taught him how to concentrate, Bette Davis how to relax. Hedy Lamarr had shown him that kindness was the one virtue fellow-workers in Hollywood valued the most. Susan Hayward had taught him how to control his temper, and June Haver had proven to him the purifying power of religion.

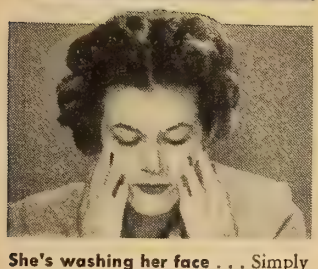
"How about your wife?" I asked.

Bill thought for a moment. "Rena's responsible for all our happiness," he said, "only I'm not going into details or she'll want me to increase her allowance." He leaned across the table and taking Rena's right hand, pressed it to his lips. Then smiling, "You know, other husbands come home from work and their wives offer to take off their shoes and get the footstool. My wife—well, I came home the other day worn to a frazzle—and she said, 'What's the matter, honey? Does Mitzi Gaynor hug too hard?"

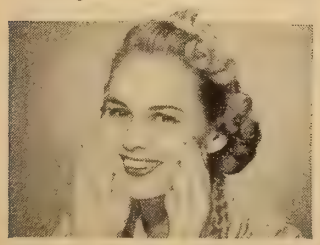
Mrs. Lundigan laughed and looked at her handsome husband with her heart in her eyes—and it wasn't hard to see that this woman's love is the best of all the good things that women have given to Bill Lundigan.

END

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so easy to love

(*Continued from page 57*) breaking her reverie. "Look down." They were scudding in close now and a dark green mountain was rising up to meet them. "Diamond Head," he smiled, "just like the postcards."

Seconds later Ann was wreathed with flowers. The orchestra was playing "Aloha." Then a young man from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel came and whisked her off to that most luxurious of all resorts, where she was deposited in a lanai fronted room that looked right over Waikiki Beach.

Hawaii! It was the end of March but already the Islands were bursting with spring. A soft shower fell regularly every day, soon chased away by the sun, and each day it made the green foliage greener, the tropical perfumes more intoxicating and the air more like champagne. "It's heaven," Ann thought.

Heaven lasted five wonderful weeks for Ann Blyth. By now, of course, she is back in Hollywood, with the hectic life of a Hollywood star again sweeping her busily along. But she's not the same Ann Blyth who climbed aboard the Clipper last spring. She was taut as a fiddle string then, and underweight, with little lines of tiredness etched around her eyes. Then she had made three pictures in a row—*The World In His Arms, One Minute To Zero* and *Sally And Saint Anne*—boom, boom, boom, like that. And, on the side, she had been engaged in so many personal appearances, benefits, camp shows and rallies—usually averaging two a week—that she never quite caught up with herself. She's at it again, now. And she's making *The Student Prince* with Mario Lanza, but there's a new zest and freshness about her, a new wellspring of energy to draw on. And she glows with a million memories of everything nice that can happen to a girl who makes a trip to a special paradise, where a dream she had dreamed all her young life finally came true. How it finally did, Ann doesn't exactly know to this day. Nobody's told her. So maybe it's time she knew that the whole thing was a deep, dark plot.

The conspirators weren't masked men in black capes, although their mission was to spirit Annie away. They were all very nice guys who are crazy about her, although they're all respectably hitched themselves. One was Al Rockett, a grandfather, who's made stars and guided their careers as a producer, and now, as an agent, in Hollywood for 38 years. He's handled Ann Blyth's fortunes ever since *Watch On The Rhine*, and he's been like a dad to her since she was 13. Another was Frank MacFadden, her publicity pop at Universal-International, who's had Ann under his wing ever since she's been on that lot. And the third plotter was her own genial, Celtic Uncle Pat, who with Aunt Cis, has handled the care and comfort of orphan Annie off and on throughout her girlhood, and with whom she's lived ever since her own mother died. They put their heads together because all were nursing the same worry. Annie was going on sheer will power, they agreed, having too many colds, working herself to a shadow. She needed a rest, a big change and a long vacation. She needed to relax and unwind and the place for that, Al advised, was Hawaii.

"They do say there's hibiscus as tall as trees over there," mused Aunt Cis.

"Everything's in Hawaii," confirmed Al, "including the Navy. Leave it to me. I'll tell her."

He had an ace up his sleeve, a very practical ace. When he had set Ann to make *One Minute To Zero* at RKO, Howard Hughes offered her a bonus—a vacation trip, all expenses paid, for Ann, Pat and Cis, wherever and whenever she'd like to go. Ann knew about this of course, but she hadn't gotten around to thinking about when or where, and probably never would. Al called her. "How'd you like to go to Hawaii?"

"Is there something there for me to do?" she asked innocently.

"Nothing at all," explained Al, "that's the point. I'm not making any deals for you. You're all through with *Sally And Saint Anne*, and *Great Companions* (she was lined up for that then) doesn't start for seven long weeks. Now's the time, or never."

"But I wanted to go to Korea," Ann objected.

"Korea later. But Hawaii now. I've made reservations. You leave next week, and Dolly and I leave with you—just to set things up and see that you meet people and have fun."

"But I can't possibly get ready in a week. I've got to shop. I've got. . ."

"I'll change the reservations, then," fibbed Al. "Make it two weeks from now." He didn't have to change them, of course. They were already made that way. Al knows Ann. But he had to set an iron-clad date, or he knew he'd never tear her away.

IT HAPPENED TO ME



I attended a rehearsal of "The Big Show" in London starring Tallulah Bankhead and while there was very surprised to see and hear George Sanders singing.

After the broadcast I asked him how long he'd been singing.

"Oh," he said, "I was singing in films 20 years ago and the reason I gave it up was because I'm really a bass and we always have to sing about fishes or ships or something like that . . . so I said 'I want love and kisses'!"

H. Katz
Middx., England

The two weeks flew by before she knew it. At last they were aboard the plane and winging away. Nine and a half hours—and they were there, just half a night on the big stratocruiser.

Busy as Ann was that first day, getting settled, there was plenty of time to slip into her new lavender bathing suit and run down to Waikiki's strand for a dip and a tingling ride on the outriggers. And time after that to primp luxuriously in her blue net evening gown while sun and sea were still reflected in her mirror. They would have dinner—Ann, Pat, Cis, Al and Dolly—out on the terrace, right over the waves. But "dinner" is entirely too stingy a word. This first dinner, like every meal to follow, was a feast.

First there was a fruit surprise, a bowl as big as the Davis Cup, it seemed to Ann, with every exotic fruit that grows, its heart a half-pineapple in a nest of spun sugar. Then came soup—a blend of every kind of seafood in the South Seas, artfully brewed with native herbs. Next *Mahi-mahi*, a native fish of sweetness and delicacy. The entree was plump squabs baked in fragrant leaves and wild rice. I won't go through all the rest of the courses until the baked Alaska topped with meringue birds and ringed by flowers. But Ann went through them, and what's more she cleaned her plate. How she could rise after that, light as a feather, to dance past midnight under the moon and stars with the salt spray kissing her cheeks, was a wonder .But that's what happened, and you can credit that to the U. S. Navy.

Because she'd hardly stepped on the floor with Al Rockett when a dark, handsome lieutenant in his tropical whites steered straight for Pat. "I wonder, Sir," he saluted, "if your daughter might dance with me?"

"Well, now," replied Pat expansively. "I'm not one for knowing that. But why don't you ask the girl when she gets back?" Which he did, and—lucky guy—the Navy is one of Ann's weaknesses. She joined the fleet pronto, or rather two fleets, because, besides Uncle Sam's gallants, there was an Australian cruiser in port on the way to Canada. Who won the battle for Blyth that night no one could say; possibly Annie herself, because she was whirled from uniform to uniform under the soft Hawaiian sky with guitars strumming, and two sweetheart-starved navies standing in line.

Ann went shopping, too, naturally. She bought flowered *holomus* and *kimonos* and a filmy evening dress, which Japanese girls sewed of tissue taffeta with gold figures, so gossamer sheer that the Waikiki breezes swirled it mischievously up to her waist when she danced on the terrace. She collected and wore sarongs of bright cotton prints. She stocked up on little hand-carved ivory jewelry and brilliantly patterned Hawaiian shirts for her friends back in Hollywood.

She took the trip around Oahu, of course, and flew over the gaping, volcanic craters on Big Hawaii, where the pilot dipped so close she had to shut her eyes from dizziness. She played golf at the Oahu Country Club and won four malted milks from two Catholic fathers who challenged her. She picnicked on the beach under Diamond Head and climbed to the Pali where King Kamehameha once shoved his enemies over an awesome cliff. She learned to hula "Little Brown Gal" and started on the intricate "Loving Hula Hands" under her patient teacher, *Puanani*.

The phone had started ringing the minute Ann and her party checked in at the Royal Hawaiian. Everyone wanted to give Ann parties, show her the sights, feast and fiesta her.

Then there were Pat and Barbara White, whose father is president of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company. Pat and Barbara run a gift shop right in the Royal Hawaiian and nothing would do but for Ann to come right out to the house for a party and later a tour of the pineapple and sugar cane plantations. And Wade Knapp, a young pal of Al's, took her, sarong and all, to the Ishii Gardens for a *sukiyaki* feast with chopsticks and shrimp *tempura*—a feast for the gods, as was the pit-roasted pig at the *luau* that Don the Beachcomber tossed one Sunday night. If you've never tasted roast pig, pineapple and papaya at Don's luaus, then you haven't lived. Whatever Ann did she revelled in—whatever she ate she loved madly, even *poi* and a sip of the fiery *okolehau*. If you can down these, they say, you're a real *Kanaka*.

Of course, all her vacation days weren't an unbroken round of festivity, although Ann, contrary to some Hollywood experts, can kick up her (*Continued on page 86*)

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(*Continued from page 84*) heels when she's a mind to. But there's another side to her, a better known side, and she can't be anywhere long before that quality comes out. Vacationing or not, Ann truly likes to sing, and vacationing or not, too, her heart's always stretching out to spread its sunshine around. There were a lot of places she wanted to visit that weren't vacation spots by a long shot. Hawaii isn't all a tourist's dream. It's a big, bustling territory, almost a state by now, and it has historic shrines of deep import for every American.

Wade Knapp, an ex-FBI man, arranged to show her Pearl Harbor, and Commander Goode guided them around the giant naval installations, the docks, the gray guardian fleet, the historic landmarks of December 7, 1941. She walked aboard the U.S.S. Arizona, now a monument to the thousands of Pearl dead, with a plaque on its deck. As Ann saw these things, she felt, as any sensitive American girl would feel, the true meaning of the Hawaiian outpost.

But all things come to an end sometime, and finally came that sad-sweet Aloha day—a day you celebrate in Hawaii just as much as you do the day you arrive. The goodbyes were said, the thank-you's made, last minute errands done when Ann suddenly cried in dismay, "Why, I can't leave like this. I haven't sung for the hotel help!" She called Tommy Chambers and had a piano and a lot of food sent up. Ann sang for two hours, everybody got autographed pictures, and some got hugs and kisses. But when the party was over, Ann suffered another horrible thought: "We forgot the chambermaids, and the girls in the laundry." So they did it all over again!

Finally she was aboard the *Lurline*. Whistles blew, confetti snowed and streamers snapped as the big luxury liner edged away from the wharf. Half of Honolulu, it seemed, was down to wave goodbye.

For almost a week then there was nothing for Ann to do on the *Lurline* but rest up from her rest, sun on deck, play ping pong and keno, bet quarters on the "races," practice her hula steps and swim in the pool. But finally the familiar California Coast loomed up, and at last she was home.

Inside, the phone was already ringing insistently. Dick Clayton wanted to see Annie soonest. Jane Withers, June Haver, Betty Lynn, Ann's good pals, wanted to hear everything about her trip. And then Frank MacFadden saying, "Want to work? Got news for you. You're going into *The Student Prince* with Mario Lanza. What do you think about that?" Ann thought it was wonderful. "And then," announced Frank, "there's a trip to Alaska for the premiere of *The World In His Arms*, and of course you'll want to make all the Air Force and Army bases. Got six lined up so far. . . ." Of course. She was back home, all right.

So things haven't changed in Hollywood for Ann Blyth since her Hawaiian idyll. Nor has Annie herself changed, outside, so you'd notice it. But, within, it's a different story. Locked in her heart is a new love for a place where some lucky men live. She learned a song on the Islands—It's called "Heaven Is In Blue Hawaii," and that's just about how Ann feels. If you're hunting a paradise on earth, she'll tell you, Hawaii's the place. At least, that's where one girl, who dreamed of paradise years ago, finally looked and found hers. **END**

we fight, but we love it!

(*Continued from page 67*) call each other sweetie—"that one went out of style at the turn of the century." Whereupon Ava will make some witty retort about the shoulder pads in Frank's suits. "Those pads," she'll crack, "look like the stuff King Arthur and his knights wore at the Round Table."

This sort of good-natured banter goes on all the time. It is carried off in an air of mock seriousness, but actually the Sinatras are teasing. It may come as a surprise to the gossip mongers, "but, honestly," Ava says, "we have a pretty good sense of humor between the two of us."

Ava and Frank know when their quarrels are petty and ridiculous. They know in their hearts what is important and what is not, and they have a realistic sense of values.

When Ava was playing in *The Snows Of Kilimanjaro* a few weeks back, she had a six o'clock call. In order to look half awake at 6:00 A.M., any actress needs a good night's rest. It so happened that the Sinatras had a date to eat out at Romanoff's that night. Before they left the house, Ava announced that she would leave the table at 9:30 P.M.

When 9:30 rolled around, Ava took off. Next day, the rumor was bandied all over town. Ava had walked out on her Frankie for the last time.

Ava has lived in Hollywood for more than a decade, and most rumors don't bother her, particularly such stuff as the above.

The one rumor that has annoyed her consistently, however, concerns Frank's children. Her face grows beet red and her eyes kindle with fire whenever anyone says, "I understand you and Frank's kids don't get along."

FRANK'S children visit the Sinatras periodically. They came down to Palm Springs to spend the weekend with Ava and Frank before the newlyweds took off for Honolulu. They played and swam and ate and picnicked and had a delightful time. The children are beautifully behaved. Nancy Sinatra has done a superb job in raising them. They're so well-mannered and polite, in fact, that even if they didn't like Ava, which doesn't happen to be the case, they'd never let her know.

Ava has said time and time again, "I only hope when it comes to raising my own children that I can do as good a job as Nancy Sinatra has."

When Ava and Frank have Frank's children with them, there's no strain, no big show, no anxiety. Sinatra has always been a wonderful father. His kids regard Ava as a friend who loves and respects them, and the last thing in the world Ava would do would be to destroy that impression.

Another thing. It's been said that Frank is and has been responsible for Ava's present relationship with her studio.

As you probably know, Ava was suspended for turning down a role in the film, *Sombrero*. "I'm sure it's going to be a great picture," Ava says, "only I just didn't happen to like the part that was offered me. My refusal to accept it was made on my own initiative. I've been suspended before for the same reason, and on each of these occasions my refusal had been motivated by my own judgment. Frank has nothing to do with scripts sent to me."

As regards their careers, the Sinatras travel separate paths. Stories to the effect that Frank exercises a Svengali-like effect on Ava are at variance with the truth.

The only time Frank will ever give his opinion of a script is when his wife asks him to. He never volunteers his opinion, which is a pretty shrewd one.

As Ava looks back on her months of marriage, she can honestly say that she and Frank haven't had one serious fight. All the spats have been minor and unimportant. Frank wanted to take a vacation in Mexico. Ava wanted to go to Spain, so they compromised and went to Hawaii where they had a wonderful time.

WHEN they returned to Los Angeles, the lease on their house had expired. Frank, a beach-lover from way back, suggested renting a house in Malibu. Ava voted for one away from the ocean and up in the hills. The words flew hot and heavy for a while, but the Sinatras now live in the hills.

Frank and Ava both have volatile natures. They don't believe in repression. If they get angry, they let off verbal steam. They never harbor long-term grudges.

At Mocambo a couple of weeks back a friend of theirs, June Hutton, was breaking in her act. Ava thought that one of June's songs was out of place.

Frank told Ava very nicely that she was all wet. After all, what he's forgotten about songs and singing, Ava will never learn. But you know how stubborn women can be. "I'm sorry, sweetie," Ava persisted. "I still think the song is wrong for Junie. The number isn't for her." So they had a discussion, whereupon everyone suddenly turned around and stared.

When Ava and Frank get along harmoniously, that's nothing. If they quarrel, it's a big scoop.

Ava and Frank quarrel. Make no mistake about that, but so does every other married couple. Only the Sinatra quarrels are about nothing vital, and Ava never lets them get to the point where they matter or become irritating.

SOME newlyweds go around kissing and cooing every three minutes. Not Frank and Ava. In their own hearts they're convinced that their marriage is a lasting proposition. And the reason they like to fight about the little things is that it gives them a chance for reconciliations which are worth all the rest.

But about the really important things in their lives, Ava and Frank have no indecision. They want children, and they want to raise them in California. Given the choice of motherhood or a career, Ava would prefer motherhood. Frank is the family breadwinner, but the big decisions are made together.

In the months to come there will be many more stories on the battling Sinatras, because Ava and Frank relish a good argument, whether they happen to be in a night club or the Yankee Stadium. Neither of them has ever studied for the Diplomatic Service, but that doesn't mean their marriage is headed for the rocks. It isn't. Right now it's invigorating, provocative, and stimulating.

Life with Frank can never be dull. He's a very desirable man, and Ava isn't exactly a wall-flower type. These two make an interesting, sparkling combination, perhaps even a unique one, because in a business which is basically neurotic, these two believe in giving vent to their feelings.

"It's true that we fight," Ava says, "but what those writers don't tell you in their stories is that we fight about nothing at all, and that we love it." **END**

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smile when you say that

(*Continued from page 29*) is a minor perfectionist who has kidded himself into believing that he knows more about writing than writers, more about directing than directors, more about producing than producers.

"Let him come across a script sequence that makes no sense, and he yells his head off until it's changed. He fights with directors, and I know of one case where he even threatened to punch a producer in the nose.

"He's a handy man with his fists, and he doesn't mind throwing his weight around. He's about as diplomatic as a tornado, and he'll battle anyone if he thinks he's right."

HOLLYWOOD got its first inkling of the unique Granger character when MGM signed him to star in *King Solomon's Mines,* in 1949.

Granger read the script and immediately shocked all the executives by announcing in no uncertain terms that several scenes contained too many lines of dialogue for him. He wanted all his dialogue trimmed to the bone, preferring to be depicted as a man of action rather than a man of words.

For an actor to complain about having too many lines is unheard of in Hollywood, and almost overnight the word got out that Stewart Granger was cut from a different fabric than most British actors.

He certainly is.

When the studio portrait department doctored his photograph, taking all the wrinkles out of his face, Granger again hit the ceiling.

"You fellows have ruined me," he screamed. "You've made me look like a boy. It took me almost 40 years to get these lines in my face and no still retoucher is going to take them out!"

When *King Solomon's Mines* finally went into action in Africa, Granger, according to several members of the cast, was about as easy to direct as a boa constrictor.

"He played the part of a white hunter," one actor recalls, "and since he'd been big-game hunting before, he became the authority on practically everything. He griped because they wouldn't let him use real bullets. He wanted the elephants to drop dead right in front of the camera. When the directors told him that he'd have to fire blank cartridges, he was furious. On the level. He screamed that blank cartridges would make his part seem phony since there's no recoil from a gun when you shoot blanks.

"As you probably know, things became so hectic during the shooting of *Mines* that we had to change directors. Granger and Compton Bennett, the original director, got along like Franchot Tone and Barbara Payton. Granger was told not to go hunting, that he was too valuable a piece of property. But Granger, who is absolutely fearless, went stalking water buffalo. He came back with two broken ribs. Of course, if you give him his own way about everything, he's a wonderful guy."

When Granger was making *The Light Touch,* again in Africa, he suggested to the director that he be allowed to start a fight with a cameraman in order to divert a crowd of native Tunisians who were lousing up the scene. The director convinced Granger that other members of the crew, who weren't as valuable and necessary for the completion of the picture, should be permitted this hilarious diversion. Granger was crushed. He relishes rough physical contact.

During the filming of *The Wild North,* he refused to have doubles substitute for him in any of the fight scenes, and he simply hated to pull any of his punches.

Before this particular picture got underway, there was a good deal of discussion as to whether Granger should play the leading role with a French Canadian accent or his own. There was some doubt in the MGM command as to whether the Englishman could get away with a Canuck accent. The arguments waxed wild and woolly, with Granger accusing various executives of double-crossing him. The debate reached its climax one day when Granger offered to take an executive outside and bash his head in.

An Englishman who knows Granger well says, "I've always had the feeling that Jimmy behaves the way he does because secretly he's ashamed of being an actor. Here he is a big, burly fellow, and he makes his living reciting lines in front of a camera.

"When he was a boy he looked upon actors as sissies, and the only reason he went to work in a motion picture studio was to meet beautiful young women.

"During the War when he was with the Black Watch, he was invalided out with a stomach ulcer, so that he's never really found the occupation to fit his wonderful physique, except on the screen. In his American movies he always plays the strong man, *King Solomon's Mines, The Wild North, Scaramouche, The Prisoner Of Zenda*—these are all blood and thunder stories calling for a man with primarily physical attributes.

"Jimmy likes to show that he's nobody's fool, that he's more than just a photogenic body, that he's got a good mind, too. That's

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why he's quick to voice his opinion which he considers eminently reasonable. It frequently is, but it also frequently hurts and antagonizes many people."

Not too long ago, one director became irritated at Granger's constant suggestions on how to direct his picture. "I'll tell you what, Jimmy," he said. "Let me direct this one. You can direct the sequel."

Granger himself says that he possesses a really "filthy bad temper. I'm no good," he adds, "sitting in a corner, sucking my thumb when people are trying to do me in. I believe in speaking out." As for his working habits, he says, "It just kills me when I see something obviously wrong in a scene. It doesn't make any difference whether I'm in the scene or not. I've got to tell the director about it. It's just that I hate to see anything spoiled by stupidity and bad taste."

Acquaintances of Granger say he sees no point in being well-liked if he has to adopt traits at variance with his basic character.

On one occasion, for example, he walked up to Deborah Kerr and said, "Everybody likes you. But tell me, why do you want to be liked?"

The actress was momentarily flabbergasted. "Because," she said, "it's better than being disliked. Isn't it, Jimmy?" Granger shrugged.

Naturally, his attitude isn't conducive to making many friends. He has relatively few, his closest being Elizabeth Taylor's husband, Michael Wilding, whom he met 19 years ago at the British International Studios in Elstree, England.

Wilding says, "My meeting with Jimmy was quite by accident. I'd just come back from studying art in Brussels, and I had in mind a job of painting scenery at the studio. There was one hitch. I had no architectural training, so I took a job as an extra, hoping that I'd learn exactly how they built sets. I was handed a powder puff and some makeup and left standing, feeling awfully silly.

"Just then I saw a big guy standing next to me, patting his face with a powder puff and looking even more incongruous than I. Six-feet-three, rugged, with a powder puff! It turned out his name was Jimmy Stewart."

The two young extras became close friends. They played poker together, dated together, and when they earned some money, bought a yacht. Granger taught Wilding how to sail and hunt, and Wilding became god-father to Granger's first-born, Jamie, who is now eight. Wilding flew to America when Granger and Jean Simmons both agreed that he would make a fine best man at their wedding.

Wilding is of the opinion that Granger has calmed down a bit since his youth. "He's a little quieter now," he says, "but he still has the courage to say what he means. He has a stubborn streak, but he's every inch a man."

GRANGER'S forthright manner, his lack of diplomacy, has given rise to the rumor that his marriage to Jean Simmons is foundering. The gossips insist that Jean can't stand up under his constant barrage of instruction and biting criticism.

This is ridiculous. Jean is not an American girl, with an American girl's outlook on marriage.

She has always worshipped and respected Jimmy, and the simple truth is that, despite his brusqueness, he is at heart a kind and generous husband. Jean expects to play second fiddle to her Jimmy because he is wiser, older, more experienced than she. Realizing this, she accepts him with all his faults.

They are passionately in love, and stories to the opposite send Granger into bursts of unprintable adjectives.

He cannot understand, for example, why each time he goes fishing without Jean, who doesn't particularly like to fish, some columnist has to carry a report that the Stewart Grangers are separating. He also cannot understand all those stories which describe him and Jean as financially embarrassed, or "in too deep." Their combined salary is $7,000 a week, about ten times what they earned in England.

"It is just stupid, outright nonsense," he declares. "These ridiculous gossip items."

Don't think for a minute that Granger is without his army of supporters in Hollywood. Even a director can be found who will say nice words about him. Andrew Marton, the man behind *The Wild North*, says, "Many people are convinced that Granger is a big, outspoken ham. I don't think so. My opinion is that he's an intelligent actor who constantly strives for perfection. In the striving, he sometimes rubs people the wrong way.

"He does things that most actors would never think of doing. In *King Solomon's Mines*, for example, he learned some esoteric native dialect because he didn't want to be accused of inaccuracy. He's a stickler for minor flaws, but at least he's wholeheartedly interested in every picture he makes. Many actors don't give a darn. Not Granger."

Sam Zimbalist is another Granger supporter. "Maybe he won't win any popularity contests in the industry," the famous MGM producer concedes, "but Granger is a man of intelligence and integrity, and that's a pretty rare combination these days. A man who stands up and speaks his piece is to be admired."

One of the reasons Granger is referred to as a "ham" is that he likes to posture and romanticize himself. After returning from a safari in Africa last year, he was interviewed by a reporter whom he told of his narrow escape from death when a wounded water buffalo charged him. "I guess," he said fatalistically, "I'm destined to die in Africa." And a far away look came into his eyes as if he were dreaming of those unforgettable days in Kenya.

The reporter was duly impressed until a director said, "Don't take him seriously. He's been destined to die in every country he's visited."

Recently, a newsman asked a top MGM executive if at this point in his life there was any possibility of Stewart Granger mellowing into a more tractable, sweet-natured character.

The executive shook his head. "Why should he change?" he asked. "By behaving in his own way, he's managed to wind up with stardom, a mansion, a yacht, $4,000 a week, and Jean Simmons."

Under the circumstances, would anyone change?

END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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"sometimes I'm happy . . ."

(*Continued from page 35*) think about the scene I'm doing. And after a 'take' I think about the way I should have done it and get sore at myself. That's why, I guess, people have called me moody."

Now this all sounds like an actor with a ruthless driving ambition. This sounds like a Shelley Winters. Shelley was determined she was going to do the role in *A Place In The Sun*. When it was suggested to the powers in charge, their unanimous attitude was, "Shelley Winters? That hot-cha, sex boat playing that drab factory girl? Are you kidding?" But Shelley kept after that part. And she got it and she was great. But this is not Farley's way.

So what is more important to an actor than a career? Marriage? Well, ask Farley if he plans to marry. Ask him if he sees marriage as part of his future. He hesitates. He thinks for a moment. Then he says, "Yes, I think about getting married. Settling down. Having a house and children, but what people seem to forget when they ask if your future plans include marriage is that the desire for marriage has to have the impetus of someone who can propel you into feeling that way. If you're not interested in anyone that way then it's all just supposition, isn't it?"

BEFORE THE BREAK-UP



As I was wandering through Macy's furniture display one day, I noticed a very attractive blonde sitting on one of the sofas, leafing through a magazine. She looked vaguely familiar, and I was almost on the point of speaking to her when a handsome suntanned man came striding up to her, pitched imaginary water over her from a display pitcher, and called out in a rich, teasing voice: "Come on, Shell—let's go to lunch." As he pulled her to her feet and they started away, suddenly the identity of the striking pair dawned on me—they were no less than Shelley Winters and Farley Granger!

Margie Westcott
Mission, Kansas

But insist that he tell you what he wants from this in-the-future, this sometime marriage. And listen to him. He says, "I want all the old cornball stuff. The little cottage with the fence around it. I want 'the little woman.' Not the big career woman. I don't believe I could adjust my life to a woman with the big drive toward the career. But I'd want my marriage to be the most important thing in my life, and I'd want the person I married to think so, too."

Now all this may change, for Farley is a boy who goes through many phases. He will feel very social for a time and go to a lot of parties. Then, suddenly, he'll say to himself, "I've had it," and he won't accept an invitation for weeks.

Introspectively he says, "I think I have a knowledge of myself, of my capacities as well as of my weaknesses. I used to feel so insecure and inadequate. When I was younger I was in a constant state of



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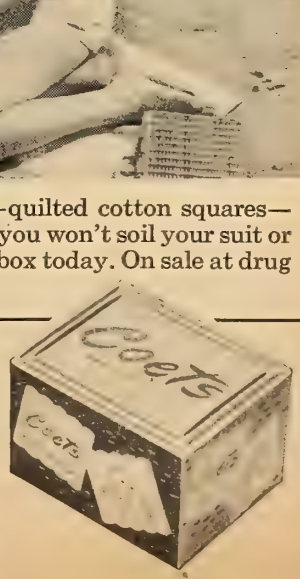


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wanting to be successful and wanting to learn about everything. Why, I wanted to know and to learn so much that I'd be reading three books at one time. That was until a friend told me, 'Relax a little, boy. You're young enough to have time to learn so there's no hurry and you're too old to be a child prodigy.'"

But, during this phase the most important thing he learned was, "I can't please everybody as a person or as a performer. Some people think I'm wonderful. Some people think I'm a stuck-up jerk. Some people think I can act. Some people think I can't. But I refuse to submerge my personality into being a sweet goody-goody just to have people like me."

And Farley is annoyed—and so rightly—when he hears that people have said, "Farley isn't the same nice kid he was when he got his first break in pictures." He says, "I was 17, then. Naturally I've changed. Nothing stands still. You have to change and develop. It's like marriage. A man and a woman are madly in love. They marry. They start to make a life together and their relationship changes. It may be for the better. It may be for the worse. But it changes. The good marriage becomes richer. The man and wife change attitudes toward each other. And this is right. And if I were the same 'nice kid' I was when I was 17, now that I'm 26, I'd be an idiot. And I don't believe I'm an idiot."

Ask him how he feels about success and what he has learned from it. He'll tell you, "Success depends on what you do with it, and I think it is basically more interesting to make a career out of being a human being than out of being an actor. I've watched the people who drive hard for material success. They're always waiting for the day when they're acclaimed. They think success is like a movie when it says 'The End.' That success is the end-all, be-all. They think success is like the marriage story where the couple lives 'happily ever after.' Then these people become successful. They are acclaimed and they're just as mixed up and confused as they were before."

When Farley came to this realization he was determined that he was not going to be mixed up and confused after success had come to him. And he wondered what he needed to make himself a success as a human being.

He had always been interested in painting—he can sketch and draw quite well, as a matter of fact—so the discovery of art—and later of music—were not big steps but were exciting ones.

Books had always been a part of his life, but as he matured he found new meaning in what he read. The world of literature was a big and beautiful world, too. But still there was something lacking. He decided to go to Europe.

He had always wanted to travel. Although he had done a stretch in the Navy in World War II, he didn't exactly see the world. Besides, the Navy had caught him at a bad time psychologically. It was just after he had made his first film, *North Star*. He had thought, like so many young men, that here he was on his way, heading up with a good contract, great potentials. And what happens? There's a war. But now the war was over. He had become a great movie idol. He could afford to see the world.

There was a big hue and cry about Farley's spending so much time in Europe. It was said he hated Hollywood. "I don't hate Hollywood," he says. "I love it. But I know that in order to keep your values straight you have to get away from it to discover that other people are working and doing important things, that other people are thinking, and that making movies is not the only thing that is important."

Farley's parents are typical middle class Americans. They are older than most parents of a 26-year-old offspring, but that's the only way they differ from the average. Farley's mother is a big, good-hearted woman who loves to cook. Farley's father helps his son with his work. In this case it means helping Farley open and answer his fan mail. So what is the pull toward Europe for this boy who comes from such typical American stock?

Farley finds it "exciting to be in a foreign place where the culture and the attitudes are different." Farley believes that relationships should be kept straight—that some people can be your friends, some people nice acquaintances and some people more important on the romantic side. "You don't want to marry every girl you meet," he says. And he hates being made to feel that he is an eligible bachelor. "Europeans," he has found, "are mature about romance. Because theirs is an older culture, they know how to keep relationships straight."

One of the phases that Farley went through was his constantly moving from apartment to apartment. This was partly a practical measure. If he knew he was going to be in Europe for a certain length of time, he did not want to pay rent on a place. So he would give it up and find another apartment upon his return. But, since some of his apartments were less than perfect, he was, as he says, "Always at someone's place, because I wasn't comfortable at my own. But now I want to build a house. I've accumulated lots of records and some good paintings. I'd like to have a place for them. I never thought I'd want the responsibility of a house but now I do."

Farley likes to argue. Just out of sheer perversity he will take the opposite side from the one in which he believes, and he will support it until he discovers that he is, actually, saying exactly what his opponent is saying.

To understand what has made Farley as he is, as of this minute, let's go way back to his earliest memory—when his family was living in San Jose. He was riding his tricycle on the pavement and he fell off and scraped his knees. All he remembers is the falling off, the bleeding knees. He has been told that five minutes later he was back on his tricycle, happy as a bird. He only remembers the tragedy.

Ask him if he is happy now and he will tell you yes, he is happy. He will mean it, too. But, partly because he is older now and partly because he knows that success is not "The End," he will never again know the sublime happiness he knew when Samuel Goldwyn gave him a contract and his first role in *North Star*. That was when he thought that to be a movie actor was to be a king.

Then he was the eager beaver. Then he was the kid who had to make good. Then he wanted to be the greatest actor in the world.

Joan Evans has an unforgettable memory of him when they were together on a personal appearance tour. For publicity purposes the two young people rode a fire engine through the streets of New Orleans. The wail of the sirens drowned out their voices, but if you happened to see them and wondered why Joan was doubled over with laughter, here's the reason. Farley, atop the roaring truck, exhorted the crowds, who could not hear him, like a phony evangelist. "I was a miserable sinner like you once myself,"

he shouted to the swooning bobby soxers who waved happily to their idol.

His imitations of famous movie personalities are very funny. But he only goes into this act with people he knows well and, as he says, "I have many acquaintances, many people I like but only a few real friends." His imitations are not malicious, but they are very accurate and indicate that he would make a fine light comedian. Yet his screen comedy is not perfected. He is much better when he plays intense, dramatic roles.

When he discovered that just being a movie star was not enough, when the desire for culture overtook him as it does so many eager young people, he sought and found a group who put music and art and literature and travel above movie stardom. And that, goodness knows, was healthy. But these people tried to teach Farley something that was not in in his original character. They tried to teach him scorn—scorn for the typical, scorn for the average. And scorn is something that Farley should not learn or even try to learn.

Anybody can be a movie star; even Lassie.

Robert Mitchum

No matter what he says to the contrary, he is moody. And this is because he is always at war with himself. For example, he will say, "I don't understand publicity people. They're always asking me, 'What's new? What's exciting?' And I'll tell them, 'Well, I left the set. I went home. I took off my makeup. I had dinner. I went to bed. I woke up. I am here on the set of *Hans Christian Andersen*. So what?'" But explain to him that in order to publicize the films in which he stars they must have their "new" and "exciting" stories, and his eyes become warm and sympathetic. "I know," he says. "I'm wrong. It's their job."

He can be deeply touched when he allows himself to be. He can also be most charming. But when he tries to be cagey and secretive—well, on him it doesn't look good. For Farley started out to be all emotion. He has learned to be intelligent. And that's what I mean when I say he is at war with himself. His natural feelings are often at odds with his acquired intelligence. And that's why it's hard to believe him when he says he is happy.

Farley thinks he knows himself. He thinks he knows what he wants. It is difficult to know what you really want when you're only 26 years old.

And you know what I believe? I think Farley could become not just "a good actor"—he is that already—but a great actor. I think he could become a fine artist, but before that happens he must have a kind of emotional security which he does not have now. He thinks he is being realistic when he says, "I believe I'm right to turn down pictures that seem wrong to me and go on suspension instead of making bad films. I'd rather make a couple of good pictures a year than to appear in every movie that's offered me just to see myself on the screen." That, indeed, is realistic, provided his judgment of the films he accepts is sound. But his idea of marriage—the little woman and the vine-covered cottage—well, that is far from being realistic.

When Farley matures, then he will not only be a completely realistic human being, he will be a great artist. Talent he has—enormous talent—and he *can* be great if he will let himself. **END**

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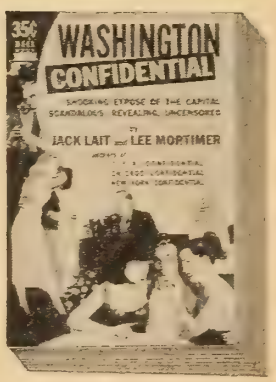
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madly in love

(*Continued from page* 41) In the same way, looking neither to the right nor the left down romance road, Mitzi made her decision about her love life.

On the set, she exhausts the crew, clowning about, giving imitations of everyone, alternately twitching one eyebrow, then the other, talking with excitable gestures. But she can turn this off like the click of a light switch, as she looks you full in the eyes, and talks about "My Richard," to whom she is "engaged to be engaged." The change is so startling you can almost see the moonlight, smell the magnolias, hear the dreamy music.

NAIVE, artless as a country schoolgirl, Mitzi tells of that June night in 1947 when she first saw Richard Coyle. She was almost 17, dancing in *Naughty Marietta* at the Los Angles Civic Light Opera. All at once, on her way to her dressing room, she looked up and there he was—a tall, distinguished, black-eyed young man, talking with comedian Edward Everett Horton, star of the show. "My heart stood still," Mitzi exclaims as though she were the first woman to fall in love in all the world. "I didn't know who he was; I didn't even know if he were married; I only knew I just *had* to meet that man."

It took a bit of doing. Horton, as a gag, refused to introduce her. But Mitzi ferreted out the information that Richard was a fraternity brother of Horton's, had just graduated from Northwestern University's Law School and was on vacation. The next night he was there again. "He looked at me and looked at me," Mitzi remembers soulfully, "but I guess he was just too well-mannered to start talking without an introduction. Show people are so casual and so cynical; this was a man with real dignity and poise and the impression he made on me was terrific. I was holding a chocolate mint, and on impulse asked him if he'd like one. Then I wished the floor would open and swallow me, because I saw that I'd already taken a bite out of it and the remains were smeared with lipstick."

Disregarding his close brush with lipstick poisoning, Richard wangled her phone number from Horton, called Mitzi the next day and asked: "Do you remember me?"

"Do I remember *you?*" shrilled Mitzi. She decided then and there that they were going "steady." Later Richard confessed that on their first date he knew she was the girl he'd marry. "It's corny, isn't it, to believe in love at first sight?" asks Mitzi, a bit breathlessly. "But with me it's true, anyway."

From an orchestra seat Richard watched Mitzi pirouetting in her ballet numbers every night. On one of those nights another man watched her with just as much interest but of another kind. He was producer George Jessel. "Most exciting girl to hit filmtown since California discovered the orange—dances like a dream, sparkles like champagne," said Jessel. He asked her to come out to 20th Century-Fox for a test.

Her eyelashes fluttering over her exotically slanted hazel eyes, Mitzi twinkles, "I picked 'I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy' for my test song. How could I lose?"

And when on her seventeenth birthday Richard drove her to the beach and gave her a friendship ring—a wide gold band beautifully engraved in arrow points inside and out—Mitzie rushed to her mother to blurt out the news: "We want to get married right away."

Yet, Mitzi and Richard haven't married, though five Junes have come and gone. Who could have dissuaded this small-size tornado and the "so-in-love" Richard to wait a while. It was Mitzi's mother. When you first meet her you are instantly aware of the great contrast between blonde, feminine, retiring Mrs. Pauline Gerber and her only child.

"I'm Viennese and I write poetry," explained Mrs. Gerber, "and so I'm naturally romantic. When Mitzi, at 17, came in, overflowing with love's young dream, it was hard to be coldly practical. Particularly when I was so impressed with Richard. But I did what any mother in the same circumstances would do—suggested, but did not insist, that she wait until she was 21 before marrying. Mitzi has been a professional since she was eight. She didn't have time for many dates; didn't fall in and out of love like most adolescents though she met lots of boys. So I knew that she was really serious about her romance. She stormed about the room—but only for a little while."

Quietly, Mrs. Gerber marshalled her facts. Shirley Temple's marriage was breaking up at the time, and Mitzi was told that she had made a hasty marriage at 17. Both Mitzi and Richard were just embarking on very difficult careers that would require all their energies. Would it be fair to add marriage to that, even though they were so radiantly in love?

"You've spent years studying for the stage," Mrs. Gerber continued, "and if you marry now you'll give it up. And be frustrated after the first excitement of marriage wears off. I gave up my dancing career when I married but I lived it again in your talent. What if you have children who aren't talented and your hopes and dreams die before you get a chance to realize them? You'll live in some little suburban house, washing dishes, gossiping with the neighbors, playing bridge—"

"That does it," said Mitzi, who can't sit still and had been pacing up and down like a tiger. "I hate bridge. Richard and I will wait. He's got his law; I've got pictures to concentrate on. One thing at a time."

ONCE Mitzi's decision about postponing marriage was out of the way, everything was perfect: even the long hours of rehearsal, the earlybird rising, the time-consuming wardrobe fittings, because she knew, come evening, Richard would be waiting.

And then the blow fell. Richard, working in an insurance office during the day, was attempting to study for the California State bar exams. But with the distracting Mitzi about, it was hard to concentrate on dry "whereas's" and "parties of the third part." Richard decided to return to Chicago, where a better-paying job was awaiting him and to study for his exams at night. He'd only come to Hollywood for a vacation and most of his law books were still at home.

Mitzi, like any love-struck Juliet, was aghast. She began to pace the living room floor. "If you really loved me, you'd send for your law books and study here." But Richard knew better, and he went back to Chicago.

"You know," admits Mitzi, "that decision of Richard's was a tough one to make, and it showed me how really mature he was. I loved him more than ever. And I didn't have a date all the months he was gone. In fact, I've never had a date with another man since I gave Richard that lipsticky mint."

In this respect Mitzi is unique in the charmed circle of Filmville glamor dolls. In fact, having only one beau for any

length of time is really something in Hollywood where most glitter queens of Mitzi's age go from beau to beau so fast that they pass up last week's date with a dumb stare.

But this unique trait is not the least bit amazing to Mitzi's mother. She says, "Mitzi as a little girl was a squirmer. She couldn't sit still in school or at the movies. When she was seven the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo came to Detroit, and I took her to see it. She sat through the whole performance watching in wonder the greatest names in ballet—Slavenska, Danilov, Markova. She never forgot it nor the costume she wore, a darling flared camel's hair coat with beaver collar and a brown sailor hat with long streamers. She thought she was the most elegant person in the theatre.

"When we came to Los Angeles high in hope but low in money it was hard to find a place to live and Mitzi's reception, like that of thousands of young dancers, was discouraging. But she herself was never discouraged and never stopped the daily practice and lessons. And when someone suggested the USO shows, Mitzi jumped into them with her usual energy. She started at 12, mostly at children's shows where the other little ballerinas, like not-too-interested kids, would scatter and play around. Mitzi, ever the manager, would round them up, loudly call out the beat, and generally take charge. It made the other mothers furious, but Mitzi never could understand why, because dancing was her life.

FOR Mitzi, beneath the clowning, the sassiness and the bounce is a one-career gal in the same way that she's a one-man gal. She leaves the Sunset Strip night club circuit to the lovelies who confuse publicity with talent. "Richard and I," she explains, "don't drink and we don't find it fun to sit watching others who don't wear their Martinis too well. Besides, we can't afford it. Richard is junior partner in his law firm. His aim is to be a lawyer in the best sense of the term—one learned in law."

To the $64 question—"Will you be married on your birthday?" Mitzi answers with a deep and dreamy sigh: "It would be wonderful to marry on my birthday, September 4th, but it just won't be possible."

If you point out to Miss Gaynor that she said she'd marry when she reached her twenty-first birthday, she has an answer ready. "I never said Richard and I would be married at 12:01 A.M. on the moment I became 21. I said sometime after that date. While no actual time has been set, we think it will be in the spring. Unfortunately, though, I start rehearsals July 14th for the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera's production of *Jollyanna*. Three weeks later we open in San Francisco and on September 8th we have our local premiere. Then there's talk of a three months' road show with a New York opening. So it looks like early next spring before we hear the strains of Lohengrin."

WHILE it's true that Dan Cupid is notoriously unreliable about his future predictions, it's pretty safe to say that guests can hold off buying wedding gifts for Mitzi Gaynor and Richard Coyle until after Christmas.

Since Mitzi said at 17, "We want to get married right away," she's learned that in show business no one is a free agent and that the serious performer puts career demands first. For instance, Mitzi finished her final scene in *The I Don't Care Girl* at 7:30 one night, had a luxurious vacation until 10:30 the following morning when



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she started *Bloodhounds Of Broadway,* her newest picture. And the same frantic schedule will be followed between it and rehearsals for *Jollyanna.*

The longed-for marriage which Mitzi has planned and dreamed of for so many years is just too important for her to chance any stumbling blocks now. With the exhaustion, frayed nerves, first-night stomach that comes with opening in a new stage play, with no time for the romantic dalliance of a honeymoon, with too many hours spent away from Richard, Mitzi knows that she'd endanger this most important undertaking of her life. And so does Richard. Perfectionists in their feeling about wedded life, they've waited this long. They hope to save up more money so that Richard can provide for his mother and Mitzi for her mother. For they plan to start life alone in the honeymoon house they're still searching for.

And after all, Mitzi will only be *21 and a half* when they play "Here Comes The Bride" next spring. Hardly an old maid!

Mitzi doesn't think an engagement as long as hers is the best idea for most girls—but then most girls don't make six films in a few years and most fiances are not starting legal careers from scratch. But she is definitely against elopements. For herself she insists on a properly planned wedding in church, with white satin, champagne toasts, towering cake and a honeymoon. Preferably in Paris. Richard votes for Bermuda. Having spent four years in the Navy, he's been everywhere and they argue—gently—about the honeymoon locale.

They argue about little else. For the brilliant, scholarly, conservatively-dressed lawyer has a steadying effect on the impatient, unpredictable, but never impractical Mitzi. Though she isn't a student or a reader, she has enormous respect for one who is. And for his part, Richard is charmed by her electric excitement, her genius for friendship (everyone Mitzi meets is soon either an uncle, an aunt or at least a cousin) and her very real dedication to her career.

"Richard," laughs Mitzi, "tries to hold me down a little, but he doesn't succeed. When he heard that the studio was giving me a coach to study with so that I could learn to 'project my personality,' he was flabbergasted. 'Ye Gods,' he said, 'a girl who'd consider going to see Darryl Zanuck barefooted when she's trying out for a South Seas role doesn't need that. Instead you should have a coach to teach you to put your personality under wraps by tying your hands behind your back or taping your eyebrows.' Maybe I *am* a little too energetic. It's the Hungarian in me. From my father's side. I'm always raising such a ruckus. But Richard is so quiet that sometimes I call him 'Poor Richard.'"

When Mitzi isn't raising a ruckus, she and Richard spend endless dreamy hours discussing the home they're saving for—an English house with fine mahogany, gay with chintz. Mitzi has her silver—but the trousseau which she has visualized so often and so vividly—will have to wait.

Fun for them is hours of talking about his work, her days at the studio, long drives, canasta sessions (at which he doles out three nougats a week to the candy-loving but figure-conscious Mitzi). She cajoles Richard into attending every ballet performance and they double date with a lawyer friend and his wife. Also, they both passionately adore the movies and so do Richard's mother and Mrs. Gerber.

"Two or three times a week," says Mitzi, "Mother will say she's been in the house cleaning all day and she'd like to see something beside the four walls. Richard's mother tells him the same thing, so we all go to a movie. They won't sit with us because we like the loges at the back. They're afraid they'll miss something on the screen unless they sit way down front."

Planting flower seeds in her hillside garden is another of Mitzi's excitements. Like a Biblical character Mitzi strides about, tossing seeds over her shoulder. Richard, shaking his head at her seed-sowing, methodically prepares the soil, measures each row with a ruler, carefully plants the seeds.

"And what do you know," grins Mitzi. "His seeds come up. Mine don't. He offered to teach me how to plant seeds next year. But I think it's more fun my way. Richard, though, is teaching me how to swim and to play tennis. I've never had time for sports before."

She has taken time, though—five lovely long years of it—to be a one-man gal and her "Poor Richard" is mighty happy she took it.

END

love on the run

(*Continued from page* 51) existence"—she nevertheless realizes that all that glitters is not gold.

Since her marriage to Tony a year ago, for example, Janet has gone from one picture into another—from *Angels In The Outfield* to *Just This Once* to *Fearless Fagan* to *Scaramouche* to *Naked Spur,* and the simple truth is that she and Tony have spent more time away from than with each other.

Tony's studio believes in sending its stars out to make personal appearances as part of the film's publicity. In order to promote *Flesh And Fury* and *No Room For The Groom,* his last two pictures, Tony, in the past six months, has winged to New Orleans, Dallas, St. Louis, Chicago, and most of the major cities throughout the country.

Tony got so lonely for Janet a few months ago when he was in Milwaukee that he grabbed the phone, long-distanced her in Los Angeles, and told her that he just couldn't go on without her. She flew to his side in Milwaukee, where she stayed for all of two days.

When she returned to Hollywood, the studio told her that she would have to leave immediately for Durango, Colorado, to star opposite Jimmy Stewart in *Naked Spur.* When Tony heard about that, he blew his top.

"What's the point in being married," he asked, "if we're always separated?"

Tony felt so strongly about this that he was willing to take a suspension from his studio in order to join Janet in Durango.

The demands of stardom have prevented Tony and Janet from leading the normal life of newlyweds, and Janet is thinking very strongly these days of temporarily relinquishing her stardom and settling down to being just plain Mrs. Tony Curts.

Janet wants a baby very much and feels that if she's going to raise a family, she'll have to take life easier, even though it may mean sacrificing her career.

"Don't get me wrong," she says. "I think being a motion picture actress is the most wonderful thing that can ever happen to any girl. It's exciting, rewarding, stimulating; it's everything a girl can want in the way of a career, only a

career isn't a girl's whole life. At least, it isn't mine. I'm a normal girl with normal instincts, and I want a family and home life and all that goes with it. Believe me, love on the run isn't much fun at all."

THERE'S a great streak of domesticity in Janet's makeup. She loves to cook and putter around the house and re-arrange Tony's clothes, but ever since their marriage, domesticity has been conspicuous by its absence.

When Janet is working, which is all the time, she's up by seven. She dresses quickly, gulps down a quick cup of coffee, tiptoes into the bedroom where Tony is fast asleep, kisses him on the cheek, and tiptoes out.

When both of them have an early morning call, there's a mad dash for the coffee and then a sprint to the garage for the cars.

"It sounds strange," Tony says, "but Janet and I have had more time together away from home than at home. Howard Duff loaned us his beach house, you know, after our wedding. Then we took a trip to Europe; then there was this junket to Durango. The only time we seem to get together for more than a few days is when we're out of town."

A Hollywood playboy is a guy who acts like a young colt but looks like an old 45.

Janet loves making motion pictures, and she has never once been known to complain about anything, but it is an undeniable fact that for years now she has been MGM's hardest-working actress. She never balks about parts. She always turns in a competent performance; everyone likes to work with her, and directors are always requesting her. As a result, the poor kid gets less time off between movies than any other actress on the lot.

"One thing can save me," Janet says humorously, "and that's a baby."

Having a baby is the one sure way of being given time off by the studio. Esther Williams, Jane Powell, Cyd Charisse, June Allyson and Deborah Kerr all managed to pull the trick at MGM, and Janet feels she should be able to manage the same way to get a vacation.

She wants a vacation the same time Tony gets one, but no one knows when Tony will be given time off. He's very hot with the fans these days, and since his salary is $650 a week, a relatively low stipend for a star with his box office power, the studio is throwing him into as many films as possible.

ODDLY enough, Tony isn't nearly as impatient as Janet about raising a family.

"It'll come in time," he says. "I love kids and want a flock of them, but what's the point in rushing? Right now I'm feeling my way. My father's been ill and he can't work. This means I've gotta contribute a few bucks to the family.

"If Janet becomes pregnant, we'll have to move out of the apartment and probably find a house. More dough. Like I said, I'm just feeling my way. Janet, she's a full-fledged star. You know she's made about 20 pictures in five years. She's tired, really worn out. I guess she figures that compared to acting, housework would be a cinch.

Although one year of marriage hasn't provided Janet and Tony with an heir, it certainly has worked wonders on their respective personalities.

When they both arrived in Hollywood they were two scared kids. They wanted desperately to be liked, desperately to succeed.

I remember when Janet was signed by MGM for $43.70 a week to play in *The Romance Of Rosy Ridge.*

She was beside herself with happiness until the studio told her that she would have to go away on location for three months. When Janet heard that, her eyes grew watery, and tears started to dribble down her cheeks. "I'm terribly grateful for the wonderful break," she whimpered. "But golly! I can't afford to live at a hotel for three months."

Her agent was struck dumb. "You're kidding?" he said in bewilderment.

"I'm serious," Janet said.

The agent shook his head. "Now," he asserted, "I've heard everything. Don't you know that when a studio sends you anywhere they pay all the expenses?"

That will give you some small idea of how unknowing, how innocent and naive Janet used to be. Like all small-town girls who have had very little of the material comforts of life, she used to live in a state of childlike wonder, much to the amazement of jaded Hollywood veterans.

Each time Janet fluffed a line while she was making a picture, she'd turn to the entire cast and say over and over again, "Golly, I'm sorry. Golly! I'm sorry."

These apologies so embarrassed the rest of the cast that they made Janet deposit a penny in a tin can each time she said, "Golly, I'm sorry." By the end of the week, the can was full.

TODAY, after five years in Hollywood, Janet manifests none of the insecurity which characterized her behavior pattern and motivated her actions for four years.

By having a husband who loves her completely not as an actress but as a woman, she now feels the equal of all women.

Let her career go up in smoke, let MGM fire her tomorrow, let television triumph over cinema, there never again will be for her the anxiety, the loneliness and the fear. She will always have Tony. "And having Tony," she says sublimely, "is really the fulfillment of all my love."

When Janet has a few minutes off between "takes," she usually phones Tony at home or at Universal, and always the conversation winds up with "I love you, I love you, I love you."

As for Tony, Janet's love has transformed him from boy to man.

When he first hit Hollywood, he, too, was bedeviled by an overwhelming inferiority complex. He hadn't spoken English until the age of eight, and the tone of his speech was a lilting wail. Many of the sophisticates regarded him as nothing more than another Dead-End kid, and while he was visibly without polish and the butt of many studio jokes, he took them all like a man with a sense of humor that was really admirable.

Farley Granger was the bobby-soxers' delight when Tony first arrived in filmland, and when these two met at parties, it was always Farley who had the air of a world traveler. The teen-agers thought he was simply adorable and, given the choice between him and Tony, always chose him.

Tony was uncomfortable with girls and showed it. He didn't know what to do; he had absolutely no line. He said the things he felt in his heart; and the first girl who had sense enough to recognize his sincerity was Janet Leigh.

She made Tony realize that his acting potential was as bright as anyone's in the business. He realized, too, that Janet's strength complemented all his weaknesses.

It is a strange fact but Tony, who used to shine shoes for five cents a pair in

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front of Bloomingdale's Department Store in New York and work for $12 a week in a broom factory, is probably the most generous actor in Hollywood.

By the time he gets through supporting his mother, father, and brother, giving 10% to his agent, paying his dues to the Screen Actors' Guild and the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and handing over sizable chunks of his salary for Federal and State taxes, he has just about enough left to pay the rent and the installments on his car.

It is incredible, but his contempt for money is Gargantuan. With a philosophy that belies his years, he knows that money is no guarantee of happiness. His parents were penniless and yet he has never witnessed a greater or more loyal love between two people.

Janet, who has a practical bent, has explained to Tony that money must be put aside for medical bills and other emergencies, that installment payments are bad economically and that it's best to pay cash for everything.

"I'm careful about money," she confesses, "because I never had any."

Tony is careless for the very same reason.

Between these two, Janet has managed to evolve a *modus operandi* which satisfies them both.

Neither has expensive hobbies. Tony paints and Janet buys classical records. They own no furniture, and their wardrobes are limited.

Before they were married, both Tony and Janet were overly anxious to please. Tony was so determined not to hurt anyone who had remotely helped him that at every interview he'd launch into a detailed explanation of his success. He would attribute it to his parents, to Jerry Lewis, to George Rosenberg, to Bill Goetz and Al Horwitz of Universal, to everyone he could think of. He'd ask you to write a few lines about his not going Hollywood. He wanted everyone to realize that his hat-size had remained the same.

He was still Bernie to the boys back on New York's East Side, he still loved Mama, Papa, and his kid brother; he was still amazed by the wonder of it all. There was never a dearth of conversation when Tony was being interviewed. Words flowed like a pent-up river bursting its dam, and they always made good copy.

Of late, however, both Tony and Janet are sticking to the question. When you ask them if there's any truth to the rumor that they've both been quarreling a lot lately, Tony says simply and succinctly, "No truth to that," and Janet says, "Don't believe it."

Both kids are no longer afraid of hurting interviewers or of appearing inconsiderate.

After 12 months of matrimony, they are standing on surer ground, and the only thing they both want that they haven't got is a little Tony Curtis. **END**

(*Watch for Tony soon in U-I's* Son Of Ali Baba.)

letter from london

(*Continued from page* 53) "It's good for Michael to feel he's got someone to take care of," Anna said. "He's a gentle, understanding person, who would be very upset if he felt he was hurting someone."

While the Wilcoxes have seen the bride and groom socially since their marriage, hardly anyone else has, and for a good reason. Mike has been hard at work in Wilcox's production, *Trent's Last Case*, and Liz' time has been taken up with housewifely duties.

They're living in Mike's former bachelor quarters in Bruton Street, London. Mike arises at 6:00 A.M. Liz gets up at the same time he does, makes his breakfast, and speeds him on his way with a wifely kiss. She frequently drives over to the studio to have lunch with him but is very careful to stay in the background and not call attention to herself.

According to the Wilcoxes, Liz is enjoying, for the first time, a life of her own. In Europe, autograph fans don't besiege the famous as they do in America, and Liz likes this semi-anonymity.

"Michael and Elizabeth came to our flat for dinner the other night," Mrs. Wilcox said. "Elizabeth looked charming in a black velvet off-the-shoulder dress, with a tight bodice and full skirt—the sort of dress that she wears so particularly well." She was thrilled that night, because she was also wearing a wedding gift of diamond ear-rings from Michael that she could hardly wait to show us. They had pendants of baguette diamonds that were detachable so that they could be worn for formal or informal dress."

After dinner that evening Mike related a cherished story about his wife. It seemed that Liz had been looking through the English morning papers and had seen a picture of a forlorn, sad-eyed Dachshund puppy that had somehow been stranded.

"Mike," she said, "I'd love him."

He promised to get it for her, and, busy as he was on his picture, he took time out to track the dog down. He finally traced it to the local pound.

Liz has it now and loves it just as tenderly as she does anything that captures her heart.

"When Michael talks, Elizabeth listens most attentively," Anna said. "I think she teases him, more so than he teases her. Then she has the gift of quick repartee that many Americans have."

THE Wildings also regaled the Wilcoxes with the story of their latest dramatic episode. A small fire broke out recently in the brownstone house where they live. The fire department promptly arrived at the scene and cautioned the Wildings that they would have to get out in a half-hour as the fire might get out of control. "We'll wait and see," they told the worried firemen, and sat down calmly to finish the game of canasta while the blaze was put out.

Producer Herbert Wilcox, who has approved many a love script, was very much touched and impressed by Elizabeth's comments when she arrived in England.

"We saw her when she stepped off the plane," he said. "She struck me as being such a courageous young thing. She's tiny, and with 40 policemen around to guard her, she looked even smaller, more helpless. Yet she was completely and utterly self-controlled.

"I thought she was wonderful when the press asked her what her design for married life was, and she answered, without a moment's hesitation, 'How can you tell that until you've tried it. There's no blueprint for marriage.'"

But perhaps what is even more wonderful was Herbert Wilcox's answer when I asked him what the English thought about their top male star marrying an American movie star.

"All they knew," he answered, "was that a nice guy was marrying a nice girl."

Yours sincerely,

JOAN KING FLYNN

they want him bad

(*Continued from page 43*) there with her own chin stuck out and her eyes closed waiting for the blow she felt just *had* to come. And when it didn't, she broke into tears, told Dick he wasn't even half a man and ran tearfully from the building.

The time has come—now that Richard Widmark is to be given to the public again as the toothy lout of his first fame—to re-examine the man and his career. Is he really anything like the maniacal murderer his staunchest supporters claim he is, or is he made of sugar and spice and everything nice?

Richard Widmark was born the day after Christmas, in Sunrise, Minnesota. He was educated along classical lines and became Professor Widmark, a teacher of drama and kindred gentle arts at Lake Forest University near Chicago.

WHEN he decided it might be more fun and more profitable to act rather than teach acting, Dick invaded New York and in a short time became a top radio actor. To be a successful radio actor a man must be quite a craftsman, able to play a tottering soap opera grandpa at one o'clock and Young Doctor O'Brien saving the life of a kid at two. He must be a leading man and a supporting player all in the same day. And, upon occasion, he must play a bad man. Dick Widmark played bad men, but it was never his forte, nor was it considered his specialty.

In plays (he appeared in a number of them on Broadway) Dick Widmark didn't run to fierce roles. He was the juvenile in *Kiss And Tell,* the lead in poet William Saroyan's *Get Away Old Man.* He played young lovers and various types of dramatic roles, but nothing violent.

All in all, life in Gotham theatrical and radio circles was pretty sterile for Dick Widmark and his wife. He was making a lot of money and Hollywood meant nothing to him except possibly a place to sit in the sun between jobs. His first firm bid from Hollywood came when he was asked to test for a role at MGM, in competition with the late Robert Walker. Walker got the job and MGM didn't buy Widmark, an error they've been sorry for in Culver City ever since.

Dick Widmark, of course, will never forget his first meeting with Henry Hathaway, the man who directed *Kiss Of Death.* He had been taken by his agent to see the director as a possible Tom Udo, but after a very few minutes Hathaway rejected him as "too well bred, too intellectual, altogether too upper-class." He did, however, agree to listen to Dick read for the part—and he was so taken with the original interpretation offered that he agreed to go along with some makeup tests, and see if something could be done to make this mild-appearing lad look like a killer.

You saw the results. With a hair-piece almost to his eyebrows and other disfigurements, plus as evil a laugh as was ever uttered, plus a maniacal gleam in the eye, plus the know-how he'd gathered in radio and on the stage, Richard Widmark became a star.

Fan mail poured in after the release of *Kiss Of Death* and the studio was beside itself as to what to do with the star. Would people buy him without the wig? Would they like him as a slender, soft-spoken, sturdy citizen? They decided to spring Widmark on the public as himself gently, so after a couple of films as a bit of a beast, they plunged him into *Down To The Sea In Ships,* a movie in which he was the idol of all red-blooded American boys. That a segment of his die-hard violence fans resented this can not be denied, but Widmark gained new fans and established himself as a well-rounded actor, capable of playing a variety of roles.

As far as Richard Widmark is concerned, the part of Tom Udo, which launched him in films, was an accident of fate. He considered Udo slimey and would not like to be remembered best for that part. But he is well aware that he is not going to escape Tom Udo in the foreseeable future. He is not sure why, but he knows that kids like Udo.

When he appeared at the Roxy Theater in New York on the opening day of *Down To The Sea In Ships* he was shocked when a tremendous clamor arose from the juvenile audience right after he began a nice speech, and the air was filled with cries of: "Laugh for us, Richard, laugh!" He laughed the Udo laugh a few times and the fans nearly rocked the theater's foundations. It was bigger than Sinatra at the Paramount! The prospect of going through life as a noted murderer terrified Widmark and shortly after the Roxy episode he became somewhat a recluse, appearing in public only when it was necessary.

Paul Douglas noted the blue denims that Marilyn Monroe wore to fill her role in *Clash By Night,* and Paul piped up with "the end justifies the jeans."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

THERE are other questions Richard Widmark has trouble answering, but they are predominant in his fan mail. "One of them is 'how did I get that laugh?'" Dick said. "Another is 'are the neighbors afraid of you?' And another: 'How did you ever get a girl to marry you?'"

And all of these questions do not arise from Tom Udo alone. Once Dick had to whip Linda Darnell with a bicycle chain and the mail flowed in for weeks after that complimenting him on the discovery of a new sadistic refinement. The reaction of the public to Dick after his first few pictures was not too surprising to him, but certainly not gratifying. Once when he stalled his car and started for a house to use the phone an irate lady chased him out of her driveway. Upon another occasion, when he tried to be his nice mild self on a trip a group of irate fans made for him and pushed him under a taxi cab. Dick has long ago given up going to cafes and night clubs not patronized almost exclusively by film folk because there is always one chap around who wants to challenge him to a fist fight so he can show his girl he can whip Tom Udo.

In his private life, Richard Widmark has always lived like the leading character in a nice clean novel. His wife, Jean, was his college sweetheart and they were married according to the strictest Babbit formula. She is not a mouse he shoves around but an intellectual girl who writes well enough to have had at least the start of a good career in radio—and she is currently writing a play which her friends believe is better than average. Dick thinks she was attracted to him at the beginning primarily because of his talent as a drummer in a college band.

If Widmark has any bad habits they are unknown to his wife and closest friends. His idea of a well-spent day around the house is to trot about with a kit of tools and fix things. His favorite pastime is washing his car, which he has been known to do between shots in the studio. He considers an evening of energetic conversation with pals on any worthwhile subject a far superior entertainment than saloon crawling or chi-chi parties.

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Dick Widmark is conscious of his place in the Hollywood scheme and perfectly willing to do his share to sell the films he is so highly paid to make. He is fully aware of the power of his fan clubs—and eager to cooperate with them in most projects. He figures he's being paid because these fans support his work. But he has no use for delinquents and remembers as one of his most terrifying experiences his first joust with a New York contingent of roughhouse kids.

The trip was a breeze until Dick and his wife arrived at Grand Central Station. At this point three huge 20th Century-Fox publicity men barged into his compartment and told Dick to look out the window. He did and saw what appeared to be the entire younger population of New York City assembled on the platform. One young lady held a massive valentine and a young man a model ship. Dick turned green with panic.

Taken in hand by the press agents, Dick was escorted to the main body of fans and presented with the valentine and the ship. Pictures were taken, but they couldn't be used because in each one Dick wore an expression of shock. Then Dick was pulled through the station to the drug store and as the flock followed it grew. People who didn't know exactly what was going on got in line. Then, at the behest of the head press agent, Dick was forced to down an ice cream soda with the fans. An ice cream soda at nine-thirty in the morning!

There is a group of youngsters in New York who can handle and terrify any movie star, even the toughest. They are the "professionals," the kids who carry their own cameras, make an issue out of autographs, quarrel with doormen and theater ushers, all for the purpose of selling the autographs and photos they take to other kids. They plague a star almost to distraction. Mrs. Widmark, a pretty sharp girl, had her hands full keeping them off the telephone line. They would call and have themselves announced as the head of NBC, or the secretary to the manager of the Roxy Theater. One of them tried to get through to Dick's room, but the operator said: "This one says he's Walter Winchell but he sounds like a small boy."

But the trip was saved by a group of high school kids having a party at the Persian Room, a supper club Dick and Jean liked to go to for dancing. They were not crowded or molested that night, but some of the youngsters sent over their menus and dancing programs and asked Dick to sign them. He considered that a nice tribute and was happy to do it.

As for future plans, Dick Widmark has some definite ideas. He feels that one day he will fade as a picture star, just when he isn't sure. And then he wants to become a stage director. Not a movie director—a stage director. He feels that he has a talent for this and that the stage doesn't require the knowledge of the hundred allied crafts the films do, so he could have a quiet life and maybe live in Connecticut, which he really likes much better than California.

Dick is a great admirer of Arthur Miller, the man who wrote *Death Of A Salesman*. He likes a particular line in that play which states that Willie Loman, the salesman, after a lifetime of working at his trade, left nothing on the road. All he left was a stoop he built on the front of his house, something he had made with his own hands and which was still there.

Widmark feels the same way about his accomplishments. According to Jean Widmark, the happiest she has ever seen Dick was the first time they went up to Connecticut after he became a star. They drove past their former home in White Plains and Dick stopped the car and sat for a long time looking at a fence he had built several years before. It was strong and secure. Dick grinned like a small boy.

"I thought that was a good fence," he said, and they drove on without further comment. But Jean knew he was very happy.

And when they got to Jean's sister's house in Connecticut, Dick headed right for the corner of the living room that contained the bookshelves he had made one time and which had been given to his sister-in-law when he went to the coast.

He looked at them a long time, then commented: "I see you still have the shelves." And he felt them and they were good and sturdy. "You know I could improve on them now," he said. "I could build them so they'd hold records, too."

No, no matter how you take him apart. Richard Widmark is not like Tom Udo in any respect. He is not a bad man—and never could be, except on the screen. But that's acting.

When you see *The Full House* you'll see Tom Udo again with the low brow and the maniacal laugh. Not as nasty as in the original presentation of the character, but still Tom Udo. And after you've been chilled by the menace of the man, forget him for it will probably be the last time he'll appear on the screen. Dick Widmark is an actor who aspires to other things. Because the public has been clamoring for him, you'll see the return of the bad man once more, but that's the end. Ask Dick Widmark. **END**

gorgeous gamin

(*Continued from page* 49) featuring tall senoritas with long eyelashes and tortoise shell combs in their hair. These were the movie stars of Leslie Caron's childhood, and they were not to be envied or emulated.

However, if you follow Leslie Caron through the MGM studio streets now, and watch her begin a day's work, you will no doubt get the impression that this has been her business all her life, for she is a regular movie star herself today, even to the oddities that separate stars from common folk, even to the intense ambition to be greater than the greatest.

Leslie looks like anything but an actress. As she strolls to the stage on which she is to work, she will be wearing a tam pulled down over her ears, and a long, flowing coat and silly shoes. She walks with her head down thinking about the day's work. She looks like a gamin.

On the stage the coat comes off and, if she's in costume, Leslie Caron is a sight to behold. Her tiny figure is full but trim and her legs appear to have been copied from a Petty sketch. She walks with the peculiar duck-like strut of the ballerina, toes out and heels close together, hitting the ground with a firm step. There is little grace in her walk, because the ballerina doesn't achieve grace until she gets on her toes. But there *is* grace in the rest of her carriage. The shoulders are back and the tummy in and the bust is high—and there is a beautiful coordination in her movements.

Her face is pert. Her lips are full and wide. Her eyes are luminous, as they show on the screen, and soft and quick to change expression. Her nose is small, not at all Gallic. You couldn't call the face beautiful, but it has something that compels you to take a second look.

These are the things that got Leslie Caron into pictures; the face, and the grace of her. She is a beautiful dancer, a talented, natural actress, but it was the gamin quality that sold her to MGM.

It happened in Paris, just about two years ago. Gene Kelly, functioning as a director and MGM ambassador, was looking for a girl to co-star with him in *An American In Paris.* He had been in the French capital a couple of weeks haunting the places where dancers worked and congregated. He knew what he wanted, but he hadn't seen it yet. The girl had to be French, because of the story line, and she had to be an excellent dancer to be able to keep up with the Kelly brand of terpsichore.

Gene was staying at the George V Hotel and most of the Paris agents had been bringing their charges to his suite to be interviewed and auditioned, for this was a great opportunity. A young American, making his home in Paris, had a wife who was in the singing chorus of a troupe playing at the Ballet des Champs Elysées. His name was Eddie Constantine and he knew Kelly slightly. He visited him one day and mentioned that a youngster by the name of Leslie Caron was working with his wife and that Kelly should go and see her. Gene remembered that he had caught her a couple of years previously, but, although he had been enchanted by her pixie quality on stage, she had seemed rather young and a bit skinny for pictures.

That night Kelly showed up at the theater and before Leslie had been on the stage ten minutes he had made up his mind that this was the girl. Of course MGM had to feel the same way. The next day Constantine brought Leslie around to the George V and after a short talk it was decided she would be tested for the role.

As Leslie Caron tells it herself: "I was excited when I had the screen test. Then I went back to work in the ballet and for two weeks I heard no word. I felt they didn't want me, and although I was a little disappointed I decided to forget all about it. So I just began making plans for future performances at the theater. Then I got a phone call from Gene Kelly who told me I was to leave for America in three days. There I was to make more tests and come back to Paris in a week or so to make the movie there—if they liked me."

Within 48 hours Leslie Caron and her mother were aboard an airliner for Hollywood, and 36 hours later, they were on the MGM lot. Just like that. But there was quite a tale back of that journey.

MARGARET Petit Caron, Leslie's mother, was an American woman of French descent who had been on the stage in New York in her youth. Failing in health, she had gone to Europe hoping to get well and come back to America. She met, however, a young pharmacist and married him. His name was Claude Caron.

Leslie was born a couple of years later. She was a small child with large, inquisitive eyes. She was not sickly, but none too sturdy. The Carons were not wealthy people, but were well enough off to manage a life of middle class plenty and respectability. Leslie's parental grandfather, a career politician, who had at one time been president of the Paris City Council, was a stickler for respectability and he was determined the Carons should carry on in the tradition of a proud public service family. Being in politics in France is something more of an honor than it is on this side of the Atlantic.

The childhood of Leslie Caron was far different from the easy-raising a kid gets in America. All she remembers is the preparation for war, the occupation and the frantic post-war Paris. A child's days and nights were filled with want and danger. But kids can adjust themselves, and the boys and girls of Leslie Caron's childhood found strange excitement in the regular bombings. Parisian cellars, for safety purposes, were cut through to link with one another, and Leslie remembers the way the kids looked forward to the sirens signalling a raid so they could take the candle stumps they held ready and explore the catacombs that were beneath the city. And, as the cellars were infested with rats, they engaged in mad rat hunts.

Leslie's education, according to the French middle class tradition, was gained in private schools, mostly convents, for only the very poor attended public institutions. Leslie remembers the shifts in educational precepts as the fortunes of war changed. At first, the school books related exact French history, but one day they were taken away and new books, extolling the Nazi ideology, took their places.

"We could tell by our prayers," Leslie says today, "how things were going. For a long time it was required of us to end our daily prayers with the plea: 'Lord, take care of our good Petain.' Then came the Allied invasion and the next day we were saying: 'Lord, take care of our good De Gaulle.'"

Toward the end of the occupation Father Caron expanded his drug business and began manufacturing vitamin capsules, Leslie thinks because he wanted to keep his family healthy. At any rate, the Caron fortunes improved slightly.

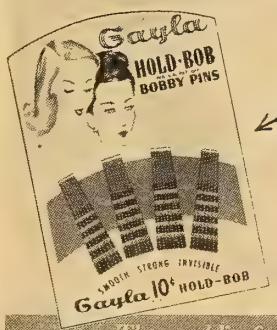
AT the age of 11, Leslie became interested in dancing. This was unusual in ballerinas who, if they plan the ballet as a career, begin studying almost as soon as they begin to walk. Although her mother had been a dancer, Leslie had never seen a professional dancer at work. A girl friend was taking lessons and Leslie went along a couple of times for a lark. She liked it and asked her mother and father if she, too, could attend the classes. It was all right with ma and pa, but Grandfather Caron hit the ceiling. His memory of the dancing girls of his youth was still clear in his mind, and he didn't recall their being real ladies. It was over his violent objections that Leslie was allowed to buy her first pair of ballet shoes.

It was to be two full years after she first began working at the practice bar that Leslie was to see her first ballet. She went with her mother, and when she left the theater, her head was swimming with the beauty she had seen that night. She made up her mind then that she would never do anything else for a living but dance. There began something of a game of deceit, with Leslie studying much harder than Grandpa Caron realized, assisted, of course, by her mother. During the summer vacations from school Leslie devoted her full time to studying. Once when things got a bit hot around the house, her mother took her to Monte Carlo, ostensibly to rest, but actually to work under a very famous dancing teacher.

When she returned to Paris, Leslie was advanced enough to enter the French Conservatory of Music, a state-operated school, and from there she drifted into the ballet companies that are as common in Europe as our little theater groups are here.

The picture people came after Leslie when she was about 15, with an offer to go to Africa and make a movie called *The Black Rose,* with Tyrone Power. But



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another young dancer, Cecile Aubry, got the role.

The day Gene Kelly interviewed Leslie in the George V Hotel in Paris he had one and only one objection to her for the role in *An American In Paris*. "We'll have to fatten her up," he said.

The trip to America, for further tests, was a fantastic adventure for Leslie. MGM was paying and she and her mother traveled first class. Leslie was scared. They boarded an airliner in Paris and headed for New York. An hour or so after taking off, the gentleman in the next seat leaned toward the tiny French girl and asked if she was enjoying the flight. She looked straight ahead and didn't answer. A little later, he spoke again, and Leslie, paying no heed to the fact that he was a clergyman, got out of her seat and marched back to where her mother was sitting.

"That man," she said indignantly, "is trying to speak to me."

"You will have to get used to that," her mother said. "In America everyone will speak to you, my dear."

When they arrived in Culver City, with one small suitcase, Leslie and her mother took a small apartment within walking distance of the studio. Then they discovered another odd habit we have here—changing our minds. It was decided right away that Leslie was to have the part, but the studio heads had made up their minds to shoot the picture in America. Leslie had no wardrobe, didn't have the money to splurge on a new one, and found herself very short on clothes. The studio solved that by loaning her clothing from the wardrobe department, and, for the first few months in Hollywood, Leslie wore the costumes of June Allyson, Liz Taylor and other stars as street garb.

SETTLING down in this strange land had never entered Leslie's mind until she met her husband, George Hormel.

Her first date with George, or Geordie, as she calls him, was a difficult one. He was stationed with the Coast Guard in San Francisco. He got into town and discovered that his brother and a party of friends, which included Leslie, were just going out the door on their way to dinner and the ballet. He begged them to wait so he could join them. They said they didn't have time, so Geordie swore if they let him catch up with them he would pay the bills for everyone for the evening. They agreed, and young Hormel, who was living on a reserve Coast Guardsman's pay, and the few dollars he earned making phonograph records as a one man band, had to foot the bills all night. He didn't get a bite of food himself because the others were in too much of a hurry.

Later in the evening they dropped in at Ella Logan's home. George had become fascinated with Leslie and was unable to keep his eyes off her. Leslie admits she was equally attracted to George, though she'd hardly spoken to him all evening. When Ella asked her for her phone number, she gave it in a loud clear voice, hoping he would hear. He did and phoned her the next day.

After their first date together, Geordie dropped her off at her door with a curt good night. The following evening he took her to the beach and, as Leslie tells it, said: "Do you think we can get married?" Her answer, she admits, was: "Are you crazy?"

The next move on the part of Mr. Hormel was to suggest that they both fly back to Minnesota and let her have a look at his family. Because she thought he was "crazy," Leslie agreed, and they all got along famously. However, the minute they got back to Hollywood, Geordie informed his girl that they had better take care of this marriage business immediately, because he was due for sea duty and he wanted everything shipshape ashore before he took off. Leslie explained that this was impossible because she was about to go on a personal appearance tour, was going to devote her life to the movies.

"In that event," said Geordie, "we'd better get married tomorrow."

All Leslie could manage after that kind of reasoning was a tiny "Okay," and the next day they packed their respective families in a plane, took off for Las Vegas, and were married at the chapel of The Last Frontier Hotel.

The George Hormels live simply in a town where most movie stars live like movie stars. They have a small house in Laurel Canyon and live within their incomes, which, at this moment, is not great. They are true newlyweds, preferring to be alone rather than to attend parties and gay events. At the present time George is making his unique recordings, but the time may come when he has to go back east and take charge of the family business. When that day comes Leslie will go with him. It's been a long and exciting journey for her from the war cellars of Paris and it's not finished yet. **END**

(*Leslie Caron can be seen currently in MGM's* Glory Alley.)

come dance with me

(*Continued from page 38*) stood for Happy Time, two words which, significantly enough, are engraved on their wedding rings.

Those dreamy adolescent dates between Marge and Gower were rudely interrupted, however, the day when Gower at age 15 asked another girl, Jeanne Tyler, also 15, to enter a dancing contest with him. The contest was being staged by Veloz and Yolanda at the Cocoanut Grove, and as luck would have it, Gower and Jeanne won.

After that, little Marge Belcher was out of the picture. No more dates for her with Gower Champion. He was too busy dancing with Jeanne Tyler, so busy and so good, in fact, that a booking agency, the Music Corporation of America, signed both him and Jeanne to tour the country. The youngsters were told that they would be back in Los Angeles in time for the opening fall session of high school.

The tour lasted four years! When it was over, Gower had danced in most of the country's large cities, Marge Belcher was a fond and pleasant memory, and Pearl Harbor had been bombed.

Gower entered the Coast Guard and was recruited for a role in the big Coast Guard musical, *Tars And Spars*. He kept requesting more active duty, however, so they made him a petty officer third class, and he spent most of the war transporting troops to the various battle sectors of the globe.

Once the war was over, Gower returned to Hollywood. He ran into Marge Belcher occasionally, but their puppy love affair was a thing of the past, at least to him, and the meetings were casual and fleeting. They always asked each other what was cooking. When Marge told Gower she had landed a role in a New York play, *Dark Of The Moon*, he thought that was simply terrific. He himself was being tested by 20th Century-Fox.

"I was terrible in that test," he honestly

recalls, "and I never heard from Fox again. I did manage, however, to get a dancing job over at MGM. I danced with Cyd Charisse for all of 30 seconds in *Till The Clouds Roll By.* Then, when that was over, I flew to New York to take in the shows."

Naturally enough, the first show Gower attended was *Dark Of The Moon.* "Knowing he was out front," Marge says, "made me so nervous that I gave the worst performance of the year."

ROMANCE and reunion usually go together. And that was the case when Gower and Marge met again in New York. Only Gower was afraid, afraid that he might fall in love with this cute, brown-eyed girl he'd begun so lovingly to call "Midget."

"Look," he said one night as they were strolling along East 45th Street in New York. "I like going around with you, Marge, but let's not get involved. You understand, don't you?"

"Sure," said Marge. She understood all right, but she had a problem, too. The Waldorf-Astoria had asked a young man she knew named Paul Godkin to work up a dance act for the hotel. In fact, Paul had called her that very evening to try to persuade her to work with him.

Gower blew his top. "Look," he said. "If you're going to dance with anyone, you're going to dance with me."

Marge couldn't conceal a happy smile as she nodded assent. That night when she got to her room, her heart was dancing.

Gower changed his name to Christopher Gower. He rented a small studio, and the pair began intensive rehearsals. They decided to bill themselves as "Gower and Bell."

Gower also came up with a new approach to exhibition dancing. "All of our dances," he explained, "must tell a story that the audience can follow. We'll specialize in dance stories." Marge was enthusiastic, too, about the idea.

Their first booking was in Montreal. In order to get there, they had to borrow $30. It was worth it, though, as they became a smash success.

They came back to New York flushed with happiness and a good-size bankroll and were immediately booked by some top night clubs. Richard Rodgers, the famous musical comedy composer, caught their act one night and sent word to their agent that he wanted Marge to play the lead in a new Rodgers & Hammerstein extravaganza, *Allegro.*

This was a real-life situation the movies had played to death: producer wants only one half of a team. The boy says to the girl with great self-sacrifice, "Go ahead, honey. I'll find something. Matter of fact, they want me as a single in Honolulu."

What Gower actually said was pretty similar, "Look, Midget," he began. "This is the break you've been waiting for. Take the job. I'll find another partner, and we'll be married later on."

That was the first time Gower had mentioned the word marriage. That was all Marge had to hear. She kissed *Allegro* goodbye and went on tour with her fiance. They interrupted a dancing engagement at the Palmer House in Chicago to fly to Los Angeles and get married.

They became Marge and Gower Champion on a Sunday, flew to New York on Monday, appeared with Milton Berle on his TV show Tuesday, and were booked at the Hotel Plaza on Wednesday. For five months they were featured regularly with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca on TV's Admiral Review.

The reviews they received in New York were so unanimously excellent that the Mocambo wired an offer which they considered too good to turn down.

At this Hollywood night club, the Champions packed the house night after night. They were viewed by all the great motion picture producers of the movie colony. They received four different screen offers and finally signed with MGM.

AS soon as their future seemed to be firmly rooted in Hollywood, the Champions started home-hunting. They took to the hills with fixed determination.

"We had in mind a modern house of California redwood and glass," Gower explains. "Weekends and evenings we looked at just about every redwood job in Los Angeles county. All of a sudden we couldn't stand the sight of anything severely modern or made of natural woods. Then, one Sunday we read an ad in the L.A. Times for a Connecticut brick and frame in a location we liked. We drove up, had a look at the place and just loved it. When we heard the owner's asking price, we drove away like mad."

Despite the fact that the Champions' financial affairs are carefully supervised by a business manager, they convinced him that they would practically be saving money if they bought the two-story house.

Actually their house is smaller than it looks. Perched on a terraced hillside, it has only six rooms. The two small bedrooms, the living room, the dining room and the kitchen are all on the upper floor, while downstairs consists of one large room which the Champions converted into a combination dance studio and projection room. "Every professional dancer dreams of someday having a home complete with rehearsal hall," Gower says. "With Marge and me the dream went double. When we saw this house with its large unfinished basement room, we both knew we'd found our perfect home."

Brains are no handicap to a girl if she keeps them well hidden behind a low neckline.

Vanessa Brown

That a pool, dozens of trees and a sensational view goes with their house is often left unmentioned by the Champions. In fact, they're rather embarrassed by the swimming pool. They never intended to have one, at least not for years. To them it seems like a sign of "going Hollywood."

Up until the time they moved into their own home, two chairs, one piano, two barrels of books, and some nondescript bric-a-brac were all the household possessions Marge and Gower had in the world. Buying a house suddenly gave them a reason for indulgence, and they went quite mad. With the help of a professional cabinet designer named Steve Thompson they furnished their place in what, for lack of a better term, they now jokingly call American Baroque.

Gower, for example, didn't like the fireplace wall in the living room, so he asked Steve Thompson to design an enormous cabinet to be placed in front of it. In this one functional cabinet, Thompson included a television set, a record player, a bar and book shelves. To offset the simplicity of this large piece, Marge then ordered a richly carved coffee table with a travertine marble top.

Marge's small bedroom is also a blend of the functional and fanciful. In a practical manner she pushed the twin beds against the two walls to leave as much open floor space as possible. A large mirror helps to give the illusion of

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greater size, and the dressing-room-that-used-to-be-a-porch is crowded with built-in storage. On the more baroque side there are two Victorian gilt chairs, a pair of sconces that came from New York's old Murray Hill Hotel and an elaborate oval mirror that Gower found in an antique shop.

The Gower Champions finished furnishing their hillside house last November. They celebrated by throwing a big shindig in their downstairs studio. When Hollywood's younger set had a look at their American baroque decorating, it started a whole new trend in the movie colony.

MARGE admits that she handled the basic decorating such as choosing the fabrics, dishes and linens. It was Gower, however, who selected the paintings and the unique objects that makes their house so full of surprises.

Gower, it seems, is an inveterate browser and collector. "When I was touring the country and dancing in night clubs," he says, "we used to hit a new town every few weeks. I got in the habit of browsing through old book shops and art galleries during the day. It's hard to browse without buying so I collected old playbills, etchings, books—anything antique that appealed to me. I never had a place to keep my collections, and I used to give the stuff away or leave it in some hotel room. Now things are different."

Gower's browsing has led him to become a small-scale art collector. He owns several original Goya etchings, a lithograph by Picasso, some Degas prints and a pastel by Paul Clemens. He also bought the amusing wicker furniture they use in the kitchen because he has an aversion to chrome breakfast sets. An apothecary chest in the hall holds his extra medical supplies, and, only recently, he started collecting pewter plates with the idea of finding enough to make a dinner service.

No reference to the Champions or their home can be complete without a mention of their cats. They have a passion for anything feline, and the house is dotted with china cats, drawings of kittens, and four live animals.

"What we love about cats," Marge says, "is their complete independence."

Gower is a bit more frank. "They're just substitutes," he admits, "until we start raising our own group of little Champions." **END**

brother can you spare a date?

(*Continued from page* 33) are the casting directors and talent scouts. These men have the notorious reputation of Taking Advantage of Innocent Girls who want to be in pictures. But nine times out of ten the girls come into the office prepared to Give Their All for a contract. As one casting director put it, "I'm a normal guy. I like women but I like to pick 'em for myself. If one more eager kid comes into my office prepared for anything if she can just get a contract, I swear I'm going to give up women."

All of which sounds as if the women of Hollywood are pretty terrible. But that isn't true. They are women, that's all, and they are living in a manless town. They fall into three categories. First, there are the girls who are trying to break into pictures. Then, there are the girls who already have contracts and who want, besides their work, fun and beaux and dancing dates. And lastly, we find the older women—rich, glamorous, famous, but desperately lonely and anxious to get married.

Let's examine the young stars first. Here are just a handful of the successful young girls who want their share of fun and good times—Ann Blyth, Pier Angeli, Piper Laurie, Debbie Reynolds, Joan Evans, Jean Peters, Janice Rule, Mitzi Gaynor, Peggie Castle, Vera-Ellen, Virginia Gibson, Mala Powers. If I took time to think, to go over studio contract lists, I could name dozens more.

But who are the available boys? Well, there's Farley Granger, Scott Brady, Rock Hudson, Carleton Carpenter, Dick Anderson, Bob Arthur, John Barrymore Jr. It took me some time to think of these. There are more, of course. But the point is that there are so many more girls.

YOU may ask why girls in pictures have to go out only with boys in pictures. It's a good question. But there is a good answer. These girls rather frighten other boys their age. The girls make a lot of money and boys outside the industry think they are too expensive to take out on casual dates. And if it's a dress-up evening, or a college prom, there are other problems. The girl is stared at. The other girls become jealous of her, and catty about her when she's asked for her autograph. And other boys shy away from asking her to dance for fear they'll be kidded by their friends or snubbed by the star. So the girls feel safer, more at home when they go out with boys in their own profession. The trouble is there are not enough of them.

Ann Blyth will not stoop to chase boys. As a result, she is often dateless when there is a premiere or a night club opening that she should attend, until her studio steps in and arranges a date for her. Isn't this incredible that a girl as attractive, as nice, as companionable, and as famous as Ann should need an intermediary to get a date?

On the other hand, there is a group of young men in Hollywood who are always happy to take the stars out. I'm referring to the young opportunists, the hangers on, the publicity seekers.

Here's a typical stunt: The boy will call a girl whom he may have met when he played a bit in one of her pictures. He'll ask her to go with him to a forthcoming premiere. If she remembers him at all and thinks he's nice, she'll probably accept. What she won't know is that he has no tickets to the premiere. But now that she has accepted his invitation he'll call her studio and say, "I'm taking So and So to the premiere, will you please send her tickets to me?"

Or he will show off to her by getting a grand, ringside table at Ciro's or Mocambo. She'll be pretty impressed until she learns that he has used her name to get it!

One of these opportunists told a friend that he wasn't going to take a certain girl out any more. "Why, the photographers don't even know her," he said indignantly. "They didn't take our pictures once. When I went out with So and So they were snapping all over the place."

Should Hollywood's young stars go out with boys like this? Of course not! But, since there aren't enough decent boys to go around, who else *can* they date?

A Tony Curtis comes along. He gets snapped up real fast. By whom? By a girl *he* selects. And it's a safe bet that one of the reasons Tony fell in love with Janet Leigh was because she didn't chase him.

Liz Taylor, after marrying a very rich young man outside the industry, found her second husband Michael Wilding in far-off England. And Shelley Winters found her man in Italy. And now that she is

married to Vittorio Gassman an untold story can be revealed.

All the time Shelley was going with Farley they were just very good friends. During this time she fell in love with a writer. But he was a Hollywood product—bitter and cynical. He had seen a lot of actresses. He had known a lot of wacky dames. He refused to take her seriously. So it wasn't till she went to Italy that Shelley met a man who respected her not only as an actress but as a human being.

Janie Powell is one of Hollywood's luckier young stars. Her marriage outside the movie industry (Jane's husband Geary Steffen is in the insurance business) has given her a private life of quiet domesticity much envied by the movie colony's unattached young women.

Of the older women Greer Garson is just as lucky. After an unsuccessful marital try with Richard Ney, a young man who played the role of her son in *Mrs. Miniver*, she married Buddy Fogelson, a substantial Texas rancher, a millionaire and a man older than herself. She is extremely happy now. But how many Buddy Fogelsons are there? And where do the first ladies of Hollywood find them?

Look at Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman, Barbara Stanwyck—all lonely women. So one of their favorite beaux is Greg Bautzer, an eligible Hollywood lawyer. He has dated dozens of big stars. He had not married one of them. Why should he settle down when he can have just as good a time as a bachelor?

BECAUSE Hollywood is so short on manpower, Joan Crawford was delighted when a young man started writing charming notes to her, sending her endearing telegrams. He told her that eventually he would find a mutual friend who would properly introduce them. This delighted Joan who is, essentially, most conventional. He did find someone to introduce them. He told Joan of his admiration for her and said that all he wanted from her was the privilege of her society. Then came the pay-off. What he really wanted was a role—and a big role, too—not in her private life but in one of her pictures!

Many other stars have had the same bad luck with love. Jane Wyman announced her engagement to Travis Kleefield, a building contractor, and then broke it. She says "it just didn't work out." What her friends say is that she couldn't stand the gaff—being married to someone younger than she.

And look at Betty Hutton. Married and unmarried. Engaged and unengaged. Why, even her Christmas card was decorated with a heart and Betty's expressed wish that she would find a guy in 1952. She managed to find Charles O'Curran, dance director at Paramount, but it wasn't easy.

It is not a new Hollywood story—the woman chasing, the men running. Beautiful Carole Landis fell in love with Rex Harrison. She desperately wanted him to get a divorce. When he wouldn't, she killed herself.

The love of Jean Harlow's life was William Powell, but she died without getting him to marry her.

And, more recently, there was Lana Turner who chased Tyrone Power to Europe before his marriage to Linda Christian. Ty said that he and Lana were never engaged. She said she thought that they were.

A chased man is always wary. Take the case of Jimmy Stewart. For years he was Hollywood's prize bachelor. And for years he avoided the huntresses and remained a bachelor. Whom did he finally marry? A society widow whom *he* pursued.

Who, then, is left to supply the demand for men among the older girls?

Spencer Tracy is married and will remain so, as a good many glamour girls have discovered. Walter Pidgeon ditto. John Wayne's marriage has been shaky but, as of this writing, he is back with his wife. Clark Gable, although he is available, swears he will never marry again.

There was a time when Clark and Joan Crawford were in love. This was when her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was on the rocks and Clark was still married to his second wife, Rhea. After Carole Lombard's death, Joan and Clark saw each other several times. But the timing was wrong. They were just good friends, they discovered, and she married Philip Terry instead.

It's true that divorce happens too easily and too often in Hollywood. But if these older stars could have looked into the future when they were younger, and tasted the loneliness that was to come to them, they would have made a greater effort to piece the broken bits of marriage back together again.

BECAUSE so many of the older women are lonely and so many of the younger girls are dateless, the boys grow spoiled.

A few years ago one of the nicest boys you would hope to meet came from the New York stage to work in pictures. He was charming and eager to please. A new and nice young man in Hollywood. A prize. But, as usual, the girls gave him the big rush and today he is an egocentric who can only talk about himself because he has found that the girls will listen to whatever he says as long as he continues to date them. He never thinks to send a corsage to his date, and although he has plenty of money he never bothers to take his date to dinner before they go to a premiere.

A boy of good background was recently signed by a big studio. So many girls asked him for dates that he came to the conclusion he would be sought after no matter what his behavior was. A girl asked him to one of the local awards parties—one of the many functions given before the Academy passes out the Oscars. He sat with her for a few moments and then noticed a table where the people seemed to be having more fun. He left the girl, joined the people at the other table and didn't go back to his date until the party was over.

The entire situation is bad for both the boys and the girls. Is it any wonder that unstable marriages are so prevalent in Hollywood?

As we've seen, the girls are not blameless. The extra girl who longs for a speaking part makes a play for the assistant director. The bit player eager for a steady contract woos the executive in charge of talent.

Not too long ago Hollywood was surprised by the divorce of a sweet faced girl and her charming and seemingly devoted husband. Hollywood was surprised—but not too much. Divorce is all too common out here. A few gossips tried to dream up reasons for the separation. A few people who claim to be first with the latest made up some stories. The awful truth was that the new man in the girl's life is a producer. Her career was in the doldrums. She had sold her husband out for star billing!

And so it goes a large part of the time, an endless—and a vicious—cycle. Too many girls chase the boys for dates, too many stars chase the producers for roles, too many tragic older stars chase men to try and catch a husband.

And the men—what are they doing? They're running! They run from entanglements, they run from matrimony—they run every time they see a woman head in their direction. And the faster they run, the faster the women chase!

Where will it end? Who will win the race? Who knows. **END**



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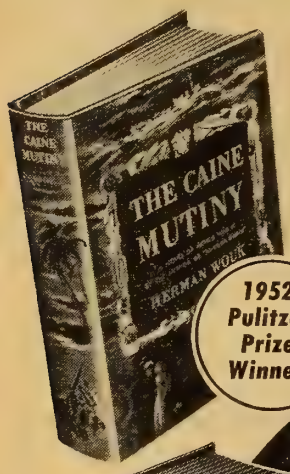
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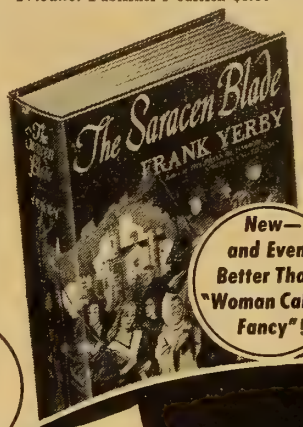
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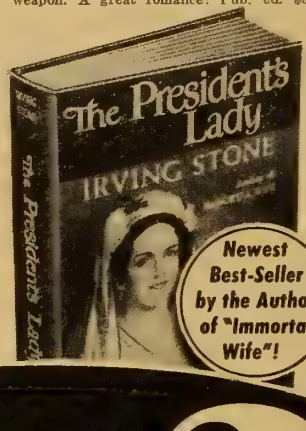
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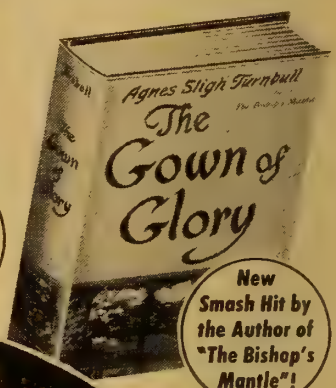
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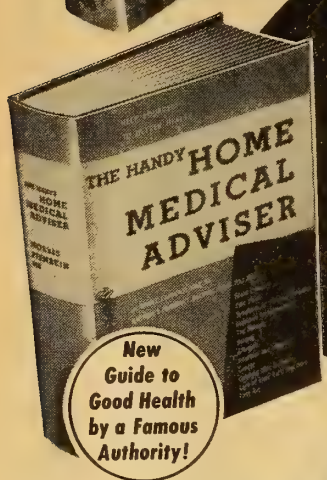


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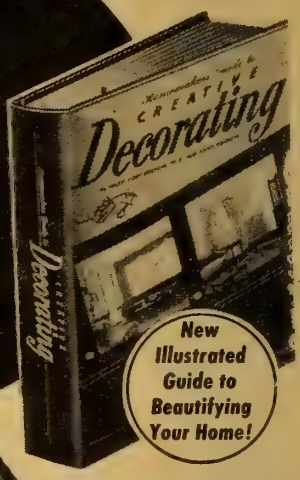
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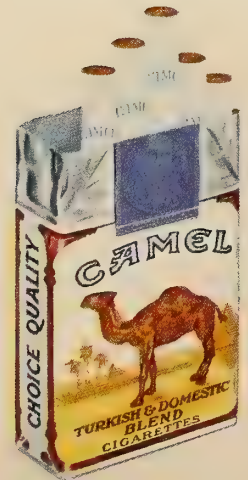
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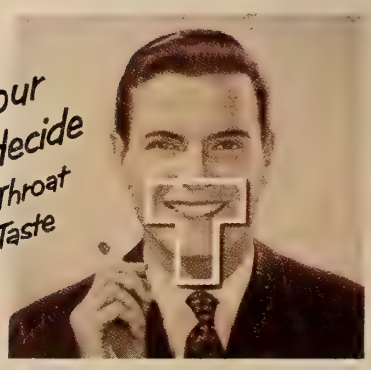
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AND INTO THE LIGHT OF NEW LOVELINESS!



Like this Camay bride, you'll win a fresher, brighter skin with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. LOUIS AUER, lovely Camay bride, says: "Camay's a lamb of a beauty soap! After I changed to regular care and Camay, a clearer complexion was mine surprisingly soon!"

NO GIRL can expect eyes and hearts to turn her way—or hope for a ring for her third finger, left hand—if she lets dullness overshadow the natural beauty of her skin!

Are shadows keeping your beauty hidden from view? That needn't be! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and your complexion will have a new freshness—a clearer look with your very *first cake* of Camay.

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. How mild—how gentle Camay is! And Camay gives you such an abundance of rich, creamy, luxurious lather! What joy to see your skin come "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Head to toes—your beauty grows!



The daily Camay Beauty Bath wakes your sleeping beauty, head to toes! It brings your arms—your legs—your shoulders—that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Camay in the Beauty-Bath Size offers more lather—more economy!



Camay the Soap of Beautiful Women

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Gleam and glimmer, shine and shimmer . . . Sunlight or moonlight,
your hair has the clean sheen of silk, the caressing softness of silk, the
supple smoothness of silk, when you shampoo with today's gentle Drene.

(Sh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.)



GET DRENE TODAY!



DRENE SHAMPOO

silkens your hair...as it cleanses!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases
That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



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SEPTEMBER 1952 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

modern screen special

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M-G-M's Movie-of-the-Month Calendar



SEPTEMBER

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

The Merry Widow

It's new, it's wonderful, it's LANA TURNER as The Merry Widow... the most entrancing girl who ever danced into romance on the wings of Franz Lehar's music! Co-starring FERNANDO LAMAS. A rich and resplendent production in color by *Technicolor*



OCTOBER

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

Because You're Mine

Golden-voiced MARIO LANZA scores a new sensation in this rollicking musical ringing with love songs. Co-starring JAMES WHITMORE, introducing DORETTA MORROW. *Technicolor.*



NOVEMBER

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

Plymouth Adventure

A best-seller becomes a great film! Epic drama of the sea! Starring SPENCER TRACY, GENE TIERNEY, VAN JOHNSON, LEO GENN. *Technicolor.*

No Longer a 'Worry Wart'

about what to use for

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



GREASELESS SUPPOSITORY

Assures Hours of Continuous Action

Offers Many EXTRA Advantages

You can put your faith in Zonitors for internal feminine cleanliness which is so necessary for health, married happiness, after your periods and to protect against offensive odors.

Zonitors are dainty-to-use *greaseless*, stainless vaginal suppositories. A far more convenient method. They are *not* the greasy type which quickly melt away. When inserted, Zonitors release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as famous ZONITE liquid. And they *continue* to do so *for hours!* Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.



Zonitors *completely* deodorize and help prevent infection. They kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can RELY on Zonitors to instantly kill every reachable germ. Inexpensive! At any drugstore.

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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie really dislike each other?
—D. D., DANBURY, CONN.

A. *Yes.*

Q. I understand that Ingrid Bergman once admitted to her ex-husband, Dr. Lindstrom, that Roberto Rossellini at one time had a reputation of being a playboy. Is that on the level?
—B. J., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *According to Dr. Lindstrom's legal testimony, Ingrid told him, "I know that Rossellini has been running around a lot. He has told a lot about his life, and it is bad, but I feel I would like to stay here and suffer the consequences."*

Q. Isn't producer Walter Wanger being treated with kid gloves at the Los Angeles County Jail Farm?
—C. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *He is doing light chores.*

Q. Why is Bing Crosby jealous of Johnny Ray? Why has he made disparaging remarks about that dreamboat?
—Y. R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. *Crosby has never made disparaging remarks about any singer. He merely admits that "I have no desire to imitate those fellas who sing like they're having a nervous breakdown."*

Q. Will Jane Russell quit RKO when her contract expires next February?
—G. F., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. *Not if she gets the good stories she's been clamoring for.*

Q. Whom has Rita Hayworth been seeing the most of since her return to Hollywood? I mean in the way of men.
—A. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. *Actor Richard Greene.*

Q. Isn't there a feud between the wives of Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin?

A. *No feud. The families just don't mix socially.*

Q. Haven't there been a lot of disputes between Jane Powell and Mario Lanza about the forthcoming movie, *The Student Prince?*
—C. L., PORTLAND, ME.

A. *No disputes—just an understanding that each is to get equal billing.*

Q. Hasn't Janie Powell asked Metro to give her a glamor buildup?
—C. Y., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A. *She once wanted to be a glamor gal when she felt she didn't have enough boy friends. Ever since her marriage to Geary, however, Janie's been content.*

Q. Yvonne de Carlo supposedly conquers so many men these days. Is she really such a great siren or what?
—D. H., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. *Yvonne employs a very hard-working press agent.*

Q. How come the stand-in for Piper Laurie is her own grandmother?
—P. L., DALLAS, TEX.

A. *Piper's stand-in is Pat Bowers, a grandmother, but not Piper's.*

Q. Audie Murphy looks disgruntled all the time. What's the matter with him?
—E. K., MINERAL WELLS, TEX.

A. *By nature he is quiet, taciturn, inhibited.*

Q. I've read that Gordon MacRae has antagonized every magazine photographer in Hollywood. Is that true?
—S. K., ATLANTA, GA.

A. *According to the photographers, he will not be ranked number one in their popularity poll.*

Q. I've had the impression for some time that Jane Wyman is one of the most unhappy successes in Hollywood. What is the lowdown on her?
—G. H., MOLINE, ILL.

A. *At the moment there's no big love in her life.*

Q. Why does Ann Blyth refuse to talk about her father?
—S. T., NEWARK, N. J.

A. *Her folks separated when she was an infant.* *(Continued on page 28)*



Marilyn Monroe every inch a woman... every inch an actress... in

20th CENTURY-FOX

Don't Bother to Knock

starring Richard Widmark • Marilyn Monroe

with Anne Bancroft • Donna Corcoran • Jeanne Cagney • Lurene Tuttle • Elisha Cook, Jr. • Jim Backus

Produced by JULIAN BLAUSTEIN • Directed by ROY BAKER • Screen Play by DANIEL TARADASH



Bing himself took this picture of the whole Crosby family! He used a delayed action tripper on his camera so that he could get into the picture, too. Back row, left to right: Dennis, Phillip, Mrs. Crosby, the family's pet French poodle, Topsy, and Gary. Front row: left to right, Bing, the family's pet Labrador retriever, Cindy, and the "baby" of the family, Lindsay. Bing just made his successful television debut.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

"ELIZABETH, you're going to have the most *spoiled* baby in the world!" I said to Elizabeth Taylor after she had just confirmed to me over the 'phone the happy news.

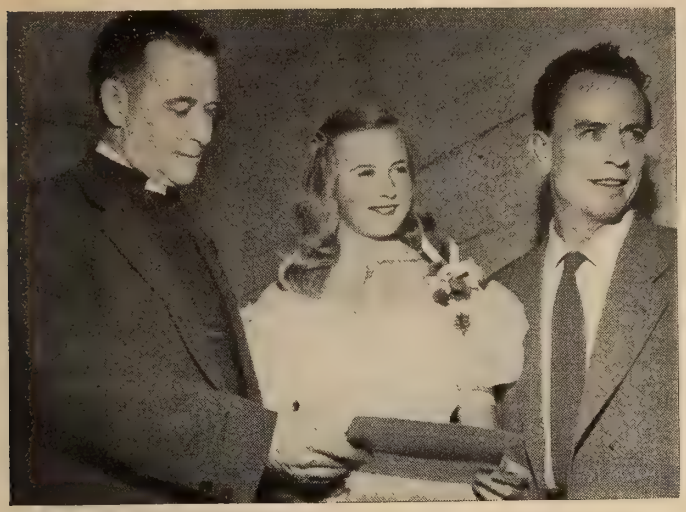
"Oh, I know it—I know it and I don't care," Liz laughingly replied, obviously at this moment the happiest expectant mother in the world.

"Why did your mother keep on denying it after I had checked her time after time to see if it were true?" I asked.

"Mother really didn't know, honestly," Liz said. "I was not sure when I was in England, and I wanted to wait until I came back home and went to my own doctor. Oh, it just isn't possible for two people to be happier than Mike and I." Elizabeth had broken the happy news to Michael Wilding via telephone to London, The pappy-to-be had been detained in his native England awaiting a quota number and was to follow Liz within a few weeks.

Let me let you in on something: Twins run in the Taylor family and nothing would thrill our girl more than to welcome a little Michael and Michele. Those names will stick no mat-

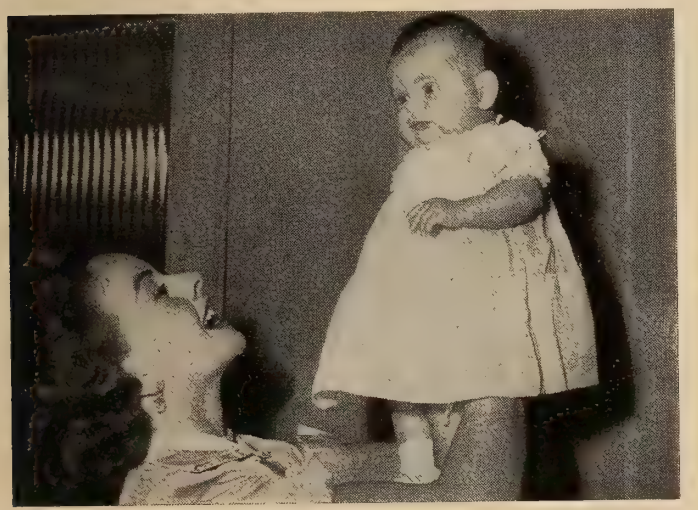
PARTY IS A WHAM-BAMMIE . . . ELEANOR POWELL AND GLENN FORD CLIMAX ALL OF THOSE RUMORS . . .



When Pia Lindstrom graduated from public school, her father, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and the Rev. Kermit Castellanos were proud bystanders. The next day, Pia was in court *(for the story, see page 40)*



Liz Taylor was met at the airport by her mother, father, and an unidentified family friend when she flew home from England. It was her first reunion with her family since her marriage to actor Michael Wilding.



It was a girl this time for lovely Jeanne Crain, the mother of three boys. The new baby, Jeanine, was eagerly welcomed by Paul, Jr., Michael and Timothy who were overjoyed to have a sister at last!



The world premiere of Warners' *The Winning Team* in Springfield, Mo., brought many stars. Visiting the polio cottage at Burge Hospital were, left to right, Virginia Gibson, Nancy Davis, Ronald Reagan.

ter what—Michael for a boy and Michele for a girl—that's how crazy Liz is about her Mike.

Can you imagine what Liz, who has always lavished affection on kittens, dogs, birds and other pets, will feel about a child of her own.

Yes, indeed—everybody is glowingly happy about Liz's baby-to-be—that is, all but MGM, which had enough pictures lined up for her to keep her busy the next two years.

So far, at least, those who predicted that happiness between 20-year-old Liz and 39-year-old Mike would be short-lived, may now hide their faces in shame while everybody croons lullabies!

I've never more enjoyed hostessing a party than the one I gave in the garden of my home honoring William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and his beautiful wife, Austine. I've known Bill since he was a little boy, and I am so proud of the way he is following, so brilliantly, in his father's journalistic path.

Everybody came to greet Bill and "Bootsie"—so many acceptances, in fact, that we put up a cellophane tent and set up white tables with vivid umbrellas in the garden.

Lana Turner, in a beige cocktail dress and coat that exactly matched her hair, came with Fernando Lamas—who else? These two, so much in love, held hands all the time they were here.

Jack Benny came "stag" because Mary had already left for London. I have to tell you something amusing Jack said to Ava Gardner, whose hair was surprisingly blonde, looking like a doll's wig.

"Honey," began Jack, tactfully, "I'm not your husband. But, if I were, I'd ask you to get rid of that damned blonde hair and be a beautiful brunette again!"

Frankie Sinatra died laughing, but he didn't say anything! Ava was a good scout and laughed, too.

I never realized how small Merle Oberon is until I saw her talking with Father Thomas English, the tallest priest in America—six feet eight inches. Merle's neck was absolutely bent backwards.

Gracie Allen had a wonderful time singing with the string band.

Jane Wyman said, "What do you mean, stealing my stuff? I'm the one who has gone crazy over singing in public." Jane wore a pearl gray cocktail dress and matching coat along the same line as Lana's. She really looked stunning.

Ginger Rogers wore black chiffon with beautiful blue earrings and necklace.

Cary Grant and Betsy had to leave early, reluctantly, because they have a new cook who gets violent migraine headaches.

Sylvia Ashley Gable sat with the David Nivens and said she was so glad to see so many of her "old pals" again. Sylvia has put on weight, but that is natural. She hasn't been able to move around much since she hurt her foot so badly. She has to use a crutch.

I was particularly proud that California's Governor Earl Warren and his charming wife were able to attend. The Governor always seems to enjoy himself so much.

Rosalind Russell wore a little yellow hat with a tiny yellow veil over her eyes—very flattering.

Norma Shearer Arrouge looked wonderful in a smart black suit and hat.

I'd just like to say—as maybe I shouldn't—

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not an oily cream —Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



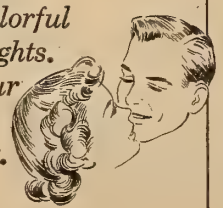
Wonderfully mild and gentle —does not dry or irritate!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.





Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

that I had an awfully good time, myself, at my own party.

INGRID BERGMAN wept as though her heart would break in a thousand pieces when she read Pia's statement, "I do not love my mother. I like her. I love my father."

Every effort had been made to keep the newspapers away from Ingrid, who was very ill in Rome just before the birth of her twin daughters. But she got hold of them anyway.

A very close friend—who had talked with her over Trans-Atlantic telephone—later told me, "She is crushed. Completely crushed."

It is very hard for me to believe that Pia wasn't coached in her testimony when she said, "I seldom saw my mother. She was usually working, or away, or tired."

I remember when Ingrid was making *Joan Of Arc* and I visited her on the set. It was a big production into which a fortune was being poured. But she was always the mother as well as the great actress carrying a heavy load.

The day I lunched with her, Pia was there, so gay, so devoted to her mother and so worshipful that she had her hair cut just like Ingrid!

I know, too, that the little girl came often to the studio and lunched with her mother. And time after time I saw them shopping in Beverly Hills with their arms around each other.

Whenever I ran into Ingrid, she never failed to tell me about Pia, some sweet thing she had said or done or about how proud she was of her good school cards.

As for Dr. Peter Lindstrom, I know what I am talking about when I say *his* private life is far from an open book. I know of a marriage into which he brought great unhappiness himself. And, this he will not dare to deny.

It is up to him to undo the terrible damage he wrought in permitting a 13-year-old girl to read everything printed in the papers and the actual transcript of the Bergman-Rossellini affair.

No mother in the world should live to hear her daughter say she does not love her.

RIGHT at the height of Jane Wyman's rug-cutting party at the Tiffany Club, Jerry Lewis said, "Man—this is a WHAM-BAMMIE!"

I'm not sure what a wham-bammie is, but I've never seen so many top stars letting down their hair and cutting up their feet!

It was a farewell for Jane's friends, the William Perlbergs, who were leaving for Europe where Bill will direct the Bing Crosby picture.

Jane had taken over the small nightclub, where so many hot jive bands play when they come to Los Angeles. How that Janie loves jive, and she looked so cute in a décolleté red-and-white checked gingham gown.

Believe it or not, but when I got there such "dignified" people as Greer Garson, Gary Cooper, Van Heflin, Barbara Stanwyck and some producers and agents were hot-footing it like crazy to Red Nichols and His Five Pennies band!

As for Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran —they are such wonderful jive dancers they could turn professional.

Everyone took Janie at her word and came in ginghams and cottons—everyone but Evie Johnson (Van's wife) who was done to the


Just for You
THE BIG, BACKSTAGE MUSICAL
IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
"ZING A LITTLE ZONG"
"ON THE 10:10 FROM TEN-TEN-TENNESSEE"
"THE LIVE OAK TREE"
"HE'S JUST CRAZY FOR ME"
"I'LL SI-SI YA IN BAHIA"
"JUST FOR YOU"
"CHECKIN' MY HEART"
SONGS FOR YOU! More tunes than Technicolor has colors! Hits like "Zing A Little Zong," that Bing and Jane sock into... the way they warbled "Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening" into an Academy Award!
SPECTACLE FOR YOU! Scenes packed with color and gayety and gorgeous girls and music galore... like the "Bahia" production number, that you'll number among the best!
STARS FOR YOU! Bing and Jane team up to bring you their best brand of singing, dancing and loving! Ethel Barrymore lets her hair down! And MORE performing surprises!
STORY FOR YOU! All about show business, showmen and beautiful showgirls. No business, no people, no picture like it!
A Paramount Picture starring
BING CROSBY • JANE WYMAN • ETHEL BARRYMORE
Produced by PAT DUGGAN • Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT • Screenplay by ROBERT CARSON
Based on "FAMOUS" by Stephen Vincent Benét • Songs: Music by HARRY WARREN • Lyrics by LEO ROBIN



1 **TAKE A GOOD LOOK.** This fragrant liquid-saturated pad is called the 5-Day Deodorant Pad and it is fast *revolutionizing* America's deodorant habits.



2 **YOU WIPE UNDERARM,** then throw pad away. Liquid in pad applies itself as no cream or spray can. No trickle! No sticky feeling or messy fingers.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents . . . shift-free driving . . . soapless detergents. And . . .

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually *8 times* more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally *raving* about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An *overwhelming* percentage of women —and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll *give* you a month's supply *absolutely free!* That's how sure *we* are that *you,* too, will say . . . "At last! . . . this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.



5-day deodorant pads

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply . . . FREE

5-DAY LABORATORIES, BOX #1001
DEPT. MS-9, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

Enclosed find 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

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CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . STATE . . . . .

OFFER EXPIRES IN 60 DAYS

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only . . 2¢ on **25¢** size . . 4¢ on **59¢** size . . 5¢ on **$1.00** size

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Debbie Reynolds is dressed as a football for her latest picture *I Love Melvin.* She'll be passed from dancer to dancer in one number.

teeth in full evening regalia. But she had fun.

Tyrone Power took a turn at the drums!

The fun went on until five o'clock in the A.M. I'll never know how Janie got up the next day, packed her two children, and took off for the East.

ELEANOR POWELL was hysterical as she sobbed, "Let me get myself together—I've never been so unhappy. Yes, Glenn (Ford) and I are having trouble, but I'm too miserably confused to talk now."

This was the climax to a long series of rumors that Glenn and his dancer wife, Ellie, were on the verge of ending their nine-year marriage.

Last year when Glenn went to Europe to be gone a long time making *Green Gloves* and took his *mother,* the whispers of trouble were really shouts around Hollywood.

But Eleanor held fast to her story and to her hope that their marriage would survive. When Glenn returned from Europe after four months, he went home to Ellie and their six-year-old son, Peter, whom both adore. Apparently, all was well or, at least, calmed down.

Then, Glenn went off to Europe again—this time to make *Time Bomb* for MGM—another jaunt of three or four months.

Eleanor, at first, told me that she had no idea where Glenn was. Her mother, highly excited, called later and said that Glenn was in the house all the time these hysterics were going on.

Whether he was or he wasn't, I hope by the time you read this that things will be well between the Fords again.

THINKING OUT LOUD: Red Skelton must watch his health—all the fame and success in the world isn't worth what Red is pouring into his work. Too much work. . . . A certain beautiful blonde babe is drinking too much. . . . You'd be surprised if you knew what top star, ultra dignified, has a great big crush on Jane Wyman. Tried to get his plane ticket changed to the train, just so he could ride East with Janie and her children. . . . Barbara Stanwyck is finally "over" Robert Taylor. . . . Speaking of Bob, he's been dating Mickey



WARNER BROS.
Happily Present
ALL THE GREAT JOY AND ALL THE GOL-DARNED GREATNESS OF

THE STORY OF WILL ROGERS

COLOR BY Technicolor

STARRING

WILL ROGERS, JR. as His Father AND **JANE WYMAN** as Mrs. Will Rogers

WITH JAMES GLEASON, *and as himself:* EDDIE CANTOR DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

SCREEN PLAY BY FRANK DAVIS AND STANLEY ROBERTS PRODUCED BY ROBERT ARTHUR

BASED ON THE SATURDAY EVENING POST STORY, "UNCLE CLEM'S BOY" BY MRS. WILL ROGERS

"Wake up your 'sleeping beauty'!" says Yvonne de Carlo



clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"So many women have natural beauty . . . and what do they do? They let it sleep under a blanket of stale make-up!" says Yvonne de Carlo. You must get to the bottom of stale make-up and grime. Ordinary cleansing doesn't do it, but Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten*, does!



Penaten works the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!



you'll look your loveliest

"You'll look fresher, younger," says Yvonne de Carlo, star of "SCARLET ANGEL," a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream with *Penaten* on your skin today! 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Rock Hudson gives Ann Blyth a lift as they step off the plane that brought them East for a number of personal appearances together.

Rooney's ex, Martha Vickers. . . . Rita Hayworth is really working very hard on *Salome*. None of the headaches and suspensions connected with her comeback movie, *Affair In Trinidad*. But she does find time to dine quietly now and then with Richard Greene. . . . Doris Day threw out her Early American furniture in favor of French Provincial—which is Early French to the French. . . . The "upsets" between Kathryn Grayson and Gordon MacRae making *The Desert Song* have not blazed out in the open as did her troubles with Mario Lanza. Kathie seems such an easy-going gal off screen. What happens with her and her singing co-stars?

TALKED with John Wayne right after he made up his mind that his marriage to Esperenza was definitely over. For weeks his Mexican wife, nicknamed Chata, had kept him dangling about their marital status and finally the worm turned. It was John who said, "I've had enough.

"I can't take any more—and still keep my dignity, Louella," the No. 1 star at the box office told me. "I was absolutely bewildered when I returned from Honolulu, expecting to join Chata, to find that she had taken off for Mexico.

"When we were both in Honolulu, she promised to join me there again after a short trip back home. She never returned. Never offered any explanation.

"Things were getting to the point where I didn't know whether I was married or not. It was an intolerable situation."

I asked John if it is true, as everyone said, that Chata was very jealous of his love for his four children by his first wife, Jo, and of the frequent visits he made to their home.

"That part of the gossip isn't true, and I can't say that against her. But I can no longer be kept dangling at her apron strings about whether she wants me or not. Not—and keep my self-respect."

John wouldn't discuss whether there is now a chance that he and Jo will re-marry. But their friends are keeping their fingers crossed hoping they do.

Well, Rock Hudson is back with Vera-Ellen, as of this writing.



"I do what
I love and
I love what
I do!"

She's Back!

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

RITA HAYWORTH
GLENN FORD

SHARING THAT "GILDA"
KIND OF LOVE AGAIN

in

Affair in Trinidad

with Alexander Scourby · Valerie Bettis · Torin Thatcher

Screen Play by OSCAR SAUL and JAMES GUNN · Produced and Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN · A BECKWORTH CORPORATION PRODUCTION

I dreamed I opened
the World Series in my*
maidenform® bra

What marvelous control! I'll be winning every inning
...so fittingly supported by my Maidenform Over-ture.*
Undercup stitching gives me such a lilting lift!
No wonder more women wear Maidenform
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Over-ture in acetate satin, broadcloth, nylon lace and taffeta, from 1.75. Send for free style booklet. Maiden Form, N. Y. 16.

There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure.

SKIRT: SLOAT JEWELRY: MONET
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1952, MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



When her dog Squeaky had pups, Piper Laurie strung them up for a picture. *(Read about Piper's feud with Tony Curtis on page 50.)*

Even after these two broke their engagement and started dating others, they still didn't seem to forget.

He is supposed to be Marilyn Maxwell's big moment now—and Vera has been getting zee beeg rush from Ernie Byfield, Jr. So, frankly, I don't seem able to puzzle out just what will eventually happen between Rock and Vera.

HERE'S A TIP, gals. Jane Greer says that only relaxed women are glamorous.

"Can you imagine Marlene Dietrich, or Garbo, or Hedy Lamarr chattering like magpies at men, giggling on a dance floor, running here or there in breathless confusion?

"No—if a girl wants to go in for the glamor treatment, the first thing she has to learn is—*take it easy*. Not only that—it's a beautifier. The girl who crinkles her face up and goes into contortions when she laughs gets nothing but—wrinkles.

"I don't mean a girl should be spiritless and dull—but soft-pedal the voice, keep cool, be a little remote and mysterious if you want your husband or boyfriend to think you're glamorous."

Had to laugh over the way the rumor started that Doris Day and Marty Melcher are "expecting." Doris' seven-year-old son by a previous marriage, Terry, went to a kid's party.

One of the children asked Terry if he had any little brothers or sisters. "Nope," he said, "But we got one coming up!"

When I checked Doris, she died laughing. "I'm afraid that's just wishful thinking on Terry's part—right now, anyway."

THE LETTER BOX: Alma Totters, Huntington, Tenn., writes: "What has happened to June Haver? She is my very favorite. She seems to be slipping both on the screen and in magazine interviews." June isn't slipping, Alma. She has been ill, which has delayed her newest picture, and naturally she has not been available for interviews.

"Effie," Brooklyn, wants to know: "Don't you like Rory Calhoun?" Of course I do. He's one of the best-looking actors in town, and just as nice as he looks. He's very happy these days now that he and his lovely wife Lita are on the Stork's list.



Have you ever been troubled by

- ☐ DANDRUFF?
- ☐ UNMANAGEABLE HAIR?
- ☐ FRIZZY PERMANENTS?
- ☐ STIFF, DRY HAIR?
- ☐ DULL, LISTLESS HAIR?
- ☐ HARD-TO-SET-HAIR?
- ☐ TIGHT SCALP?

DON'T MISS A WORD of this special message! Learn how a simple hair conditioning treatment you can give your hair at home, GUARANTEES new beauty, new highlights, manageability, better health for your hair, or double your money back.

For soft, shining hair tomorrow . . . tonight —

CREAM-TONE *your hair*

with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

Is your scalp tight, dry, dandruffy? Is your hair dull, listless, hard to manage? Have permanents, hair dyes, today's high-tension living all taken their toll?

Then you're the girl who ought to know about the recent discovery in hair care that has excited the whole world of beauty.

It is called CREAM-TONING . . . and it is something you can do at home. You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils! You don't have to fuss with wet towels!

CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple, inexpensive. And, oh, what wonders it works for your hair!

NEW PRODUCT makes NEW TREATMENT POSSIBLE!

The product that makes cream-toning possible is brand new. It is smooth, creamy Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Flower-pink, flower-fragrant, it is a skillful blend of soothing, scalp-conditioning lanolin, costly cholesterol and other ingredients that contribute in rich measure to hair beauty.

How to CREAM-TONE your hair with LADY WILDROOT!

It's easy! First brush your hair. Then part it, section by section. Rub Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing gently but thoroughly into your scalp, along the line of every part. Don't be afraid to use plenty; it's *good* for your hair.

Continue rubbing until all the cream disappears — leaving your scalp glistening, relaxed, cream-washed, cream-toned. Now relax! Give the rich emollients in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing time to soften and soothe. Let the luxurious lanolated oils work their magic all the way from your scalp to the very tip ends of your hair! Keep the cream on as long as you wish — a few minutes, a half hour, or even over-night.

After CREAM-TONING . . . Shampoo!

Now for a good shampoo! You'll like the active bubbly lather in Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . the way it *dissolves* and floods away any remaining excess cream, taking with it dirt, grime, loose dandruff.

Give your hair a second quick-sudsing — with Lady Wildroot Shampoo! Then rinse, dry, and set.

Now, look at your hair! Your scalp is so pink and clean it glistens. Your hair is so fresh and clean it gleams. It's soft, radiant, beautifully manageable — easy to coax into deep, easy waves. Women troubled with dry hair, frizzyness, split ends, find this cream-tone conditioning a joyous discovery. Women with too-oily, sticky, gummy hair like the way it does away with excess oil.

TRY IT TONIGHT!

You'll never know, you couldn't begin to guess, your hair's own natural too-long-hidden beauty until you CREAM-TONE your scalp with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing!

(Girls who haven't time for a complete CREAM-TONE treatment put a teaspoon of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the final rinse — after an ordinary shampoo — and find their hair extra soft, extra radiant, extra manageable — snarls and tangles magically smoothed. Others use Lady Wildroot for daily good grooming — to tame fly-away locks, calm unruly curls and straggles.)

GUARANTEED! or double your money back!



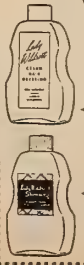
If you have been hunting for a solution to dry hair, oily hair, frizzy hair; if you want to see how glamorously lovely your hair can be . . . then tonight, CREAM-TONE your hair. Your favorite store has Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the 50¢ and $1.00 sizes.

If you don't agree tomorrow morning that your scalp is cleaner, your hair more radiant, then return the bottle and Wildroot will gladly send you DOUBLE your money back.

Don't forget — BE glamorous, Be beautiful. Tonight . . . CREAM-TONE your hair . . . with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing.

Cut this out and put it in your purse

REMINDER! Stop at your favorite store and buy a bottle of . . .



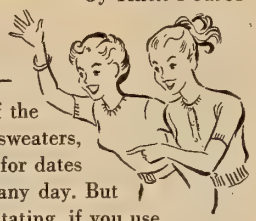
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←**2.** Get Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . for a soapless, sudsy, lanolin lovely, better-for-your-hair shampoo.

Back-to-School Beauty Hints

(Mothers please note, too)

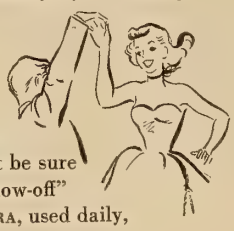
—by Ruth Pearse



Sweater Sweeties—

With a wardrobe of the new plain 'n fancy sweaters, you're well-dressed for dates or duty, any hour, any day. But sweaters *can* be irritating, if you use a deodorant that leaves the skin raw and sensitive. That's why it's smart to use YODORA, the "beauty cream" deodorant.

YODORA is gentle and pure as your face cream. A recent four-week test among more than a hundred women, supervised by a leading skin specialist, showed *not one single case of underarm skin irritation from using* YODORA, *even when applied immediately after shaving!*



Dancing Dolls—

Show-off shoulder dresses click at folk or formal dances. But be sure your underarm is "show-off" soft and lovely. YODORA, used daily, not only stops perspiration odor effectively, it also softens, smooths and *beautifies* the skin. Massage feet, too, with YODORA, to help keep them fresh and untired through the evening.



Tip for Teens—

Don't use too-heavy make-up on sensitive adolescent skin; nor a too-strong deodorant.

In a recent study among readers of a leading women's magazine, one out of two women reported they had suffered underarm skin irritation from using too-harsh deodorants. This need never happen to *you* if you use YODORA, the "beauty cream" deodorant. Tubes or jars 10¢, 35¢, 60¢



McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly



famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

This is how feuds start. Olivia de Havilland told me she went backstage after a performance of *Medea* to congratulate Judith Anderson, the star. Olivia was accompanied by her agent, Kurt Frings. Judith grabbed Kurt's arm, pulled him into her dressing room, and slammed the door in Olivia's face! Hurt, Olivia went home, vowing never to speak to Judith again. But next day Kurt called her and explained: That afternoon, before the show, a thief broke into Judith's hotel room, cleaned it out and left an *ace of spades* on her dresser! Judith, accordingly, was barely able to stagger through her performance . . . Olivia understands now. But she still hasn't heard from Judith . . . Aldo Ray is under orders from Harry Cohn not to date till his divorce is straightened out . . . Virginia Mayo froze to her table at a party when another gal walked in wearing the same dress. Only on Mayo it looked better!



Ray

Lynn Bari was first to congratulate Sid Luft on his marriage to Judy Garland. But she also reminded him not to forget to pay ten percent of his earnings, as agreed upon in their divorce agreement—"or I'll sue again!" . . . Hollywood was horrified by the news from New York that John Garfield's funeral was turned into a shambles by screaming matrons who wanted autographs from the famous people who came to pay their last respects . . . Shelley Winters and her Vittorio got crates of congratulatory telegrams on their wedding but none from U-I, which suspended her about the same time . . . Hal LeSueur, Joan Crawford's brother, got a job selling fishing tackle in a Hollywood sporting goods store. He and Joan haven't spoken for several years, although he has joined Alcoholics Anonymous . . . Kathryn Grayson burned when Johnny Johnston filed for a quick Mexican divorce after she had filed for a California divorce. Hers isn't final until October, and she doesn't want any hitches such as an action like Johnny's might cause.



Grayson



Cooper

ODD'S BODKINS:

Tony Curtis took advantage of *his* suspension from U-I to go fishing at Durango, Colo., while Janet was making *Naked Spur* there for MGM. Bob Taylor got wind that the fishing was good and planed out to join them. Which makes two extra men, for the statistically minded . . . Natives of Samoa kept asking when Gary Cooper would arrive to shoot *Return To Paradise*. They see American movies, too, and this is their name for Gary: Big Coop, the Fierce, Great Indian Fighter . . . Mario Lanza's weight continues to give him trouble. He slipped to a dangerous 158 but got up to 163 fast via a pound of butter and a cup of olive oil every day . . . One reason Marlon Brando was so good in *Streetcar Named Desire:* He spent months beforehand studying the corner-of-the-mouth mannerisms of prizefighter Rocky Graziano at Rocky's training camp . . . Bing Crosby, who always has a pipe stuck in his kisser, actually smokes only four pipefuls a day.



Granger

Leslie Caron's spouse, Geordie Hormel, lined up that singing date at the Cafe Gala for himself just to prove there's still some ham in the Hormels . . . Has anyone noted that Fernando Lamas started his Hollywood dating career with Ava Gardner? . . . And that Lana Turner used to go with Frankie Sinatra? . . . That right-side profile of Stewart Granger in a national picture magazine was the first to hit the public prints. He's one guy who can turn his best profile (that's his left!) to the camera quicker'n

Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as *free* as this...



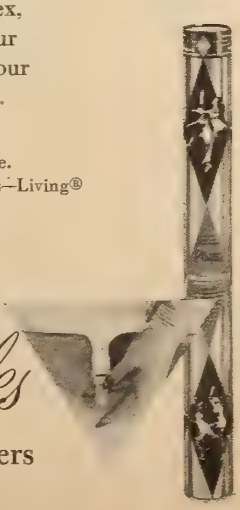
and look as SLIM as this...



VERA MAXWELL, *top New York designer, says:*
"Fashion accents slim hips as well as slim waistlines this fall. It's a season of smoothness, of sleek and softly curving lines. And the slender secret of it all is your Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!"

Whether fall means back-to-school or back-to-social-whirl, you'll find Playtex is perfect! Made of smooth latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric, it's invisible under your slenderest clothes. From tummy-trimming top to four Adjust-All garters, it hasn't a seam, stitch or bone. *And,* it washes in seconds, dries in a flash!

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. Playtex Fab-Lined Girdles from $5.95. Other Playtex Girdles—Living® and Pink-Ice—from $3.50, at department stores and specialty shops. Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.



Invisible *Playtex* ***FAB-LINED*** *Girdles*

Fabric-Next-to-Your-Skin

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Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

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DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

hollywood report continued

you can say Claudette Colbert, another fast-turner . . . "Lady" Sylvia Gable still uses that title, although it's been many years since she was married to Lord Ashley . . . Barbara Payton waits outside the Hollywood State Unemployment Office while Tom Neal picks up his $25 check. But in a Cadillac!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

What makes a movie cost $4,000,000? Well, the ballet slippers for Jeanmaire, Farley Granger's dancing partner in *Hans Christian Andersen,* and for the other dancing cuties in the picture set Sam Goldwyn back $14,000. One small item! . . . Remember when MGM loaned Van Johnson $100,000 to buy a house? He has let it lapse back to the studio, which in turn re-sold it, but at a loss . . . Average hourly earnings of people working in the movies are now at a peak of $2.75, the highest of any industry. They compare with an average of $2.23 in coal mining; $2.21 in building; $2.10 in oil refining; $1.89 in steel. Lowest is for laundry workers: 92 cents . . . Paulette Goddard's person and jewelry are insured for close to $1,000,000, which makes her one of the country's top five holders of such policies . . . Dana Andrews signed to do *Glass Menagerie* in the summer theatres for $2,000 a week guarantee, plus a percentage of the boxoffice take. He also insisted that his wife play the part of the crippled girl.



Johnson

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

The usually cagey little Debbie Reynolds admitted to me that Bob Wagner is her favorite—and that his absence from town is why she didn't attend her pal Leslie Caron's party . . . In jail for shooting Jennings Lang, Walter Wanger said, "It is like nothing that I thought it would be. I can tell you that the men in my tank at the jail are a more polite and interesting group than many I've met at Hollywood parties" . . . Gene Tierney paid her stand-in's way to Europe for her stint opposite Gable in *Never Let Me Go* . . . Incidentally, Gene's most recent beau, Ivan Mihanovich of the Argentine polo team, is a fast 22! . . . Mama Angeli no longer chaperones Pier's dates. Hmm . . . Sign on the Hollywood Baptist Church: "U Can't Spell Church Without U" . . . June Haver spent her birthday at her mother's bedside in St. John's Hospital . . . While bedded during her recent illness, Mala Powers kept up with the world by looking at TV. Howard Hughes sent her the set.



Wanger

This is what they were saying when Judy Garland got married: "So Sid Luft is what you find over the rainbow?" . . . Joe Pasternak wrote Pfc Vic Damone in Germany that he's lining up *three* pictures for Vic after his release—this in spite of Vic's having almost a year to go with Uncle Sam . . . That

Brady guy told me: "Dorothy Malone has merely to say, 'Great, Scott!' and she'll be Scott's Dot!" It rhymes! . . . Cpl. James MacVicar, Martha Vickers' kid brother, won a medal for heroism in Korea . . . Irving Berlin was prouder of his daughter Linda getting a part in Pasadena Playhouse's *Life With Mother* than of any song he ever wrote . . . Coincidental with the announcement of her approaching motherhood, Myrna Loy said she's writing finis to her film career . . . Exciting new twosome: Rita Hayworth and Charles FitzSimons, Maureen O'Hara's brother and a *fast* man on his feet!

QUICK QUOTES:

When Margaret O'Brien waxed overdramatic on Bob Hope's television benefit for the Cerebral Palsy Fund, Jackie Coogan nudged a nearby actor and remarked, "Gee, I'm glad I never grew up!" . . . Starlet, speaking of a bore: "I spent eight months with him last night!" . . . Preston Sturges' recipe for keeping calm: "Talk a morgue into selling you the heart of a man who died in anger, put it in a jar of alcohol, keep it on your desk as a reminder" . . . Eavesdropped above the cry-&-hue at La-Rue: "But she doesn't LOOK 42! Unless you get real close to her—like 20 feet" . . . Monica Lewis unloosed this in my good ear: "MGM wants me to have a scrubbed, shiny look but I don't like it. What girl wants to look like she's been scouring her face with Kitchen Klenzer all morning?" . . . Swaggering starlet to her bosom pal: "I've had three offers from producers so far this week but they were all married" . . . At a party, I asked a star, "What's new?" She replied, "If I break up any homes I'll call you."



O'Brien

FUNNIES:

Red Skelton's sage advice for Debra Paget: "The girl who swears she has never been kissed has a right to swear" . . . Ray Bolger overheard it coming out of a movie: "I don't like those double features. I always eat too much" . . . Johnnie Ray sounds so much like a revivalist, the only way Fred Allen can enjoy his singing is on his knees . . . We spent hours trying to check if it were true Johnnie said of his wedding to Marilyn Morrison, "I'm so happy I could laugh!" . . . I got a card postmarked Durango from Janet. It said, "Tony caught his 26th fish today. We call him Huckleberry Schwartz" . . . At the end of the reissued bloodtinglers, *Frankenstein* and *Dracula*, there's a trailer called *Help Your Blood Bank* . . . Ed Wynn, who counted 'em, reports 275 Wong numbers in the Los Angeles phone directory! . . . Movie heroine at a party: "Don't you think she looks terrible in that low-cut gown?" Movie hero: "Not as far as I can see!" . . . Jean-Pierre Aumont, back in town after too long away, said the climate in Hollywood must be wonderful—because not one of the women he knew would admit to being a day older than when he was last here in 1949.



Curtis

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BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super" cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.



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• Joan Bennett spends many happy hours reading in the library of her Beverly Hills home. Here's what she says about Ayds: "The Ayds way is the really sensible way to reduce. That's why so many Hollywood stars follow it."



• Joan about to go for a drive with her French poodle, Bambi. "If you are overweight, Ayds can do wonderful things for your figure," says Joan. "I recommend it to any woman who wants to keep herself looking slim and youthful."

"AYDS Can Do Wonderful Things for Your Figure," says Joan Bennett

Let lovely Joan Bennett, mother of four, tell you how to win a lovelier figure! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat the foods you like. Ayds contains no harmful drugs . . . calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

Delighted users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS



hollywood report continued

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

John Wayne's wife, Chata, left him flat in Honolulu, where they had planned to spend time together while he was shooting *Big Jim McClain*. It was their second separation of the year. John, in a long-distance conversation from Honolulu, denied they were separated. Chata, who was here, denied it too, and then flew off to Mexico. And when John got back to the mainland he scratched his head, looked bewildered, and said, "You'd better ask Chata—I don't know if we are or not!" . . . Toni Carroll and Abigail Adams, both claiming to be Georgie Jessel protegées, fought over the title at Charley Foy's Supper Club. Afterwards, graying Georgie said, "It's highly complimentary to an old duffer like me" . . . Shock of the year: Pia Lindstrom's refusal to visit her mother in Italy. "I don't love her," she said of Ingrid. "I like her all right, but I love my father." What a price for Bergman to pay—the love of a daughter who once loved her above everything else!



Wayne

Stewart Granger's habit of yelling at his wife, Jean Simmons, in public is beginning to wear on various and sundry nerves hereabouts. He ordered her off his *Prisoner Of Zenda* set . . . It was a tug-of-war between Olivia de Havilland, Vivien Leigh and Greta Garbo as to who would get the starring role in *My Cousin Rachel*. Director George Cukor wanted Garbo most but Livvie got it. Later, George said he doesn't think Garbo will ever make another movie . . . The Piper Laurie-Tony Curtis feud is reminiscent of the fussin' and fightin' that Joyce Reynolds and Bob Hutton staged in Hollywood six years ago, and what's happened to *them?* . . . The Gassmanns' landlady evicted Shell and Gass because she wanted their apartment for her newly-wed daughter . . . MGM had an awful time deciding between Pete Lawford, Van Johnson, Farley Granger and Dean Miller for Janie Powell's leading man in *Small Town Girl*. Farley was the last-minute decision—and it was a hurried one. Picture had to be made fast because Jane's baby is due Dec. 10.

DANCING DOLLS:

Is it news to you too that Marge Champion got her start in pictures modeling *Snow White* for the Walt Disney cartoon film? . . . Warners rush-previewed Virginia Mayo's *Working Her Way Through College*, which as you know is about a burlesqutie in school, to tie in with the much-publicized panty raids taking place just before schools around the country let out for the summer . . . Columbia's *Salome* won't be as bloodthirsty as others you may have seen or read about. Princess Rita will *not* be called upon to dance with the head of John the Baptist on a platter . . . Samia Gamal was supposed to wear a six-karat dia-



Mayo

mond in her navel, a gift from hubby Shep King, when she opened at Ciro's. I looked, as did everybody else who was there, but no diamond. The gal gave Hollywood some real lessons in shaking, however.

SEX APPEAL:

That much-publicized nude statue of Mrs. Tyrone Power isn't new at all. Peter Lambda did it of Linda in England in 1950 when Ty was doing *Mr. Roberts* on the stage there . . . A CBS-TV censor explained television's new purity code to Marie Wilson: "A V-neck is okay but you can't get away with a U-neck any more" . . . Marilyn Monroe (incidentally, did you notice how RKO billed her as The Calendar Girl for *Clash By Night?*) autographed one of her nude calendar poses to a photographer as follows "Wish it could have been you" . . . The Breen Office returned one of sweet little Pier Angeli's still photos to MGM with the cleavage X'd out.



Wilson

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Travis Kleefeld looks like Hollywood's new Greg Bautzer. He bounced from Jane Wyman to Beetsie Wynn to Ann Miller . . . You haven't heard the end of a new feud: Jane W.'s with John Carroll. Someone relayed to him that she had said she'd rather walk the 11 miles back to Los Angeles from the Pomona County Fair than stay and listen to him sing during her visit there! . . . Speaking of singing, Gary Crosby is really setting himself up for a vocalist's career. He joined the Glee Club at Stanford University . . . It looks like we'll soon learn the truth of another feud—that of another Jane W. (Withers, that is!) with Shirley Temple. Jane is writing her biography . . . Greer Garson isn't about to let MGM or anybody else cast her in any more of those "charming matron" roles.

HOME FIRES BURNING:



Bogart

Kirk Douglas rented a house for his kids, only to have them tell him they wanted to spend the summer in camp . . . Baby Bacall moved into the new house down off the hill the first night of moving. But Bogie, overcome by nostalgia, slept over in the old one! . . . In Jerry Lewis' new home movie, *A Spot In The Shade,* which is a take-off on—you guessed it—*A Place In The Sun,* Tony and Janet will play the parts originated by Monty Clift and Liz Taylor . . . Betty Grable is still queen at 20th. When she came back to work after her long "vacation," she still had the best table in the commissary and the studio had remodeled her dressing room . . . After quitting MGM because they assigned her "too many pregnant housewife roles," Nancy Davis Reagan expects the baby in December . . . When Vic Mature's pal, Bud Evans, got out of the Coast Guard, Vic gave him garage living quarters, then made him manager of his TV stores. Now Bud's well-to-do and is building his own home, complete with swimming pool. But Vic still doesn't have a pool!

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Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your breath sweet and fresh *longer!*

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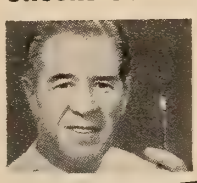
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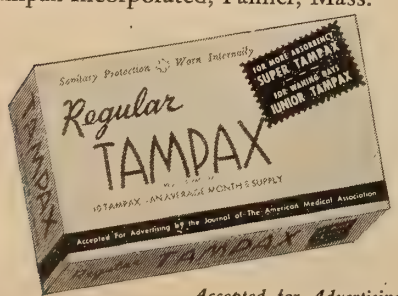
Don't be dismayed if the "monthly" days come during a spell of sweltering weather. There's no need for you to endure all those summer discomforts—if you will change your method of monthly protection from the *external* sanitary pad to *internally* worn Tampax. . . . What will happen? You will escape odor and chafing and you will escape the warm perspiration-bulk of the sanitary pad.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the mont



At a gala ball, Gregory Peck meets and falls in love with Ann Blyth, a Russian noblewoman disguised as her own maid.



The henchman of a Russian prince, wh has abducted Ann, arrest Gregory. An agrees to marry prince if he frees Greg



Ann and Gregory foil the Russians and sail away from Alaska in the nick of time.

THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS

Gregory Peck, Ann Blyth, a lot of beautiful Technicolor and the directorial talents of Raoul Walsh have been lavished by Universal on this adventure tale of the 1850's, most of which takes place in San Francisco and Alaska back in the days when the latter was owned by the Russian Czar. Peck, playing the part of "the Boston Man," an unscrupulous captain of a sealing boat, disposes of a fortune's worth of pelts in San Francisco and settles down in the swankiest hotel in town to take his ease for a while. At one of the liveliest grand balls in movie history, he meets Russian noblewoman Ann Blyth, who wants desperately to get to Alaska. Since he has a well-known aversion for Russians, she pretends to be her own lady-in-waiting. But before they can get married, she is abducted by a Russian prince and carried by gunboat to Alaska. There follows an exciting sea chase, between Peck and a rival sealer, climaxed when the crews of both ships fall into the hands of the Russians. How it all ends is a wonder, but it does and with the principals safe and sound and together again.

DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK

When a white-faced, simply dressed and vacant-eyed Marilyn Monroe first appears in the drab New York hotel suite of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Jones to act as their baby-sitter for an evening, it is quite clear that the movie audience is in for a taut and unusual experience. Miss Monroe's movements are so persuasively tense, the camera changes so suggestive, the dialogue so simple yet full of so many unspoken overtones that the scene is set for some sort of real explosion. A story like this, for all its psychology, still depends on surprise, so let's just say that it concerns an airline pilot and his girl friend who sings in the hotel's somewhat crumby cocktail lounge; the young out-of-towner played by Miss Monroe; her uncle, a hotel elevator operator; and the Joneses, father, mother and child. Important as all these people are to the film as a whole, it is pilot Richard Widmark and Miss Monroe who get most of the footage, singly and together, and they make the most of their many moments. The pace at which a "shocker" moves determines to a large degree the tenseness it creates, and in this case the timing is a beautiful thing to watch. Director Roy Baker, with the help of a tightly written script and an imaginative camera, gradually works what seem to be separate stories into one shattering climax. The movie suggests, incidentally, that Widmark—at his tough and tender best in this one—deserves a chance at a wider range of parts and that Miss Monroe, under a fine director, can produce a real variety of screen portraits.

Cast: Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, Ann Bancroft, Elisha Cook, Jr.—20th Century-Fox.

THE QUIET MAN

Seventeen years after making *The Informer*, a milestone in his own artistic career as well as motion-picture history, director John Ford has returned to Ireland for the scene of his new film. But he has returned in a different day and in a different mood, and the setting is hardly recognizable as the same. For the earlier picture was a somber one, a penetrating, pitying psychological study of a man who betrayed his comrades-in-arms. *The Quiet Man*, on the other hand, is a comparatively sunny picture, filled with the lilt of Irish laughter and side-remarks by Barry Fitzgerald. Prizefighter John Wayne returns to Inisfree, the Irish village of his birth. He buys his family's old farmhouse and tries to win the hand of Maureen O'Hara, a local lass with a temper like th' divil and a brother like the same. Finally he succeeds, with the combined conniving of the whole community, including the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister, but finds that his troubles with both his wife and her brother, Victor McLaglen, have just begun. The problem is: Why won't Wayne fight back? The script makes much of the fact that Wayne's final blow in his last ring battle in the U. S. was a fatal one for his opponent, and he doesn't want to use his fists again. No one except the audience and the minister knows this, but the possible drama in the incident is drained when his sole confidant urges him to get in training again and slug it out. Each picture-postcard scene, each person contributes a memorable bit, and none of the principals has ever been better, so that *The Quiet Man* ends up mellow, sentimental and entertaining.

Cast: John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald, Victor McLaglen.—Republic.



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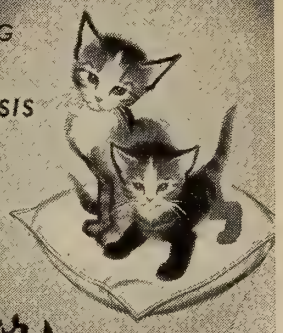
White Rain



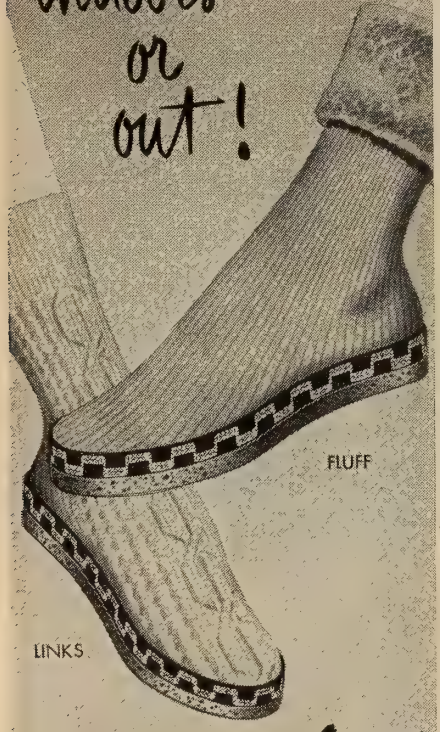
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JUMPING JACKS

The U. S. Army, and the paratroopers in particular, will probably never be the same again, for Jerry Lewis gives both of them a thorough going-over in *Jumping Jacks*, the latest and one of the wildest, zaniest and funniest of the Martin-Lewis films. Jerry gives himself a thorough work-out, too. This time, as a New York night-club entertainer on his way to big-time success with Mona Freeman, he receives an SOS from his former partner, Dean Martin. A paratrooper in training, the latter has promised his camp some top-flight entertainment. Naturally the show can't go on without Jerry, but just as naturally Jerry, a civilian turned down for service because of an ear condition, can't appear in an all-soldier show. So they rig up a uniform for him—on Jerry it could more properly be called a costume—and the fun begins, for everyone but Jerry anyway. Not only does Jerry get in the show and go over big, but he can't get out of the Army. His private war with that familiar institution, personified this time most by a regular Army sergeant (Robert Strauss), with his onetime pal Dean and with the military mind in general (and a couple of generals in particular) provides the rest of the plot as well as plenty of hilarity. Jerry, in his wacky way, has never been a more lovable comic, and for that reason *Jumping Jacks* is a signpost pointing to a possible picture future for the Martin-Lewis team. If the scripts-to-come can help intensify this comparatively sympathetic quality, if Jerry himself works at it, Lewis may eventually develop into a really fine film clown. Meanwhile he's a good deal funnier than almost any one else around.

Cast: Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Mona Freeman, Robert Strauss.—Paramount.

SALLY AND SAINT ANNE

Sally And Saint Anne is an unpretentious little Irish-American family comedy with an unusual twist: Saint Anne plays an important role as the protagonist's ally and protector, although she never appears on the scene. Every time Ann Blyth, as little Sally O'Moyne, one of a close-knit clan, wants something for one of her family or friends she notes it down in her diary and in good time prays to a statue of the good saint. Since everything she asks for comes true, naturally she credits the saint. When, for example, Sally hopes that Alderman McCarthy, with whom the O'Moynes have been feuding these many years, will get a black eye, lo! and if he doesn't appear in the parish church the next Sunday sporting a shiner. And that's nothing to what the heavenly hierarchy have in store for the black-souled city official in succeeding scenes. These follow Sally's family through a good many fights with the evil alderman and Sally herself through the solving of a number of teen-age troubles in which Saint Anne is usually an off-stage agent of the plot. The plot, though, is merely a number of old vaudeville acts, shaken out of moth balls, and that's not enough. *Sally And Saint Anne* turns out to be all twist and no new trimmings.

Cast: Ann Blyth, Edmund Gwenn, John McIntire.—Universal.

SUDDEN FEAR

It's seldom that things start happening as fast as they do in this Joan Crawford film. That's just as well, because after the immediate action there's a long stretch of almost relaxing romancing, and for a while *Sudden Fear* seems to be misnamed. It turns out, however, that the love sequence is just a movie trick to lull the audience, as it does Miss Crawford, into a false sense of security, for fright, flight and all sorts of melodramatic maneuvers are just around the corner. Playing a successful playwright helping to rehearse one of her shows before it opens on Broadway, she fires the leading man because he's "no Casanova" (he's Jack Palance), and —crack! bang!—there's the beginning of a plot any playwright could be proud of. Casanova or not, he does something to her. She changes her mind about the man, if not about his suitability for the part, marries him and settles down for a blissful existence high above the Marina in San Francisco. Always the audience realizes that her existence can be neither blissful nor settled for long, but Miss Crawford's playwright is a woman who has never tasted real happiness before, and she savors it to the full until suddenly, by sheer chance, something happens that brings her to with a rude shock. Fearful she now is, but a woman of character and determination she remains. How she reacts to what menaces her makes for a novel suspense story. The dialogue, camera work, over-all direction and especially the performances are so well keyed, the final scene in particular so scalp-tingling that one must forgive the slight shortcomings of the scenario.

Cast: Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, Gloria Grahame.—RKO.

WE'RE NOT MARRIED

The title tells the story of the gimmick behind this film, but it hardly hints at the hilarity that results when six marriages are suddenly dissolved. On Christmas Eve, Justice of the Peace Victor Moore makes his first mistake. He fails to read all the documents that permit him to marry people beginning January 1, so he unwittingly jumps the gun. The whole problem poses itself a few years later when one couple sue each other for a divorce. Then there are the complicated situations of five further couples: (1) Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers —This bickering pair, known professionally as the "Glad Gladwyns," married each other primarily to sell a radio network on an early-hour husband-and-wife breakfast show. (2) Paul Douglas and Eve Arden—A talkative Long Island couple before they married, they live a monosyllabic suburban existence, with one evening's big news the arrival of the new Book-of-the-Month. When Douglas opens his notification of the rhubarb, he begins considering the possibility of returning to the ways of his primrose past. (3) David Wayne and Marilyn Monroe—Wayne wears the apron in this family, for his wife has won the title of "Mrs. Mississippi" and seems bent on becoming "Mrs. America" while Wayne mothers their child. (4) Eddie Bracken and Mitzi Gaynor—A GI and his bride, they learn that they have been living in sin just as Uncle Sam sends Eddie overseas and the doctor directs Mitzi to an obstetrician. (5) Louis Calhern and Zza Zza Gabor—A Texas oil millionaire and his wife, they find themselves in a situation that literally floors one while it tickles the other's funnybone.

Cast: Fred Allen-Ginger Rogers, Paul Douglas-Eve Arden, David Wayne-Marilyn Monroe Louis Calhern-Zsa Zsa Gabor, Eddie Bracken-Mitzi Gaynor.—20th Century-Fox.

Romance of the Sea

sterling in the mood of adventure



Here is modern mastery of silver in a pattern as stirring as the sea which inspired it—Romance of the Sea! This pattern depicts in glowing sterling the dramatic symbols of the sea—the beautiful sea gardens, the lovely pearl, the graceful wave, delicate spray and majestic shell. It was created by famed designer William S. Warren in sculptured "Third Dimension Beauty"—the beauty of design fully-formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view. This exclusive artistry in silver-crafting is found only in Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" patterns.

Six piece place setting, Romance of the Sea, $43.50. Settings of other patterns from $32.50 to $40.00 — all prices include Federal Tax.

Send for and read the exciting and romantic design stories of each Wallace pattern in the 32-page book "Treasures in Sterling." It also contains many helpful table-setting ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 96, Wallingford, Conn.

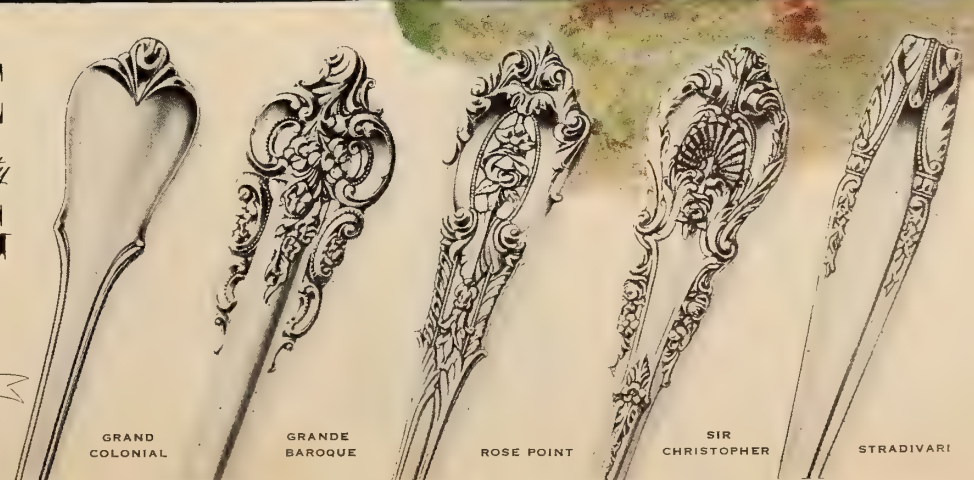


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Third Dimension Beauty

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For a *beautiful* summer, order a complete wardrobe of Hidden Treasure bras – in styles for every wear – sizes 32-36 A cup, 32-38 B cup. Mail coupon today to:

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Through the eyes of an autograph collector

by nancy streebeck

Photos by author



Vivien Leigh signs willingly.



Cary Grant doesn't believe in it.



Susan Hayward—collector's favorite.



Jeff Chandler's "real George."

■ Wherever there are stars, there the autograph collectors congregate. They can tell you the dispositions of the stars, their home addresses, their telephone numbers, and the makes and license numbers of their cars.

The collectors classify the stars as the "real George" signers, the "meanies", and the "you-never-can-tells." At the top of the first list you will find such favorites as Ann Blyth, June Haver, Alan Ladd, Joan Crawford, Susan Hayward and Ruth Roman.

I can remember June Haver one afternoon at a radio broadcast. It was only a day after her fiancé had died but still she signed every autograph book, every picture, and talked to the fans. Her only apology was for her appearance!—and she looked wonderful as usual. On another occasion she was the queen of the Sheriff's Rodeo at the Los Angeles Coliseum. She came out on a large horse and her size nine figure wasn't quite enough to control it. This, however, didn't prevent her from shaking hands with the fans and servicemen in the front rows.

Joan Crawford will always go out of her way to please the collectors. One evening at the Mocambo a tourist was trying desperately to take a snap of her but the bulb failed to go off. After smiling for several pictures which didn't take, Joan came over and asked for the camera. She then took out the bulb, got down on her knees in her white evening gown, and scraped it on the sidewalk! Then she put the bulb back in the camera and asked the tourist to try again. It went off successfully and everyone applauded Joan. She thanked them for taking the picture and told them to be sure and look her up on their next visit.

Then there are the "meanies". This group merely stares, balks, and refuses to sign. Bing Crosby will sit in his car eating lunch and just dare you to come near. When he sees a crowd he holds his hat and yells, "Comin' through, comin' through!" I've seen him sitting waiting for Ann Blyth by the minutes chewing on a toothpick. He watched Ann sign but when several people put the book in front of him, he only muttered, "Nope."

Lionel Barrymore will often use profanity to ward off collectors. He mumbles and groans but occasionally breaks down and scrawls his name. Betsy Drake and Cary Grant never sign. They say that they don't believe in such things and would like to be left alone. Betsy signed before her marriage to Cary but now has taken over his attitude.

Then there are the initial signers. Some on the list include J. Cotten, V. Mature, M. Rooney, and M. Dietrich. Sometimes a brave soul will ask them to sign their full names, but usually the efforts are useless.

The older stars are usually very nice. I have never seen Rosalind Russell, Irene Dunne, or Ethel Barrymore refuse to pose or sign. Young Barrymore Jr. seems to take after his aunt since he is one of the nicest newcomers in town.

Let me say right here that Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift are both swell to their fans. I have never seen Monty refuse to sign and Marlon has a terrific sense of humor. He always has something to joke about, although I'll admit you never quite know what he means. They are both great favorites out here on the coast.

There are always the stars who will sign—if you can catch them! June Allyson, Dick Powell, Van Johnson, Bill Holden, and Dana Andrews are all experts in this field. If you can discover their secret exits they are usually most cheery and cooperative.

Hollywood will always have its "meanies", but there will always be the others to make up for them. The collectors usually place a higher value on the autographs that are the hardest to get but they attend movies in which the nicer stars appear.

New creamy-soft make-up

covers so lightly

Looks so naturally lovely

Feels like your very own skin

Your Pan-Stik* Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of "made-up" look. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, *natural* loveliness.



CINDY GARNER
as she looks when away from the studio.
Now appearing in
"RED BALL EXPRESS"
a Universal-International Picture

She uses Max Factor's Pan-Stik because it feels so light and free compared with most make-ups. And it looks and feels so *natural.*
Dress by Ann Fogarty

So quick! *So convenient! Easy to use as lipstick!*



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$1.60 plus tax, in seven enchanting shades. Delightfully right for suntan season: Natural Tan, Golden Tan.

Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

1 Max Factor's Pan-Stik is creamy make-up in new convenient stick form. No puff, no sponge, can't spill or leak into your purse.



2 Swivel up Pan-Stik just like lipstick. Apply light strokes to nose, forehead, chin and cheeks. No messy fingernail deposits, as with ordinary cream make-up. No dripping as with liquid.



3 Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently over your face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how perfectly it covers. And how fresh and naturally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.





continued from page 4

Q. In dance routines whom does Fred Astaire consider the best of all the partners he's had?
—F. K., Westbury, L. I.

A. *He refuses to say but thinks very highly of Ginger Rogers, with whom he enjoyed his first cinematic success.*

Q. I've heard that the reason Joan Evans' parents object to her marriage to Lee Kirby is that they're afraid of losing a meal ticket. True or false?
—R. E., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Completely false. Joan's parents are both highly successful writers.*

Q. How come in all the stories about her fabulous television success in *I Love Lucy*, Lucille Ball has never once credited the director, Marc Daniels?
—G. J., Elgin, Ill.

A. *Marc Daniels, after directing the show for one year, resigned this past spring.*

Q. How much does Marlon Brando earn per picture, and why does he dress like a bum? —C. T., Miami, Fla.

A. *$150,000 per picture. He hates shirts, because they have to be buttoned.*

Q. Isn't Aldo Ray the new fair-haired boy at Columbia, and isn't John Derek a thing of the past?
—A. N., Detroit, Mich.

A. *Aldo is the new fair-haired boy, but Derek's best years lie ahead.*

Q. Isn't there an inside story about Zsa Zsa Gabor and her child that defies publishing?
—F. C., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Did Anne Baxter really hire a press agent to make her more sexy as it says in the newspapers?
—T. Y., Sea Girt, N. J.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Are Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn still very close friends? Isn't Wynn very bitter about Van?
—S. L., Wyano, Mass.

A. *No bitterness between these two, just understanding.*

Q. Isn't that alleged romance between Ann Blyth and Charley Fitzsimmons, Maureen O'Hara's brother, strictly a phony? —H. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. *No romance, a real friendship.*

Q. Which actress spends the most for clothes? —S. L., Salem, Ore.

A. *Toss-up between Loretta Young and Irene Dunne.*

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

JUST FOR YOU—*Zing A Little Zong* by Bing Crosby* (Decca); Dorothy Loudon (Victor); Helen O'Connell (Capitol); Robert Q. Lewis (MGM). Title song by Bing Crosby (Decca).

HIGH NOON—title song by Frankie Laine** (Columbia); Bill Hayes* (MGM); Tex Ritter* (Capitol); Lita Roza (London). Here's a real surprise! In a film we expected to be nothing more than a glorified horse opera, they make the cleverest use of a musical theme since *Laura* and *The Third Man*—in fact, it's more effective than either, since this time there are lyrics as well as a melody on the sound-track to help establish and build moods.

Tex Ritter is heard, but not seen, performing the number at the beginning and end, as well as at intervals throughout the picture. The lyrics actually tell the story of the film, and snatches of melody underline the action.

GROUCHO MARX—*Hooray For Captain Spaulding** (Decca).

Groucho does the title songs and others by the famous team of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby (remember *Three Little Words?*). He's helped by the Ken Lane Singers and Victor Young's orchestra.

SKIRTS AHOY—*What Good Is A Guy? (Without A Gal)* by Debbie Reynolds (MGM).

POPULAR

ROSEMARY CLOONEY—*Botch-A-Me*** (Columbia).

This zingy novelty with the harpsichord flavor ought to be Rosemary's biggest hit since the similarly styled *Come On-A My House.*

VIC DAMONE—*Take My Heart** (Mercury). Released soon after Pvt. Damone returned from Germany, this is a big-voiced treatment of an exciting new ballad.

ALAN DEAN—*Luna Rossa** (MGM).

The ballad king from England does another fine job, on a Neapolitan tango, the title of which means "Blushing Moon."

JUNE VALLI—*Strange Sensation** (Victor).

Little Miss Valli has been looking for a big hit record ever since she won the Arthur Godfrey talent show in 1950. Maybe this adaptation of the old Latin favorite *La Cumparsita* will do the trick for her.

FRAN WARREN—*What Is This Thing Called Love** (MGM).

THE WEAVERS—*Hard, Ain't It Hard** (Decca).

JAZZ

CHICO O'FARRILL—*It Ain't Necessarily So** (Mercury).

Chico is an Irishman from Cuba (that's right!) who used to arrange for Benny Goodman. He assembled a fine band, as well as writing the arrangements, for this tune and the backing. *Guess What.*

JOAN CRAWFORD, starring in "SUDDEN FEAR"—
A Joseph Kaufman Production, an RKO Release.



JOAN CRAWFORD . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Crawford uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World

is kept at its loveliest . . . with

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Joan Crawford says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo". . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Joan Crawford, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



Cover-girl charmers have it ... so can you!

"It's *business* with me . . . keeping my complexion as flawless as I can," says model Alice Kelley. "Luckily, I've found one simple beauty habit that does wonders . . . daily washing with pure, mild Ivory. My skin *loves* it!" And remember this: what Ivory does for Alice's blossom-fresh skin, it can do for *yours!*

That Ivory Look

Young America has it...You can have it in 7 days!

99 44/100% pure...it floats

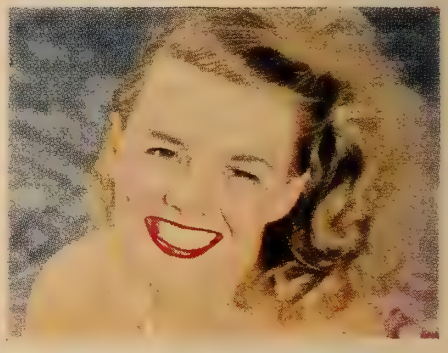


More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap



Playpen Pretties have it... so can you!

You and Baby Justine have a beauty problem in common: skin that needs the gentlest possible soap. And *gentleness* is what Ivory is famous for: more doctors, more skin specialists advise Ivory for baby's skin—and yours—than all other brands of soap put together!



You can have That Ivory Look... a week from today!

See yourself growing *prettier*, day by day, as your skin gets clearer, fresher, lovelier! Just change to regular care and pure, mild Ivory. In 7 days your mirror and your friends will tell you that your complexion is smoother, softer, younger looking! You'll have that Ivory Look!

Judy Garland is Mrs. Luft now. She likes it but Hollywood doesn't. Already rumors are flying, and many are saying that bad luck runs in threes.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

number three for Judy



■ Judy Garland has done it again!

For the third time in ten years, the lovable, muddled little girl with the slightly bowed legs, the tragic past, the arched, penciled eyebrows, and the incomparably great voice, has gone and gotten herself married.

The groom, as everyone knew it would be, was her manager, Sid Luft, a smooth young man of thirty-six.

The marriage was top secret, strangely unromantic, and hurried.

It took less than five minutes and was performed on Judy's 30th birthday at the ranch of Bob Law, a millionaire California oilman.

Judge Pappy Hain, who married the couple, said, "It was over like that. Mr. Luft wanted it swift, sweet and simple, and that's the way I gave the ceremony."

Just why Judy and Sid wanted to keep their marriage such a big secret, they aren't saying. Judy's explanation is, "Everyone knew we were going to get married eventually, so we saw no point in making a big fuss over it."

Others say it was because Luft was facing a legal suit and was afraid that, as Judy Garland's husband, the court would order him to pay his ex-wife Lynn Bari more than it did.

As a matter of fact, Judy's third marriage might still be a secret had it not been for the alertness of a reporter from the Hollister *Evening Free Lance* who happened, in perusing a list of marriage license applicants, to come across Judy's real name, Frances Gumm Minnelli.

It was under that name that Judy on Sunday, June 8th, applied for a license in Hollister, California, a city not too far away from San Francisco (*Continued on page 72*)

Ava's happy with Frank —but Hollywood's making her miserable! She wants to get out of the movie colony's spotlight for a while, and settle down as just plain Mrs. Sinatra.

BY THELMA MC GILL

AVA WANTS



"A girl's got to be crazy to marry a guy in show business," says Ava. "Why did I do it? I can't explain it in terms of logic. I fall in love and I'm hooked. I'm a sucker for love."



The Sinatras' Palm Springs house is perfect for vacations —but what they really need is a permanent home somewhere. They'll never find it in Hollywood, Ava feels.

■ Ava Gardner has had it.

After spending 12 years, the springtime of her life, in the movie colony, the cat-eyed beauty from Grabtown, N. C., is ready to pull out.

"I want to leave Hollywood," Ava confessed to me, "at least temporarily—and maybe even longer. Frank and I were talking only the other night. If we could spend a year in Europe, it'd be crazy. Honestly, darling, I've got nothing against this town, only it's such a darn tough place. I mean to make a success of marriage."

She leaned across the sofa to an end table, reached for a cigarette and lit it. Then, she opened the top collar button on the $12.95 grey broadcloth shirt she'd bought at Amelia Gray. She straightened out a fold in her grey flannel skirt, cost $18.95, exhaled a puff of smoke and continued talking.

"Today is our seventh anniversary, you know. Seven months. We were married on the seventh. I think I'll put in a call to Chicago and talk to Frank. That's what I mean about this town, doll, or maybe it's just the business we're in. You want to see your husband, and where is he? Playing the Chez Paree in Chicago. For nine months I'm not in a single picture. Then I get married and bop!—the studio's gotta have me right away.

"Honestly, doll, ever since the boy and I got together we've been on the move. First you rent a house down at the beach that costs seven hundred a month. Then you rent a place like this, and it costs five hundred a month. Frank and I really don't own any furniture, you know. A lot of the stuff here comes from his office. Just threw it in.

"What we need is a house of our own, a little security, somewhere to plant roots, and somehow I just don't think this is the town for that. Cripes! What an army of snipers. What do they call that? Occupational hazard, I guess. The best thing I can think of, on the level, would be to live here for six months and live in the East for six. That's it—here six, there six. Right now I'd like to be there."

She mashed her cigarette. "Cripes! I'm hungry. Don't you want something to eat?" she asked. I shook my head. She got (*Continued on page 90*)

OUT!



by hedda hopper

WHAT LIZ TOLD HEDDA!

One of the first to drop in and welcome Mrs. Mike back to Hollywood was her old friend Hedda Hopper, who got all the latest about Liz's little dividend from her own lovely lips.



Hedda's known Liz since she was 6, and has given the young star lots of advice since then—but, she admits, it's seldom heeded.

■ I've known Elizabeth Taylor since she was six years old; and one of my first impressions of her has been the most lasting. Her mother, ambitious for her daughter to have a movie career, brought her to my home. She was but a child, with no particular interest in me, a career, and certainly not men. On that visit she concentrated on playing with a chipmunk which to Elizabeth's glee scrambled all over the place while her mother and I talked. Since that day, I've written much about her—her screen work, romances, marriage, divorce, and a bewildered young lady trying to find a pattern for her life.

I've praised Elizabeth, criticized her, and given her advice to which she listened but seldom heeded. Through the years I've been alarmed with her seeming flightiness— particularly in the romance department—and disappointed with her lackadaisical attitude toward her film career, because she has what practically every girl dreams of having: great beauty, talent, and opportunity. But I've also loved her as a mother does a child. To me she's still a little girl gleefully laughing at the chipmunk perched saucily on her shoulder. That is Elizabeth essentially—the girl that stole America's heart in *National Velvet* and almost overnight became a movie personality who made headlines. We've had our differences, especially when I've tried to protect this wilful young woman from following her own careless impulses. But through the years we have remained friends. She has never refused me an interview and has always answered my questions as frankly as a child. It's hard for me to believe that she's been twice (*Continued on page 68*)





"I like mens," says Zza Zza Gabor, and every woman in Hollywood unsheaths her claws. They call this Hungarian beauty, a newcomer to movietown, "the most dangerous mantrap since Eve."

BY JIM BURTON

hollywood's most disliked woman

■ Some weeks ago a writer for one of the many national magazines that have been printing articles on Zza Zza Gabor recently sat in the Gabor living room posing questions for a piece he was preparing.

"Tell me, Zza Zza," he asked, "why do you think other women hate you so much?"

"*Hate* me?" Zza Zza's expressive eyebrows rose in absolute disbelief. "Vy, zat is ridiculous. No woman ever hates me. Zey all love me. I am the best of friends with every woman I have ever met!"

"But how about so and so," said the writer. "I hear you had quite a feud with her recently." The name mentioned was of a pretty prominent Hollywood woman.

"Please!" said Zza Zza indignantly. "Don't ever mention that girl's name to me. I can not stand her."

The reporter decided to abandon the issue right there, mainly because Zza Zza was honestly not aware that she had contradicted herself in two consecutive statements.

And that is the way it is with this Hungarian beauty who, in the space of a year, has become the most talked about newcomer to films and television in Hollywood. She considers herself the most ardent champion of her sex about, but actually has little time or much consideration for women. She regards herself as a lover of all mankind, and is positive she is loved in return, but the truth is that she is a majestic snob and probably Hollywood's most likely candidate for lynching if the female citizens of the film capital ever institute Vigilante rule.

It must be admitted that the women who would like to see Zza Zza Gabor ploughed under have a point, for she is without *(Continued on page ~~48~~ 81)*

The Truth about Shelley's Husband



VITTORIO GASSMANN HAS SHOWN HOLLYWOOD HE'S THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL—A GUY WITH EVERY-

■ A few weeks ago a tall, dark and incredibly handsome foreigner stepped out on the stage at the small Circle Theatre in Hollywood. In accented English he announced that he would recite some Italian poems—in Italian.

For the next two hours, without book or notes, he delivered what is probably the most amazing poetic reading ever heard in Hollywood. He ranged back to Virgil, through Dante and into the Italian moderns. Few in his audience understood a word he said, but in all that time there wasn't a whisper, rustle or cough. He held them spellbound with his magnetic personality, with the rich music of his voice, his dramatically changing inflections, his eloquent, graceful gestures. The performance was so sensational that it had to be repeated. Afterward, he was swamped with letters.

One came from a man who wrote, "You have suddenly brought back to me the whole aim and excuse for acting, which has been forgotten—to lift up and inspire. I have not had this spiritual feeling since I heard Caruso sing."

Actually, there was nothing surprising about this amazing exhibit of talent—only the fact that Hollywood was surprised. The magnetic young man is a poet himself, the author of a collection, *Tre Tempi di Poesia* (Three Stages of Poetry). He is also a novelist whose book, *Luca dei Numeri,* won literary prizes in Italy. He is a student of the law, besides, and a professor at the Italian Academy of Dramatic Arts. He has acted in 93 Italian plays and 20 Italian movies, directed seven plays himself and written as many. He is a classical as well as popular actor, who has



A superb athlete, Shelley's latin lover is also an actor, poet and novelist.



THING! **BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE**

brilliantly performed the works of Shakespeare and the classic Greek dramatists in the capitals of Europe. He has played Aeschylus' *The Persians* for 35,000 people in the ancient Greek theatre at Syracuse and also in Paris and London, where the crustiest British critic rhapsodized about him, "tonight a young god walked on the stage and illuminated the theatre with his brilliance." He was the first actor allowed to portray Christ in Britain, where it was against the law.

Two years (*Continued on page 62*)

hollywood's most dramatic heartbreak:

INGRID AND PIA TELL

On these pages appear two of the most revealing, intimate documents ever published in Modern Screen. They are Ingrid Bergman's letter to her sister-in-law telling why she left Dr. Lindstrom for director Rossellini, and Pia Lindstrom's own court testimony to the effect that she does not love her mother.

These documents are presented herewith with no editorial comment whatsoever. No words beyond these of the major participants could more adequately portray the pathos and tragedy underlying this most widely discussed case in recent times.

Ingrid Bergman's letter is translated from the original which was written in Swedish, and presented here in full. Pia's testimony has been edited only to eliminate repetitions and the legal phraseology inherent in any court proceeding.

To reacquaint the reader with the situation at the time these pages went to press, Pia gave her sensational testimony just as Ingrid Bergman was giving birth to twin daughters, and Rossellini was trying to gain permission to enter this country to defend himself against Dr. Lindstrom's grave charges in the custody case involving Pia.

For purposes of identification "The Court" mentioned in Pia Lindstrom's testimony is Judge Mildred Lillie, Gregson Bautzer is Ingrid Bergman's lawyer, Mr. Pacht is Dr. Lindstrom's attorney appearing as Pia's counsel.

INGRID TELLS WHY

Dearest Anna-Brita,

When I received your third kind letter for my birthday, I was really ashamed. I am sending the letter to Clara for forwarding to you, because I am so lazy. But also, as I have truthfully said, it is hard to write. But now you are going to get a letter anyway.

You wrote in your letter: "You still belong to us." But dear, I will always belong to you. And I hope that you feel that way, too. You cannot just push aside 15 years of a person's life. And you know, even if I have not always been writing letters, that during all these years I have been so attached to Stode, mother and father, and all of you. Like you wrote in your first letter that I said a long time ago: "Even if I should get divorced, I will get married to a Lindstromer." Surely, they were true words that came from the bottom of my heart. I will later come to why I don't now choose a Lindstromer. First I want to say that if I do get married again, my L. (Lindstromer) and my 15 years of happy life will always be left in my heart and my thoughts.

What you wrote in your other letter was so true. "If you do go back to P. (Petter), you

PIA TESTIFIES THAT

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1952. 2:15 P.M.

— — —

PIA LINDSTROM,

called as a witness by and on behalf of the defendant herein, having been first duly sworn, was examined and testified as follows:

THE COURT: Do you understand, Pia?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: All right. You are not frightened?

THE WITNESS: Oh, no.

THE COURT: Mr. Bautzer over here is going to ask you some questions, Pia, and you listen to the questioning and think about it before you answer. Now, any question that anybody asks you, you give it some thought before you answer it, and if an objection is made and there is a lot of talk between counsel and me, if you can remember the question, you keep it in your mind, will you?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: All right.

These three attorneys here represent your mother, and these two attorneys here represent your father. Do you understand?

THEIR OWN STORIES!

SHE LEFT PETER LINDSTROM

will wonder if it was right and you will think of what the other one could have given you. If you stay with R. (Rossellini), you will think of Petter." You know, if I woke up tomorrow and found that I was in Beverly Hills, Calif., and I had dreamed this, all these months of soul agony, tears, scandal, etc., I would probably be satisfied and continue my life as before. I am always thinking of Petter and Pia, but at the same time I tell myself that it is impossible to go back. Petter is a settled, good man, I really know that, and I am a "flyttfagel" (bird of passage, fly-by-night). I have always, ever since I was a little girl, looked for something new, new. I have longed for the big adventure, as much as I had, saw and lived through, it was never enough. I tried to get through the daily tristesse and find happiness and satisfaction. But I didn't know what gave me happiness and peace. That is what I searched and searched for. It was the same thing with my work. I tried to change roles, change type, move from studio to studio, search for new people and work, people that could develop and help me to the goal, fulfilment. But I was never satisfied. Perhaps I came closest to my goal with *Joan Of Lorraine* on the stage. And at home with Petter everything was all right. After all the years of separation, while he studied, I longed for and dreamed of the moment we could have a house as all the other big stars, a home with pool and everything. And we got it. We remodeled it, we rebuilt it, we planted, we planned; and again the "flyttfagel" began to spread its wings. Now I had everything, now I *ought* to be satisfied. But now I started to think of how closed in everything was. I knew so few people, I saw so little of the world, I felt as if I could not develop any more. Then I started to travel around on bond tours, I went everywhere to entertain soldiers and I went to hospitals. You know, this was during the war. I was happy then, although the work was hard. Petter knew how unruly my soul was. He tried to help me, gave me all freedom to go to New York when I wanted, he tried to adjust the work in our home and at the studio without any fuss. He thought that I found peace in my work. I worked on like a demon. I always told Petter how happy I was this last year. I had wanted another little child. Maybe I thought that would take the restlessness out of me. Then I met Rossellini. Here I found another "flyttfagel" (bird of passage). A man curious of life and people, a man who tries to make the most of his own life, who has seen so much, traveled so much, knows the good and bad sides of life, because he has lived with both, knows poverty and riches, hunger and luxury, intelligent, has studied everything with deep interest on account of his curiosity, who knows, understands, has immense sympathy and great generosity toward his fellow man. He had a rich father who was probably too kind, because he grew up first as a brat, got everything, did everything. He was temperamental and wild and really never satisfied with anything.

You write about his women. I do not know what the Swedish press says but his women are doubtless no exaggeration. Now he has met someone, who in spite of circumstances and surroundings and different childhood understands him, because she has sometimes wanted to do as he but has not been able to. I feel like I have found what I have been searching for. With him I have the world I wanted to see, the work, and all new people. He says that through me he has finally found a harbor. He (*Continued on page 86*)

SHE DOESN'T LOVE HER MOTHER

THE WITNESS: Yes, I do.

DIRECT EXAMINATION

BY MR. BAUTZER:

Q Miss Lindstrom, I am Mr. Bautzer, and I am one of your mother's attorneys. Have you heard from your mother recently?

A Yes.

Q And when was the last time that you heard from her?

A A few days ago; she wrote me a letter. No, she didn't either. She sent me some flowers—oh, no, she didn't. Yes, she did. She sent me some flowers. Somebody else sent them for her.

THE COURT: Do you know what they were for?

THE WITNESS: For graduation.

THE COURT: Did she write you a letter, too?

THE WITNESS: No; before that.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: Did you receive any communication from your mother at the time of your graduation?

A Yes—no; no, I didn't. Well, she wrote me before that, but not that day. I didn't receive any letter or anything that very day, just the flowers.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You have talked to your mother during the time since you saw her in England; you have talked to her on the telephone?

A Yes.

Q About how many times would you say that you have talked to her on the phone?

A Two times; maybe three.

Q And have you received letters from her during that interval since you left England and the present time?

A Yes.

Q About how many letters?

A Five, six—I didn't count them.

Q What have been the subjects of your communications? What have you talked about, as nearly as you can remember?

A Oh, we just talked about her house by the sea, and about her children, and I have talked about my dogs and cats and my school.

Q And in these conversations or communications has your mother told you about little Robertino?

A Yes.

Q Has she told you, Miss Lindstrom, about the anticipated birth of the twins?

A Yes.

Q Has she told you that she misses you?

A Yes.

Q And has she told you that she loves you?

A Yes.

Q Has she told you that she would like very much to see you this summer?

A Yes, in a round about way; not exactly to the point.

Q But you are aware of the fact that she would like to see you this summer?

A Yes.

Q What have you said to your mother when she has told you that she misses you?

A I didn't say anything in particular.

Q Have you said anything to her in your conversations on the phone or in your letters as to whether or not you loved her?

A No.

Q Have you said anything in your conversations on the telephone or in your letters to her as to whether or not you missed her?

A No.

Q Do you have (*Continued on page 86*)

She rose to fame living a lie. Now the girl who never intended to deceive the public is letting the truth be told. For Marilyn, it's a great relief.

BY STEVE CRONIN





the secret life of Marilyn Monroe



■ The scene was a small room in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. Marilyn Monroe, her blonde hair in disorder and her pale cheeks wet with tears, lay back against her pillows in the sterile bed and stared dully at the wall. An executive of 20th Century-Fox Studio stood before her, his face set in stern lines. He had just finished telling her that Erskine Johnson, a syndicated columnist, was prepared to blast the story to the world that Marilyn's mother, who had been believed dead since Marilyn's infancy, was alive and living in Hollywood. Unless, of course, Marilyn could come up with some satisfactory explanation of her deceit.

Marilyn didn't speak for a long time. Nor did she look at the studio man. She just lay quietly facing her own conscience and turning over in her mind the big lie she had been living, and the background she had felt made the lie necessary. It was a sad moment for her. But she knew as she lay there that she would at last have to speak the truth, forget her own unhappiness and make a straightforward statement. She would have to explain why she had created the fiction she had been giving to the press and her bosses ever since she started in the movies. She sat up and sipped a drink of water to relieve the awful dryness in her throat.

"It's true," she said at last. "My mother is alive—and I've known it all along."

Because of this incident MODERN SCREEN feels the time has come to bare the complete facts of Marilyn Monroe's life, which we present herewith for the first time.

Marilyn Monroe was born in the Los Angeles County General Hospital, June 26, 1926, which makes her not 23, but 26 years of age this summer. Her mother, a casual film lab worker, who has been employed by both RKO (then Radio Pictures) and Columbia Studio, was; herself, 24 years old when Marilyn was born. (*Continued on page 93*)

TY AND LINDA'S HOUSE IS LIKE A HIDDEN JUNGLE FLOWER. BUT THEIR FRONT DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN . . .

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

■ In the Spring of 1947 all Hollywood was speculating on the outcome of Tyrone Power's tempestuously sizzling romance with Lana Turner.

That hectic love affair was reaching its crescendo, when suddenly the quixotic Ty took off on a round-the-world good-will flight.

Two months after Lana had clingingly kissed him goodbye at the Los Angeles Airport, Ty was rumored as being engaged to a relatively unknown Mexican star named Linda Christian.

Who was Linda Christian? Everyone in Hollywood asked. What did she have that would make a man forget Lana Turner?

No one apparently knew the answer, but there were others scattered throughout the world who could have told the local curiosity-seekers plenty. The employees of the Far East Oil Company, for example, stationed all the way from China to Palestine, smiled knowingly when they read the news. To them, Linda was George Welter's daughter, the attractive little girl who always spoke about becoming a rich and famous Hollywood actress.

The girls who went to school with Linda at the Paggio Imperiale in Florence said Linda's engagement came as no surprise to them. They didn't know Lana Turner, but they were willing to bet that Linda was infinitely more versatile.

In Mexico City, friends of Linda's family said that Ty Power was a very lucky man. After all, Linda was witty, beautiful, athletic, intelligent, and could speak five languages fluently. In addition, she was a good cook, a patron of good art, a competent manager and housekeeper.

Ty must have recognized all these virtues, because he married the girl in the Church of Santa Francesca Romana in Rome. It was a wild, mad, tumultuous wedding with hundreds of movie fans, (*Continued on next page*)



Against their pale pink interior walls, the Powers used white and off-white furniture throughout. The handwoven upholstery is undyed natural. Diego Rivera's portrait of Linda makes a vivid color spot.



On the dark-stained wooden floors, the Powers used shaggy white wool carpets. The custom-made tables are of bleached cork with antique legs. Fireplace bench was copied from Hawaiian hikie.

Ty and Linda spent a small fortune clearing land to make room for this 35-foot heated swimming pool. Then dirt had to be brought in to make a level terrace. Now they're set for outdoor living.



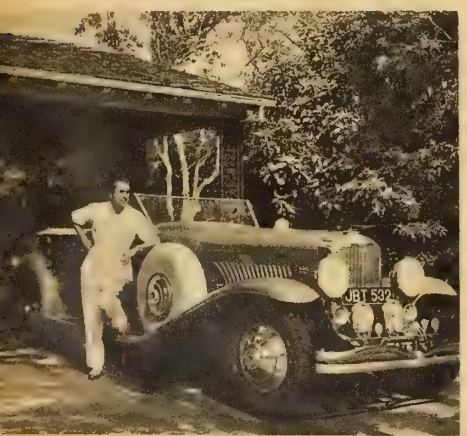
MORE ➤



Ty's den with its bleached birch walls makes a perfect setting for his framed playbills, trophies and his many autographed photos.



Black wrought-iron accents make up the Powers' front door. There's a glimpse of Mr. Roberts, the Power poodle, in this picture.



With a house full of collector's items, it isn't odd to find Ty drives one also. Both the snappy car and Nikko are his pets.



clamoring and mobbing them as they left the church.

Ty and Linda were sure their marriage would last, but in Hollywood the jaded sophisticates were saying, "It's only an infatuation. Probably won't last more than a year or two."

The marriage is three and a half years old. Ty and Linda have an 8-months-old dumpling of a daughter named Romana, and they've just moved into a new home that is causing almost as much comment as their surprise love affair.

The Power house is one of the most beautiful in a colony of beautiful homes. Painted a tropical pink, which contrasts with its black wrought-iron accents, it looks almost like a jungle flower half-hidden among the lush growth of trees that cover this particular section of Bel Air.

The interior walls are also painted a pale pink, and most of the furnishings are white. Carpets of shaggy white wool are spread on dark stained wooden floors, and the handwoven upholstery remains in undyed natural. The dining room table and the lamp tables in the living room are of bleached cork set on antique white legs. The massive bedroom furniture is modern and covered in white calfskin.

Against this monotone of white and off-white, Ty and Linda have filled their home with collectors' items from all over the globe. They own paintings from Bali, African pouffs from Marrakesh in Morocco, Italian banquet plates, a beautiful Greek urn from Athens, and a portrait of Linda painted by the great Mexican muralist Diego Rivera.

The overall impression of the Power mansion is that here stands an exciting, exotic house set down in the middle of an upper-strata California neighborhood. To most of the movie colony, the house is difficult to understand. There's a foreign quality, an air of mystery about the place, which is why it causes so much talk.

A few of the self-appointed Hollywood authorities say the pink Mediterranean house is too stagey, too theatrical, that it resembles a set out of *Casablanca*. Others observe that it reflects Linda's international upbringing and Ty's far-flung travels, that it is a house which is basically designed for entertaining rather than family living. But the regular Sunday parental crowd like Van and Evie Johnson, Lex Barker, and Ty's sister, Anne, all of whom bring their small fry to swim in the pool, say that the house accepts children in the same casual continental way it entertains movie moguls.

Ty and Linda are either unaware or unmindful of the furor their home is causing around the cocktail party circuit. I don't know which. They realize, of course, that it's the perfect home for them, and sensibly enough that's what counts.

In line with this, Linda likes to tell of a curious coincidence. "When Ty and I were in England," she recalls, "and he was playing in *Mr. Roberts,* I used to get spells of homesickness. One day when I couldn't stand our hotel rooms any longer, I began to sketch the house I'd like to own some day. Those sketches which I still have are almost identical with this house."

The style of structure is traditionally Spanish. Like hollow squares around an inner court, all the rooms, including the kitchen, open onto a sun-drenched patio. Most Mediterranean and Mexican homes follow this pattern, so that when Linda first saw the house, it reminded her of the many homes she'd known as a child in various Latin countries.

The main rooms in the house are on one level and face the side of the square nearest the street. The portion of the home you'd expect to keep more private—the bedroom, nursery and Ty's study—are located in the rear. This section is two stories high, the nursery and guest room being situated upstairs and away from the master (*Continued on page 83*)

Miracles do happen!

By Dan Jenkins



■ Late one night in April, 1945, Loretta Young lay wide awake in bed fighting the agonizing battle familiar to those who are desperately tired and long to sleep but can't.

"Please, God," she whispered, "let Tom come home safely. But if he must go, let him be prepared to meet You, and let it be quick and painless."

Then she rebuked herself. Loretta knew that hundreds of thousands of other wives were equally distraught over the safety of their men in the service during the last bitter fighting before V-E day. She said a prayer, then, not just for Tom Lewis, but for all of them. Miraculously, a few moments later, a feeling of peace swept over her and she lapsed into a deep contented sleep.

"It was almost," Loretta says, "as if a hand had reached out and patted me on the shoulder and a voice had whispered encouragement. In the normal way of thinking there was no logic to explain what I knew—that Tom was safe. But I knew it."

The next morning Loretta's bedside telephone rang at six A.M. It was Tom. He had flown into Washington the night before, direct from the battle zone—landing at almost the exact time that Loretta had abruptly known that he was all right.

Now let the skeptics declare that this was just a coincidence. Almost everyone can recount similar experiences. But those of us who are of a (*Continued on page* 91)

THE HOLLYWOOD WISEACRES HAVE PLENTY OF THEORIES ABOUT WHAT'S BURNING PIPER AND TONY,

What's behind the Curtis-Laurie feud?



BUT WHETHER IT'S A REAL ROW OR JUST A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT, NOBODY KNOWS. • BY SUSAN TRENT

■In a town where actors and actresses call each other "Darling" and "Sweetie" and "Honeybun," and publicity men are ordered to soft-pedal the verbal cat-clawing that goes on behind the scenes among many high-priced stars, it is extremely difficult to write about something like the Tony Curtis-Piper Laurie feud.

It is difficult because this is one of those deep, simmering antagonisms that definitely exists but that everyone has been ordered to deny.

Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie don't particularly like each other, and that's putting it mildly.

Neither of the two will say anything for public consumption—but privately, oh brother!

These private whisperings are the catalysts that set this feud boiling. A friend of Piper's hears what Tony has to say in confidence about his sometimes leading lady and back it goes to little Piper, or Piper in an unguarded moment will pass a remark about Tony, and in a matter of minutes the rumor makes its home in Tony's dressing room.

This sort of routine fans the flame into such a blaze that most of the inner echelon of studio employees now regard the Curtis-Laurie feud as a simple fact, as the real thing.

As you probably know, most of the well-publicized feuds aren't on the level at all. They're promotion gimmicks. The Zza Zza Gabor-Corinne Calvet fight, for example, is a device to keep Miss Gabor in the public eye, ditto Miss Calvet. The Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud is an out-and-out joke and the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby verbal tussles are more of the same.

The real feuds like Tony's and Piper's, June Haver's and Betty Grable's, Haver versus Jeanne Crain, Celeste Holm versus Bette Davis, Joan Crawford versus Robert Montgomery, Tyrone Power versus Constance Smith, Merle Oberon versus Miriam Hopkins, Joan Crawford versus Gloria Grahame—these are the feuds that are played down because they involve jealousy, ambition, personality traits and conversations which are not approved by Emily Post. (*Continued on page 76*)



The sunlit patio at the Bel-Air home of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond was the setting for the Anniversary Award meeting of the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Board luncheon party. The stars on the Board who met to vote are, top row—left to right: Gene Raymond, Ann Sheridan, Frank Lovejoy, Corinne Calvet, Jeff Hunter, Vanessa Brown, Bobby Van, Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Stack, Vera-Ellen and Keith Andes. Seated—left to right: Terry Moore, Sally Forrest, Virginia Gibson, Barbara Rush (Mrs. Jeff Hunter), Suzan Ball and Ursula Thiess. See Board Members Jean Pierre Aumont and Mr. and Mrs. Rod Cameron on the following pages.



Baked stuffed lobster was the popular "pièce de résistance" at the buffet luncheon.



The Raymonds' pool-side terrace made ideal background for parade of fashions.



Luxite hosiery, Ledo jewelry and Skwish atomizers were among Award Winners.

All nylon hosiery on fashion pages by Luxite



Mona Freeman in Murray Sices' suit of menswear worsted. Black, navy or brown—10 to 24 (for the figure 5'5" and under), about $55. Hat from Madcaps. Ledo jewelry. Grantly *Wardrobe* Sunglasses.



Vera-Ellen chic in a Koret of California one-piece dress made of washable nylon-acetate *Tubinyl*, pleated bodice front and skirt. Black, brown, red or navy—10 to 18 about $20.

hollywood approved fashions for fall

■ "Eeet's majeek," sighed Corinne Calvet as she stepped out of her car and gazed in wonder at the scene around her. It was one of those clean, crisp summer days when to breathe tastes like a tall, cool drink and sunlight sifts down through leaves to fleck velvet lawns with patches of green-gold.

The occasion was the special gathering of Hollywood's prettiest models and MODERN SCREEN'S all star, clothes-wise jury to choose what promise to be this fall's most popular fashions. And the setting was the beautiful Bel-Air home of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond.

Just before noon passers-by stopped and stared at the first signs of activity around the entrance to the rustic brick walk that leads to the Raymond's low-lying flagged terrace and swimming pool at the rear of their home. Chefs in white caps, waiters in red coats—all from Hollywood's famous Brown Derby Restaurant—bobbed in and out setting tables and distributing platters of assorted hors d'oeuvres, (*Continued on page* 64)



Janet Leigh in a *middy* dress—the top can be worn outside only. Black or navy wool, taffeta to match—7 to 13, about $35. By Junior House of Milwaukee. Hat from Madcaps. Ledo rhinestone jewelry.



Sally Forrest poses in a Grace Norman Original by Kay Windsor. Novelty black and white striped brushed rayon jersey, bow-ties at neck and sleeves. Black and white stripe only—10 to 18, about $15.



Vanessa Brown in Luxite's cute cotton jersey balbriggan lounger called *Toreador*. Red with multicolor striped top only—9 to 15, about $6. Holeproof's *Nappers*—all nylon slippersocks, about $3.

Hollywood Approved Fashions Available at Stores Listed on Page 66, Buy in Person or By Mail.

Studio and picture credits of the stars on page 64.



Barbara Ruick in a Junior House costume—wide-wale corduroy *middy* top (jersey blouse), menswear flannel skirt. Gold top, grey skirt or pumpkin top, brown skirt (with white blouses)—9 to 15, about $30. Ledo jewelry.



Cotton carries over into fall. Corinne Calvet in Kay Windsor's button-down-the-front Glen plaid dress, bow-tie neck, gold buttons and leather belt. Green plaid only—10 to 18, about $11. A Grace Norman Original.



The coat dress shown at its best by Vera-Ellen—of fine rayon faille, blouse has dolman sleeves, and a full skirt with rolling pleats. Black, grey, green or brown—10 to 20, about $13. by Kay Windsor.

hollywood approved fashions for fall



A three-piece string ensemble played softly in the background while stars took pencils and paper in hand, jotted down preferences.

Hollywood approved fashions available at stores listed on page 66; buy in person or by mail.



Sally Forrest in velveteen separates by Koret of California —rib-knit band trimming, skirt is flared. Both in black, royal or brown—sizes 10 to 18. Weskit, about $11; skirt, about $15. Ledo rhinestone jewelry.



All nylon hosiery by Luxite

Mona Freeman in a Murray Sices ribbed worsted wool suit, straight skirt. Postman's blue or Banker's grey—10 to 24 (for the figure 5'5" and under), about $55. Hat from Madcaps. Lubar umbrella.



Sally Forrest greeted models, who were shuttled from the Beverly Hills Hotel to the Raymond's home in a Tanner Gray Line Bus.



The Rod Camerons arrived almost too late for lunch but in plenty of time for final judging.



Suzan Ball and Ann Sheridan compared notes and found they had voted the same on every item.



Vera-Ellen begged Bobby Van to help her choose most becoming pair of Grantly sunglasses from display tray.

Studio and picture credits of the stars on page 64.

Studio and picture credits of the stars on page 64.

Jean Pierre Aumont, who is France's favorite leading man, contributed a fashion-wise Parisian viewpoint to the judging.



Jeanette and Gene approve sketches of Modern Screen's new Fashion Trophy, heckled by their terrier Stormy Weather.



When the judging was over, the stars discussed Hollywood's basic fashion trends, decided black and grey were their favorite fall colors.



All Nylon Hosiery by Luxite

Jeanette MacDonald, hostess of the M. S. party, poses in a greatcoat of patterned wool tweed. Gold, red, grey, blue or nutria combined with black—7 to 15, about $70. Designed by Prestyly for Jaunty Juniors.



Virginia Gibson in Koret separates. Jacket, skirt of rainbow striped wool, blouse of brushed nylon-acetate. Jacket, skirt: grey or brown background—both 10 to 16, about $11 each. Blouse, rainbow colors—10 to 18, about $6.



Janet Leigh wears a tri-color *middy* top two-piece wool jersey dress by Junior House (top can be worn outside). Shades of grey, beige or green with white—9 to 15, about $35. Ledo *gold nugget* jewelry. Lubar umbrella.



Models were from Hollywood's leading modeling agencies, also work as bit players, on TV—and hope some day to become stars, too.



hollywood approved fashions for fall

Ann Sheridan in a swagger coat of two-tone looped wool, velvet-faced collar and cuffs. Copper, red, gold, grey, purple or beige combined with black—7 to 15, about $50. By Jaunty Juniors. Hat from Madcaps.



Again, Mona Freeman outstanding in a Murray Sices suit. Flannel, in Banker's grey or Postman's blue —10 to 24, about $55. Hat from Madcaps. Ledo Bijoux Noir rhinestone jewelry. In right hand, Mona uses Skwish perfume atomizer.



Jaunty Juniors' beautiful full length coat of wool fleece (milium-lined for extra warmth) is worn by lovely Arlene Dahl. Yarn-dyed colors: natural red, blue, gold, shrimp, navy or grey—7 to 15, about $70.



the on again, off again Waynes

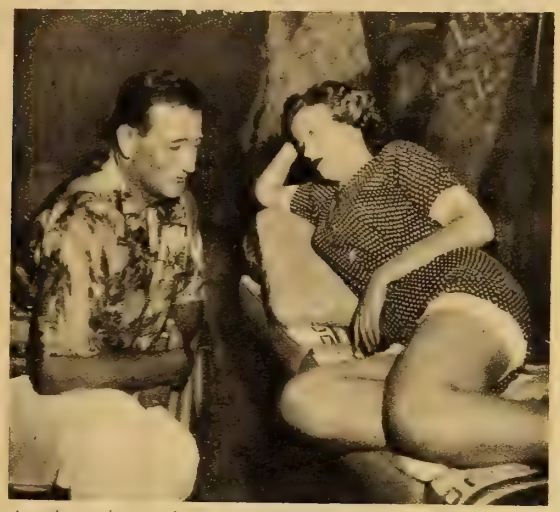


John and Chata expected their marriage to be an ideally happy one. But somehow, it just hasn't worked that way. They're apart more than they're together.

Here's the key to why the John Wayne marriage may be headed for the rocks for good this time:



John's an outdoor man—fishing is his favorite sport. But Chata's strictly a homebody, so he goes alone.



Another thing that separates them, unfortunately, is John's work. Most of his movies are made on location. He and Nancy Olsen made *Big Jim McLain* in Honolulu.



Their latest reconcilation led to a second honeymoon trip. But John left Chata in the middle to make another movie!

Love isn't enough. A marriage needs careful tending to make it bloom year after year. And John and Chata just haven't had the time for that!

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

■ Several weeks ago when he finished *Big Jim McLain,* his latest, in Honolulu, John Wayne grabbed the first plane and winged back to Hollywood.

He was nervous and anxious throughout the entire flight. He was worrying about Chata, his beautiful Mexican wife with whom he's had a very disturbing touch-and-go relationship these past six months.

Chata had been with Duke in Honolulu, purportedly on a second honeymoon, but when he'd started the picture, Chata had packed her bags—she's no location wife—and back she'd come to their rambling estate in the San Fernando Valley.

Was Chata—the word is Spanish for pug-nose—angry with him? Was she happy? Had her skin allergy broken out again? How was she doing with her mother?

These and many other questions raced through Duke's mind as the Stratocruiser put down at the Los Angeles International Airport. It was 7:00 A.M., and Duke's old friend, Al Murphy, was waiting with a car.

Duke gave Al a lusty greeting, then climbed into the Buick and headed for home and Chata. Only Chata wasn't there, and a look of hurt disappointment broke over Duke's face. He dropped into an easy chair and muttered a few words to himself, then rose, tramped around the house, asking the help if they knew what the score was.

It doesn't take long for news to make the rounds in Hollywood. Inside of a few hours, the gossip-gals were phoning Wayne.

"Is it true," one asked, "that Mrs. Wayne has flown the coop?"

"Look," Duke said, "all I know is that she's gone to Mexico City with her mother for ten days. She'll be back then. Everything's fine."

That's a stock answer with Duke. He refuses to lead his private life in public, and whenever anyone asks how his marriage is coming along, there's the usual one-word answer, "Fine."

Only it doesn't happen to be true. Duke's marriage has been foundering for years, suffering from a variance in temperament, outlook, mother-in-law trouble, background, and a few other difficulties.

To understand the story behind the recurrent separation rumors, it is essential to know something about the beautiful young actress Duke married in 1946 at the Long Beach Presbyterian Church.

To begin with, she was 15 years his junior and an only child. They had met in Mexico City and Duke had taken her boating on the floating (*Continued on page 64*)

At five years,
she knew what she wanted.
Since then Anne Francis
has been going straight,
straight *up* to stardom.
She only paused long
enough to meet a man . . .

BY JANE WILKIE

and her heart went "BAM"

■ The walls of Sing Sing Penitentiary all but leaned against those of the Ossining hospital where Anne Francis was born. Mrs. Francis was attended by the prison doctor and, while in labor, had the dubious pleasure of being serenaded by a continuous clanking on the rock pile. The fact gave relatives and family friends an opportunity for much ribbing, and among other jocular remarks was the prediction that, because of her start in life, Anne was sure to "go wrong."

She began moving, all right, and has kept going at such a pace that by comparison Ossining's most prominent citizens have been standing still these past 21 years. She did not, however, go wrong. Not only has she kept out of the pokey and off of the country's police blotters, but at the moment she is the shining new light on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

Moviegoers first saw her in *Elopement,* in which she played Clifton Webb's daughter. Critics there said of her, "A new star is born. Anne Francis is a vital young lady of exceptional good looks—a dewy-eyed blonde with an appealing freshness and considerable talent." Then came the lead in *Lydia Bailey* and her role as Webb's daughter once again in *Dream Boat.* By the time these films were ready for distribution, the master minds at the studio (*Continued on page 84*)



In May, Anne married Air Force veteran Bamlet Price, Jr. He's taking a Ph.D. in motion picture production at UCLA.



the truth about shelley's husband

(*Continued from page 39*) ago Ingrid Bergman answered the interested query of Sam Zimbalist, a Hollywood producer then in Rome, "Oh yes, he's the finest actor in Europe today," an opinion echoed by her husband, Roberto Rossellini.

Besides all this, he is a championship fencer, with three cups to prove it, and a former center on the Italian Olympic basketball team. He's muscled like a boxer, which he has been, is as tall as a grenadier, which he has also been, and is so good-looking you could call him beautiful. On this September first he will be 30 years old. Obviously, he's quite a guy.

Yet until recently and indeed throughout the past year he has been known in Hollywood frivolously and usually disparagingly as merely "Shelley Winters' Roman Romeo." Now he's her husband. His name, of course, is Vittorio Gassmann.

A town that makes millions playing *fortissimo* the theme of romance, just couldn't believe the real article when it happened to a home town girl. Well—now the joke's on Hollywood.

Not only did Shelley Winters find a true love match in Rome and become Mrs. Vittorio Gassmann in Juárez, Mexico, as of last April 28, but what's more she's ecstatically happy, despite the sniping rumors you'll hear from time to time. And Vittorio Gassmann, who never sought a job in American films until they sought him, experts now agree, may well become the greatest Continental star ever to grace Hollywood's lots. Already his tense Displaced Person role in *The Glass Wall*, directed by Maxwell Shane and produced by Ivan Tors, is introducing him brilliantly, and his romantic Mexican in *Sombrero* has MGM bosses pounding each other on the backs. He'll star next as a convict in a highly dramatic film, *Men Don't Cry* before he flies with Shelley back to Rome in October for what he considers his real life's work, the classic Italian drama. He'll be back in May.

But whether or not he becomes the greatest movie rave since Valentino, one thing is certain: Already Vittorio Gassmann qualifies as the most underestimated and misunderstood man in all of Hollywood's cockeyed history. So maybe it's high time to toss all the silly business out the window and level down on the truth about the amazing man Shelley Winters married. And that's a pleasure . . .

Vittorio Gassmann is a true artist and you can tell that the minute you meet him. His head, from it's thick wavy black hair to the prominent, pointed chin, is cleanly carved, and of noble proportions. His nose is aquiline. This Praxitelean perfection caused the cameraman on *The Glass Wall* to exult, "It's a face that breaks into sculptured planes no matter how you shoot it. There hasn't been a face like that around since Garbo."

Vittorio's eyes are dark brown pools that seem to reflect sadness one minute, excitement the next, tenderness and then gaiety, all in the space of minutes as you talk to him. His mouth is large, with sensitive, curving lips and a smile that flashes doubly white against his dark olive complexion. He has long, thin hands and he uses them expressively. His brow is high and wide, the brow of an intellectual. His speaking voice is low, rich and restrained. Yet with all this sensitivity Vittorio conveys an unmistakable impression of strength and masculinity.

Physically, he seems slight and thin, but actually he weighs 203 pounds, all bone and muscle. He stands six-feet-two, but walks gracefully like a cat. He inherited his physical strength from his father, Enrico Gassmann, a German engineer who came to Italy after the first World War and married Luisa Ambron, a Florentine girl who had always wanted to be an actress. Vittorio inherited his artistic gifts from his mother, and later she encouraged him to pursue them. He was born in Genoa, Christopher Columbus' hometown, September 1, 1922. But when he was only five he was taken to Rome where he grew up.

Until he was 15 years old Vittorio Roberto (he never used his middle name) lived under the rugged domination of his father, a giant of a man, six-feet-five, who had duelling scars on his face and the brawny shoulders of a sculler. Vittorio was the only son, and his father was a rough trainer. When Vittorio was barely more than a baby, he tossed "Toto," as they called him then, into the Mediterranean on one Riviera vacation, walked away and left him to sink or swim. Vittorio swam; he had to. He started him boxing and wrestling almost as soon as he could walk and turned him loose for the Roman kids, who raced around the ancient ruins, to complete the manly training. "Roman boys are rough," Vittorio grins today. "They took over enthusiastically." He has scars on his face today from street battles to prove it.

THE Gassmanns weren't wealthy. The highwater mark of family affluence, Vittorio remembers, was the purchase of an old Fiat car. But there wasn't enough money to rent a garage, so it stood in the streets under the rains until mushrooms sprouted on the top. There was usually enough money, though, for entertainment. Only, while Vittorio's mother and sister went to the opera and theatre, his father took him along to the soccer matches at the *Stadio*. He went to public schools—three years elementary, five gymnasium and three *lyceo*, where he quickly became a sports whiz and a top student. His artistic talents hadn't a chance to sprout, however, until his father died, or rather, as Vittorio thinks, "killed himself."

Not deliberately, of course. But Enrico Gassmann was a man who scoffed at illness and hated doctors. So when he developed acute appendicitis, he spurned medical care, took sweat baths and violent exercises to cure it. Peritonitis developed and he died. Vittorio was 15 then, and his mother took over.

She had rich material to mold because Vittorio was really a born artist and he secretly dreamed of being a writer. Up in his room he delved into the classical poets —Homer, Dante, and Virgil. Outwardly he kept up his athletics.

When he was 19, his mother took positive action. Unknown to Vittorio, she secured a *borsa di studio* (scholarship) to the Academy of Dramatic Arts and enrolled him. He had never acted in his life or even considered it. But when, back from a basketball jaunt, she told him the news, Vittorio remembers being pleasantly elated. "I was curious," he says, "and I thought: An acting school—ah, there will be pretty girls!" Of course, all of this he sized up then as strictly a dilettante deal. Actors don't get rich in Rome, seldom even the good ones. Most poets and writers starve, too. For his serious profession Vittorio was headed for the University of Rome and a course in law. In Italy it was not impossible to take on both schools at once, because universities there don't hold classes. Facilities for study are available, and it's up to you to pass periodic examinations on the way to a degree. Vittorio still has six exams to pass for his law degree. But he's now on the faculty at the National Academy.

It wasn't only the pretty signorinas who held his major intrests there—although Vittorio wasn't disappointed in the scenery. But "little by little," as he admits, "I turned into a—how is it—ham." More accurately, what he found at the Academy was poetry in motion, a chance to be the poet that was inside him and the graceful athlete, too. In fact, his first fatal burst of applause came from a gymnastic feat in his first public play, Zorilla's *Don Juan*. Vittorio played *Don Luis* and got skewered in a fencing duel with a sword atop some high stairs. "My fall to the floor was magnificent," he smiles. "It—what you say—wowed them."

AFTER that he played in almost everything the Academy produced—musicals, operas, comedies, classic tragedies. He had one more year to go on his three-year course when the Italian army called him for officer's training with the Grenadiers, but that lasted barely two months because the Yanks were swarming up Italy's boot and there wasn't much future in being an Italian soldier. With the Allied Armistice, they let him go. Vittorio left the Academy, dropped his law courses and turned pro. To get a steady job he had to go into enemy country, up north to Milan, the Nazi half of Italy. He made his debut there at the Odeon Theatre, in a play called, appropriately enough, *The Enemy*.

It wasn't exactly a climate you'd expect budding artists to flourish in. There were constant bombings and the imminence of Nazi concentration camps. But Italians are seasoned by a violent history, and they take life as it comes. The repertory theatre where Vittorio acted never closed, war or not, and he did 36 plays the first year. Salary—300 *lira* a night, or in American money, exactly one half-dollar. But in 1944, believe it or not, you could live pretty fancily on that in Milan. Vittorio lived in a good hotel and, as he modestly admits, "I was a big hit with the old ladies."

The young ones liked him, too. Especially Eleanora Ricci, the daughter of Renzo Ricci, a famous Italian actor. They were married during Vittorio's second year at Milan, when he was just 21. They have a daughter, Paola, now seven. But their marriage lasted barely three years. "We just didn't get along," is all Vittorio will say about that. There's a point, in passing, however, which Hollywood ignored in it's first uninformed gossip about Shelley and Vittorio: She was breaking up no home when she fell in love with the handsome Roman. Vittorio and Eleanora had been separated five long years before Shelley and Gassmann met, although, with no pressing reason for a divorce, he didn't get his until ten minutes before he and Shelley said "I do."

During those years Vittorio Gassmann became, as Ingrid Bergman truly stated, "the finest young actor in Europe." Back in Rome after the war, he plunged into classical drama. He played everything—even American stage hits like *A Street Car Named Desire*, *All My Sons*, and *Anna Christie*. All in all, close to 100 plays lie behind Vittorio Gassmann, and in the best Rome theatres. He had his own company with the Italian actress, Maltagliata, for which he directed and wrote. In 1947 he published his prize-winning novel. He won top acting awards—more of those than money. So to support his family he made Italian movies—20 of them. The one with luscious Silvana Mangano, *Bitter Rice*, was the only one of the lot shown in Hollywood, where a girl named Shelley Winters saw it before she left for a European holiday. Pretty soon, in Rome, she was telling Vittorio Gassmann how much she liked his performance, which was the truth. And Vittorio was telling her how

much he enjoyed her job in *A Place In the Sun*, which was a lie, he hadn't even seen it. But, as Vittorio argues, "I had to have some kind of an approach, didn't I?"

It's a little late at this point to review the global romance of Vittorio Gassmann and Shelley Winters. Mostly, it can be summed up in Vittorio's words. "Between us we supported the trans-Atlantic airlines." Vittorio flew to Hollywood and home. Then Shelley flew to Rome for two months and they both flew back together to Hollywood. By then, of course, a certain understanding had been reached. In fact, it was after Vittorio flew home the first time that Shelley sent him the gold key that is his most sentimental possession today. It carries the familiar French wish, "May we love as long as we live, and live as long as we love" and a more intimate inscription from Shelley: "Here is the key to my house and the key to my heart."

There is one still lingering myth about those impulsive Hollywood flights of Vittorio's, however, that needs to be punctured: He didn't fly either time to get a job in Hollywood pictures. He flew to see Shelley.

ACTUALLY, Vittorio Gassmann had chances at Hollywood long before he met Shelley Winters. Three years ago Sam Jaffe, now his Hollywood agent, looked him up in Rome and shrewdly signed a managerial contract, even though at that time Vittorio didn't speak English. Then Sam Zimbalist, fired by Ingrid Bergman's report, told Mervyn LeRoy about him and suggested a test. But although Vittorio could have taken one all the long time that Mervyn directed *Quo Vadis* in Rome he never bothered.

It's true, of course, that after Shelley Winters fell, curly head over high heels, for Vittorio in Rome he needed neither an agent nor press agent to sing his praises in Hollywood. Shelley told everyone she knew and a lot she didn't in superlatives about Vittorio. Understandably, she had and still has the best reason in the world to want him here and now to keep him here. But Shelley faced a torturing dilemma one day not long before they were married.

She was at MGM then, making *A Letter From The President*. Vittorio had an appointment with Benjamin Thau, a top MGM executive about a proposed contract still in the talk stage. Shelley left him and flitted off to wardrobe, and when she returned she found Vittorio leaning dejectedly against a parked automobile, his face white as a sheet and looking to Shelley "as if he was about to cry."

The cause of Vittorio Gassmann's upset condition, incredibly enough, was something that would make the average actor new to Hollywood jump with joy. He had just been offered a seven-year contract at the greatest studio of them all, guaranteeing him more money than he could possibly make in Rome. But he hadn't signed. Instead, he had walked out into the air to think, uncertain, torn and a little scared. He wanted to stay in Hollywood with Shelley. But seven years in this one place, making movies!

"Seven years passes quickly" Shelley argued. "I signed a seven-year contract not so long ago and already it's halfway through. Before long you'll be free to go back to Rome and financially independent for life."

"Yes," agreed Vittorio. "I know that. But there are so many things I want to do. Play *Hamlet*, act the classics, study, direct, write, travel. These are my young years, the years that count."

By now a lot of people, including Shelley Winters, understand a lot more about the intense, studious young Roman who has come, seen and started to conquer Hollywood. Mainly, they realize that the problem isn't keeping Vittorio busy, it's keeping him here. Frankly, Hollywood doesn't particularly enchant him—for artistic, patriotic and practical reasons. Vittorio makes less but keeps about as much making pictures in Rome, where already he's top man; there are lower taxes, no agents' fees, cheaper living. Besides, being a Roman, anything away from his "terribly exciting city" Vittorio really considers camping out. He likes Hollywood all right, but he's not impressed. "It's exactly as it's supposed to be," he'll tell you. "The architecture is a little—uh—mixed. But Hollywood is honest. It doesn't pretend to be anything it is not." New York—that's another thing. To his European eyes it's ugly, rushing, noisy, nervous. Rome's strongest pull for Vittorio is the classical drama. By now, of course, he has that compromise six months in Rome, six in Hollywood contract at MGM, which proved the answer to his riddle.

ALREADY in Hollywood Vittorio Gassmann is respected as a flawless screen actor. He spoiled exactly one take during his entire first Hollywood picture. He impressed his hard-cooked crew, to whom no actor is a hero, much less a foreign one, with his talent, friendliness, and his moxie, too. They often broke into applause after his emotional scenes and had to hand it to him for plenty of guts right from the beginning.

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The first day of shooting after a late night, Vittorio had to race time and again up a long ramp at the United Nations Building. He disappeared after the first two tries, but came right back and carried on. Not until the day was over did they find out he'd ducked under the ramp and lost his breakfast. Another time some sailors aboard a boat, chasing Vittorio to an easy leap off a five-foot rail, got their timing confused and dashed to the action spot seconds late. Without hesitating, Vittorio climbed to the deck above and jumped down a jarring 15 feet so the scene would come out right. "Hey," protested his director admiringly but concerned, "If you're going to do stunts, I'll hire a double."

Gassmann laughed. "In Italy," he said, "an actor who has a double is a sissy." Last day of the picture his crew tossed Vittorio a dinner and strung a banner across the studio street. "YOU'RE A GREAT GUY, VITTORIO," it read; "WELCOME TO AMERICA. WE WANT YOU TO STAY."

Actually, Vittorio Gassmann has had no trouble at all adjusting to America and Hollywood. Basically, he is a sophisticate who stays himself and indulges his tastes no matter where he is. The glamor of movieland doesn't intrigue him; on the other hand it doesn't bother him. He lives with Shelley in her small Hollywood apartment with no plans for anything more pretentious until they come back from Rome.

Each morning he rises early and reads the classics, an hour before Shelley gets up. Sometimes he writes, sometimes he just sits and meditates. To Shelley her husband is "a mathematical man—the most disciplined, organized person in the world. "Why," she'll tell you, "I twirl around like a dervish but nothing happens. Vittorio doesn't make a wasted motion and everything's buzzing along all the time!"

Little of the buzzing is frivolous. Vittorio's no stuffed shirt, though. He likes to go dancing, for instance, at Ciro's and Mocambo now and then and does, although "fun" to him usually means a play, opera or concert. "I do a very good samba" he'll inform you with no false modesty, explaining that he learned it in Brazil where he took an Italian company on tour last year. He doesn't care for big parties, but agrees that they're the same all over, usually a bore but sometimes amusing. Food to him is important and so far, while Shelley struggles with cookbooks from scratch, they've been practically living at Hollywood's Italian restaurants like the Naples, because Vittorio's not tactful about American fodder at all. To his palate, it's awful. "Everything," he thinks, "has peanut butter on it or mayonnaise."

BUT there is nothing superior or condescending about Vittorio's manner; on the contrary, he is as friendly as a pup and sometimes seems actually naive. For most of his pet American peeves, he has discovered something else he likes. If he does abhor television, hurried meals, and traffic signals, he's crazy about Hollywood's casual clothes, his second-hand Chevvy, and of all things, fresh milk.

For cosmopolitan Vittorio Gassmann the shuttle between Rome and Hollywood should present no major problems. A new language, for instance, to a man who already spoke five, has already proved a breeze. The first sentence Vittorio spoke to Shelley, barely a year ago, was halting and incomplete. "You—very—fine—artist, I theenk." But by now he can talk and understand American as well as anyone, even slang, and his accent irons out more every day. Shelley taught him. So now, with the new intercontinental life in view, Vittorio's returning the compliment—with the aid of a steadily spinning linguaphone and daily lessons with a professional Italian language teacher.

But I wouldn't say that Shelley Winters is considering rivaling her Roman mate at the drama on his own home grounds or anything like that. Not at least if the lesson I saw scribbled on a scratch pad the other evening when I dropped by the Gassmanns' is any indication of her thoughts. It read in Shelley's fine hand:

"*Buona sera, Caro* (Good evening, Dear)
"*Hai lavorato molto?* (Did you work very hard?)
"*Hai fame?* (Are you hungry?)
"*Cena e pronta* (Dinner is ready)"

That's nothing out of Dante, of course. But with a lesser Italian poet named Vittorio Gassmann, who came to Hollywood with a couple of strikes against him, it makes a hit—just as Vittorio has with Shelley Winters and everyone else who's been lucky enough to meet him. **END**

hollywood fashions for fall

(*Continued from page 53*) enormous bowls of tossed green salad, dishes of fresh fruit and delectable baked stuffed lobster—the piece de resistance.

Presently, a Tanner Gray Line bus pulled into the drive, and out of it flowed an array of lovely young models—all in brightly colored cotton prints and carrying band boxes—who were whisked into the house, there to change into the new fall outfits and await the judging.

Then came the stars, greeted in turn by Jeanette and Gene. The last to arrive was Vera-Ellen, who exclaimed admiringly as she took Jeanette's hand. "You should always wear copper color. It goes so beautifully with your hair!"

As Gene escorted the guests down the steps to the pool, strains of soft music rose from the terrace where a three-piece string ensemble was playing. Suzan Ball and Ursula Thiess couldn't resist stopping along the way to marvel at the sight below of multi-colored blossoms reflected like jewels in the emerald-green water.

During lunch the show opened with a unique specialty number. June Taylor, who swims under water to music, appeared at the edge of the pool in a long, filmy, gray chiffon cape. She removed the cape and stepped forth in a silver sequin swimsuit, then darted into the pool and went through her Quicksilver number, twisting, turning and diving in that fantastic, breathtaking type of swimming that made Esther Williams famous. Jeff Hunter, who was busily engaged in conversation with Mrs. Hunter (Barbara Rush) and the Rod Camerons when June started her act, suddenly caught a bright flash in the pool near his table. "Man," he said, startled, "for a fish like that I should've brought my block and tackle!"

After June's act the stellar board settled down to the business at hand. The tables were cleared and all manner of accessories were laid out for inspection. Each star had pencil and paper, and, as sparkling jewelry, colorful umbrellas, Luxite nylon hosiery, and Dream Step shoes, both formal and informal, were passed around, the names of favorites were jotted down. Vanessa Brown was completely captivated by a tiny purse atomizer, "Skwish," which looks like lipstick and can be used to carry perfume, deodorant or hair lacquer.

Finally the models passed in review, and the snappiest salutes were earned by Jaunty Juniors for coats, junior dresses from the famous Junior House of Milwaukee, more sophisticated dresses from Kay Windsor, suits from Murray Sices, who calls them "Sicettes" and makes them for women 5 ft. 5" and under.

West Coast designers who made a good showing were Koret of California for an informal, sports-type dress and Luxite for balbriggans, together with Holeproof Nappers (Slippersocks) for casual wear.

Everyone decided Madcaps were a pretty saucy, becoming type of hat, and Lubar's umbrellas a happy combination of parasol and rain-resister. The jewelry from Ledo was an easy winner, and Honeybugs' "Slip-A-Sox" was the answer to what to wear for loafing. Other winners were Luxite's nylon hosiery and Grantly's sunglasses by Foster Grant.

When the judging was over, Sally Forrest, Vanessa Brown, Corinne Calvet, Jeanette MacDonald, Virginia Gibson, Ann Sheridan and Vera-Ellen slipped into the outfits of their choice to pose for the photographers. The other members of the board stood around and chatted among themselves, making their own observations on trends they felt were important for fall. If you had been there and overheard some of the comments, you would know that there will again be the rustle of taffeta mixed with the softness of wool; velveteen, plain and with corduroy; printed and woven cottons with a new fall look in dark patterns; rhinestone and the new gold nugget jewelry; small, snug hats; open-toed shoes; and last of all something quite new—"Koret's Tubinyl", a dress with permanized pleats that can be dashed through suds, rinsed, and presto, fresh and crisp and ready to wear the next day.

Studio and picture credits of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board Members: Jeanette MacDonald, star of screen, stage, concert, opera, radio—and now TV. Recently appeared on film with Archie Gardner on *Duffy's Tavern;* Gene Raymond, stage, screen and TV star; Keith Andes, RKO's—*Blackbeard The Pirate;* Jean Pierre Aumont, soon to appear in MGM's—*Lili;* Suzan Ball, a Modern Screen Golden Key Girl, U-I's —*Untamed Frontier* (color by Technicolor); Vanessa Brown, U. A.'s—*The Fighter* and MGM's —*A Tribute To A Bad Man;* Corinne Calvet, Hal Wallis star, in Para.'s—*Thunder In The East* and 20th's—*What Price Glory;* Rod Cameron, Voltaire production (color, shooting in India)—*The Jungle*—a Lippert Release; Vera-Ellen, soon to appear in MGM's *I Love Melvin;* Sally Forrest, MGM star; Virginia Gibson, Golden Key Girl, Warners'—*The Miracle of Our Lady Fatima* and *About Face;* Jeff Hunter, 20th's—*Dream Boat;* Frank Lovejoy, Warners'—*The Winning Team;* Terry Moore, Columbia star in Para.'s—*Come Back, Little Sheba;* Barbara Rush, Para.'s—*Flaming Feather;* Ann Sheridan, U-I's—*Just Across The Street;* Robert Stack—Arch Oboler's Third Dimension motion picture—*Bwana Devil* and TV's—*Phantom Pirate;* Ursula Thiess, RKO star and a Golden Key Girl; Bobby Van, MGM's—*Small Town Girl.*

Studio and picture credits of guest stars: Arlene Dahl, Para.'s—*Caribbean;* Mona Freeman, Hal Wallis'—*Jumping Jacks*—a Para. Release; Janet Leigh, MGM's—*Fearless Fagan;* Barbara Ruick, Golden Key Girl, MGM's—*Fearless Fagan* and soon to appear in MGM's—*Above And Beyond.*

the on again, off again waynes

(*Continued from page 59*) gardens of Xochimilco, where natives in flat-bottom boats pull up beside you and for a few pesos sell you soft drinks, great fragrant bouquets of flowers, and all matter of souveniers.

It was the 17th of the month so Duke bought his Chata 17 red roses, and on each wedding anniversary she receives the same gift.

CHATA (Esperanza Bauer) was a competent actress in Mexico and on the way up when Duke Wayne first met and fell in love with her. She had none of the fame that enveloped Maria Felix and Dolores Del Rio nor the touted sex appeal of a young internationalist named Blanca Welter Christian who was later to become Mrs. Tyrone Power.

Esperanza lived a quiet life with her mother, who was only 15 years older than she; because of the nearness of their ages, the relationship was almost sisterly.

Added to this was the fact that Mrs. Bauer had been separated from her husband ever since her daughter's infancy. She had no other children. Esperanza was and is the all-consuming interest of her life.

In Catholic countries, maternal supervision is extremely strict. In Esperanza's case, it was nearly slavish, since Senora Bauer had nothing else to do but watch over her daughter and her career.

This sort of solicitous care is admirable, but it has its drawbacks, too, and one of the most outstanding is that it hinders the growth of self-reliance on the part of the girl who is being supervised.

It is no secret that when Chata married Duke Wayne, she felt lost; so, too, did her mother. Duke, having much more perspicacity than people give him credit for, much more sensitivity and insight, recognized this at once, and it was he who insisted that his mother-in-law live with them.

He hadn't thought about it beforehand—in fact, had only bought a small house with one bedroom and a den. But when he saw how deeply this separation through marriage affected mother and daughter, he said, "You must live with us, Mamacita. It'll be best for everyone."

Mrs. Bauer refused. "It is best for young married people to live alone," she advised. But then she looked at Chata, at the desperate plea for acquiescence in her daughter's eyes, and at last, she let herself be won over. She went to live with Duke and Chata, no doubt hoping to make a break in the near future. But the break never came.

IT is difficult to grow up and face your problems yourself when you have a mother nearby to do all this for you, and that's what happened to Chata, according to intimates.

When Duke was away, and he's away a good deal of the time on location, Chata always had her mother for companionship. They gossiped together, they went shopping, they gradually re-furnished the house.

When Chata came down with a cold, Mrs. Bauer took charge at once. Nothing was too good for her baby.

When Chata had small quarrels with her husband—and these are part and parcel of every marriage—there was always Mamacita to run to. While Duke never complained, he's always been partial to people who stand on their own two feet.

Friends say that he resented the fact that, on occasion, Chata would move into a hospital and take a room next to her mother when Mrs. Bauer was ill. Whether or not he thought this was carrying loyalty too far, Duke never said. Where Chata is concerned, he's been amazingly tractable. He has loved his little "Pugnose" very much and realizes that she gave up much for him.

Sometimes a man's second wife resembles his first. This is true where Wayne is concerned in that both of his wives are of Latin extraction.

Duke's first wife, Josephine Saenz, was the daughter of the Dominican consul stationed in Los Angeles. She met Duke when she was a coed at the University of Southern California, and he was a second-string tackle on the football team. They were married in 1933 in a Catholic ceremony held in Loretta Young's garden. Ten years and four children later, Duke was hailed into court and sued for divorce on grounds of mental cruelty.

The mental cruelty was the legal facade. Josephine was socially ambitious, intent upon raising her children and meeting people in the right circles, a woman of great charity and civil consciousness—and Duke—well, he's always been the earthy, homespun type who prefers to hoist a few,

with loud and lusty men such as Grant Withers, Ward Bond, Jack Ford, and others of that ilk. Basically, he's a man's man.

WHEN he married Chata he not only found her physical beauty irresistible but was overcome by her spiritual tranquillity and her willingness to dedicate her entire life to him. This oneness of purpose was something he found almost difficult to believe—a woman who wanted absolutely nothing but him.

But a man sometimes is not enough. There should be children or friends. The Waynes' marriage has not been blessed with children; and Duke has spent so much of his time working far from home that there has been no one for Chata but Mamacita. Since Mamacita's ties are to the old country, there have been many, many trips to Mexico City and Acapulco. For a time Chata was sure that she had lost Duke to his work, and while she realized that a man's work came above his woman, she resented not having her share of his time.

Chata is not one for the rough, lusty, back-slapping frontier type of humor. No Latin-American girl is. In the company of Duke's friends, she has frequently felt out of place, insecure, an intruder in her own home, because discussions of fishing and politics left her cold.

This insecurity, this loneliness, this feeling of being outside the pale manifested itself in various psychosomatic illnesses.

Bo Roos, Duke's business manager, who goes down to the Scripps Clinic at La Jolla for a checkup each year, suggested that Chata check in and let the doctors give her a thorough going over.

"If anyone can find out about her skin allergy," Roos said, "these guys at the Clinic are the ones."

So Chata came and was examined, and when it was all over, the doctors shrugged and said, "Nothing organically wrong, Mr. Wayne. It's probably just nerves." But this manifestation of nervousness had something behind it and still does.

A FRIEND of Wayne's feels that Chata thinks her husband resents her mother. But Duke really likes Mrs. Bauer a lot.

Others suggest that Chata is afraid of facing life, of making her own decisions without maternal advice. They say that there is a tremendous conflict seething within her. To whom does she owe her first loyalty? To the mother who has sacrificed everything for her? Or to her husband?

When Duke was pressed for some reason why he'd returned to a wifeless home after finishing *Big Jim McLain*, he said, "Chata's gone down to Mexico City to buy her mother a house. After that, she's coming back here. We haven't separated or broken up or any of that stuff."

THAT Chata is willing to work hard to save her marriage, no one denies. When reporters asked her in Mexico City whether she was determined to divorce Wayne or would try to work things out, she said emphatically, "I still hope that John and I can work everything out and that we'll be back together very shortly. Of course, I can't promise definitely that we will. Nobody can, but we'll try. I always think when there's been trouble that it's a good idea to get away from Hollywood for a while and let things simmer down."

Jerry Giesler, the famous trial lawyer whom Chata had consulted last February before she and Duke were reconciled, told me, "By the time your article appears in print, we'll definitely know whether the marriage is on again or off again." END

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Cincinnati, Ohio, Jenny Inc.
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what liz told hedda!

(*Continued from page 35*) married, and is now an expectant mother at twenty.

Shortly after her divorce from Nicky Hilton, I had a heart-to-heart session with her in the small apartment she was living in. She received me in a gorgeous lace negligee; but like an impish little girl, she was barefooted. It was the first time I'd ever seen Elizabeth in a serious mood. There was no laughter in her violet eyes, which usually dance, and she was as tense as a violin string. Life had descended upon her, leaving her hurt and confused.

"Hedda," she told me then, "I'm beginning to realize that I've been riding through life on a pink cloud. But the whole thing now seems like a dream with everything so right and perfect on a fantastic scale. But I fell off that cloud with a bang. I'm glad I did. One can't go through life being a romantic—at least the way I was. You see I'm just a normal girl with the average faults and virtues. But, being a movie actress, I wasn't allowed to develop on normal lines.

"I was thrown with older people instead of kids my own age. I'm still scared of young people. The older ones protected me—perhaps in the wrong way. They said I was fine when I wasn't fine. They gave me praise when I needed criticism. I know little of responsibility; and I'm going to have to learn it the hard way. I'm even having to teach myself to pick up my clothes and put them away. You see, being a movie actress, I had all these little things done for me and took them for granted."

At that time she was dating Stanley Donen. Hollywood predicted a quick, impulsive marriage. I asked Elizabeth if she was in love with the guy. She thought the matter over carefully before answering. "No," she finally said, "I don't love him. We're good friends who have a lot of likes in common." She was obviously speaking the truth as subsequent events revealed.

Then she went to New York and was frequently seen with Montgomery Clift. The press tried to cook up a romance between them; but I laughed at that one. If they wanted romance, they had plenty of time for it while making *A Place In The Sun* together. I saw them do a love scene before the camera that was so passionate and realistic it shocked even me. When the scene was over, I asked, "Where in the world did you learn to make love like that, Elizabeth?" She grinningly replied, "Oh, Hedda, you ask such funny questions." It wasn't Monty. It's true that he escorted her to the premiere of *The Heiress* in a rented tuxedo with a studio limousine at his disposal. But he thought so little of the event that he stopped at a drive-in for a hamburger on his way to pick up Liz; and his chief concern was how the studio press agent who accompanied him was to get home after delivering him to Liz's door.

But Liz was born for romance. She went to London to make *Ivanhoe* and came up with Michael Wilding, who was 20 years her senior. I said, "Ye gods, here we go again. Taylor is off on another tangent!"

When Michael came to Hollywood, I had them both visit me for a very frank talk. Having gone through the same situation of marrying a man much older than I, I warned Liz in Mike's presence of the hazards of such a situation. She looked at me with those great eyes and said, "What do you think I am? A child?" I couldn't help but smile, be-

cause at that time she was 19 years old.

I then mentioned the fact that her predecessor in Mike's affections had been Marlene Dietrich, and going from a grandmother to a debutante was romance in reverse. Without boasting, Mike said, "I've gone with many women in my time."

At that Elizabeth gave him a sharp glance and asked, "Many?"

"Of course, darling," he replied. "You know how old I am."

I then broke up something that might have been a quarrel by saying, "Elizabeth, you haven't done badly for a 19-year-old girl. Remember Glenn Davis, Bill Pauley, Nicky Hilton, and Stanley Donen." Mike giggled.

After that we settled down and I gave Mike a going over that he won't forget. "I happen to be very fond of this child," I told him. "And even though she thinks she's mature, she's not. You're an experienced man of the world. You've been around, indulged, had experience." Again I pointed out the failure of my own marriage by wedding such a man. This was for Elizabeth's benefit, but she laughed in my face. "No matter what you or anybody else thinks, I love this man, and I'm going to marry him. I love him, I love him, I love him."

"You were probably saying the same thing to Stanley Donen a few months ago," I said. The idea didn't seem at all strange to her. She said, "Stanley and I are friends. I shall always be grateful for his help when I was going through a difficult time after divorcing Nicky. But Mike I love."

It was Liz who kept bringing up the subject of love. Mike was reticent about expressing his feelings. But I must say this for him. Despite my trying to talk Elizabeth out of marrying him, he held no enmity toward me. Before leaving for Europe, he called up to say, "I want to thank you again for your frankness and to say goodbye."

LIZ was back on that pink cloud again, but this time more substantially so. When Mike said in New York that he didn't consider himself engaged, it made no difference to her. She followed him to London and got her man. Immediately after the ceremony, he sighed, "Marriage is such a tiring affair," and allowed a London bobby to carry Liz through a jostling throng to a waiting limousine while he trailed along behind. When a reporter asked where they intended to spend their honeymoon, he replied, "Together, I hope." Evidently Liz just skipped such quips.

Then came the startling news that she was expecting a baby in December. I say startling because she returned home ahead of Mike to do a picture for MGM. Rumor had it that one thing that broke up her marriage to Nicky was that she didn't want a baby and he did. Liz, the talk went, was too interested in her career to take on the added responsibility of children.

This was not true. "A month after my wedding I knew we'd made a mistake. Our marriage couldn't last. So I didn't want to bring a child into the world under those circumstances," Liz explained to me. "I know about that rumor and the criticism I got. But I couldn't tell anyone the real reason for my not wanting a baby then. I hardly dared tell myself, because I wanted, oh, so very much for our marriage to succeed. I kept telling myself that it had to last, even when in my heart I knew it was ended."

Liz returned to Hollywood alone; and quickly the gossip that she and Mike were having difficulties started floating around. The fact is that MGM had given Liz a four-months (*Continued on next page*)



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honeymoon, and now the studio wanted her to come back to work. Michael couldn't come along, because he had to wait for passport clearance to come to America. This time he intends to settle in Hollywood, as MGM has him under long-term contract. The ugly rumors had it that MGM had signed Mike, because it feared Liz might take a permanent suspension to remain with her husband in England. This is also false. The studio was negotiating with Mike long before the officials knew that Liz had fallen in love with him. I went straight to the top to get this information. Dore Schary, head of production at MGM, has much to do with the hiring and firing at that studio. He told me, "We signed Wilding because he has personality, charm, and can act. He'll be very good in comedy parts; and we think we have a winner in him."

I asked Liz if she wanted to co-star with Michael in films. "Naturally," she replied.

I seem to be always popping into Liz's life when important things happen to her; so as soon as I learned she was expecting a baby, I went to see her. She was sharing her apartment with her companion-secretary, Peggy Rutledge. When I walked in, three animals were bounding around the living room. One was a miniature wire-haired dachshund; another was a French poodle. Sharing their rompings was a cat that was apparently alley bred.

Liz may have Mike, but she still can't bear not having animals, too. Apartment rules forbid pets, but I'm not letting her down by revealing her secret. By the time this article hits the stands, Liz and Mike plan to be living in their own home. And all the ex-landlord can do is scratch his head and ponder the thought that he'd harbored a miniature menagerie.

PEGGY opened the door for me, and Liz emerged from the kitchen, looking radiant and smiling at her brood of animals. I could see immediately that she was her old impish, happy, carefree self. She certainly didn't appear to be an expectant mother. She wore a low-necked, white piqué dress with a full skirt and ruffled petticoat beneath. But, miracle of miracles, she was also wearing shoes. Her hair was poodle cut and she kept tousling it all during my visit. Her waistline was still something all girls dream of having.

"Are you excited about the baby?" I asked.

"Oh, gad, yes," she replied. "Thrilled is no word to describe my feelings. We wanted very badly to have a child."

"Then you won't do your picture," I said.

"I probably will," she said. "But the studio wants to re-write the script again, and delay the starting date two months, which may complicate things."

"What did the heads of the studio think of your having a baby with a picture coming up?" I asked.

"They're in sixth heaven, especially Benny Thau and Nick Schenck. They loved the idea."

"And your mother?" I asked.

"She's in seventh heaven," Liz replied. "I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl. If it's a boy, we'll call him Michael; if a girl, Michele. Don't you like that? Michele is the feminine equivalent for Michael."

Peggy brought us slices of watermelon. I gave a bite of mine to the cat. "Freaka, the dachshund, will eat anything—cucumbers, radishes, endive," said Liz. "We just grew this watermelon in the backyard. Do you like it?"

"I got the seediest slice in the lot," I said. Liz giggled. She had seated herself with her feet on a coffee table, and started fondling a cross that hung from a chain around her neck.

"When I come to see you, you have to work, young lady," I said. "I brought a photographer along."

"Well, let's get him in here," said Liz. I gave him the high sign through a window to enter; and Liz greeted him like an old friend. He suggested that we pose together with the animals. "You'd better take the poodle," said Liz. "She hasn't spoken to me since I got home. She's jealous of the dachshund." While I held the poodle, Liz cradled the cat and dachshund in her arms. The two dogs started sizing each other up. "Get this shot over quickly before somebody gets killed," said Liz.

"So you know what married life is all about now?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I feel married. I'm all for it."

"What do you like about it?" I asked.

"Look straight into the camera," said the photographer.

"That was a mean question," said Liz. "I like the happiness of being married. I haven't been so happy since I was 12 years old. I never expected to have that feeling again. I like the companionship. Use all the adjectives you know and you won't have enough. I like the closeness of it and most of all the contentment. I feel just like an old cow—just sitting here gloating away. Life is so peaceful."

"But don't you miss all the excitement of running around and all the intrigue?" I asked.

"Oh, cripes!" she said.

Lady Tailspin (the cat) tired of playing with the dog, went into the dining room, jumped up on the table, and began eyeing a caged love bird. "Aren't you afraid the cat will get the bird?" I asked.

"It's a bit of a problem," said Liz. "Watch out for the kitty. She scratches."

"I don't like 'em," I said. "They always scratch me."

"Oh, they know whom to scratch," Liz roared.

She was right. Lady Tailspin gave up trying to get the bird out of the cage, moved up on a ledge, and began sniffing the flowers on my hat. Then she scratched me.

"Are you going to teach Liz to play golf?" I asked Peggy, who's very good at the game. "Now that she's expecting, she'll need exercise."

"Do I? Oh, dear!" said Liz.

"I took her to the links one day, and after three holes she was finished," said Peggy.

"I do take walks—from the living room into the bedroom," said Liz. "You can't ride horseback when you're pregnant, can you?"

"Noooo, dear," I said.

"I've just learned you're not supposed to travel either during the first three months. And here I've been flying halfway around the world."

"When did you learn that you were going to have a baby?" I asked.

"About a month ago," she said. "I wanted a baby so bad; and then I got the idea that I couldn't have one. I thought I was only half a wife, because I couldn't have children for Mike, and I'd cry on his shoulder about it."

"You're so happy, I do believe you'd give up your screen career," I said.

"I wouldn't mind giving it up," she replied. "Fortunately, however, things can be worked out so I can have both a career and a family. But it wouldn't bother me if I had to quit movies."

"Your career was never a matter of life and death with you anyway. For a 19-year-old girl . . ."

"Twenty," she corrected. "I was 20 on my honeymoon."

"Youth! It's wonderful," I said. "What happened on your honeymoon?"

"What can you print that happens on a honeymoon?" she said. "It was beautiful. There was snow 12 feet deep everywhere, but the temperature in the daytime was around 90 degrees. Everybody skied in bathing suits. We were in the French Alps, and the only English speaking people at the hotel. It was very cold at night. But with the white snow, bright sunlight, and that blue, blue sky, the days were more beautiful than you could imagine.

"We had a little balcony outside our rooms, and each day we'd go there and sit in the sun with towels around us. A friend of ours who ran a bar nearby told us later that the people trained their binoculars on that balcony when we were there. And when we'd go inside and close the shutters, they'd all drink a toast to us."

THE photographer finished his work, and the animals were released. The cat and dachshund started playfully batting their paws at each other. Liz was intrigued. "I love Freaka. We saw her picture in a paper when I was sick in bed with the flu. Mike loves dogs, too. So he rushed all over London trying to locate this particular puppy for me. He found it finally around midnight and brought her home to me.

"We had no name for that cat. The headwaiter at the 500 Club gave it to us. The pilots and stewardesses on the plane coming home gave her a new name—Lady Tailspin. Peggy, do you know what I did with that thing they signed?"

Peggy got up and found the paper. It was labeled: "Flagship Flying Report. Flying Crew. Flight 5. One small English kitten. Lord (or Lady) Tailspin. May she always land on all fours."

"She's a girl," said Liz, "so I'm calling her Lady. As soon as I have this baby, I want another. That way they'll be companions to each other without too much differences in their ages."

"Sister, wait'll MGM hears about that little scheme," I said. "The studio likes to keep their box office stars working. Maybe you shouldn't have told about your going to have this baby until you started your picture."

"I can't keep a secret," she said. "You know that. Besides, by the time it started, I'm sure they would have guessed. Maybe they'll rush the picture, so I can do it."

The white poodle was down under the coffee table chewing on something. Liz investigated, retrieved the object, and said, "Here, you can't gnaw on that Buddha. A soldier in Japan sent it to me."

"Would you like to live in England?" I asked.

"I'd love to live there in the spring," she said. "It's like no other place in the world then. But Mike can't go back for three years. He has to stay here to establish residence. Mike's sold his apartment in London and most of the furniture. The furniture was antique and we're going to get a modern house. We've both got five-year contracts at MGM."

"I hear you got a big hike in pay when you signed your new contract," said I.

"That's right," she replied. "More money. More taxes. But I don't mind."

She can use the cash. A year ago she was practically broke. She asked for no alimony from Nicky Hilton.

"Do you remember when you called me in New York, the day I flew to England?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "The King of England had just died. And there were stories in the British papers that Mike's parents weren't too keen on your marrying their son."

(*Continued on next page*)



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"They're the sweetest people in the world—very old World type," said Liz. "The English people were wonderful to me. But when you called me in New York, I was in a real panic. After hanging up the phone, I started to cry. So I called Mike and told him I couldn't come over because people were saying it didn't look right. He said he'd try to get permission to come to America, but that we'd have only five days together. He promised to call me back. But something went wrong with the telephone and my plane was leaving in 45 minutes. So I said, 'To heck with it! I'm going to England.' The plane was already warming up when I got a call at the airport; and a man came running out to tell me that Mike was on the phone. I said, 'Tell him I'm on my way to London.' So we had four wonderful months together instead of just five days."

"Doesn't Mike have any qualities that irk you?"

"None. We're both a little lazy."

"Do you still leave your clothes lying around on the chairs and floors?" I asked. "Or does Mike pick them up for you?"

"Are you kidding?" she said. "He picks his things up, but leaves mine lying there. But I'm better about that than I used to be. If I leave things lying about, they accumulate and I can't get through the room. So I figured it was easier to pick them up as I went along."

"Have you done any cooking?" I asked.

"Just one dish—bacon and eggs," she said. "But that's Mike's favorite dinner. Lucky me."

"Why don't you go to cooking school like Shirley Temple did?"

"I don't want to be too precise with my cooking. I want to experiment. Just take a cook book and figure it out myself. But I'll need plenty of time to daddle and throw pots and pans around."

"How often do you talk to Mike?" I asked.

"Every day," she said. "We just like to hear the sound of each other's voices. He's so generous. He gave me this cross, a sapphire and diamond pin, and some long diamond earrings."

"Well, let's get a load of the loot," said I.

She brought out the jewelry and said, "I can wear the earrings long or short. They're in two pieces." She tried very hard to put the two sections together. "I can't make them stay in place. I'll have to send for Mike. He knows how they work."

"Will you have your servants call you Lady Wilding like the Douglas Fairbanks' do? They call him Sir Douglas."

"Sir Michael, Lady Wilding," she said pertly. "Oh, just call me Queenie!"

With that, I picked up what the cat had left of my hat and departed.

This is the picture of Elizabeth Taylor as of today. Quite a contrast from the confused young girl, bordering on a nervous breakdown that I interviewed just a little over a year ago. She's the little girl with—not a chip—but a chipmunk on her shoulder again. **END**

---

number three for judy

(*Continued from page 31*) where Judy spent the month at the Currant Theatre, continuing her sensational stage comeback.

The license clerk, Katrina Lynn, says, "I didn't recognize Judy at all. She was wearing slacks and a large pair of dark glasses and her hair was tied in a bun at the back of her head. She and this fellow Luft applied for a license, and then they rode off to some ranch about 20 miles south of here."

It was a record-breaking ceremony, but at least Judy didn't get married in slacks. She wore a short-sleeved dress of navy blue but was hatless.

After the ceremony, which took place at four in the afternoon, the couple spent the night at Law ranch, then drove back to San Francisco. Judy remained to carry on with her act, and Luft returned to Hollywood where all hallelujah broke loose.

The day after the wedding, Sid was hailed into the California Superior Court where he was ordered to double the $200 monthly payments he makes to his ex-wife, actress Lynn Bari, for the support of his three-year-old son, John.

When Luft turned up in court with his attorney, he told no one of his marriage to Judy, and the supposition was that he and the singer were still engaged.

Luft was put on the stand and was asked about his financial position. He was a most uncooperative witness, and he angered the judge so much that the Bench termed his testimony "guarded, evasive . . . and nowhere near the truth," which is strong language indeed from a Superior Court judge.

On occasion Sid's sense of humor gets the better of him, and this oftentimes works against him. For example, Miss Bari's lawyer asked Luft about a motion picture manuscript entitled *Man o' War*, which Sid's company purportedly owns.

"Is this a manuscript or a book?" the attorney inquired.

"It's a horse," Luft snapped.

The attorney, little Sammy Hahn, blew his top at that remark. The reply, he said, was typical of "the man's character—to give such an answer under oath in a court of law. A horse," he continued, "that's what we're talking about. This man, who is too poor to pay more than $200 a month for his son, can feed three horses. When a man can feed and shoe horses, he can feed and shoe his own child."

Hahn then got around to Judy, whom he had subpoenaed into a court a month before. "She's a little Charley McCarthy," he asserted. "This girl gives him all her money. He can write as much of a check as he wants. He lives high."

The judge said that he thought Miss Garland had told the truth when she testified that she paid Luft a salary of $500 a week as her manager. "She's very vague about business matters," he said.

He then studied a list of expenses which Lynn Bari had made out as necessary for the support of her son: $200 a month for a governess, $75 a month for rent, $50 a month for nursery school, $50 a month for food and $25 for clothing.

He ordered Luft to pay these. When Judy heard about this in San Francisco she said nothing. But then came the delayed, reluctant announcement by Bob Law that Judy and Sid had been married at his ranch.

BACK into court marched little Sammy Hahn, charging that inasmuch as Sid was married to Judy when he appeared in court, he should be held in contempt, as he had failed to disclose that fact.

"My client's original complaint," the lawyer said, "alleged that Luft and Judy Garland were in a partnership, and that last year the partnership had earned more than $750,000. When they both came to court, Miss Garland denied it. Luft denied it, too, which was all right, because they weren't married then.

"But they got married on Sunday, and three days later Luft came to court still denying, still pleading poverty.

"Under California law, the day they were married he immediately got half her income. That makes him half a millionaire."

Hahn petitioned for a new hearing, and it may well be that Luft's payments for support will coincide with his increased ability to pay.

Judy says that her marriage to Sid "is the most wonderful thing in the world," and it is no secret that she credits her husband with the success of her comeback.

After all the trouble she's known in her young life, however, it seems ironic that three days following her third wedding, Judy should be back in the headlines because of her new husband's legal difficulties.

She herself had no trouble whatever in arriving at a quick financial settlement with her second husband, director Vincente Minnelli. She paid him $25,000 for his share of their house in the Hollywood hills, and he agreed to pay her $500 a month for the support of their five-year-old daughter, Liza.

Moreover, Judy's relationship with her former husband is warm and friendly. "Vincente," she says, "is one of the nicest and kindest human beings I've ever met."

Lynn Bari's opinion of Sid Luft, however, is entirely different.

In all honesty, it must be reported, that the prevailing opinion in Hollywood is that the marriage will last two or three years, no longer.

A director who has known Judy for years says, "My own feeling is that Judy is now in a state of dependency. I caught her act in Los Angeles, and I was at Romanoff's for the after-show shindig, and she still seems very neurotic to me. What that kid needs is a first-rate analyst, not a husband. She's been mixed up ever since she was a child, and I don't think she understands herself yet. As for Luft, he's a nice enough guy. But you know what happens when a husband is dependent upon his wife's talent for his main support. After a while he begins to resent her. Subconsciously he accuses her of depriving him of his manhood, of his self-respect.

"I remember a guy by the name of Harmon Nelson, who was married to Bette Davis. Ham earned his own living, too. He had an orchestra, but Bette was so domineering that he couldn't take it. After ten years he threw in the sponge. Judy isn't domineering. If anything, she's the opposite; she's ultra-dependent and emotionally immature. But let's face it. Suppose she got sick tomorrow. What would Luft have to manage?

"I don't want to sound like a pessimist. But it just doesn't seem like a healthy setup to me. I love Judy, and I pray to God I'm wrong."

MYRTLE TULLY, Judy's secretary, says, "I think Judy and Sid came along for each other exactly at the right time. Both needed help. They found it in each other. They get along very well. Judy's matured a lot these past few years, and Sid has been the man behind that improvement. No matter what anyone says, I'm sure it will be a good and lasting marriage."

For any marriage to be lasting, both partners have to contribute to each other's welfare. In this marriage, Luft is proving to Judy that she is a highly desirable woman whom he loves for herself rather than for her talent. **END**



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While Piper's popularity is zooming, Tony is the first to admit that there's enough room on top for everyone.

Tony was angered in June of this year when the studio took him off salary for going away to Durango, Colorado, for five weeks with Janet Leigh, who was on location making *Naked Spur* with Jimmy Stewart.

"I've never been so mad in my life," the irrepressible curlyhead blurted out. "I've tried to cooperate with the studio to the best of my ability. I've gone on tours. I've done stuff over and above what was called for in the contract. And if that's the way they want to play ball, I can play that way, too."

Friends say that the suspension cut Tony to the quick, that he felt he needed someone to protect his interests—after all, Piper had Leonard Goldstein to look after hers—so he discharged his agent and signed with the Music Corporation of America, Hollywood's largest talent agency. The move helped, because it was an MCA representative who went out to Universal and got Tony back on salary.

"Look," the talent representative told the Universal crowd, "what's the sense of bickering? I pick up a trade paper, and I read how much Tony spent making long-distance calls to Janet. The studio says it paid for them. I pick up another trade paper, and there's a story of how Tony, when he was in New York, wanted a corned beef sandwich from his favorite delicatessen. The studio paid the cabfare to get him a sandwich from the Bronx. This is kid stuff. Tony's done a lot for the studio, and the studio has done a lot for him."

UPSHOT of the whole shebang was that Tony was taken back on salary and, what's more, raised to $1,000 a week.

Just about the same time, the contract of producer Leonard Goldstein expired, and he left Universal.

"I think," said a friend of Piper Laurie's when she read the news, "that Leonard's departure is a good thing for Piper. From now on whenever she does anything good, she'll get the credit instead of having it attributed to Leonard's influence. All Leonard ever did for the girl was to give her an opportunity to display her very fine dramatic talent. A few jealous cats may resent that, but everyone needs a helping hand, especially in this racket."

You can talk your jaw off, but that still doesn't mitigate or allay the existence of a feud between these two intensely ambitious youngsters, Piper and Tony.

The feeling exists in many quarters that they will never again make a picture together, not out of choice anyway. But such a feeling will undoubtedly prove wrong, since movies are not cast on basis of personal likes or dislikes.

One studio man I consulted said, "So maybe these two kids aren't crazy about each other. What of it? Who says that you have to go crazy over everyone you meet? Sometimes you meet someone, and you just don't like the way he looks. Youngsters, on the way up, they're entitled to feel their oats. Let them be a little temperamental; let them do things to spite each other. As they grow up, they get to realize how silly it is. In this business, you have to live and let live.

"There is no studio rule which compels anybody to like anybody else. Everyone on the lot, however, must be able to work together. From where I sit, Piper and Tony work together just fine, and that's the way it's got to be. They're both a pair of lovely, intelligent kids, and what differences they have, I can assure you they'll work out."

END

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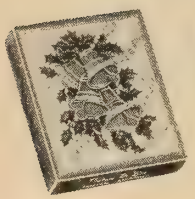
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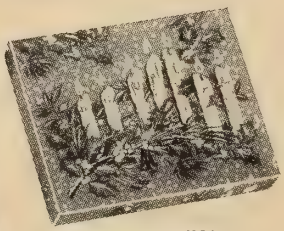


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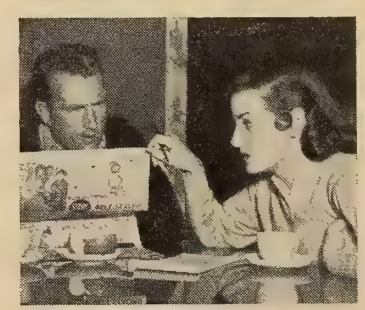
by JANE RUSSELL; star columnist for September



I like a house with a view.



Interior decorating is my dish.



I have no head for money.



My son owes me nothing.

VICTOR MATURE AND I had an interesting time the other day—we got together and compared sullen looks. There are lots of people like us in the world; they can feel happy as a delirious lark inside, yet from the outside you'd think a storm was raging. Well, maybe a person's disposition needs a little hiding . . . that way there is an agreeable surprise when you brace a sourpuss and he or she turns out to be feeling very sunny indeed! Somewhere I read that tramps make it a rule to mooch from persons who look grouchy, because they always seem anxious to prove that they are not and come across that much quicker with the dime—or is it a quarter these high-priced days?

Few things peeve me, provided I've had enough sleep the night before. All I want is nine hours—but I don't mean eight and a half! We Russells can always sleep. If we don't sleep, we can't even think, let alone get around and look normal. Everyone who makes trips with me thinks I have a ghastly way of traveling, especially on planes. I put plugs in my ears, wrap myself up in a blanket and curl up like an old snake from take-off till get-there. (And at home I sleep like a bear in a hole—the room dark, the bed and pillow soft—none of this new orthopedic hard mattress stuff for me. Not yet, anyway!) And that nine hours business figures in all my appointments. For instance, in New York, when I wanted to take in some of the hot music spots on 52nd Street, I always figured backwards from the time I had my appointment the next day. Supposing I had to make a personal appearance at 10 A.M., I'd count backwards and thus find out I could be out as late as 1:00 A.M. the night before and still get my sleep. I was able to see Slim Gaillard this way at the Downbeat Club, and I was able to attend a big party for Mel Torme at Jane Harvey's apartment where Herb Jeffries, Hazel Scott and Johnnie Johnston, among others, were present. No, I didn't pipe down and listen. I sat on the piano and gave out as loud, if not as good, as anyone! And I loved every music-filled second of it!

I LIKE DEFINITE THINGS. I like complete bop or strict symphony. Opera leaves me indifferent, or, let me be plainer and say I think it's corny. I don't mean to offend anyone who does like it, but this is how it is to me, honestly . . . one minute dramatic, the next musical, like a day that can't make up its mind if it's going to be sunshiny or rainy. I like one or the other, but not half-way. I guess I'm the same about my personal habits. I'm either dressed to kill or casual—I don't even own anything in between. Without slacks or blue jeans I'd be lost. Without a beautiful gown for a change I'd be minus



the thrill I get when I do step out of an evening all a-glitter.

My professional name is Jane Russell, but it's not *Miss* Russell at any time, as far as I am concerned. If anyone is worried that much about addressing me, they might as well be legally correct and call me Mrs. Waterfield. But what I prefer, the simplest, is just "Jane." That's *definitely* yours truly at all times.

I GET TERRIBLY IMPATIENT about little things: a pin won't come loose, a door is stuck, somebody is stupid (including me). The big troubles I think I can accept without too much inner conflict . . . that is, all but one which is bothering me now. I can't get over what I consider is a dirty trick being played on young married couples today. I am talking about the tract house, the homes they are selling in most of the big housing developments. Why, in this period of picture windows, of living rooms stretched out attractively by making the kitchen space a part of them (just separated by a bar or counter), of great study being given to merging the inside of the house with the outdoors, must the same old-line dwellings be put up? Why do they insist on putting a small window in a large wall? Why not view instead of wall? It costs no more. Why not ideas instead of conventionalism, which is sometimes called tried-and-true but which I call tired-and-trite? There is a reason, of course. It's a simple one. The men who lend the money for housing projects, the bankers, are mostly old men, and they refuse to approve any plans for houses which are not like the plans they have okayed for years. They are deaf and blind to the modern touch and go dumb when such ideas come before them.

I get unhappy every time I pass such a new home settlement. I really believe that what we are building in these tracts are the slums of tomorrow. It has bothered me so much that I have been devoting a lot of my time working with an architect I know, Tom Lane, to get our ideas accepted by builders. Maybe I'll go into the business along with my husband. Last year I was offered a chance to decorate a model home in a housing tract in Pueblo, Colorado. It was part of the Hoffman development there, and I jumped at the chance. This may have been the beginning of something for me.

(*Continued next page*)

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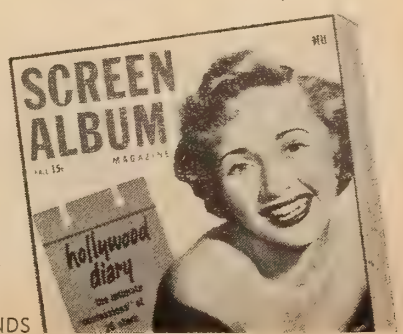
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I THINK THAT IF I WERE ASKED what I like to do more than anything else in the world, my answer would be to redecorate old, dilapidated houses. I just ache to do over a place. I am probably not great at it, my tastes may run too much to the dramatic, but I usually can figure out ways of giving almost any sort of a place some personality. I like to use shadows (meaning low-powered lamps in some areas), to dramatize, to cut up a garden so that there are spots with surprise elements, and I try for a feeling of age or tradition in the general effect. When I did my own house I had the help of Harriet Shellenberger, one of the best interior decorators in California. She encouraged me on my passion for Chinese guk (my house looks like something peeking out from behind a statue of Buddha) and advised on materials. I didn't go so much for patterns or prints, more for solid colors and modern designs. I was able to go in for heavier, silky fabrics rather than cotton, so I did. But a lot of what I have could be had in cotton if the other came too expensive. My furniture is from the Baker Company and mainly copies of old Chinese designs. For a personal touch I created my own dinnerware—large, square plates of pouf umber with gold dripping around the edges. (Pouf umber is what I call the color you get when you mix raw umber and burned umber together. Some people call it mud, but I like it so much that my whole living room is done in it.)

I JUST HAVEN'T A HEAD FOR MONEY. I guess, and refuse to think about it. They are still talking at the studio about the time I was put on a plane for London and somebody got suspicious and asked me if I had any funds. We went through my purse and found three dollars! Tom Lane and I went to a downtown Los Angeles church once, where we joined the choir—he with the bassos and I with the feminine contingent. Came collection time and I knew I hadn't a dime. But I had a scrap of paper and a pencil. I passed a note all the way across the choir to Tom. It read, "Can you give your Aunt Jane a little money to put in the pot?" He did.

Because of my habit of coming home with a new table or the like when I go out to buy a dress, Robert sometimes comes home with a new dress for me when he goes out for a shave and a haircut. He has bought me a barbecue dress, sweaters and other wearing apparel. His taste is surprisingly good. As he had come to learn, I am not one of the ten best dressed women in America; maybe he's fighting to keep me from being one of the ten worst! He knows what I like. He knows I don't like knicknacks (he's no knicknack himself!), but he thinks I should spend a bit more time on wardrobe details.

In a way I do. I have quite a collection of lotions and creams, and I use them pretty steadily. I'm one of those girls who uses a dark lipstick to outline the lips and a lighter lipstick for the inside. I'm still looking for the right lipstick. I like to paint my fingernails and my toenails in the summertime—beach time I should say. I use mascara, and I know enough to start making up with a clean skin and, no matter what happens, to keep the hair out of my eyes. I don't think a tall girl looks so well using the peek-a-boo technique, although, as you know, you wouldn't have to go far to find a photograph of me in just such a pose.

Unless it says so in a picture script, and only in a picture script, I don't wear strapless dresses. I have no arguments against them for anyone else except that they are darned uncomfortable. I like halter tops with everything. So in wardrobe I am afraid I am not too selective, and certainly not in flowers, since my favorite, because it grows easy and gives you the most fun, is the lowly geranium. Start them anywhere and there they are, in almost any color, any combination you want.

THE PERFUME THAT INSPIRES ME the most is Charbert's Breathless, which is probably a wrong way to pick perfume since you should consider the effect it has on others. Well, if I don't consider this, I do think about other people a lot. I have plenty of opportunity in my business. One of my pastimes is psychoanalyzing people; putting them into certain pigeonholes, and it is surprising how accurate you can be at this if you don't use snap judgment. I am most suspicious of "pushy" people, the kind who don't give you a chance to make up your mind about them but just assume they will be liked. They come on too fast; they have their foot in the door while you are still wondering whether you should have opened it in the first place.

Oh well, it is all in the way you have been brought up, I suppose . . . but maybe that's too simple. I was brought up on plain food, for instance, and I love the more garish dishes —Mexican, Spanish, Russian, grapeleaves with meat and rice and that sort of stuff. This last is an Armenian delicacy.

WHAT I MEAN ABOUT CHILDREN is that properly raised they mature with individualities of their own; wrongly developed they are mixtures of undecided traits and characteristics. I don't care for parents who promote childish fears as disciplinary aids. I don't care for parents who hope their children will live in ignorance of what life is about as long as possible. I think children should be, as a Bible phrase has it, "Wise as serpents and harmless as doves." My number one peeve, however, is the mother or father who keeps harping at their children about how much they owe their parents. A child owes nothing to his father or mother. All this business of "After all I've done for you!" is so much mouthwash. If your child doesn't love you, it is your own fault. You have been too assertive, too demanding, perhaps. There is only one way to get love and that is to win it. The very fact that you don't have it is all the proof necessary that you don't deserve it.

My Tracy is ten months old now. My Thomas is two years old. She is almost as big as he. They are full of love . . . so full that they can't help giving me lots of it if I am a nice person. If I am not, there is nothing they can do about it. It will be my fault.

Jane Russell

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Jane Russell personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

hollywood's most disliked woman

(*Continued from page 37*) a doubt the most dangerous mantrap since Eve. Although a neophyte in the theatre, Zza Zza (*She* spells it with a double z and pronounces it "Jah-Jah") is not like the usual doll who descends on Hollywood from some beauty contest and sets the men talking to themselves over her face and figure. She is mature, probably on the shady side of 30, and offers none of the clean-cut American girl attributes of the run-of-the-mill glamor girls. She is a modern version of what our fathers panted after in Barbara LaMarr and Pola Negri.

Zza Zza Gabor boasts no freckled nose or healthy tan. She is less of a tomboy than Whistler's Mother. She has been quoted as speaking of slacks as proper attire only for lady plumbers. She would rather be seen in a pine box than a pair of blue jeans; and she thinks exercise is all right for weight lifters but not for a lady of gentility. She is a stickler for morality, however, and proves it by having little more than a cool nod for men she isn't or can't be in love with. The fact that Zza Zza's romantic urge is so overdeveloped that she finds something lovable in almost every man she meets keeps her life from becoming dull and is largely responsible for her reputation as a love thief.

As she herself puts it, "I like mens!"

A newly crowned starlet long on curves and short on intellect, upon being shown a picture of the Venus de' Medici shrilled, "A medical Venus. That's a new one on me!"
Bennett Cerf in This Week

The Gabor type of loveliness is heady. She is what a man would hope to see if he passed a lady's Turkish bath and someone had forgotten to pull the shades. Her hair, which changes color at her whim but is generally reddish-blonde, is never done in a prim coiffure but is delightfully and carefully wispy. Her skin is like white satin. Her eyes are blue and cool and rather small, but generously circled with thick lashes much darker than her hair. Her nose and mouth are classic and her jaw line sweeping and youthful. Her expression is mobile, impish one instant and adoring the next.

Below the neck, Zza Zza Gabor is happily proportioned. Her measurements, 36-24-36, are better than average, but it's the way she uses her body that is really outstanding. Even at ease she looks as though a good deep breath would make her more comfortable, but she won't take it. And her neckline is a constant source of irritation to all other women.

No film celebrity has a background to compare with Miss Zza Zza Gabor. She was born—only her mother knows exactly when—in Hungary, and is one of three daughters of an aristocratic family. Her father was an exceedingly well-off army officer. Her training from birth, supervised by her lovely mother, Jolie, was directed almost entirely toward the day when she would be set free among a world full of handsome rich men. The arts of batting eyelashes and listening to baritone voices with an expression of complete attention and suppressed passion were instinctive, but were improved upon by Jolie. And Zza Zza was taught to accept a jewel or fur with infinite grace and gratitude, while at the same time taking it as something quite her due. It is these things that make Zza Zza different from other, less gifted women. And these things, also, which cause her to be disliked so intensely by her own kind.

At the age of 16, a time when the average American girl is in love with both Tony Curtis and the captain of the basketball team at school, Zza Zza experienced her first mad passion. She fell in love with a gentleman quite her senior by the name of Burhan Belge, head of the Turkish Ministry of Information. He was anxious to get married, but Turkish law forbade a career member of the government service from marrying a foreigner. It was a poser, but Zza Zza turned her face toward the President of Turkey and he promptly proclaimed Turks and Hungarians brothers, making the marriage possible.

The next two years of her life held enough adventure to last most girls a lifetime. Ankara, Turkey's capital, was the scene of some of the most exciting international intrigue in history. A recent movie, *Five Fingers,* exposed the period. Zza Zza flitted through the international quarters of the city like a butterfly in a swarm of horse flies. She had friends—and admirers—on all sides of the conflict that was raging. A high official in the British Embassy was insane about her, as were a number of the Axis supporters. And to balance things, the president of the country found himself unable to restrain himself in her presence. Zza Zza, totally and truly unaware that anything except good company, flirtations and excitement counted, soon found herself obliged to leave her husband and the East for a less explosive atmosphere.

On the journey that finally brought her to America in 1941, she experienced most of the incidents one would expect her lusty beauty to lead her into. She was arrested as a spy in Bagdad, suspected of being one in numerous other places, and shuttled around as quickly as nervous espionage detectives could arrange transportation. In England she was a guest of the King and Queen, as well as H. G. Wells, G. B. Shaw and other notables. And she arrived in this country, broke but eager to face a new life.

Although she came to Hollywood shortly after arriving in America, so she could be with her sister, Eva, who was then under contract to Paramount, Zza Zza had no desire to begin a theatrical career. The movies were too tame for a girl who had lived, and wanted to continue to live, the genuine article. She spent a period as a hausfrau, Zza Zza's own improper term, and then married the richest man she knew, Conrad Hilton, the hotel magnate. She became the mistress of his household and, ironically, "Mom" to Hilton's two fun-loving sons. And she missed by an eyelash becoming Elizabeth Taylor's mother-in-law.

When her marriage to Conrad Hilton ended, Zza Zza walked away with a chummy handshake and a fortune in gems and property. She has a five-year-old daughter, Francesca, as a result of that marriage. For a period after that Zza Zza played the local field of admirers, taking time out occasionally to act as hostess at her ex-husband's social affairs. Then she met George Sanders.

Those who knew Sanders intimately could hardly believe what they saw happening. Noted as a man who lived for his own pleasure and a man unimpressed by any feminine qualities, Sanders fell hook, line and fishing pole for Miss Gabor. He began to smile in public and actually (*Continued on next page*)

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(*Continued from preceding page*) admitted he was smitten. Zza Zza dangled Sanders from the tips of her fingers. And when the mood and the madness of the man's passion suited her, she married him.

Because you can't change an old dog but can teach him new tricks, the Sanders marriage was different from the outset. George slipped back a bit into his narrow cloister, and Zza Zza went along in her gay, usual way. Finally, Hollywood discovered that she was accepting dates without apparently disrupting her home; nor did she seem to mind when George's eye fell on another woman. Separations followed without either one appearing to mind it too much.

As of this moment, nothing has been resolved about this marriage. Zza Zza lives in a huge home in Bel Air's swankiest section. George is about somewhere. On the day MODERN SCREEN interviewed Zza Zza, the reporter happened to look through a window and see Sanders drive off toward town. He expressed some surprise, having heard that the husband had moved out again.

"Oh, zat is nossing," said Zza Zza, with a wave of a hand that wore a 22 carat diamond, "he is just a guest here."

ZZA ZZA might have lived the rest of her days without ever making a professional appearance if it had not been for an incident while the family was entertaining the James Masons one night early in 1951. Zza Zza was telling Mrs. Mason that a television producer had approached her and asked her to make an appearance on the now famous *Bachelor's Haven* program.

"Ridiculous!" George snorted. "She's too dumb to do anything on television."

It would be an understatement to state that Zza Zza has proven differently. Within a matter of weeks she had become notorious as a woman who said exactly what she meant—and who meant plenty. Something in the Iconoscope she faced each Sunday night heightened her natural beauty and she came into living rooms more exotically beautiful than ever. Her butchery of the English language rocked even the poker-faces of Movietown with laughter. Zza Zza became a star.

But with stardom came the hatred she ignores so elegantly today. Although she is ostensibly on the side of the ladies on her program, she shifts at the first sign of a real battle to the male point of view. This is distracting to her professional foe, Paul Coates, a Los Angeles columnist, but downright infuriating to girls who sit with bared teeth before their TV sets at home. In the first place, they calculate, she just *can't* look that good. And in the second, she's obviously just after every man she sees. It has gotten so women who have husbands she *hasn't* seen object to her. And the only thing that keeps *Bachelor's Haven* from becoming the highest rated television program in its area are the iron hands of wives turning the sets off when Zza Zza smiles into the camera.

Zza Zza Gabor's entry into movies came as a result of her television show. Mervyn Leroy, preparing a picture called *Lovely To Look At* needed a foreign woman whom men could be counted on to look at. He called Zza Zza, after seeing her on the show, and asked her if she'd like to test for the role. Zza Zza indignantly informed him that she most certainly would not test. She could be seen on TV. That was test enough. Leroy opined as it probably was and hired her anyway. During the making of this picture, Zza Zza was teamed with Kathryn Grayson, Marge Champion and Ann Miller. She vows these girls swear the sun rises and sets on her, but, being women, it seems unlikely.

THERE is such an air of competence about Zza Zza Gabor that Hollywood women refuse to consider it as part of the reason her screen career is forging ahead. They prefer to blind themselves to her talent and unique charm, and hint that she capitalizes on her over-stimulated glands to get ahead.

"It is so silly," says Zza Zza about this. "People are always saying I make love to my producers or directors. Such nonsense. They say I am in love with everybody, and every man is in love with me. They say Mervyn Leroy was in love with me at MGM, and Nunally Johnson at Fox. And now they say John Huston, who I will work for in Paris, is my lover. This man I have never even met yet! And all of these men are happily married to other women!"

Because of her almost terrifying candor, you can bet that Zza Zza's statement is true. But it cannot be denied that any wife whose husband comes into intimate contact with Miss Gabor will spend a couple of extra hours a week in a beauty parlor. No woman, no matter how substantial her marriage, could possibly ignor the Gabor risk.

Zza Zza's opinions of Hollywood women are given at the drop of a suggestion.

Farley Granger's quote to a newspaperman when Shelley married Vittorio: "I'm surprised. I always thought Shelley would marry Shelley."

"Everything is wrong here," she said recently. "A woman in the movies gets up at five o'clock in the morning. At seven she is seated in a beauty parlor chair having her hair done and her face made beautiful. At nine o'clock she is standing in a lovely living room, dressed in an exquisite evening gown, and she spends the day until six o'clock playing a romance with a lot of handsome men. So when she gets home in the evening, she takes it all off and walks around in old clothes or a comfortable bath robe. No wonder the men get sick of them."

Zza Zza expresses the opinion, also, that the Hollywood men are spoiled.

"There are too many beautiful women here," she stated as though it was an interesting lie. "A man must shove his way through them to get into a night club. Consequently, the men are not as cavalier as they should be. Some of the beautiful women here should go away. Things would be better."

Men, according to Zza Zza, should be dangled on strings rather than have their wills catered to. No man, she feels, should be given an inkling that he is anything more than a temporary toy that might well be discarded the day after Christmas. And she feels strongly that women in Hollywood lack candor. One of her acquaintances, a very beautiful actress, once sold gloves in a department store and now never mentions it.

"It is so silly," says Zza Zza. "How interesting it would be for her to say to a mans, 'Once I used to sold gloves for a living.' He would like her better."

This attitude is considered undercover hatchet work by Zza Zza's contemporaries, who are quite sure telling a man the low points in a glamor girl's background is almost a certain way to lose him. She's a liar and a giver of bad advice, they cry.

When she is in the mood to confess her real opinions, Zza Zza will repeat a favorite expression which seems to imply that Hollywood girls are something less than all-around prize packages.

"The girls in Hollywood," she says, "are not on a par with European women. In Hollywood a woman is a nothing. In New York a woman is a telephone number. But in Paris a woman is a *woman!*"

Yes, Zza Zza Gabor is a revolutionary. By instinct and training she is a predatory creature not willing to share a male bone with any other female. She has the attributes which make her plundering easy—and she must go through life, and her movie career, which now looms formidably, on a solo safari, wary ever of the spears of her own kind.

MODERN SCREEN asked her for a single incident which would prove her contention that women really like her.

"Very well," Zza Zza said, "last Christmas Eve I was at a party and somebody introduced me to Ethel Barrymore. Miss Barrymore was very kind to me. She said she liked me on the television and admired me very much. She wanted to be my friend. You see?"

We saw, but we left without making an issue of the fact that Miss Barrymore is roosting on 70, and more than likely no longer cares. Forty years ago, she'd probably have cut Zza Zza down with a Christmas tree icicle! **END**

the house that spells welcome

(*Continued from page 48*) bedroom and Ty's private office-den.

In addition to the patio in the middle of the structure, there's a lanai on the far side that runs the full width of the building. This outdoor living area serves as a second living room. The roof over the terrace is made of translucent glass, giving off a lovely soft light to the open porch. The tile floor is partly covered with hemp rugs, and Linda had a great time filling the outdoor room with comfortable black and rattan lanai furniture. It's a terrific spot for a party as any member of the movie colony's social set will testify.

SHORTLY after they adjusted themselves to their house, Ty and Linda decided to give a housewarming.

The Powers rigged a tent over the patio, hired an orchestra, and rented a dance floor. They strung plastic curtains along the edge of the lanai as a protection against the California night air, then set ten tables for ten on the lanai.

Not satisfied with looking like a queen for this occasion, Linda decided to prepare some of the dinner. She can cook in five languages, too. The dinner that night was so sensational that before it was over, every woman in the house was pleading with Linda for a set of recipes.

Before Ty and Linda purchased the residence they now occupy, they insisted upon a couple of re-modeling ideas they had in mind. Ty particularly wanted some kind of projection booth so that he could show 16 mm. movies in the living room, and he also wanted a study and a bath nearby. Linda's remodeling ideas centered about a diet kitchen next to the nursery upstairs. And, of course, they both wanted a swimming pool.

Putting in the pool was quite a job. A good portion of land had to be cleared of trees and undergrowth to make room for a 35-foot tank. Workmen brought in truckloads of dirt trying to terrace down to a level plot. It cost a pile of money, but for people who love to swim in a heated pool all year round, it was worth it.

When it came to the interior, Linda insisted that it be furnished with custom-made pieces (*Continued on next page*)

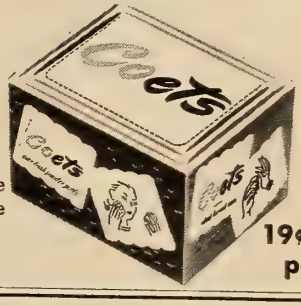


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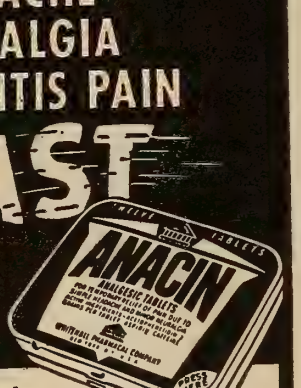
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(*Continued from preceding page*) of her own design. She's a creative person with very definite likes. In every case she knew the effect she wanted the room to bear. To make certain that her furnishings would lend themselves to that effect, she enlisted the services of Paul Fox from 20th Century-Fox's art department. A man whose daily job consists of executing fabulous script ideas for decoration, Fox had no trouble in following Linda's designs.

All the upholstered pieces in the Power living room are modern but based upon old motifs from other countries. The couch, for example, is made of foam rubber set on a wooden base but it's definitely Moroccan in feeling. The bench in front of the fireplace is copied from a Hawaiian hikie.

The dining room is small but surprisingly expandable. There is one large rectangular table that seats six. Then along the wall there are two console tables that serve as sideboards, but they can be pushed against the end of the long table or they can be fitted together to form a separate table. Linda is having still another pair made so that she can seat 20 people at three tables.

Linda so arranged her furniture that when you step into the living room and look through to the dining room, you don't see a table and chairs but a mirrored screen that gives a feeling of great depth to the two rooms.

Like most Californians, the Powers do a good deal of outdoor living. They use their patio so much that a complete set of china is stored outside in the great Italian dresser. China and dresser were wedding gifts from Henry Hathaway who directed Ty in *Prince Of Foxes* and originally used the stuff as props.

Most of the pieces inside the bedroom come from Ty's old Brentwood home. Linda liked and kept them. Only the huge bed and commode covered in white calfskin are new.

When he's home, Ty spends a good deal of time in the den he had built for himself. The bleached birch walls are perfect backdrops for his framed playbills and etchings.

All in all, the house seems to radiate an atmosphere of worldiness and solid reliability. A visitor who was taken through recently by Linda turned to his hostess and said, "My dear, if your marriage is as good as your house, it will last a long, long time."

Linda smiled. "Por supuesto," she said, which is Spanish for "of course."

(*Tyrone Power can soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's* Pony Soldier.)

and her heart went "bam"

(*Continued from page 61*) sat back and purred over the knowledge that they had once again picked a winner.

And while they were busy congratulating themselves, Anne momentarily and quietly slipped out of their fingers and into the arms of Bamlet Price, Jr., a dark, handsome veteran bomber pilot. The young couple, who had told no one of their plans, were married in a surprise ceremony, with only a few close friends and relatives present. Then followed a week's honeymoon trip to Santa Barbara, Carmel, San Francisco and Yosemite. For Anne, who's looking forward to raising a family, her marriage is by far the happiest achievement of her first 14 months in Hollywood.

That she landed in Hollywood at all is no surprise to Anne. When she was five years old she painstakingly scrawled her first written sentence—"I want to be a movie star." The paper still rests with other mementos in a beribboned box tucked away in the family home.

The childish hope for the future may have been coincidence, but Anne's talent was not. From the time she was six years old, most of her waking hours were spent before a photographer's camera, a microphone, a theater audience or a television camera. She was kept so busy as a photographer's model and an actress that public school was out of the question and tutors were hired to educate her. Back in those days, Anne sometimes envied the kids who went to P.S. No. 74. They went skating and swimming in the afternoons, and Anne sometimes wished she could join them instead of going downtown to pose for another magazine cover. But these were only fleeting moments of regret, for Anne liked her work. Now she feels it has been more than worthwhile.

She claims to have worn out two tutors before Miss Quinn came along. To Anne, then 13, the 20-year-old Miss Quinn seemed ancient and very wise. The teacher had a way of spreading her own enthusiasm for learning. Mathematics and geography were brushed over in a cursory manner, and then the Misses Quinn and Francis really got down to brass tacks in a discussion of philosophy and life in general that went to a depth shunned by the average adolescent.

Anne is an exceptionally mature girl for her age, a natural result of her having spent so much time with adults. She has none of the giddiness associated with most girls of college age, and when occasionally she catches herself acting gayer than she feels, she pulls herself up short. She loves people, but as individuals and not in crowds. At a party she prefers to sit quietly in a corner and observe rather than join in the small talk. She likes to meet people slowly and take her time in getting to know them. Nothing irritates her so much as a new acquaintance who pushes too fast for a friendship.

People have described Anne as reserved, but it is not quite the proper word, for although she shows a great deal of restraint, her personality bubbles around the edges and there is a suspicion that she is holding back an innate gaiety. Perhaps it can be explained by the fact that early in life her career put the cap on an effervescent personality.

When Anne was still an infant, the family moved from Ossining to a small town in New York called Yorktown Heights. It was a country life, and Anne loved it. There were woods to roam and horses to ride and chickens in the back yard. Once in a while her mother would take her into New York City, only an hour away, to pose for a magazine cover. But back at home she could take off the fancy clothes, climb into something more comfortable, whistle to her dog and be off again to the fields. Then, when Anne was seven, the Francises lost their home. They moved into Manhattan where her father got a job selling at Macy's and her mother picked up occasional work. The transition from overalls and bare feet to patent leather shoes and hat was made suddenly, and Anne simmered with resentment against the necessity of "looking like a lady." She was a tomboy at heart—the fire escapes in back of the tiny three-room apartment were a sorry substitute for the meadows she had known.

But her career boomed. While she went on being a junior cover girl, she also en-

tered radio, eventually becoming known as the Princess of soap opera. She was the first child actress to have her own television show, and for many years was much in demand as a fashion model. She worked in summer stock, and on Broadway portrayed Gertrude Lawrence as a child in *Lady In The Dark*. In between jobs she visited agencies with her mother, looking for work. Even at the age of seven Anne was a true professional and knew instinctively the kind of smile or type of expression wanted by a photographer.

Her earnings were spasmodic, and most of the time infinitesimal. The Sunday radio program she called her own brought the munificent salary of two dollars per show. Anne worked not to add to the family coffers, but because she wanted to. The money she made was "put back into the business," spent for clothes and her studies in dramatics, piano and singing, and for the other lessons that filled her days. Nevertheless, her parents were well aware that such a professional life was apt to spoil Anne, and they did everything in their power to keep her a normal youngster. There had been three babies before her, none of whom had lived, and it was difficult to deny Anne anything. They tried to teach her the value of money. Anne recalls one method in particular—if she was willing to walk the 12 blocks to Rockefeller Center, she could spend the bus fare saved for a book of paper dolls.

ANNE was taught that a young lady never shows anger or temper or any extreme emotion, and in her effort to cooperate she bottled up a natural exuberance. Her emotions have been released in her acting, and Anne says today that if she hadn't chosen to be an actress, she would now be a potential explosion.

This early training in restraint made her self-conscious, and her shyness increased when she began working with other professional children in New York. The others considered her odd because she was from the country, and although she made friends quickly, her whole life was to be affected by one particularly vicious small female who, jealous of Anne's success, managed to turn her friends against her. Anne didn't understand; she would find one good friend or a group of friends and be happy in their companionship until suddenly they would drift away from her, and sometimes even avoid speaking to her. The reserve that people notice in Anne today is the outcome of this experience, which happened in the sensitive years when she was entering her teens.

The change didn't affect her career. It went right on soaring, and at about the same time her father found a more remunerative job. The family bought a house on Long Island, in East Rockaway, on the water. It was only a summer place, but Anne and her parents made it into a permanent residence. With the rise in the family fortunes she felt the world was growing brighter. Hollywood, by this time, was her affirmed goal. She haunted the neighborhood movie theaters and worshipped Alan Ladd from afar. To Anne, Maureen O'Hara was the most beautiful thing that ever flashed across a screen. "She looks the way a heroine should look," Anne used to say.

She didn't have long to wait, for when she was 15 MGM beckoned and gave her a one-year contract. Career-wise, it turned out to be the biggest disappointment of Anne's life. She sat for the whole year, waiting for a role, and got nothing more than a brief walk-on part in a Mickey Rooney comedy. She found herself in front of the broom when the studio swept out a lot of young hopefuls at the end of the year, and, disheartened, she went back home. Not long after, she was given a role in *So Young, So Bad*, a film about juvenile delinquency that was made in New York. On the strength of her work in it she was brought to 20th.

IT WAS, of course, the turning point in Anne's life. Her mother came to Hollywood with her and stayed for almost a year, during which time the mother-and-daughter team was swamped with pitiful letters from Mr. Francis, inquiring how to make an omelette and what herbs to put in a stew. After nine months Mrs. Francis felt that Anne was well enough established in her new home and went back to take over the kitchen in East Rockaway, much to her husband's relief.

Neither parent felt any qualms about leaving Anne on her own. They would miss her, certainly, but from the first they had known that Anne was destined for a career and would one day want to leave the nest. They had every reason for confidence in their daughter. Anne was set to work in pictures immediately, and took the whole thing with a serenity that surprised Hollywood. No one knowing Anne's background, however, could expect her to be non-plussed. She had behind her years of experience in every medium of show business, and neither cameras nor fame were unknown to her.

Anne has made a great many friends in Hollywood, but, unlike most newcomers, she hasn't attached herself to one of the social cliques of the town. Her friends are mostly actors and actresses who are struggling along without contracts. They're all around Anne's age, and they are people who understand her, friends with whom she feels comfortable.

Before she met Bam, she was perfectly content to be by herself of an evening, reading, painting, or playing the piano. She's a quiet, self contained person, and there's never been the urge for her, as there is with most people, to always be with others. Sometimes she would eat out alone at a Westwood restaurant where she knew the piano player and the waitresses. Customers often turned to look at the attractive blonde sitting by herself in a corner and wonder, and Anne looked and wondered right back.

NOW all that has changed. Anne and Bam (a family surname) were introduced for the first time by mutual friends last August. Later, when Anne moved to Westwood, she discovered that Bam had an apartment right next door. She also found out they had much in common, and they used to sit for hours discussing their ideas about life and work.

Bam, who's studying for a Ph.D. in motion picture production, wants eventually to teach in the field of educational films. He is currently writing, producing and directing a short documentary on the evil effects of dope, and Anne is serving as his assistant director and producer. The two spent a recent week end scouting locations for the film near Lancaster, and finally discovering an ideal spot—a Joshua tree and cactus stretch that resembles the country around the Mexican border.

At the moment they are living in one apartment and using Bam's as a studio and workroom. But they hope soon to find a larger place, perhaps a small bungalow house.

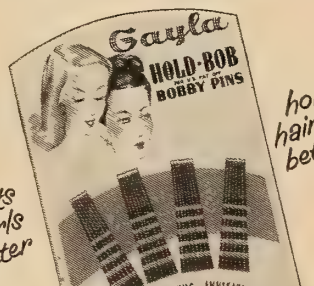
For an actress who has been in Hollywood such a short time, Anne seems to have her life well in hand. She knows what she wants, and if she is still a bit self-conscious in a crowded room, she is confident before the cameras. She is serious about her work and her marriage, and she is constantly seeking self-improvement.

END



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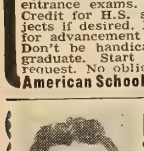
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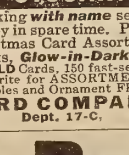
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ingrid tells why

(*Continued from page* 41) searched and searched for someone who could take his unruly head in her lap and say: "So, so . . ."

How do I know, Anna-Britta, if this is the great happiness? I understand that this is the big adventure. But who knows the end? Now about Petter. Why don't I stay? Why don't I marry a Lindstromer? Because far inside we have grown apart. We all have happy memories. Petter took me as a little girl and moulded me, taught me everything. But now I want to develop more, and Petter does not fly where I want to fly. Petter with his hardheadedness, uprightness, and stubbornness cannot understand it. Maybe nobody understands. But I hope that you understand that I never will hate Petter. If I do hate someone, it is myself who has ruined a home, who has caused worldwide scandal.

To calm my bad conscience I am telling myself: I think Petter without me, without having to be the husband of a movie star and live in Hollywood, will better find himself. Now he is on his own and with a great career ahead of him. He has always said that work for a person is the most important thing and comes first in life.

I think that Pia when she has overcome the first shock, also will grow up to become a better and richer person. Life in Hollywood is not good for a child. To have everything, and only have friends who also have everything, what is she going to do in life if she once should not come into not so good circumstances. Now she can go to school with "normal children," and she can come to me and see the "world". Maybe some year she could go to school in Switzerland. She will get a wider view of life and by seeing different sides of the world she will learn and understand more.

Dear, such a long letter. I am now finally finishing and hug you with all my heart.

Ingrid

P.S.—I am so occupied with my own problems that I did not ask how you are and how things are with you and Lena. I hope everything is well. Write again soon . . .

The above is a translation from Swedish of a letter consisting of five handwritten pages, dated Rome, Sept. 3, 1949, addressed to Karaste Anna-Britta and signed Ingrid. Testified to by

Walter Danielson, consul
Royal Vice Consulate of Sweden
at Los Angeles

pia lindstrom testifies

(*Continued from page* 41) the letters that your mother wrote to you?

A No. I think I threw most of them away, because we are moving. I don't like to clutter up my desk. I don't want to keep any letters or messages.

Q Have you kept any of the letters that your mother sent you?

A I probably kept a few. They are probably around somewhere, but I don't keep track of them.

Q Did you show your father some of the letters that your mother had sent you?

A I might have shown him a few of them but I don't show them all to him, just if I feel like showing him a letter, or something; just something funny, or something.

Q Now, generally in the letters that you have thrown away, did your mother tell you in each of those letters, Miss Lindstrom, if you can remember, that she loves you?

A Well, at the end of the letters she always says, "Miss you. Love, Mama."

Q Would you have any objection to seeing this little baby, Robertino?

A Not this year. I mean, I don't want to see him this year.

Q Would you have any objection to seeing the expected twins, assuming that they are born and that they are twins?

A Oh, well, I would like to see them, but I would like to see them in Pittsburgh.

Q You would like to see them where?

A In Pittsburgh, because that is where we will be, and I don't want to go to Europe this summer.

Q Have you ever had any association with small children?

A Yes.

Q Little babies within the age of a year or two?

A Friends, neighbors have babies.

Q You like children, don't you?

A Well, I am a child myself. I guess I like them.

Q When you saw your mother in England in the summer of 1951, did your mother tell you about the home that she lived in, in Rome?

A Yes.

Q Did she tell you at that time that she would like for you to come and visit with her in her home in Rome?

A Yes.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: Did you tell your mother at that time, in England, that you would like to visit with her in Italy?

A No.

Q You desire to stay in, I think you said, Pittsburgh or near Pittsburgh, this summer?

A Yes.

Q Why is that?

A Because I would like to get acquainted with my school and with the people living around, and I have never been there before, so I would like to get acquainted with them before I start school there.

Q What time does school start there, do you know?

A No, I don't know. It probably starts at eight o'clock or nine, I guess.

Q No. My question was perhaps not definite enough. What I mean is, about what date does school start, if you know?

A Oh, well, it starts in September; about September 12th, I guess.

Q About three months from now. Would you object to taking a trip someplace for a few weeks prior to the commencement of school?

A Yes, I would.

Q Do you think that you would not have an opportunity, if you took a trip for a few weeks, to become acquainted with your environment?

A Oh, I probably would have a chance, but I mean even if I did visit my mother, it takes a few days to get there and it takes a few days to get back, and we were just there last summer. I don't see any point in going again.

Q I didn't specifically mean, Miss Lindstrom, about going to see your mother. I mean, would you have any objection to taking a trip for a while before you commenced your school in September?

A If we went up for a few weeks up to the mountains, or something like that, that would be all right.

Q Tell me, did you enjoy the meeting that you had with your mother in England?

A It was all right.

Q Were you happy to see her?

A Yes.

Q And she was happy to see you, wasn't she?

A Yes.

Q You didn't object to seeing your mother in England?

A No, except I wanted to get to Sweden, because I expected to meet her in Sweden, and I wanted to see my relatives.

Q You like Sweden, don't you?

A Yes.

THE COURT: Were you born there, Pia?

THE WITNESS: Yes, I was.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: Would you object to going back to Sweden for a while to see your relatives?

A Well, not during this summer.

Q Was there anything unpleasant that happened between you and your mother during your visit?

A Well, it wasn't unpleasant. My mother argued with my father. It wasn't unpleasant for me, because I wasn't arguing.

Q And was this the time that your mother said that she would like to keep you permanently?

A No. They were arguing over stolen money.

Q That is, your father and your mother were arguing over stolen money?

A Somebody stole money.

Q Wasn't it a fact that they were arguing over whether or not she could keep you permanently?

A No; they were arguing over money.

Q Is that the only thing they were arguing over?

A Well, when I was sitting at the table, yes. It was during dinner.

Q But during all the time that you were in England, is this the only time that they argued about money?

A Well, they might have argued when I was in bed, or something.

Q Did you ever hear your mother say that she would like to keep you permanently?

A No.

Q Your mother told your father in front of you, didn't she, Pia, that she had a right to take you wherever she wanted to?

A Yes.

Q Do you remember when you and your mother were in bed together in England, that one night?

A One night?

Q Didn't you sleep together one night, you and your mother?

A No; we slept together three nights. Well, maybe it was two nights. We slept one night at friends, and one night at Mr. Bernstein's farm. Maybe it was two nights. I think it was two nights.

Q One night you slept together at the Leans, did you not?

A Yes. I don't remember how many times, but it was more than once we slept together.

Q Whether it was once or twice or three times, do you remember one conversation that you had before you and your mother went to sleep?

A Yes.

Q What was the subject of the conversation? What did you say and what did mama say?

A Well, we had been reading this book that had modern art pictures, and there was one picture that had an eye, and a big foot, and a rock, and a bird and a bush, and we were laughing because the picture was supposed to be of a man kicking a rock, and the stone flying at a bird and knocking this bird out of a bush. That was the conversation.

Q Any other conversations?

A Oh, yes. I ruined a pair of shoes. I stepped in a lot of mud, and I had to throw my shoes away. We talked about my shoes.

Q Any other conversations that you had during any of these occasions that you and your mother slept together?

A I think she talked about her house by the sea again, and—I don't remember.

Q Did your mother ask you then whether you

were happy to be with her?

A I don't think she ever asked me in that sort of way, "Are you happy to be with me?" I don't think she ever said that.

Q Not in those words, but in effect did she ever say, "Pia, are you glad that we have this opportunity to be together?"

A I don't remember whether she ever asked me that or not.

Q Did she ever ask you, during any of these conversations, if you missed her?

A I guess she must have.

Q What did you say?

A I guess I said yes, to be polite.

Q You guess you said yes, to be polite?

A Well, I really don't miss her that much, but I couldn't very well tell her I don't.

Q And the only time that you heard your mother and father arguing was that one occasion at the dinner table, about money?

A Yes.

Q Tell me, would you object to seeing your mother again in England?

A Not this summer.

Q Miss Lindstrom, before you left for the summer visit, what did your father tell you about the visit to England?

A Well, he said we were going to England and my cousins were going to come down from Sweden and stay in England, and we were going to go to Sweden and my mother was going to meet us in Sweden.

Q Did he tell you that he thought it would be a good idea if you visited with your mother?

A Yes. After we got to England he found out that she was in England, and I met her, and then we arranged that I should go and stay with her for a few days.

IT HAPPENED TO ME



It was a rainy weekend at the seashore and our drafty, antiquated Victorian hotel was at its worst. It was also bursting at the seams with guests. A friend called from New York to say she was bringing a very important person and that we had to make room somehow. Appalled, we had to give her the worst room in the house—it was the last one.

That evening my friend introduced us in the cocktail lounge, and we talked of our work, our children and other female trivia. Not a word about the poor room, the bad weather or the cold she was coming down with . . . and nothing but praise for the food which I had prepared.

Of course, the guest was the chic, perennially charming and completely fabulous Gloria Swanson.

Beryl T. Yocum
Beach Haven, N. J.

Q And you wanted to see your mother in England at that time, didn't you, as well as see your relatives in Sweden?

A Well, I was going to see my mother in Sweden. I didn't know she was going to be in England. I didn't expect to see her.

Q You didn't object to seeing her in England, did you?

A Well, I would rather have seen her in Sweden.

Q Do you remember whether or not you wrote her telling her that you were anxious and happy to see her?

A No, I didn't say that in a letter.

Q You don't write those kind of letters?

A Well, I didn't write her a letter saying that.

Q Have you ever written her a letter telling her in the letter that you love her?

A I always sign my name, "Love, Pia."

Q And does that express the way you feel about her?

A No; it is just an ending for a letter.

Q Did you say it to her to be pleasant?

A No, it is in my letters. I always say in my letters, "Love, Pia," to my mother. To my father I say, "Love, Pia".

Q But the meaning to you in each case is different, is it not?

A I think so.

Q So I take it to mean that you actually, when you sign the letter saying "Love, Pia", that you don't love your mother?

A I don't love her. I like her.

Q And you don't miss her, do you?

A No.

Q And you don't have any desire to see her?

A No. I would rather live with my father.

Q Miss Lindstrom, do you understand what this case is about, as to what your mother is seeking to do in this case?

A Yes. She wants me to come to Italy, and I don't want to go to Italy.

Q But you realize, do you not, that your mother is not asking to have you live with her?

A But I just saw her last summer.

Q But you realize, do you not, Miss Lindstrom, that your mother is not making any request of this court or of you to live with her?

A Yes.

Q You realize that she is only asking to have you visit with her during a part of your summer vacation?

A Well, she has written to me that she would like me to stay, too. I mean, she would like me to come and visit her and stay, and how much I would like Italy, and I must learn how to speak Italian in school.

Q Well, I think loving you as much as she does, she probably would like to have you stay with her, but I want to know whether or not you are aware of the fact that she is not making any request of Judge Lillie here, nor are we asking upon her behalf, for you to go and live with her. You realize that?

A Yes.

Q And you realize further that she is only asking for you to come and spend a part of the summer vacation with her?

A Yes.

Q And that you object to?

A Yes.

Q You love your father very, very much, don't you, Miss Lindstrom?

A Yes.

Q And your father has told you that he does not desire for you to go to Italy, hasn't he?

A Well, he would rather have me live with him.

Q Yes, but he has told you, has he not, that he would prefer that you do not go to Italy?

A No, he hasn't.

Q He hasn't, upon any occasion, told you that he didn't want you to go to Italy or didn't think that you should go to Italy?

A No, he never said I shouldn't go to Italy.

Q Has he told you that he doesn't think that you should see your mother?

A No.

Q Has he told you that your mother is responsible for this present situation which even finds the result here in the courtroom?

A No.

Q Has your father told you anything at all about your mother in the course of last year?

A Well, he has talked about my mother.

Q What has he said?

A Today he said— He gave me a necklace for my confirmation, and he said how he used to buy jewelry for my mother, and he talked about my mother.

Q If your father told you that he desired you to go to Italy, that it was his desire that you go, would you then go?

A No.

Q If the Court felt that it was necessary to make an order for you to go to Italy, would you go?

A No.

Q Well now, Miss Lindstrom, you would like to do whatever would make your father happy, wouldn't you?

A It depends upon if I want to do it. I mean, if he told me to go to Italy, I wouldn't go, and if he said it, he wasn't very happy; it wouldn't make me happy, so I wouldn't go.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You testified, I believe, that you had met Mr. Rossellini?

A Yes.

Q That was when he came to Los Angeles in 1948?

A Yes.

Q Did you ever have any conversation with Mr. Rossellini at that time?

A Well, he lived in our house, so I guess I talked to him, but I don't remember anything that we talked about.

Q Did you find him to be a considerate, gentlemanly man?

A I don't remember. I didn't find him anything.

THE COURT: How old were you, Pia, when he came there, do you remember? Was that in 1949?

MR. BAUTZER: February of '49.

THE COURT: Did you see him often, Pia?

THE WITNESS: Who?

THE COURT: Mr. Rossellini, while he was at your home.

THE WITNESS: I was out. I mean, I went to school.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: During the times that you did see him, did you observe anything about him that you objected to?

A Well, I didn't eat with him. I ate by myself, and I went to bed earlier than he did, so I didn't observe much.

Q But during the time that you did see him, you didn't dislike him at that time, did you?

A I didn't like him; I didn't dislike him. I just didn't have any—

Q Your father has told you about him, hasn't he?

A What about him?

Q Well, you had conversations with your father about Mr. Rossellini?

A No. We just don't sit down and say, "Let's talk about Mr. Rossellini."

Q I am certain you don't, Miss Lindstrom, but you have discussed Mr. Rossellini with your father, haven't you?

A Yes—yes.

Q And what generally has your father said and what have you said?

A Well, he said, "He lives with us," and then I said, "Yes." I don't remember what we discussed. We just—

Q As nearly as you can remember.

THE WITNESS: I don't remember what we discussed. We discussed that he used to stand in front of the fireplace and tell how religious he was . . . He borrowed my father's money and bought presents



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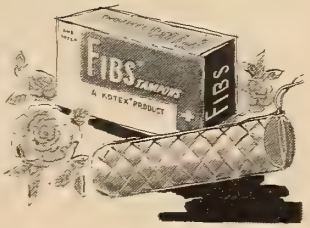
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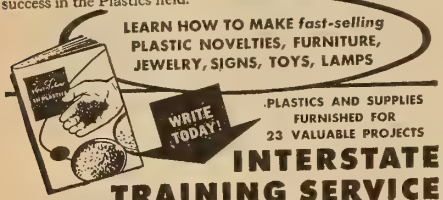
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money.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: What else?

A I don't remember, what we talked about. I don't know. I don't remember what we talked about.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: When your father told you that Mr. Rossellini used to stand in front of the fireplace and quote the Bible, did he tell you what Mr. Rossellini said?

A No.

THE COURT: He didn't say "quote the Bible". He said "talked about how religious he was".

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: Talked about religion. Did your father tell you that he quoted the Bible?

A Yes.

Q And that he borrowed money?

A Yes.

Q Did he tell you anything else about Mr. Rossellini?

A No.

Q He told you absolutely nothing else about Mr. Rossellini and Mrs. Lindstrom?

A Nothing that I can remember.

Q Well, he told you about the publicity concerning Mr. Rossellini, didn't he?

A I don't know what publicity you are talking about.

Q Did he tell you about any publicity about Mr. Rossellini? He did, didn't he?

A Well, there were articles in magazines about him.

Q Your father discussed those with you, didn't he?

A He said I shouldn't get worried if people in school talked about articles. He said I should know about them, that I wouldn't get very surprised if I should hear my name mentioned, that I was getting in the magazines and the papers.

THE COURT: Pia, before your mother left for Italy, did you spend much time with her?

THE WITNESS: No.

THE COURT: Weren't you home when she was home?

THE WITNESS: Well, she wasn't home very often.

THE COURT: Did you eat with her?

THE WITNESS: No.

THE COURT: Did you eat with your father or by yourself?

THE WITNESS: Well, my mother didn't want to eat with me. She didn't want to eat by herself, and she ate later than I did. I had to go to bed.

THE COURT: Did your mother ever eat with you?

THE WITNESS: Not that I can remember.

THE COURT: How about breakfast?

THE WITNESS: She was up earlier than I was.

THE COURT: Did you see your mother very much during the day after school?

THE WITNESS: No. She comes home later than I was. She came home while I was going to bed, and had dinner after I was in bed.

THE COURT: That was when she was making a picture and working, isn't that right?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: When she wasn't working and wasn't making any pictures, didn't you see her quite often?

THE WITNESS: No, because then she went to New York.

THE COURT: How often would she go to New York or other places away from home?

THE WITNESS: Whenever she felt like going to New York.

THE COURT: Was it once or twice a year, or would you remember?

THE WITNESS: I don't remember. When she got tired of staying at home, which was quite often, she went to New York.

THE COURT: Did she ever take you with her?

THE WITNESS: No.

THE COURT: Did she ever ask you to go?

THE WITNESS: No, because I had school.

THE COURT: Did your mother ever take you any place like the movies?

THE WITNESS: No. She took me to the studios a few times.

THE COURT: Did you go any place with your mother aside from that?

THE WITNESS: No.

THE COURT: Did you go with your father?

THE WITNESS: Well, sometimes he picked me up from school, but he was working, too, during that time.

THE COURT: Who took care of you?

THE WITNESS: We had a nurse, and then we had a maid, and my father did most of the taking care of.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: Pia, you testified that your mother would go to New York when she got tired. How did you know she was tired?

A When she got tired of staying home.

Q You mean bored?

A Yes. When she couldn't find anything else to do. She would swim and take sunbaths, and when she got tired of taking sunbaths or swimming she went to New York.

Q How did you know that she was tired of taking sunbaths and swimming?

A Because that's why she said she went to New York.

Q She told you the reason she went to New York was because she was bored?

A She said that she was tired of staying at home, and she wanted to go and see the plays in New York, and she wanted to see some friends.

Q Isn't it a fact, Pia, that your father told you that?

A I don't remember. I don't remember who said it, but somebody said it.

Q But it is possible that your father said that, isn't it, Pia?

A Yes.

THE COURT: When your mother would go to New York or go away from home, would she write you?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: She would call you on the telephone from New York?

A I don't remember. I was only about six, or maybe up to eight years old. I don't remember when she called me or if she called me.

Q Miss Lindstrom, isn't it a fact that you used to go shopping with your mother quite often?

A I don't remember.

Q Miss Lindstrom, has anyone told you to say, "I don't remember"?

A No.

Q Nobody has told you at all to just say, if there is a question that maybe you don't know how to answer, you should answer that—it is perfectly proper—which it is—to say, "I don't remember"?

A No. I was told that I could say "Yes" or "No", or "I don't know" if I don't understand; if I don't know it.

Q Or, "I don't remember"?

A No. I was never told to say, "I don't remember", but I don't remember.

Q You don't remember any occasion of your mother taking you shopping?

A No. I wasn't thinking that I was going to have to remember it.

Q Do you remember your father taking you different places?

A No, I don't remember that, either.

THE COURT: What would you and your mother do together at home, if anything?

THE WITNESS: Swim.

THE COURT: Did she read to you?

THE WITNESS: I don't remember whether she read to me or not.

THE COURT: You don't remember?

THE WITNESS: No. I mean, I don't remember whether she read to me. I suppose most mothers read to their children good night stories, or something like that.

THE COURT: Did your father read to you?

THE WITNESS: I don't remember.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You remember your mother reading *Alice In Wonderland* to you, don't you?

A No.

Absent Minded Rex

Rex Harrison plays tennis on a court that belongs to his friend Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Occasionally his wife is confronted by a bewildered husband who remarks that he seems to have lost a lot of trousers somewhere. She knows just where to look for them. Sighing, she drives to the Fairbanks home. After tennis, Rex, Doug, Jr., and their athletically inclined friends retire to a steam bath Fairbanks has built near his court, and when Harrison finishes parboiling himself, he is likely to climb absent-mindedly into a pair of flannels belonging to Fairbanks. His wife has fetched home whole armloads of his trousers, as well as shirts and sweaters.

PETE MARTIN—"HOLLYWOOD WITHOUT MAKEUP"

Q You don't remember. Do you remember a little market on Camden Drive in Beverly Hills?

A Little market on Camden? No, I don't remember any market on Camden.

Q You don't remember?

A No. There's lots of markets on Camden. There's McDaniel's, and there's the Safeway, and there's Ralph's.

Q You remember being in those markets with your mother, don't you?

A No.

Q Didn't your mother used to buy your clothes for you?

A I don't remember if she did. Somebody did. I don't know whether she did.

Q Don't you remember the times, Miss Lindstrom, that you and your mother used to play a little game where you both imagined that you were in another world, and the two of you were different people or different animals?

A No, I don't remember.

Q You don't remember having any association with your mother at all?

A Well, I remember that I saw her, and knew that she was my mother, and I said "Hello" to her, and "Goodbye" to her, and we swam together and talked together. Naturally I guess we played. I played with my father. I always played with both of them. I don't remember anything about a little store

on Camden and another world and animals and bedtime stories.

THE COURT: When your mother didn't come back, did your father talk to you about your mother and Mr. Rossellini?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: What did your father tell you?

A I don't remember his exact words, but he just told me about them getting married—no; he said my mother wasn't coming back.

THE COURT: Pia, after your mother left, did you stay out of school a little while, or did you just keep on going to school as you always had?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: Do you remember when your father went to Italy the first time?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: When he came back, did you stay out of school a while, do you remember?

THE WITNESS: I don't remember, but I don't think I did. I guess if I would have stayed out of school I would have remembered it.

THE COURT: When your father came back from Italy, did any of your classmates at school say anything about your mother?

THE WITNESS: Well, they always said—well, there was writing in the papers, so they would say, "I read about your mother in the paper," or "I saw her name mentioned in the paper," and I said, "Yes, I know."

THE COURT: Would any of them mention Mr. Rossellini?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You talked to your father about their mention of Mr. Rossellini, did you not?

A I suppose I did.

Q When the stories came out in the newspapers, you read them, did you not?

A Yes.

Q And it is a fact, isn't it, Miss Lindstrom, that your father then discussed them with you?

A No. He told me about them first.

Q Well, he told you about the stories first, and told you about Mr. Rossellini, did he not?

A He said that my mother was marrying Mr. Rossellini, and that's all he said.

Q Nothing else?

A Well, I can't remember. It must have been on that line, of them getting married, and she was going to live in Italy and she was going to have a son—or, I mean, she was going to have a child.

Q Did he tell you whose child that was going to be?

A My mother's.

Q Did he say anything else about that?

A Well, I just took it for granted that it was her child. I knew she was having a baby.

Q Did he say anything else about it?

A No. I don't remember—we just talked about it, and he said that they were going to stay away.

Q How many times have you written your mother in the last couple of years, Miss Lindstrom?

A My goodness, I don't know how many letters. A hundred, fifty; I don't know how many letters. I don't write her every week, but I answer her letters.

Q Do you show the letters to your father before you send them?

A No, I don't.

Q Does he read them?

A Not unless I just feel like showing it to him.

Q Which sometimes you do?

A Yes, because sometimes I spell words wrong; if I don't know how to spell a word, I ask him how the word is spelled.

Q Your father has told you to write your mother, hasn't he?

A Yes, he has.

Q Do you have a picture of your mother in your bedroom?

A Yes, I do.

Q That is on your dresser?

A It is on a table. I have a whole lot of pictures of my father, my mother, and relatives and friends; mostly empty frames, because I haven't found any pictures to put in them.

Q Mostly empty frames?

A Well, yes; people keep giving me frames for presents, and I don't have any pictures to put in them, so they just sit there.

Q Have you noticed any continuation of the remarks of your classmates in the last year?

A Well, no. Now they all know, so nobody says much any more.

Q Now they all know what?

A That my mother is married to another man.

Q In the school that you go to, do any of your classmates make fun of you any more?

A They never did.

Q They never did?

A No.

Q What did your classmates say to you, if you can remember?

A Well, they would say, "I read somewhere that your mother is getting married to another man, and I saw your name in the paper and there was a picture of you in the paper; didn't look anything like you," and so on, like that. Just read things in the paper or in magazines. There was an article in one magazine.

Q Did they say anything about Mr. Rossellini?

A They said that my mother was marrying Mr. Rossellini.

Q Anything else, Miss Lindstrom?

A Yes. They used to say people who weren't nice, they called them Rossellinis.

Q You discussed this with your father, didn't you?

A Yes.

Q What did he say about it?

A He didn't say anything.

Q Did you ask him what to do, or—

A No. I just said, "They are calling people who aren't nice, Rossellinis," and so he said, "Ha-ha," or he just said, "Oh." I mean, he didn't say anything.

THE COURT: Did he ever tell you not to pay any attention to what the children said?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: He said it in connection with that?

THE WITNESS: Well, he said not to mind anything that people said.

Q Assuming that you went to Europe, and pictures of you and your mother were taken, would you object to that?

A Yes, because every time I walk down the street, everybody looks at me.

Q When you testified that your mother never had a meal with you, that you could remember, you asked your father why your mother didn't eat with you, didn't you?

A I don't remember.

Q You told your father, did you not, that you were not interested in seeing your mother?

A Yes.

Q And this was prior to your trip to England?

A No, I never said that. I mean, I didn't say before I went to England that I didn't want to go to England.

Q You didn't say it?

A Because I didn't know I was going to meet my mother in England.

Q But you were not happy to see your mother in England?

A I was happy to see her.

Q Then before you left you told your father, didn't you, that you were not interested in seeing her?

A Well, yes, I didn't want to see her that much.

Q Did you tell your father that you were not interested in seeing your mother?

A No. I said I would be happy to see my mother. I mean, I didn't particularly want to see my mother.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You told your father, didn't you, that your mother didn't care about you?

A I don't remember saying that.

THE COURT: Do you feel that way about her now?

THE WITNESS: What way?

THE COURT: Do you feel that your mother doesn't care about you now?

THE WITNESS: Well, I don't think she cares about me too much.

THE COURT: Why do you say that?

THE WITNESS: Well, she didn't seem very interested about me when she left. It was only after she left and got married and had children that she suddenly decided she wanted me.

THE COURT: Pia, if you wanted to go to Italy, would you tell me that you did?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: Even though your father may not want to go?

THE WITNESS: Well, he wouldn't go anyway, I don't think.

THE COURT: Well, even if he didn't want to go, would you tell me if you wanted to go?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: You are sure you don't want to go see your mother this summer?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: And this is your idea and not your father's, is that right?

THE WITNESS: Yes. He told me that if I wanted to go, he would stop the court case, and I could go.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: When did he tell you this; today?

A No.

Q When.

A About two weeks ago, when the court case was—I think it was a week ago, whenever the court case was beginning to start, he said that it was costing him a lot of money, and he said if I wanted to go, he would stop the court case because it was wasting money unless I wanted to stay.

THE COURT: Did you talk with your father then about it?

THE WITNESS: He said that they were going to go in court, and they were going to try and decide, because my mother wanted me to come to Italy.

THE COURT: Did you think about it then, whether or not you wanted to go?

THE WITNESS: Well, I already knew that I didn't.

THE COURT: Did you reconsider at that time?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: You told your father that you didn't want to go?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: Do you have any feeling at all about Mr. Rossellini?

THE WITNESS: Well, now I naturally don't like him because from what he has done now, but before I didn't think anything about him at all. I mean, he just brought me presents all the time, and was very nice to me, did everything I wanted, brought me presents about every day, came home with more presents.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You haven't talked to your father about Mr. Rossellini regarding your attitude about not wanting to see him, have you?

A Well, he knows, I think, that I am not interested in seeing him.

Q If Mr. Rossellini were not with your mother and you would not have to see him, would you feel differently?

A No.

Q Would it make you feel any differently towards your mother or towards her desire to see you?

A No.

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ava wants out

(*Continued from page 33*) up and said, "Excuse me, honey. I'm starvin'."

She called Maria, the housekeeper, and politely asked for a coke and a lettuce and tomato sandwich toasted. When she returned she tried to crack a pecan with a single-blade nutcracker. She failed. "Gosh!" she exclaimed. "What a hokey nutcracker."

"When did you dye your hair blonde?" I asked.

"How do you like it, darling?"

I crinkled my nose.

"It looks awful now," she explained quickly, "because it's yellow but wait till you see it tonight. Tonight the girl'll put some blue in it and silver it up. It'll look nice. Really will. I dye my hair about once every two years. I don't know why. For the change, I guess. Honestly, doll, it doesn't look half bad. I mean, Frank doesn't mind."

Maria brought the coke and sandwich. Ava bit into the toast. She weighs 123 lbs. and looks thinner than she ordinarily does. She hasn't been feeling too well lately, she admitted, in fact had been laid up in the hospital for a few days.

"How's your mental condition?" I asked.

"Whattaya mean, mental condition?"

"Your outlook on things."

"What things?" Ava Gardner asked.

"Your suspension, Frank, your plans for the future, those things."

She thought for a moment, her eyes growing meditative as twilight. "I wish we had the Palm Springs house in Los Angeles," she said presently. "That's a great house. About the future, who knows? We don't have any definite plans. How can we? Who knows what comes up in this business? That's what I've been trying to tell you. A girl marries a stockbroker or a bookkeeper, her life is set. She knows the score. Marry some guy in show business and it's rough. Today he's in Chicago. Then he's hitting St. Louis. When he comes home, the studio wants you to take a flying leap to Mexico.

"I know what you're going to say. You always say it. Why don't I quit and have some kids and settle down? I'd settle for that. Funny thing, we were in this restaurant the other night. A handwriting analyst—some hokey dame came over. I scribbled a few words. 'You're going to have twins,' she told me. 'Eventually two boys and a girl.' She also told me I'm going to be pregnant in five months. Frank told her we'd work on it. I can't have twins. Least, I don't think so. No twins in Frank's family. None in mine. But two girls and a boy, that'd be great. I mean two boys and a girl."

"Frank makes a good father," I said.

Ava smiled. "Out of this world. We had the kids down at the desert before we went to Honolulu, and Frank was wonderful with them. It was the first time for me. Their mother's done a great job. I sure want to see more of them. They're just adorable, you know."

The housekeeper let Ava's dog, Rags, into the house and tied his leash to the coffee table.

Ava picked the dog up and hugged him.

"He's a Welsh Corgi," she explained. Then to the dog, "Aren't you, Rags?" She put him down, explaining that she'd first met the dog in England two years ago, thinking he was a lovable little mongrel. An Englishman told her that Rags was no mongrel at all, that her mistake was a frequent one since there were less than 150 such dogs in America. "Anyway, Frank had this little creature flown over for my 28th birthday. My sister Babs has one named Shannon. They're just wonderful. Excuse me, honey. That's the phone."

While Ava was talking to her agent, I looked around this new house she and Frank rent furnished at $500 a month.

It's a small house located in a fashionable section of Beverly Hills on a canyon road. It has five rooms and one for the maid. The largest room is the bedroom. Ava and Frank sleep in a tremendous double bed. On the night table at the left, Ava's side of the bed, rests a small portrait of Frank, showing him a 17-year-old youngster in Hoboken. A wedding picture of Ava and Frank stands on one dresser and portraits of Ava's various nephews and nieces on another. The room also contains a radio, a record-player especially built for Frank, and a television set.

One of the closets in the foyer beside the bedroom was opened. It contained nothing but Ava's shoes. I counted 35 pairs. Most of them were plain black high-heeled pumps.

Tain't true that Sam Goldwyn, noting the success of Biblical pictures, decided he was going to film *Adam and Eve* "with a cast of thousands."
Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

I returned to the living room, a modern rectangle done in light green with grey carpeting. A portrait of Ava painted by her good friend, Paul Clemens, hung on the wall over the baby grand piano. Portraits by Clemens hang in many Hollywood homes.

Ava came back from her phone call. "Sure you're not hungry, sweetie?"

I said, "No."

"When I'm hungry," she said, "I eat like a pig. Honest!"

"I thought of some questions to ask," I said, "while you were on the phone. I'd like you to level on them."

She said she would.

"A year ago," I began, "when I asked you if you were contemplating a marriage with Frank—or maybe it was more than a year ago, you said, 'Do you think I'm crazy? Why should I marry him? He's in show business. I've already been married to two guys in this racket. Look what happened.' Now tell me, Ava, what made you change your mind?"

She laughed to herself. "I still say the same thing. Honest, doll. A girl's got to be crazy to marry a guy in show business. Why'd I do it? I can't explain it in terms of logic. In fact, logic's got nothing to do with it. With me it's pure emotion. I fall in love with a guy, and I'm hooked. Lana's the same way. We're a pair of suckers for love. I always will be.

"In all of my marriages, it's been the same bit. When I told friends Mickey and I were going to be married, they came to me and said, 'Listen, Ava. Better suicide. You don't know what you're doing.' With Artie the same routine. When I started going with Frank, more warnings.

"Here's the way I feel about it. If things blow up, I'm the one to suffer. I'm the fall guy. I'm the one who's got to take the rap. But I'm funny about marriage. To me if two people fall in love, the best thing, the only thing, is a wedding ceremony. I feel I'm entitled to make my own mistakes and pay for them.

"I fell in love with Frank. It wasn't intentional. I'd met him ten years ago when he was singing with Tommy Dorsey at the Palladium. I'd seen him around the studio. It was nothing. Just hello and goodbye. Two years ago we met and it started getting serious. Can I help it if I don't have sense enough to run away from love? The result is that I've never been happier in my life. I think the same goes for Frank."

The phone rang again. Maria came into the living room. "Perdoname, Senora," she said, speaking to Ava in Spanish. "Su doctor. El telefono."

Ava jumped up. "Back in a minute, sweetie."

She was back in less. "Shoot," she said.

I fired a second question. "What goes with you and these constant studio suspensions?"

Ava lit another cigarette. For the first time her good humor seemed to evaporate. "All I'm going to say about that, doll, is this: my contract expires in December next year . . . Enough?"

I nodded. It's no secret in Hollywood that Ava would like to terminate her MGM contract as quickly as possible. Hollywood's most beautiful actress and Hollywood's largest studio just don't happen to see eye to eye on story values.

Ava has developed into an actress of considerable talent and surprisingly fine literary taste. She has turned down several roles offered to her. The studio sees no point in paying her for not working so that a good portion of her time has been spent on suspension.

Once Ava's Metro contract expires, she intends to leave Hollywood, circumstances permitting, for a substantial period.

She has never been a particularly ambitious girl. Neither does she covet fame or money. What she is looking for is emotional security and personal happiness. To have these, she feels strongly that she must be with her husband. She prefers to spend at least six months of the year with him away from Hollywood. In the movie colony she has the recurrent feeling that she is the cynosure of all eyes, that everyone is waiting for her marriage to founder, that thousands of I-told-you-so wiseguys build up every little quibble into a cause célèbre.

Hollywood has given Ava some money —not much but more than she ever had before—and a good deal of notoriety, but she has been happiest away from Hollywood when she's had Frank at her side.

Since Ava's suspension Frank has been the sole source of family income. Frank makes good money on the personal appearance circuit, but it's hard work, and he has to give away a good portion of his earnings for the support of ex-wife Nancy and his three children.

If Ava could only obtain her release from MGM, she feels she could go to Europe and make a picture over there for at least $50,000 per film. Metro gets $65,000 and up when they loan her out. Ava could also remain in Hollywood and make films on a free lance basis which would again supply her with the wherewithal to travel.

Ava loves the house she and Frank own in Palm Springs, but the desert is no place for a young couple during the hot months. Besides, Ava is beginning to think that Palm Springs is too close to Hollywood for the type of privacy she craves.

"I never have been very good," Ava says, "about explaining how I feel about things. All I know is that I've got to get away from this town for a while. I need a change."

"Is that why you've been dyeing your hair?" I asked. "A sort of substitute?"

Ava Lavinia grinned. "It's sure going to be funny," she said. "I've posed for different magazine photographers as a brunette, an ordinary blonde, and a platinum blonde. By the time the magazines come out, I'm going to be a redhead." **END**

(*Ava will soon be seen in MGM's* Sombrero)

miracles do happen

(*Continued from page 49*) normally religious turn of mind feel we have had personal proof of the power of prayer. Those who take pride in being modern sophisticates scoff at such a thought but cannot deny that there is much in life that cannot be explained.

"Prayers are always answered," Loretta Young declares. "Sometimes almost miraculously. If you believe in prayer, you can make things happen that seem miraculous, that is, if you storm heaven with your prayers."

It must be explained that Loretta makes no apology to friends or the public for the fact that she is religious, nor has she ever maintained the attitude that her beliefs make her a trifle "better" than anyone, inside or out of Hollywood. To the casual observer, her delicate, ethereal beauty makes her appear fragile, as though a brisk wind might pick her up and deposit her in the next county. Actually, Loretta Young's personality is as lusty and direct as a truck driver's, minus of course the tendency of many of those gentlemen to employ a vocabulary that can peel paint off walls.

"You might as well face it," Loretta told me, "I am not going to be trapped into a deep discussion about miracles. I am perhaps as well versed in theology as the normal church-goer, but I might as well attempt to explain the mysteries of a delicate brain operation. But I will tell you some of the answers to prayers that I have experienced personally and some wonderfully inspiring experiences of people I know personally.

Actors worry and fret their careers away instead of enjoying them.

Loretta Young

"To get down to cases. Two years ago one prayer of mine was answered so swiftly and surely that it seemed like a miracle to me. This answer came with blinding, split-second speed and no one could convince me that it was not a positive answer to my prayer.

"My two young sons and I were out walking. Peter, the youngest, ran on ahead, suddenly turning off the sidewalk, across the narrow parkway, and into the street. I called after him, frantically, but my four-year-old sprite was free as a bird. His entire world at the moment consisted of the empty street and the new wonders that lay on the other side of it.

"My vision swept the road in search of that inevitable speeding car. Normally, a half-hour could go by without anyone using that street, but there it was, a huge station wagon bent on setting a new speed record. Horror-stricken, I shrieked Peter's name and stood paralyzed.

"He didn't hear me. At that point he was about four feet into the street and pounding ahead on sturdy legs. I don't know whether I had time to close my eyes, but I whispered 'Please, God, *please* save him!' "

For an agonized moment that seemed an eternity, Loretta waited for the sound of screaming brakes and the indescribable pain of seeing her child lying crushed on the pavement. Then, as though she were watching a motion picture in which one scene is suddenly frozen on the screen, Loretta saw Peter standing stock still, just shy of the middle of the road, while with tires whining, the station wagon was rounding the turn just ahead.

Something had caused Peter to stop, amazingly, in his headlong romp. He couldn't have heard his mother's frantic call. He couldn't have seen the station wagon, for a parked car to his left had hidden it from sight. Even if he had heard the sound of the approaching station wagon, he couldn't have stopped, because his four-year-old reflexes could never have halted his momentum.

"It was prayer," Loretta repeats, simply. "God said yes."

"The true miracle," she continues, "is a supernatural act of God which the human mind cannot logically explain. Just as a child cannot understand why an electric light goes on and off but accepts the fact with a perfectly natural faith, an adult cannot fully comprehend the actual cause of what we call a miracle but also accepts it as a matter of faith."

One of Loretta's favorite stories of the power of prayer concerns Pat O'Brien.

"Pat's oldest daughter was only a baby at the time," she says. "About two, I think. Anyway, she became terribly ill. The doctors did everything they could. They finally gave up in despair. There was no hope. It was only a matter of time. Pat went into his room alone. He went down on his knees and started saying his Rosary. He stayed there in his room, alone, on his knees all that day and night, praying, never moving. And they came in the next morning and told him his little girl had reached and passed the crisis and miraculously had lived.

"You can bring about apparent miracles through prayer. Actually, what you are doing is asking for spiritual guidance to help you get what you want. If it is right for you, you'll get it. If it isn't, you won't. You just don't get down on your knees and say 'gimmee.' And it will happen many times that a prayer will be answered for one individual, but not for another, even though the circumstances seem almost identical. This has happened to me. If this has happened to you, don't let the result be that you become skeptical."

LORETTA points out that she could never explain or attempt to prove the truth of miracles to anyone. There may be thousands, or hundreds of thousands who have never heard of the miracle at Lourdes, or the many others that have been verified through the years. If they cannot accept these as facts, then unfortunately, they will never be able to recognize those almost miraculous events that happen around them every day.

For instance, some years ago a priest who is an old friend of Loretta's came to her to explain that he needed $5,000 for a trailer and a projection unit to take into Utah missionary territory. Loretta was upset, because she couldn't at the time afford to donate the amount.

"I just don't have that sort of money right now," she explained, "but I'll see what I can do among my friends."

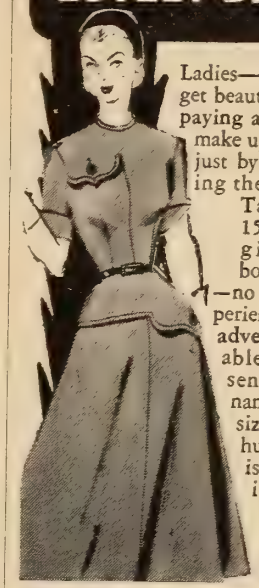
"We'll work on this together," the priest said. "I will pray."

And Loretta prayed. And the answer came. Several days before, the Lux Radio Theater had asked Loretta to play in one of their weekly dramatic shows. But, because the studio contract at the time stipulated that she must pay the studio 50 per cent of her radio fees, she had been turning down air shows as a matter of principle. This, however, was different.

Loretta called the studio and asked if they would waive the 50 per cent clause in this particular case. The executive to whom she talked not only gave in, but sent her a sizable check of his own. Then, with another small prayer that the part would still be available, Loretta called the Lux people.

Call it coincidence, but the star who accepted the role in Loretta's place got a heavy cold a few (*Continued on next page*)

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(*Continued from preceding page*) hours before and couldn't do the show. The Lux man thanked heaven over the telephone, and well he should have. The following night, Loretta did the show and gave her check for $5,000 to the priest.

Most agnostics, psychiatrists and just plain people might not believe that this happened as a result of prayer. Loretta does believe it, and no one can deny that her faith has had a great deal to do with a happy life, while many of her sister stars, who believe only in luck and themselves, have reached a climax of unhappiness.

As Mrs. Tom Lewis, Loretta leads a full, busy life. Her happy marriage is not an accident, but the creation of a husband and wife who recognize their marriage as an adult partnership. They do not "adjust their halos" every morning. They are a pair of warm, exciting and adventuresome spirits. They have great standing, and wealth, too. But it has not made them arrogant or prejudiced.

On the latter point—the subject of prejudice—Loretta Young has another story well worth re-telling to those who have not heard it.

On the set of her last picture, *Paula*, she ran across a sound technician who had worked on previous pictures she made at Columbia. "Why, Dick Williams," she exclaimed, "I haven't seen you in ages. What have you been doing with yourself?"

The answer rocked her back on her heels. "A year ago," he said, "I was a dead man!"

"Oh, stop it," Loretta retorted.

"It's true," he persisted. And then he told his story:

Dick Williams was a Texan. A big, gruff man, proud of his southern heritage. As has been the case with people all over the country, at times, Dick grew up with an unreasoning prejudice against Negroes. In his later years in Hollywood, he took to drink. Took to it all the way. He became, in fact, a drunken bum. No studio would hire him. Eventually his wife left him. He was thrown out of his apartment. He wound up in a shack, contracted pneumonia, and one day some neighbors found him on the floor of his miserable quarters, apparently a dead man. A doctor certified to the fact and sent him to a funeral parlor.

Moments before he was to be injected with embalming fluid, Dick Williams fluttered an eyelid. The undertaker, understandably nearly changed places with him. Dick was rushed to a hospital, where his condition was pronounced hopeless. Nevertheless, the usual emergency remedies were applied and he responded feebly.

What he needed was 24 hours nursing care, but the man was a refugee from Potter's Field, stone broke. There were no funds to provide three nurses on eight hour shifts, but volunteers were found.

When Dick Williams, many hours later, regained consciousness, the first thing he saw was an anxious colored face peering into his own. He was a weak, sick man, so he could do nothing about the old feeling of revulsion that swept over him. Devotedly, the three negro women slaved without thought of themselves to cure a man who hated them and all their people.

They not only saved his life. They renewed it and added purpose in place of the prejudice that had ruled his thinking. Today Dick Williams is back at work. One of the first things he did was to save every penny he could earn to buy those nurses three fine watches so important to them every day in their wonderful lifework.

"It wasn't much," he told Loretta, "but it was all I could give them, then. Materially, I mean. What counts is the way I feel about it. I love those three women. They taught me real, brotherly love. I've found something I never had before. I lost my life, and it was given back to me. It was a miracle!"

So, is it so hard to understand why Loretta Young will frankly admit that she believes in prayers being answered? But still refuses to try to explain how they work? It's enough that they do work—for her, and for others who truly believe in them.

Take the case of the prominent Los Angeles woman who suffered so acutely from arthritis. Medical science failed to stem the tide of pain. For two years she had been in a wheel chair unable to move her limbs. She often lunched at a drive-in, where she need not leave her car. A little car hop who waited on her noticed her great pain and brought her a small statue of Christ.

"Put this on the table beside your bed," she told the woman. "I will burn candles for you, and on the ninth day from today you will have no more pain."

On the ninth day, the woman remembered, but did not expect relief. She looked wistfully at the little statue, and in a moment she had lifted both arms above her head, something she had not been able to do in years. And from that day she has been free from pain.

Obviously, it happens every day. Loretta Young is not the only one who can tell us about such proof, but she does so with effective, factual honesty.

And you come away, knowing that what she has said is true. **END**

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the secret life of marilyn monroe

(*Continued from page 43*) Marilyn's mother's name was Gladys Pearl Monroe and she was a native of Mexico. Her father was Edward Mortenson, who was a baker by occupation. It is apparent that at the time of the birth Edward Mortenson was estranged from Marilyn's mother, for the birth record states that his whereabouts, on June 1, 1926, were unknown. Although Mortenson was only 29 years old at the time, there is no known record of his ever showing up again, so he may be presumed to be dead. There is no proof, however, that he was killed in an automobile accident as has been printed in Marilyn's official studio biography.

Gladys Monroe had borne two children prior to the birth of Marilyn. One, a girl, died at a very early age, and the other, a boy, is still alive. He is an invalid, it is reported, and not aware of his relationship to the glamorous star. Because his mother's original name was no doubt of Spanish origin, it is evident that Gladys Monroe was married to another man before Edward Mortenson, and that *his* name was Monroe. It has only been during her motion picture career that Marilyn has used the name Monroe. Before trying Hollywood she used her legal name, Norma Jeanne Mortenson most of the time, but did, on occasion (as in early studio biographies) call herself Norma Jeanne Baker. The only clue to the reason for this lies in the fact that on her birth certificate the name Baker appears as her father's trade. Marilyn may have picked it from there.

Not long after Marilyn Monroe was 92 born, her mother fell ill of a nervous ailment and entered a state hospital for treatment. She has been confined to this or other hospitals for most of the time during the past 25 years, being released from time to time as her condition improved. When it became apparent that Gladys Monroe would be unable to care for her infant daughter, the child was given to a foster mother, Grace McKee, who is now Mrs. E. L. Goddard, to be raised as her own. No record of a formal adoption has been uncovered, but there is evidence that Mrs. Goddard and Grace McKee are the same person because when Marilyn was signed to a contract by 20th Century-Fox for the first time, on September 5, 1946, Grace McKee appeared before the Los Angeles Superior Court as Marilyn's legal guardian. It must have been established at that time that Grace McKee had some legal standing as guardian, otherwise the court would not have approved her signature on Marilyn's contract. And Mrs. E. L. Goddard has been identified as the woman signing the papers with the studio.

An odd facet of this contract, by the way, is that the signature of a guardian was not necessary. According to California law, a girl of 18 who is married is emancipated insofar as the making of contracts is concerned . . . and on September 5, 1946, Marilyn Monroe was still married to James Edward Dougherty. It is not relevant that she was separated from her husband at that time, so the signature of the legal guardian might well have been intended to hide the fact of her marriage from the studio and public. Or it might have been to hide the fact that she was 20 years of age. If the studio today believes that Marilyn Monroe is 23, as her official biography indicates, it might have believed on September 5, 1946, that she was 17, which would have made the approval of a guardian and the courts necessary.

Evidence available at this time seems to substantiate the major portion of Marilyn Monroe's story of her many foster homes. Records of Los Angeles County's foundlings and displaced children are not available for any number of reasons, so it is, therefore, impossible to check and confirm the exact number of homes Marilyn Monroe lived in and the names of the people she stayed with. It was possible, though, to confirm that Marilyn's "adoptions" were not all handled through official channels. She was taken care of by some families for short periods of time as a kindly service to the guardians properly charged with her. As a matter of fact, in the absence of public records in the matter, it is not too certain that Marilyn was ever actually a county ward, except, of course, in the sense that, being a semi-orphan, she came under the legal jurisdiction of the county officials.

Many people have been kind to Marilyn Monroe in her life. While she was never close to more than a handful of her benefactors, she has at least been given the love and friendship of as many folks as most of the rest of us. Mrs. Goddard has been her first and foremost friend. She has, throughout her life, been at hand when Marilyn needed her. She has kept her secrets and substantiated Marilyn's stories about the deaths of her mother and father publicly, whenever it was necessary.

Because the details of Marilyn Monroe's boarding out has been printed so many

times—mostly in error—it is practical in this report to skip over most of her formative years and move to her mid-teens. At that period she was living with a Mrs. Anna Lower in Westwood, California, and attending one of the three high schools she studied at. Her life with Mrs. Lower was very happy, for it seems it was really the first "home" Marilyn ever knew, a home in which she felt equal with other kids. But something happened to break it up. Mrs. Lower was planning to move east.

Marilyn was faced with the problem of finding another permanent home. She had never been in love and has admitted to only one infatuation, a crush on a neighbor boy who today is making quite a name for himself in pictures, one Howard Keel of MGM. She had met and dated a lad named James Edward Dougherty, a shaker at the Lockheed Aircraft Plant.

Jim Dougherty says he liked Marilyn well enough, and some of their friends thought that if they married it would solve all her problems. On the 19th of June, 1942, Dougherty and Marilyn were married in Westwood and took up residence somewhere near Culver City. Shortly after, Dougherty joined the Merchant Marine and after a training period in California went to sea. They never had much of a home life, nor were they really ever terribly fond of each other. When Dougherty went away, Marilyn took a job at one of the small defense plants making parts on contract for the aircraft industry. It was then, at the age of 17, that she got her first taste of the limelight.

Sweaters are the lazy girl's way to romance.

Jane Russell

An army team of public relations soldiers came to the plant one day to shoot some pictures of a war plant in action. Marilyn, for obvious reasons, was chosen as the model for the worker in the pictures. They sold it to editors like hot cakes, and this sowed the seeds of discontent in Marilyn Monroe. She began to want the fame and glamor of a public life.

Dougherty, during this time, was overseas. As he tells it, he was in Shanghai when he got a Dear John letter informing him that Marilyn wanted to be free. He told a reporter some years later that it didn't make much difference to him.

James Edward Dougherty is now a policeman on the Los Angeles Police Department. He refuses to discuss his marriage to Marilyn, stating only that he is again a married man, with a couple of kids, is very happy and wants nothing to interfere with his marriage. He lives near his station in Van Nuys, California.

With modeling proving to be a pretty tough racket, even for a girl with all of Marilyn's attributes, she decided to branch out into the entertainment field. It has never been publicized, but she planned to become a singer and started taking lessons in vocalizing and stage comportment from Phil Moore, the famous jazz musician who has coached many stars in stage and cafe technique. She tried hard but never got anywhere, probably because she had no musical talent. She moved to the Studio Club, a boarding house for young women just three blocks from an orphanage where she spent some time as a child. She tried to get day work in pictures, as a photographic model, and a walking dress model for clothing salesmen. It was during this period that she couldn't pay her board at the Studio Club and posed for the now famous nude calendar which is today being distributed by the Western Lithograph Company of Los Angeles. She earned 50 dollars for this pose, and it has netted the owners a fortune.

How Marilyn Monroe got her first contract at Fox is not known. But the story that she was baby sitting at the home of a studio casting executive and invited in for a screen test is a complete fabrication. At any rate, she did go to work at 20th Century-Fox, remained under contract for a year and contributed exactly one film role, a bit in *Scudda Hay, Scudda Ho,* before she was dropped.

It was shortly after her first stint at 20th that Marilyn again met her mother. Gladys Monroe was improving in health and, with the approval of her doctors, had come out of the hospital. Marilyn moved in with her and they tried making a home together. But it didn't work. They had been apart for so many years, according to friends of the mother, that they were strangers. When they went their separate ways it was for the last time, although Marilyn has helped her mother financially whenever it has been necessary.

It has always been surprising to Hollywoodites that Marilyn Monroe has never played the glamor circuit of gay night spots nor indulged in any of the quickie romances most pretty girls in the movies seem to devote so much time to. She divorced James Dougherty in Las Vegas, Nevada, on October 2, 1946, at the age of 20; the charge was mental cruelty. And since that time she has only been known to have two men in her life who could actually be called "boy friends." One of them was Johnny Hyde, one of the most important agents in Hollywood. She was his constant companion for almost two years prior to his death in 1951. The other is Joe DiMaggio.

It has been rumored from time to time that the reason Marilyn doesn't get around much with fellows is that she is the secret lover of a prominent motion picture executive. Even the most simple investigation proves this to be a lie and either the result of a malicious gossip or an attempt by publicity men to give her an aura of sexy mystery. Any self-respecting courtesan in Hollywood has at least three mink coats in her closet and drives a late model Cadillac convertible. These are the badges of the lady's occupation. Marilyn Monroe has an old, small car, not even a convertible, and when she needs a fur for a premiere or some such event she must borrow one from the studio wardrobe department. No, it is not pleasant to blow up a good story, but Marilyn Monroe is an unusually straitlaced and moral young lady for any community, let alone Hollywood.

As she lay in the hospital bed at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital turning these thoughts over in her mind, Marilyn Monroe must have thought that it was a cruel twist of fate that had brought her secrets into the open. She must have dreaded facing the people of her studio and the press that she had fooled, but she need not have been ashamed.

The road before Marilyn Monroe today is well paved with good things. Love has come into her life with Joe DiMaggio. Success on the screen in better roles is assured her. And, in time, she will have all the money she will be able to use. Her mother, widowed again recently and living within five miles of the studio where Marilyn is under contract, is close if she wants to see her, and need no longer be denied. The husband of her youth is out of her life and she need have no further contact with him. The past is behind and the future bright ahead. **END**

(Marilyn Monroe can soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's We're Not Married.)



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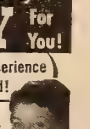
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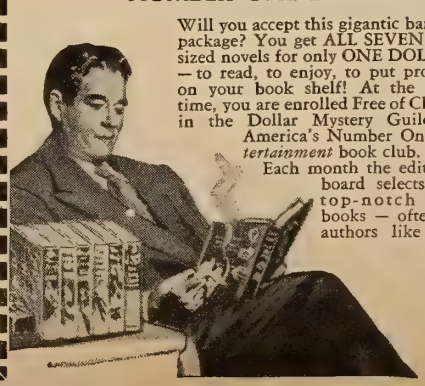
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AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

SEP 19 1952

modern screen

OCT. 20¢

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is June Allyson *really* quitting?

the fabulous Mario Lanza diet

Liz Taylor

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Now! The fabulous flattery of *candlelight*... captured in a face makeup!



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new liquid makeup made with skin-softening Lanolite

Here at last—a *good-for-your-skin* makeup! Never masky! Never greasy! Never drying! *Ideal* for oily skins... *perfect* for dry skins... thanks to Lanolite, Revlon's miraculous new ingredient. 8 divine shades, each with harmonizing Revlon Face Powder.



The only makeup that gives your skin the "mat" finish!

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SEP 12 1952

It tastes better...cleans teeth and breath better...reduces decay better...

It's the New Ipana®!

Two new scientific cleansing, purifying agents!

It's true! New Ipana gives you *all* the ingredients needed for effective mouth hygiene in a wonderfully refreshing, non-staining tooth paste.

Ipana's *two* new cleansing agents actually clean *better* than any single tooth paste ingredient known. What's more, new Ipana's remarkable double cleansing action penetrates where even water can't reach . . . to help keep your *whole mouth* cleaner, sweeter, healthier.

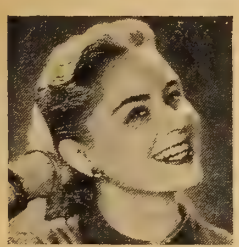
You'll notice the difference

New Ipana gives you all its wonderful benefits in a tooth paste that has a sparkling new, more refreshing flavor . . . that bursts instantly into new twice-as-rich foam. You'll notice the difference the very first time you use it.



You'll be delighted with Ipana's new, more refreshing flavor . . . and delighted at how the youngsters *like* to brush their teeth with it. New Ipana was voted far pleasanter to use by hundreds of men, women and children who tried it in their own homes.

New pleasanter way to combat bad breath and decay!



Yes, you can freshen breath and reduce tooth decay *more effectively*...with this delicious new tooth paste.

Thanks to its amazing cleansing power, new Ipana not only stops mouth odor instantly but stops it *longer*.

And every time you use it, you get better protection from tooth decay.

Don't forget your gums!

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No need ever to risk "Tell-Tale Mouth"—breath and teeth not as clean as can be. It's so easy to stop it with new Ipana. Use it regularly after eating for true *'round-the-clock* protection.

Get a tube of new Ipana today. It's the tooth paste that makes it a *pleasure* for you and your children to get the benefits of modern dental science.





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Now on sale everywhere—
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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
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AND
STOPS DECAY
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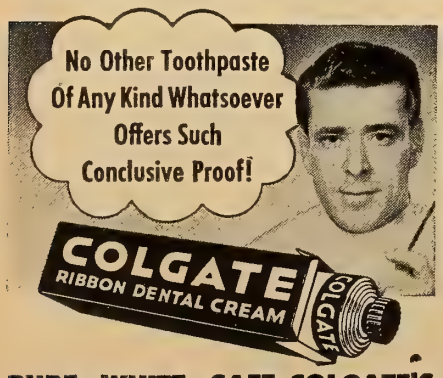
Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases
That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



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modern screen

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M-G-M's Movie-of-the-Month Calendar



The golden voice of MARIO LANZA is heard again in the eagerly-awaited musical "BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE." It tells the rollicking, romantic story of a singing star drafted into the Army. Introducing lovely DORETTA MORROW of Broadway fame. With JAMES WHITMORE.
Color by *Technicolor.*



"PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE" is a Thanksgiving event. From the famed best-seller comes this heroic drama of men and women who triumphed over many perils on an epic sea voyage. Starring SPENCER TRACY, GENE TIERNEY, VAN JOHNSON and LEO GENN.
Color by *Technicolor.*



And to make it a Merry Xmas . . . "MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID" presents eye-filling ESTHER WILLIAMS in a spectacular new musical and water revel co-starring VICTOR MATURE, WALTER PIDGEON and DAVID BRIAN.
Color by *Technicolor.*



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NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

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• **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



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CREAM DEODORANT
A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Bob Hope bought a radio station in Denver for two and a half million? How much money does he have, anyway?
—M. N., Cleveland, Ohio

A. *Hope bought the radio station, will also put up a TV station in conjunction with a group of Denver businessmen. He is a millionaire several times over.*

Q. I understand that Elizabeth Taylor's baby will be delivered by Caesarean section. When will it happen?
—V. S., Elko, Nev.

A. *The delivery will be a normal one on approximately January 15th, 1953.*

Q. Why did Maureen O'Hara deny her marriage to Will Price was breaking up when everyone knew it was on the rocks? How many times has she been married, anyway?
—N. U., Dublin, Ireland

A. *She was hoping for a reconciliation. Has been married twice.*

Q. Is Lucille Ball pregnant again?
—D. E., Evanston, Ill.

A. *Yes.*

Q. I've been told that MGM tried to cancel *The Great Caruso* because the studio was sure it would flop. Is this a true story?
—V. S., New York, N. Y.

A. *Partially. Nick Schenck, chairman of Loew's which controls MGM, has always had his doubts about opera on the screen.*

Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe and Janet Leigh both wear falsies?
—S. L., Salt Lake City, Utah

A. *No.*

Q. How many children do Martin and Lewis have and how much do these comics owe their creditors? Aren't they in debt up to their necks?
—R. T., Steubensville, Ohio

A. *Dean Martin has five children, four by his first wife, one by his second. Jerry Lewis has two children, one of whom is adopted. In the past year M and L have paid off $300,000 in obligations, currently owe nothing.*

Q. Doesn't MGM have Lana Turner's mother on the studio payroll at $400 a month?
—J. F., Santa Fe, N. M.

A. *No. Mrs. Turner is on Lana's personal payroll.*

Q. What is the inside story on the feud between Tony Curtis and Farley Granger?
—D. H., Akron, Ohio

A. *Jealousy.*

Q. Now that Vittorio and Shelley have been married a few months, isn't Vittorio disillusioned?
—F. F., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Not disillusioned, merely disenchanted.* (*See page 32.*)

Q. Has Esther Williams left MGM to free-lance? Isn't she organizing the Esther Williams Aquacade?
—N. S., Livermore, Cal.

A. *Esther's $5,000-a-week contract expires in 1957.*

Q. Is Dick Widmark leaving Hollywood for good?
—B. G., Toronto, Can.

A. *Leaving, but not for good.*

Q. I understand that when Greer Garson was Eileen Snelson, she had a child in India. What's happened to the baby?
—T. U., Butte, Mont.

A. *No truth to that one.*

Q. I read in the newspapers that Red Skelton is expecting a third child. When is it due?
—C. K., Lancaster, Pa.

A. *Red doesn't know, since his wife isn't yet pregnant.*

Q. Is it true that Jane Powell and her husband are very devout Catholics?

A. *Jane is not Catholic. Her husband is.*

Q. Now that Olivia De Havilland is divorcing her husband, hasn't she made up with her sister, Joan Fontaine?
—S. K., Des Moines, Iowa

(*Continued on page 28*)


The GAUCHO and Argentina are as one! He is the strength of the mountains, the fury of the pampas. And when he takes a woman, it is like earth is to earth...
RORY CALHOUN · GENE TIERNEY
WAY OF A GAUCHO
Filmed in romantic Argentina by 20th Century-Fox
COLOR BY Technicolor
with RICHARD BOONE · HUGH MARLOWE · EVERETT SLOANE
Produced by PHILIP DUNNE Associate Producer JOSEPH C. BEHM Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR
Based on the Novel by HERBERT CHILDS
Screen Play by PHILIP DUNNE

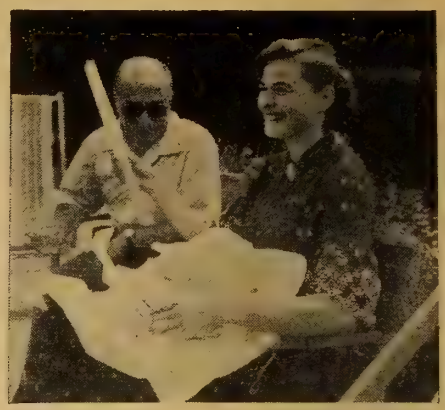
The first public appearance for Ingrid's twin daughters was at a garden party given in their honor at



Smiling hostess Ingrid Bergman introduces columnist Leonard Lyons to Sandra Pallavicini, daughter of one of Italy's foremost directors.



In accordance with Italian custom, the Rossellini twins will be cared for by this wet-nurse for six months. She's called a Balia.



Ingrid laughs happily as she unwraps some of the gifts friends brought for the twins. Both tiny girls slept through party given for them.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

JUDY GARLAND HONORED AT HOLLYWOOD DINNER . . . THE BATTLING SINATRAS STILL GOING STRONG . . .

With a voice quavering with emotion and nervousness, stuttering like an unhappy child, Marilyn Morrison Ray answered my telephone call to Milwaukee to ask her if she and Johnnie Ray are expecting the Stork.

"I-I-I don'tttt know," she stammered. "I don't thinnnk sooo."

I didn't know until later that I had reached Marilyn right in the midst of a difficulty in which her famous "Cry" singer husband was having troubles with the police over a "disturbance" charge.

He was not booked, but the police reported to the newspapers that they had been called to the hotel following a loud argument between Ray and another man.

Never for a minute let it be said that Marilyn isn't devotion itself to Johnnie. She is such a sweet, gentle girl.

Even as nervous and upset as she must have been after the fracas (whatever it was), she kept telling me in her trembling little voice, "Johnnie was a sensation at his opening here last night, Miss Parsons. He's the biggest thing in show business," she said, proudly.

Zsa Zsa Gabor, who does as much acting off stage as she does on, never wears paste jewelry on the screen—*non, non!* She wears her own fabulous sparklers.

One day director Mervyn Le Roy was kidding her and asked if she weren't afraid she would be robbed.

"Oh, no," Zsa Zsa shrugged, "Zese are joost *vorking* diamonds."

The NOT-SO-GAY-DIVORCEES: You'll get a kick—as I'm sure I did—from the following first-hand account letter from Nevada about the doings of our glamor-divorcees sitting out their six weeks in and around Lake Tahoe:

"Lana Turner's house is really in Zephyr Cove, not Glenbrook as reported—this little bit of deception intended to keep the tourists from flocking around.

"It's a lovely house, tree-shaded, right on Lake Tahoe and it has a private pier with a motor-boat. But poor Lana just isn't the outdoor type.

"The first day she went boating with her daughter, Cheryl, she got such a bad sunburn she was ill in bed for three days. As you know, Lana has such fair skin, the sun is poisonous to her.

"When Rita Hayworth was here, she wore denims and T-shirts and overalls and really enjoyed the life. Lana's divorce-wardrobe is very swanky—velvet lounging suits, cocktail dresses, etc.

"She was here two weeks before Fernando Lamas could get away from his picture to visit her, and that weekend it rained in Northern California and Nevada!

"Just about Lana's only diversion is driving down to the country store to telephone her pals in Hollywood, particularly Fernando. She's on a party line at the house—a *four* party line at that!

"If this weren't bad enough, the house Lana is renting is owned by a Justice of the Peace who's well known around these parts as being very obliging about getting up in the middle of the night to marry couples.

"So, all night long, Missy Turner is awakened by happy couples asking 'How much?' to marry them!

"Redheaded Maureen O'Hara is having a

their parents' summer home.



Ingrid, surrounded by her family, is a picture of happiness. She holds Isabel, while Rossellini holds little Ingrid, and Robertino stands between them.

LANA TURNER, MAUREEN O'HARA, SITTING OUT DIVORCES IN NEVADA . . . ARE RITA AND ALY RECONCILING?

much better time of it at a dude ranch just outside Carson City. She and eight-year-old Bronwyn are roughing it in fine style in their own little cottage, doing their own cooking and with no maid or governess.

"They live in their riding clothes—little Bronwyn's as brown as a berry and is becoming an excellent rider.

"There's been some local gossip about the two good looking young men who fly up weekends to visit Maureen, but they are her handsome Irish brothers, so no news there.

"Ida Lupino is also here with Howard Duff—not for a divorce, of course. Ida is making her picture at Lake Tahoe and she's a little black and blue from a recent accident, which you wrote up in your column. It was nearly serious—if she hadn't jumped, she would have been thrown down the mountainside."

Who is this spy who writes such intimate doings? I'm not a'tellin'. There may be some other divorcees up there we'll want to hear about.

SOMETIMES you have to feel sorry for parents. They are people, too.

Never was a girl brought up in a more palsy-walsy, chummy-wummy, express-your-own-personality way than Joan Evans. Her youthful parents, Dale Eunson and Katherine Albert, were hepped on the subject that Joan should be a "free soul."

From the time she was able to toddle, she was an integral part of their lives, dining with the grown-ups, attending matinees and being encouraged to express her own individuality.

She was taught to call them "Katherine" and "Dale"—not old fashioned stuff like "mamma" and "papa."

When Joan, at 14, took up a movie career, Katherine and Dale were right behind her, even to giving up their writing careers in New York to accompany her to Hollywood.

And, yet, if I hadn't happened to uncover her plans, Joan would have eloped with Kirby Wetherly, automobile dealer, on her 18th birthday without a word to Katherine or Dale about her plans.

After my story broke, Joan decided to wait until she finished her picture with Audie Murphy, to marry. (P.S. She didn't wait, after all, as you all know by now.)

Our best psychiatrists claim that elopements are usually planned by children who have been tied too tightly to the apron strings and haven't fully expressed themselves. Oh, yeah?

I guess Dale and Katherine turned out to be just mamma and papa after all.

TATTLE TALES: The Van Johnsons keep denying it, but rumors persist that all is not well. One story is that Evie had consulted a lawyer, then changed her mind . . .

The Tyrone Powers have been getting the rugged rumor treatment, too. When I called Linda to check, she laughed and said, "Come out and have breakfast with us Sunday, Louella. You'll see for yourself how happy we are with our beautiful baby" . . .

Mrs. Fernando Lamas said on her arrival in Los Angeles to divorce Fernando that their parting is "very amicable." In fact, it is so amicable that Mrs. Lamas added, "Fernando is a wonderful man. I would like very much to live here in Los Angeles after we are divorced, so I can be near him."

Rock Hudson was a happy boy that *Toilers*

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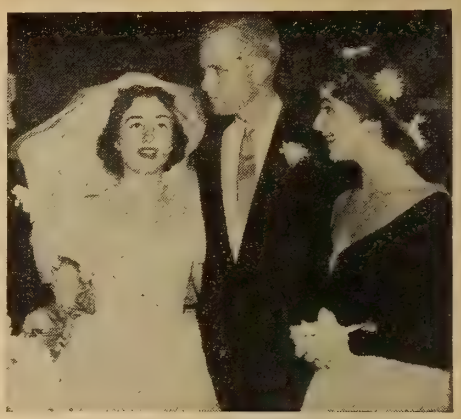
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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Liz Taylor attended the wedding of columnist Ed Sullivan's daughter, Betty, to Robert Precht. Betty was a bridesmaid at Liz's first wedding.

Of The Sea takes him to London where Gene Tierney is making a movie with Clark Gable. Before Gene left Hollywood, she and Rock were an item. But gossip from London is that she has lost her heart, shall we say, elsewhere?

Speaking of Rock, his former girl friend, Vera-Ellen, may have eloped with her new heart, Dean Miller, by the time you read this.

THERE was warmth and genuine affection back of the testimonial dinner given Judy Garland—"Miss Show Business" they called her—by the Friars Club at the jam-packed Biltmore Bowl. Only one other woman has been so honored by the Friars—and that was Sophie Tucker.

On the dais with Judy were George Jessel, Eddie Cantor, Rosalind Russell, Olivia de Havilland, Marie Wilson, Ronald Reagan, Lt. Governor (of California) Goodwin Knight, George Burns, and Ezio Pinza.

But Mickey Rooney, who started with Judy, was not at the speakers' table. He was seated at a table on the floor with the other customers, many strangers to Judy. Certainly no other guest knew her better than the boy who was her co-star for so many years.

Poor Mickey tried hard not to show that he was hurt. He laughed harder than anyone else at the jokes. And his eyes grew misty when someone grew sentimental about Judy. But he laughed too loudly to fool me.

I don't say that Mickey hasn't his faults and sometimes he can be cocky to the point of being overbearing. But whoever forgot him in seating the speakers' table made a mistake for my money.

Roz Russell made the most charming speech of the evening saying that she had long been Judy's fan. "But I didn't need to bring my autograph book tonight, Judy," she said. "Your name is written in my heart."

George Burns got the biggest laugh of the night telling Judy that he, too, is a singer. "You got a better break than I did," cracked George. "Louis B. Mayer discovered you when you were ten. When I was ten, Louis B. Mayer was ten, too."

Ezio Pinza sang wonderfully—a parody on "Some Enchanted Evening"—about the time he managed to get two tickets to see Judy at the Palace.

Of course, the climax of the whole evening was when Judy took the spotlight and sang her heart out saying "Thanks."

Just as I was writing this, Judy Garland and

Betty tops her Big Top performance ... in this
Greatest Show of the Movie Season!

A PERLBERG-SEATON PRODUCTION

Somebody Loves Me

'I'm Sorry Dear'

'Smiles'

'I Can't Tell Why I Love You'

'That Teasing Rag'

'Jealous'

'Way Down Yonder In New Orleans'

18 TERRIFIC TUNES...

'Toddling The Todalo'

'Love Him'

'June'

'Dixie Dreams'

EVERY ONE A HIT!

'I Cried For You'

'Rose Room'

'Honey, Oh, My Honey'

Color by Technicolor

'Somebody Loves Me'

'Thanks To You'

'The Wang Wang Blues'

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'On San Francisco Bay'

starring **BETTY HUTTON** and **RALPH MEEKER**

with ROBERT KEITH · ADELE JERGENS
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Written and Directed by IRVING BRECHER

A Paramount Picture

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Today Pond's recommends a greaseless treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores, blackheads. It's quick, *easy!*

Remarkable

one-minute facial

clears off... softens... brightens "young skin"



Cover face, all except eyes, with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action *loosens* stubborn, dead-skin cells—*dissolves them off!* Frees the tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off. How tingling-fresh your skin feels. And how much smoother, clearer it looks.

For skin that "can't take" heavy make-up: Use a thin film of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Gregory Peck grabbed the reins to give his wife, Greta, a spin around the Colosseum in Rome. The actor is in Italy to do a picture. He took his three sons along, plans to stay a year.

Sid Luft called to tell me they are expecting a baby in the spring. I'd suspected this happy news for a week or so—but couldn't get them to admit it. Judy says, "Go ahead and laugh now about the weight I'm gaining. I don't care!"

THE battlin' Sinatras no more than made up a fight lasting ten days than they had another almost as hectic.

After pouting for almost two weeks, Frankie flew from Las Vegas (where he was appearing) to get Ava and take her back with him.

The very night she arrived, they tuned up another battle royal!

Of course, they say they like this sort of thing and that it means nothing. But, if you ask me, they are quarreling too often and too seriously for their own good and the good of their marriage.

Disgusting the way certain women tried to take advantage of Marilyn Monroe claiming to be her "mother" after Marilyn was misquoted as saying she had never known her real mother.

Marilyn knows—and has known for some time—that her mother is an invalid in a sanitarium near Los Angeles. I know of no other star who has weathered more hard breaks than this luscious blonde, unless it was Jean Harlow.

Someone recently dubbed Marilyn, "The new Goddess of Love—Junior Grade."

It is remarkable that Marilyn has retained her simplicity and sweetness with all this dizzying success and nonsense that surrounds her.

She's never forgotten her sad childhood and her heartaches for children who are orphaned and who believe they are not wanted or loved.

When I saw Marilyn recently she said, "I want to lead a drive to do something *personal* for orphans—not just the usual thing of sending dolls or food to an orphanage. I mean something intimate, actual contact with the children. It's the most awful thing in the world to feel that you have nobody to love you."

Marilyn, herself, doesn't have to worry on that score now. Joe DiMaggio, the baseball great, is perfectly willing to make up now for all the love she may have lost in her childhood.

They nearly fell over at MGM when Elizabeth Taylor hit them broadside with that English accent she re-acquired during her three-month honeymoon with Mike Wilding in London.

Of course, Liz was born in England, but many years in this country had softened those broad a's and clipped syllables.

And then, the prize baby walks in sounding like a cross between Noel Coward and Katharine Hepburn at her "rawlly" best.

This came in just peachy as Elizabeth is supposed to be the most American of American girls in *The Girl Who Had Everything.*

"Oh, it won't take me long to lose the accent," Liz laughed, "rawlly it won't!"

When she finishes the picture she'll have plenty of time to polish-up her Americanese again while she awaits the birth of the Wilding heir or heiress.

NEVER have I heard Rita Hayworth sound so happy as when I called her to check that Prince Aly Kahn was coming to Hollywood in late August to visit her and their daughter, Yasmine.

"Is this a reconciliation?" I asked my glamorous girl friend.

"It could be—it's possible," she replied and I wish you could have heard the happiness in her voice.

Rita, however, was *not* happy about those printed stories that she had sent an emissary to Cannes "offering" a reconciliation to Aly.

"Utter nonsense," she said. "Why should I send anyone to Aly about our problems when I talk with him so often over the Trans-Atlantic 'phone?"

Several months ago when I wrote my scoop on Rita for MODERN SCREEN, the very first interview she had given about her marriage, I

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(Sh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair!)



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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Burt Lancaster and his pretty wife, Norma, met the press in San Francisco to tell them all about Burt's new picture, *The Crimson Pirate.*

told you I believed she was still in love with Aly although she insisted she was going through with her Reno divorce.

She would say nothing against him—in fact, if you remember, she told me, "It is very hard to get him out of my heart."

Well, I hope they get together. Their little daughter, Princess Yasmine, is the sweetest child, just adorable. And when Aly sees her again, I just don't see how he can let her go.

There's a line of dialogue, ad-libbed by Cyd Charisse, which will remain in the finished version of *Sombrero.*

There's a scene outside the Reforma Hotel in Mexico City (where the MGM troupe is on location) in which Vittorio Gassman, Cyd, and Ricardo Montalban are supposedly "looking over" the arriving guests.

Just for the laugh of it, Shelley Winters and Tony Martin decided to surprise their mates (Vittorio and Cyd) by walking on as extras.

Instead of being surprised, Vittorio played it straight and turned to Cyd asking, "Who are those people?"

"Nobodies!" wisecracked Mrs. Tony Martin. "Just movie-struck nobodies!"

THE young English actress (married) who is having such a fine old "secret" romance with an actor on the lot (also married) may be surprised to know they aren't fooling anyone.

She's been leaving the studio at noon every day—supposedly for the dentist's.

He leaves the studio at noon, supposedly to go home for lunch.

They meet at such a quiet little cafe—but not so quiet I haven't heard all about it!

THE LETTER BOX: The fans who wrote me several months ago complaining about Janet Leigh's low-cut gowns are now complaining about Judy Garland's decolletage. "Alva, of Seattle" writes: "We don't mind Judy putting on poundage—but tell her to keep it covered up!"

Kathryn Dickey, Huntsville, Alabama, is a wild-eyed rooter for Dale Robertson. Since your letter arrived, Kathryn, Dale has become the father of a baby girl, Rochelle. No, they hadn't expected a girl because the nursery was done in blue!

Nancy Fusse, Floral Park, New York, writes: "Every time Lana Turner falls in love and you write a story on her she always tells you 'This is the real thing. Our marriage will be so right, Louella'—and you always fall for it. She hasn't had a marriage turn out 'right' yet!" Well, Nancy! For heaven's sake!

That's all for now. See you next month


Uncle Sam said "go-get-'em!"...and Big Jim was the man they sent!
Filmed on-the-spot in Hawaii...
Here, a scorching 6,000-mile terror-trail ended—and the hot pursuit began! The lonely crags and coral-beach lagoons... the jungle hide-outs and waterfront alleys... This is man-hunt and excitement - authentic and timely!
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JOHN WAYNE
THE BIG MAN IN HIS BIG ADVENTURE!
BIG JIM McLAIN
The girl with Waikiki in her eyes!
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SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly



famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Everybody's holding their breath that the Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding baby won't be premature. Liz fell down the stairs at her home, and accidents do happen . . . Golly, today's movie stars are turning out more babies than movies! . . . Judy Garland, for instance. And wait and see if Judy and her mother don't reconcile after the Garland-Sid Luft image arrives sometime this winter. Mrs. Ethel Gilmore, Judy's ma, was quoted by a newspaperman as saying "Sid's a bad guy" after the wedding; later she denied it, saying, "Judy and I never had a quarrel. She just brushed me off. But all those things I'm supposed to have said against her aren't so. Judy's press agent banned me from talking." Mrs. Gilmore has been working as a clerk at Douglas Aircraft in Los Angeles . . . It looks like a Caesarean operation for Judy . . . Meanwhile, Luft has been setting up a $30,000 trust fund for his four-year-old son by Lynn Bari . . . And isn't it time we reporters quit describing Judy as "a mixed-up little girl"? After all, she's 30.



Garland & Liza

More babies: Lucille Ball's doctor wouldn't let her attend the Friars Club testimonial for Judy because of her condition. And Lucy's planning on co-starring her new arrival with herself and Desi Arnaz in their TV show, *I Love Lucy* . . . Something to marvel at, in early August: Jane Powell's 18-inch waist. The baby's due in early December . . . Lauren Bacall bought herself a fancy Schiaparelli gown to wear after HER baby arrives . . . "Wise heads" have been trying to talk Marilyn Monroe out of a quick marriage to Joe DiMaggio—and this in the face of Joe's and two other marriage proposals. Studio executives were urging her to use all the publicity she's been getting to bounce to top stardom and then, and only then, give a thought to marriage—if she still wants it. Know something? I think she'll take their advice.



Powell

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Debra Paget was originally announced for the starring role in *Evangeline* at 20th. Then the part was assigned to Gene Tierney. The gals aren't talking! . . . Ditto Lana Turner and Ginger Rogers. Ginger was all set for *Why Should I Cry?* at MGM. Then Lana read the script. Lana decided she liked it and got it . . . The stars must be colliding. And if the trouble isn't "horoscopic," maybe it's that rip-roaring earthquake we had out here. Anyway, Betty Hutton had a script argument over Ginger too. The gals were supposed to co-star in *Topsy And Eva*. Betty didn't want Ginger in the picture—didn't think she was right—and bowed out of her $5,000-a-week contract at Paramount rather than play it! . . . With Hutton and Alan Ladd gone, only two of Par's "Big Four" remain under contract: Bob Hope and Bing Crosby . . . Oh well, at least Betty's happy. Says she of Charlie O'Curran: "He keeps me calm. He treats me like a wife—not like a movie star. I've finally found my man—and it's wonderful." . . .



Rogers



Hutton & O'Curran

Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich were much more adult about their divorce than Joan Fontaine, Livvie's sister, and Bill Dozier. They put their heads together and worked out the settlement amicably before Livvie filed on grounds of "extreme cruelty" . . . When last heard from, Beetsie Wynn was dating Travis Kleefeld, once Jane Wyman's fiance. But Keenan Wynn, still torching for Beetsie, was hoping she would park her tootsies at the family hearthside when she returned from the Santa Barbara hoss show . . . While (*Continued on page* 00)

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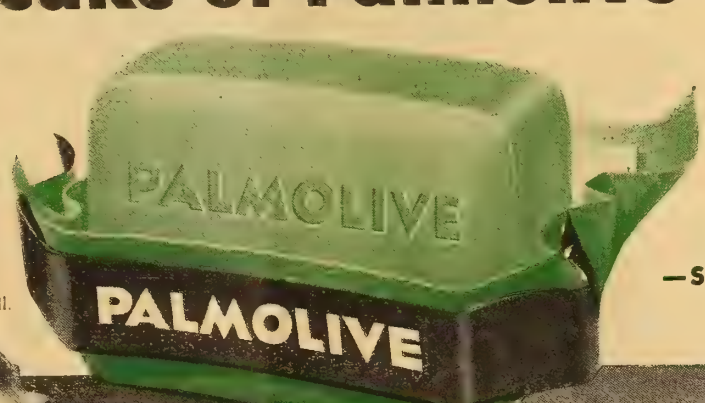
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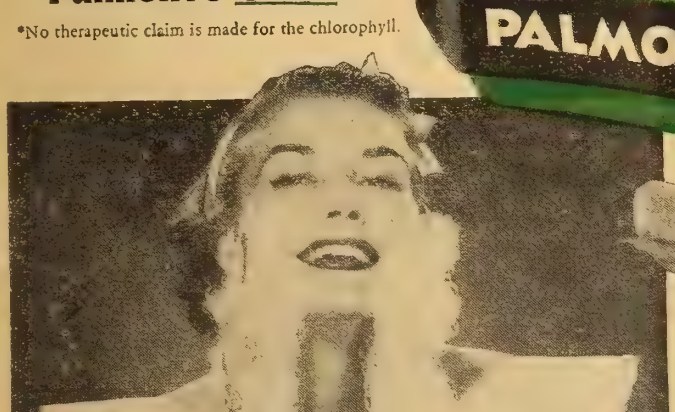
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Palmolive... The "Chlorophyll Green" Soap With The Pure White Lather!



Use new *White Rain* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS



Fabulous New **Lotion Shampoo** by Toni

hollywood report continued

Gary Cooper was discovering Dusty Miller, Rocky Cooper was discovering Manuel Rojas, the Chilean polo player . . . It's reported Errol Flynn's pride was hurt because Clark Gable was dating Princess Ghika, the same doll Errol used to date, in Europe. She promised she would never forget Errol!

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker knocked the walls out of the bedroom of their new Bel-Air home to accommodate the 7x7 double bed that accommodates both of them—but mostly Lex's lanky frame . . . And then Lex, who doesn't want to be typed any more in *Tarzan* pictures, turned around and had all his old Tarzan loincloths made into a rug . . . I ran into Jeanne Crain trundling enough groceries for an army out of the Sunset Boulevard Thriftimart. She told me her feed bills are $60 a week now . . . Liz was shelling out $300 per month for their small apartment, which is why the Wildings have been so eager about finding a house . . . Marty Melcher knows where Doris Day is 24 hours a day. She checks in with his office every hour or so.



Dahl & Barker

A neighbor tells me that Audie Murphy has been complaining to the management of his apartment building about the noise the other tenants make. Audie squawked that he can't spend half the night walking the baby when he has an early studio call . . . Why doesn't Susie Hayward use her influence to get Jess Barker a good role—even if she has to do it over his protests? Her spouse deserves a big break in pictures right about now . . . Bing and Dixie Crosby are building a new home in Palm Springs . . . Jimmy Stewart's twins come down from their home on Roxbury Drive every day to play with Olivia de Havilland's Benjy on the Beverly Hills Hotel lawn. Their pop and his mom were playmates once too—remember?

SEX APPEAL:

Betty Grable was assigned two stand-ins for her bathing scenes in *The Farmer Takes A Wife* —one wet and one dry!... Marilyn Monroe told me: "I never take a sunbath. I want to feel blonde all over" . . . Movie fans in Italy call Rita Hayworth "The Beautiful Chest" . . . Anne Baxter had to get an okay from the Breen Office before she was permitted to wear a diamond in her navel for her role in *My Wife's Best Friend* . . . Marie Wilson wore a very sexy gown to a premiere. A fan took one look at her and yelled, "Is she on the outside trying to get in or on the inside trying to get out?"



Hayworth

Vera-Ellen is on a starch diet, trying to fill out those curves. She told me at the Judy Garland dinner she was down to 95 pounds—and she looked it! . . . Margaret O'Brien lost out on the role of Spencer Tracy's daughter in *Years Ago* after she tested for it. Studio

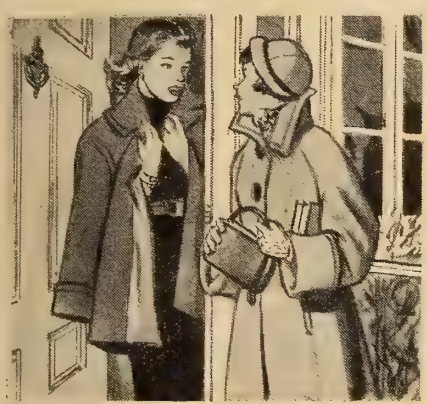


Are you in the know?

Should a greeny hesitate to date—

☐ *A redhead* ☐ *A Varsity hero* ☐ *A frosh*

Every eye's peeled while you "set" your future rating: a Jezebel? Or doe in the know? Takes grit for a freshman to reject an upperclassman's bid, but it's *law*, date-wise; guards junior and senior gals' bookings. Stick to the frosh set. On certain days, don't hesitate to meet all eyes—unflinching. The *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Further, you're extra *comfortable:* your new Kotex belt's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling.



When it's time to leave, do you—

☐ *Linger longer* ☐ *Dash for the door*

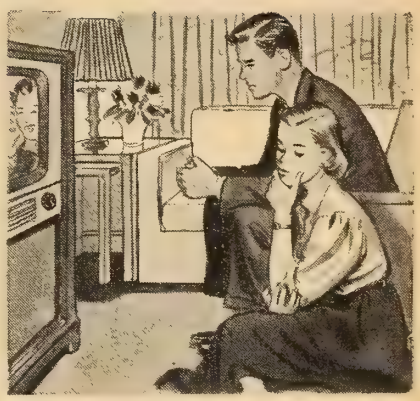
Ever insist you "must be going"—then tarry at the door 'til your hostess wilts? Even worse, do you sprint doorward almost without warning? Exit gracefully! After saying goodbye, *depart*—with poise. But poise at "problem" time often depends on comfort that *stays* and *stays!* Choose Kotex. *Made* to stay soft while you wear it, naturally Kotex holds its shape.



How to intrigue Unpredictable Pete?

☐ *Suit yourself* ☐ *Make like a chameleon*

You knock yourself out trying to be sportsy—because he *says* he likes the athletic type. Then he switches to the shy, so-helpless honeychile! Keep changing your personality to suit his moods? N-O! Be the way that suits *you;* your independence will interest him! You can suit yourself *exactly* (re "calendar" needs), with one of the 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex. Try all 3!



If you have "sandpaper" arms, better—

☐ *Hug the TV set* ☐ *Start scrubbing*

You needn't turn down "dance-dress" dates on account of rough spots on your upper arms. Spark your circulation—by scrubbing arms with bath brush, soap, warm water. (Start now, so you can wear your new Fall formals—unembarrassed.) And for *extra* protection from *problem*-day embarrassment, count on Kotex (so *absorbent!*) and that special safety center.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins



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☐ *Ask Sis* ☐ *See a Librarian* ☐ *Read "V.P.Y."*

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, *free* booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and dont's a girl should *know!* Send for your copy today. FREE! Address Room 410, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.



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CITY_____ STATE_____

hollywood report continued

said, "She's too sexy for the role—we need somebody more juvenile, like Debbie Reynolds." Maggie sexy- You won't believe it but she's really *developing*, this kid! . . . Lana got a boy's haircut. I liked her better as a girl . . . But things can't be too tough for our Lana. She just bought her ninth mink coat.

FINANCIAL PAGE:

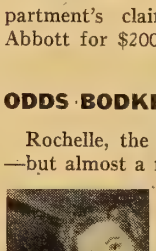
Mario Lanza fired his business manager, Sam Weiler. Because Mario went to the bank to buy himself a home, but when he got there his bank account was bare and so poor Mario got none. Mario claims he has been mismanaged. He was so upset he called MGM and cancelled a pre-recording session for *The Student Prince* at the last minute. Studio had a 46-piece orchestra on hand, waiting for the singer. It cost $5,000 to cancel the date . . . U-I is getting $50,000 from MGM for Ann Blyth's services opposite Mario in this picture. Ann gets to keep $20,000 of that . . . But Stewart Granger hauled down $125,000 for co-starring with Rita Hayworth in *Salome—Dance Of The Seven Veils.*


Blyth

His quarrel with U-I centered on money, and that's why Tony Curtis is happy about his loan-out to Paramount, where he'll star in *Houdini.* His good friend Jerry Lewis, a Par star, engineered the deal, and Tony gets a bonus for doing it . . . Then too, Janet Leigh dons that hoped-for maternity frock—at long last. But only for her role in MGM's *Steak For Connie* . . . Mrs. Francis Taylor is now on MGM's payroll for $500 a week. Liz's mother is a sharp business woman and an ornament at the studio . . . Esther Williams has consolidated all her corporations so that she can have "rock under her feet." She brushes off rumors about a bust-up of her marriage like this: "After you're married awhile and have kids, rumors roll off your back" . . . Lou Costello sold his horses at the Agua Caliente race track to pay the Treasury Department's claim against himself and Bud Abbott for $200,000 back income taxes.

ODDS BODKINS:

Rochelle, the Dale Robertson baby, arrived —but almost a month late! Dale (incidentally, his fan mail is fast creeping up on Betty Grable's at 20th!) said, "I was beginning to wonder where babies came from!" . . . Barbara Stanwyck brought her own champagne and diamond-studded swizzle-stick to Ross Hunter's housewarming. (A swizzle-stick, kiddies, is something you mix drinks with!) Anyway, Barbara said she hates champagne but brought it so she would have a chance to show off the stick, a birthday present from Mary Livingstone. Mary bought it because she couldn't think of anything else to give Barbara, who "has everything" . . . Bob Arthur (the young actor, not the producer) put in a phone call to Jane Wyman. She blasted him up, down and sideways over the phone about something she didn't like in connection with *The Will Rogers Story*—until he explained he wasn't the Arthur who produced it but the one who played with her in *Just For You.* I don't think Jane liked her part in the Rogers picture.


Stanwyck

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Mona Freeman's mother arrived from the East to chaperone her daughter and stifle those rumors about Mona and a studio executive . . . Twosomes-of-the-month: Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas, Ursula Thiess and Bob Taylor, Gloria Grahame and Vincente Minnelli, Lady Sylvia Gable and Roger Davis, the late Fanny Brice's best friend . . . Nicky Hilton is on the water wagon . . . Lana spread her sails for the usual six-week divorce stay in Nevada. Then it's Land Ho, Fernando! . . . Meanwhile, Lydia, Fernando's wife, gets sole custody of their five-year-old Alexandra under terms of the settlement . . . Aldo Ray, who's also in the process of getting a divorce, said he'd like to date Jean Peters. But she said she didn't think she was his type.


Freeman

Another Ray—Johnnie—hasn't been able to cry enough tears to buy his wife, Marilyn, a new white mink stole to replace the one she received as a wedding present from her stepmother, Mary Morrison . . . It must be serious. Bob Wagner introduced his father to Debbie Reynolds' grandmother . . . Ava Gardner and Frankie Sinatra had their biggest battle yet in Las Vegas. But afterwards both got on the long distance phone to friends in Hollywood, cried into every available ear —and then made up!

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Judge Mildred Lillie, who made the decision in the Bergman-Lindstrom court hassle over daughter Pia, apparently felt that Ingrid would be too busy making pictures all summer to devote much time to Pia even if the child went to Rome. It's felt the reunion would have been somewhat strained, in view of Ingrid's new twins (did you know they're calling her Twingrid in Hollywood?)—anyway, it's felt Pia might have felt "shut out," in view of Ingrid's necessary attention to the new babies . . . Strangest note of all is that in Ingrid's new picture, *Europe '51,* the girl who plays her movie daughter commits suicide because of neglect! . . . Everybody was saying that if Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell went through with their threatened divorce he would marry a young brunette actress. But then the Fords reconciled.


Bergman

Joe Mankiewicz is responsible for talking Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr into playing the leading femme roles in *Julius Caesar,* along with Marlon Brando. Remember when these two were rivals for the title of First Lady of MGM? Was a time when the gals wouldn't even speak . . . Jennifer Jones left three teeth marks on Charlton Heston's nose after a breathless kissing scene in *Ruby Gentry.*

Now! A choice of 3 permanents for all different types of hair

NEW TONI TRIO
custom-made for you!



Regular Toni



FOR NORMAL HAIR

Perfect for most women—including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. Now better than ever, Regular Toni gives you the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.



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FOR HARD TO WAVE HAIR

If other permanents didn't take or didn't last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.



Very Gentle Toni



FOR EASY TO WAVE HAIR

If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It's custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.

Now . . . do what the finest beauty shops do

—choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio—*Regular* Toni, *Super* Toni, *Very Gentle* Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills **$1.50**

Tonette

NEW PERMANENT FOR CHILDREN



At last a permanent that takes on every little girl's hair! Tonette—the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters' hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.

Tonette refill **$1.50**



NEW SUCCESSFUL TECHNIQUE

assures continuous action for hours in

FEMININE HYGIENE!

Convenient to Slip in Purse While Traveling

Women are fully aware how important internal feminine cleanliness is to married happiness, health and to prevent *offensive vaginal* odors. They find Zonitors provide a far more convenient, higher type and effective method. Yet Zonitors can't harm the most delicate membranes. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. They are *not* the type which quickly melt away (yet you never feel their presence). When inserted, Zonitors release the same powerful type germ-killing, deodorizing properties as famous ZONITE liquid. And they *continue* to do so for *hours!* Only Zonitors can make *all* these claims.



Zonitors *completely* eliminate odors. They help prevent infection and kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can trust Zonitors to *instantly* kill every reachable germ. Inexpensive!

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways

- *Individually foil-wrapped, or*
- *In separate glass vials*

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(Vaginal Suppositories)

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Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMR-102, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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MOVIE REVIEWS

by seymour peck

picture of the month



Exiled and believed dead, Ivanhoe returns to England in disguise to rally forces of King Richard, has secret rendezvous with his fiancée.



Rebecca, the daughter of wealthy Jew Isaac, overhears Ivanhoe's plea for money, slips away to his hideout to donate family jewels.



Captured, Rebecca is tried as a witch. To save her, Ivanhoe challenges King John's henchman Bois-Guilbert to bloody death-duel.

IVANHOE

MGM's picturization of Sir Walter Scott's best-read book is one of the finest recent examples of the filming of a famous novel. It is also a heartening answer to the question, posed by *Quo Vadis*, of what's happening to the spectacle picture. Robert Taylor, in the title part, returns to England after his king and leader, Richard, has been taken prisoner in Europe while on a Crusade and finds that the king's despotic brother, the regent John, has seized power with the help of the Norman part of the populace. In addition, Ivanhoe's Saxon father, who disapproved of his leaving in the first place, has disowned him. But with the moral backing of his father's beautiful ward, the uncrowned Saxon princess Rowena (Joan Fontaine), and the financial backing of Isaac, a Jew whom he has befriended, Ivanhoe sets about an undercover operation to overthrow John and bring Richard back. Isaac's shy young daughter Rebecca gives him further valuable aid. Historical films often offend as large a segment of the audience as they entertain, because many people prefer their drama on a small, human scale, rather than on parade. *Ivanhoe*, however, offers just about everything for everybody: a richly colorful, elaborately interwoven yet logical melodramatic story that is as historically accurate as Scott's (it is, actually, an excellent condensation of his plot); medieval men and women who seem to be real without appearing overly modern; the full pomp and circumstance of the middle ages' pageantry without any glossing-over of the era's cruel customs; one of the most unusual scenes in a recent motion picture, the besieging of a castle (it is finally taken by sheer force of manpower and bow and arrows); and an honest examination of anti-Semitism, as widespread in that half-Christian, half-barbaric world as in the present. All these elements are so well fused that it is difficult to separate them and divide the credit. Luckily there is plenty to go around, and the few imperfections that appear—such as Elizabeth Taylor's pale, colorless Rebecca—probably show up only by comparison.

Look lovelier in 10 days

with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!



"No tight, dry feeling after 'cream-washing' with Noxzema!" says Daphnie Doré of New York City. "It has helped my skin look so much fresher!"



Sensitive skin: "Noxzema is so soothing for a dry skin like mine," says Joan Condon of Rutherford, N. J. "It's a grand *greaseless* night cream, too!"



Blemishes*. "Noxzema's 4-step routine quickly helped heal my blemishes*," says Audrey Thompson of Auburndale, Mass. "And make-up goes on much better!"



Dry skin. "I wash my face with water and Noxzema!" says Ann Rush of St. Joseph, Mo. "Dirt, make-up disappear in a jiffy and my skin looks much softer—not dry!"

Women all over the United States have tested this quick, sensible skin care and report thrilling results!

● If you would like to help your skin look fresher, lovelier, try Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine. Surveys show that women in every part of the United States are switching to this fast, easy, skin care developed by a doctor.

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for many annoying complexion problems—such as rough, dry, lifeless skin, externally-caused blemishes, etc. Many others express delight because Noxzema helps their skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier—and helps *keep* it that way.

No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. It's a *medicated* formula. That's one secret of its amazing effectiveness. And Noxzema is *greaseless*, too! No smeary face! No stained, messy pillow.

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with skin problems to lovelier looking skin. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! Take advantage of generous money-saving offer! Get Noxzema today!

43% MORE NOXZEMA for your money than in Small size

85¢ jar only **59¢** plus tax

Limited time—at drug or cosmetic counter.

look lovelier

—or no cost! Try this simple Beauty Routine!



1. Morning: Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water, *wash* your face with Noxzema as if using soap. No dry, drawn feeling!



2. Make-up base: Now apply a light film of *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema as your powder base. It holds make-up beautifully and helps to protect your skin all day.



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4. Night Cream: Apply Noxzema to help keep your skin looking soft, smooth, lovely. Always pat a bit extra over blemishes* to help heal them—fast. It's *medicated!*

* externally-caused

Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!



BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super" cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.



BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta's sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.



RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather ... it lets those coppery lights shine out undimmed.



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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.*

New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

DREAMBOAT

Picture Clifton Webb as a prim, precise, super-cultivated college professor. Then take a deep breath and picture him again, this time as a super-lover of the silent screen. That's a lot more difficult, but Webb plays both in *Dreamboat* and makes it all seem logical, at least for the duration of the show. "Dreamboat" is what Ginger Rogers, as a former film star, dubs him during the commercials as she introduces to the television audience the silent pictures they made many years ago. When the first one appears on TV, it creates an uproar on the campus of conservative old Underhill College, where Clifton is professor of Latin and English Literature. The quiet old codger, it seems, has kept his cinematic past a secret. Clifton's students make his life and that of his motherless daughter, an undergraduate herself and a junior edition of Mr. W., miserable with jokes and innuendoes. The board of trustees is properly shocked to discover that its professor is really the great romancer. So is spinster college president Elsa Lanchester—until she remembers that the actor used to be her secret idol. So Clifton soon finds it necessary to go to New York and fight the showing of his old films, with the threat of a permanent injunction as his main weapon. That means that he must meet up with a slippery agent and with Ginger, his oldtime partner and onetime flame. The fun gets faster and Clifton gets more furious; he can't get away from his fans or those darn commercials. The latter, however, finally provide a hilarious courtroom solution. *Dreamboat* is Hollywood's first really hard-hitting frontal attack on its new rival, television, and most of it is first-rate farce.

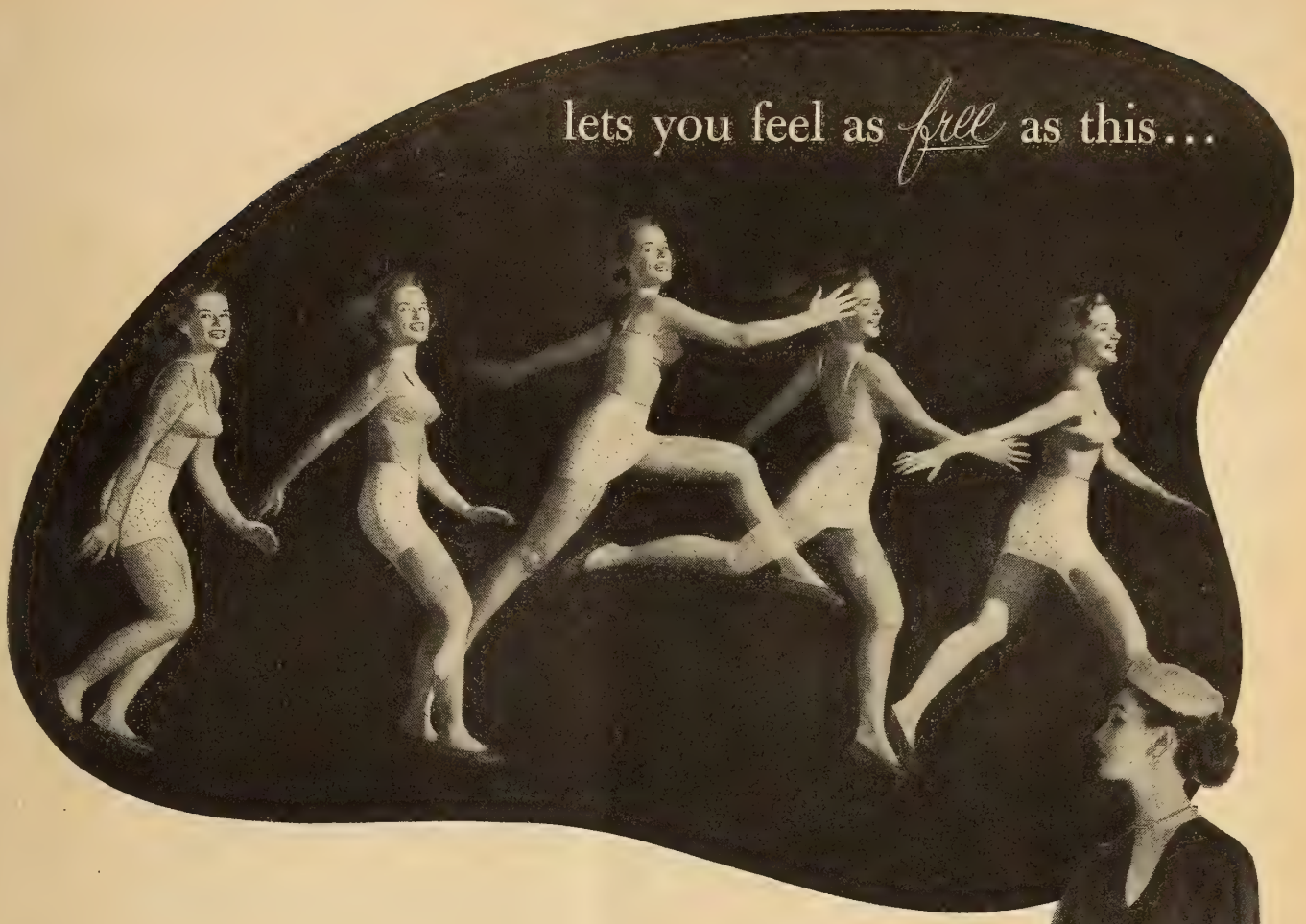
Cast: Clifton Webb, Ginger Rogers, Anne Francis, Jeffrey Hunter, Elsa Lanchester.—20th Century-Fox.

FEARLESS FAGAN

Carleton Carpenter and a friendly, fun-loving animal named Fagan divide the lion's share of the spotlight in this unpretentious little film. It's a picture that's lots of fun, because the people who produced it knew exactly where to begin and where to go with their single novel idea and, most importantly, where to stop. *Fearless Fagan* begins when a young circus clown, Carleton Carpenter, who is owner of a pet lion is suddenly inducted into the Army. Carpenter doesn't know what to do with the beast he loves so well. It seems that Fagan has no idea that he is a lion and so fails to respond according to pattern when chairs are waved, guns shot off and whips snapped; he answers only to kindness and caresses, loves music and likes to play with his toy duck. Carpenter refuses to give him away and can't let the circus people have him, for they are lion-tamers of the old school and are itching for the chance to prove that Fagan really is as fierce as his fellows. And how many householders want a lion as a temporary household pet? So Fagan comes to camp with his master, unbeknownst, of course, to Army brass, and when Janet Leigh stops by to entertain the troops she inadvertently stumbles onto Private Carpenter's secret. She tells the colonel, and then Carpenter's problem becomes the whole command's. If there are few guffaws in the film, there are a lot of chuckles, and Fagan's playful innocence is a blessed relief after the apparent arrogance of some other animal actors. Carpenter proves an admirable foil, but it is Fagan who steals the scenes.

Cast: Carleton Carpenter, Janet Leigh, Keenan Wynn.—MGM.

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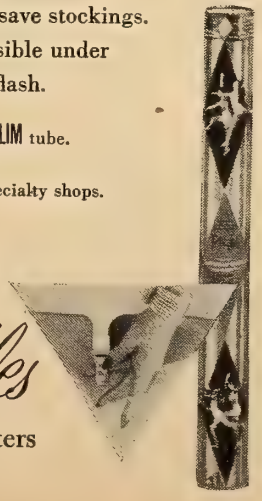


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Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. Ask to see all three: Playtex Fab-Lined, Pink-Ice and Living® Girdles—from $3.50 at department stores and specialty shops.



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Fabric-Next-to-Your-Skin
With 4 New *Adjust-All Garters

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EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

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Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually *8 times* more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally *raving* about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An *overwhelming* percentage of women —and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll *give* you a month's supply *absolutely free!* That's how sure *we* are that *you*, too, will say . . . "At last! . . . this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.



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Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply . . . FREE

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OFFER EXPIRES IN 60 DAYS

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only . . 2¢ on **25¢** size . . 4¢ on **50¢** size . . 5¢ on **$1.00** size

THE BIG SKY

Howard Hawks's *The Big Sky* is a big, sprawling adventure yarn about a little band of fur traders on the Missouri River back in the 1830's, but it's not A. B. Guthrie, Jr.'s story of the same name. Guthrie's novel was notable for its feeling for time, place and people—for the sense of adventure, the trail-blazing force that drove men on into the wilderness and the evil in them that caused them to destroy what they found. The movie, although based on the best-seller, brings the pitch down to a specific plot, seldom implying the spirit behind the story, never showing, as Guthrie does, that for all the good in them the protagonists are basically bad men. This is said only by way of warning that partisans of the picture's sourcebook will find here little of the mood or meaning that overlay the original. This version follows a crew of hard-drinking, brawling boatmen, including Kirk Douglas, Dewey Martin and the latter's uncle, Arthur Hunnicutt, 1200 miles up the uncharted "Big Mo" to bring illegal liquor and guns to the Indians beyond the last fort of the white men. As hostage and protection, they are bringing back to her native Blackfoot tribe an Indian maiden named Teal Eye (Elizabeth Threatt). Her story, and the attraction both the big trapper, Douglas, and his younger friend, Martin, feel for her, is interwoven with the troubles the keelboat crew have with white cargo inspectors and a monopolistic trading company, unfriendly Sioux and the dangerous rapids of the river itself. The scene is a new and interesting one, the action often exciting, the direction slick, so that many moviegoers will be satisfied. Others will resent the fact that Guthrie's powerful book about one of the basic tragedies of America's beginnings should turn up, on the screen, as just another happy-ending outdoor adventure film.

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Dewey Martin, Elizabeth Threatt, Arthur Hunnicutt.—RKO.

AFFAIR IN TRINIDAD

Rita Hayworth's return to the screen is accomplished with minimum fanfare in her new film. Trite and true to all the old clichés of espionage tales, *Affair In Trinidad* features her as an American café entertainer in Port-of-Spain, whose artist-husband's "suicide" sets off a chain of events in the tracking down of a team of international spies. Kingpin of the ring is wealthy, mysterious Max Fabian (Alexander Scourby). Because he is an admirer of Rita's and was a friend of her late husband, the police give her a chance to clear herself by doing some counter-espionage work for them and discovering what Fabian and his friends are up to. Things begin to get complicated when Glenn Ford, her husband's older brother, arrives from the U.S., first suspects Rita of murder, then falls for her, finally becoming suspicious all over again when he sees her playing up to Fabian. The melodramatic mix-ups come to a climax at a big party given by Fabian. Demanding that Ford leave (she tells him she's having an affair with Fabian so he will depart), Rita proceeds to discover the spy's secret and is herself discovered and imprisoned to be "disposed of later." Although Miss Hayworth isn't called upon to do much acting, she acquits herself well enough, especially in a couple of dance numbers created by Valerie Bettis. Ford's role calls for him to be unhappy most of the time, so he barks his lines truculently, as if to make his opinion of his situation clear. What saves *Affair In Trinidad* from becoming a mi-

(*Continued on page 113*)

Grand Colonial

sterling in the mood of tranquillity

Stately elegance in sterling! The charm of an era of gracious living and graceful entertaining is captured forever in Grand Colonial sterling silver. For, Grand Colonial was inspired by early America, the period of simplicity, of precious silver unadorned. Enchanting is the colonial fiddle motif, the grace of line and harmony of proportions, the soft opalescent finish. Grand Colonial is one of the exclusive patterns designed by famed William S. Warren. Each of these Wallace patterns has been given the full-formed contours of sculpture, which creates "Third Dimension Beauty"... beauty in front, in profile, in back—sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece place setting of Grand Colonial, $32.50.
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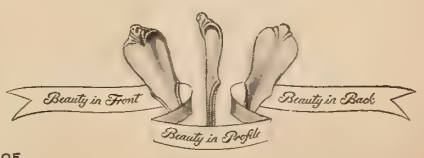




WALLACE

Third Dimension Beauty

STERLING



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BETTY HUTTON, starring in "SOMEBODY LOVES ME,"
A Perlberg-Seaton Production. A Paramount Picture—Color by Technicolor.



BETTY HUTTON . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Hutton uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World

is kept at its loveliest . . . with

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Betty Hutton says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Betty Hutton, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



continued from page 4

A. *Practically no chance for a reconciliation.*

Q. Why does Doris Day refuse to do her radio show or make personal appearances before a live audience?
—G. T., North Adams, Mass.

A. *Several years ago, Bob Hope gave her a bad time in front of an audience, and she vowed then not to try it again.*

Q. Friends tell me that Dinah Shore is the tightest person in show business. Is this true? —W. O., Sebring, Fla.

A. *No. Dinah is merely thrifty.*

Q. Haven't Van Johnson and his wife been having lots of trouble? Don't they contemplate a divorce?
—E. R., Denver, Col.

A. *Trouble, yes. Divorce, no.*

Q. What was the big fight about between Jane Wyman and Warner Bros. on *The Story Of Will Rogers?*
—J. H., Ithaca, N. Y.

A. *Jane refused to exploit the picture.*

Q. Is it true that Betty Grable has reformed and is now very cooperative with the Press? —G. D., Ashland, Ky.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Isn't the Marilyn Monroe-Joe DiMaggio romance another publicity stunt?
—F. D., Chicago, Ill.

A. *No. Marilyn really cares.*

Q. Haven't Sue and Alan Ladd sold their Hollywood home and retired with the children to Europe?
—B. B., Raleigh, N. C.

A. *No. They've leased their Hollywood home, rented one in England for a year where Ladd has gone to make films.*

Q. What is Ray Milland's real name, and how many children does he have?
—D. E., DeSoto, Miss.

A. *Reginald Truscott-Jones; two children.*

Q. Who in show business is the largest tipper? —C. O., Baltimore

A. *Jack Benny*

Q. Do Frank Sinatra's children really dislike Ava? —I. T., Dunn, N. C.

A. *They're very fond of Ava.*

Q. Isn't Barbara Stanwyck still carrying a big torch for Bob Taylor?
—J. U., Travis Junction, Ill.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Has Joan Crawford ever given birth

to a child of her own?
—D. E., Toronto, Can.

A. *No.*

Q. How come a beautiful girl like dancer Ann Miller has never been married? —D. L., Montgomery, Ala.

A. *She has been, once.*

Q. Isn't the Bette Davis-Gary Merrill marriage breaking up?
—N. Y., Wayno, Mass.

A. *No.*

Q. When is Lana going to get that divorce from Topping?
—V. F., Wallingford, Conn.

A. *As soon as the legal haggling stops.*

Q. Are Jane Powell's parents divorced? And why is Jane playing the night club circuit? —P. F., Dallas, Tex.

A. *They're divorced. Jane is earning money which is going into income property.*

Q. I read that Betty Grable is broke and has been living on the earnings of her horses. How much have her horses earned? —R. C., Santa Fe, N. M.

A. *They've earned $80,000, which Miss Grable doesn't need. She's doing fine.*

Q. Is it true that Red Skelton will wear only maroon ties and no others? If so, why? —N. R., Boston, Mass.

A. *It's true. Red says maroon is his lucky color.*

Q. I know that Loretta Young is a very devout Catholic. Wasn't she converted to that religion from Protestantism?
—D. A., Salt Lake City, Utah

A. *Loretta's mother was converted, but her offspring were raised in the Catholic faith.*

Q. Can you tell me if it's true that all motion pictures will soon be photographed in Technicolor?
—C. L., Cleveland, Ohio

A. *Technicolor is the copyrighted name of one color process; there are several others. Within five years approximately 90% of most movies will be shot in color.*

Q. If John Wayne's real name is Marion Mitchell Morrison, why does everyone call him Duke?
—T. T., Ames, Iowa.

A. *He was nick-named after his favorite dog.*

Q. I've been told that Burt Lancaster is pretty conceited, won't let his family pose for movie magazines and all of that. How come?
—L. F., Frankfort, Ky.

A. *He wants his private life private.*

Q. Can you please tell me how much stand-ins, extras, and bit players earn for a day's work?
—G. S., Denver, Col.

A. *Stand-ins, $17 per day; extras, $18.50 per day; bit players, $70 a day.*

BEAUTY
is my business
says lovely cover girl
JANET RANDY



and
SWEETHEART
is my Beauty Soap

Janet says: *"I often pose in revealing evening gowns, so my skin must always be soft and smooth. That's why I use gentle SweetHeart—it keeps my skin smooth as a flower petal!"*

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap

Get the big bath-size SweetHeart for *your* daily baths! See—just one week after you change to thorough care—with SweetHeart—your skin looks softer, smoother—all over!

Beauty is my business, too!

Sweet little Susan Davis is a model at 14 months! Her mother guards her baby's exquisite skin; she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Susan's daily baths.

Get SweetHeart in the big bath size today!

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

Newest, easiest way to a heavenly complexion —



no wet sponge **no** greasy fingertips **no** spilly powder

Angel Face

by POND'S





Powder and foundation in-one — in this enchanting new Mirror Case



Pond's Angel Face also comes in this well-loved, blue-and-gold box, with puff, at 89¢, 59¢.*

*plus tax

Stays on longer than plain powder! No wonder more women use it than any other complexion make-up! Angel Face *loves* all complexions—at any age! Never drying, or shiny—natural as powder, yet its velvety color *clings!* Because Angel Face is powder and foundation *in-one!* Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor says, "Every day, I'm more *enchanted* with Angel Face!"

Tuck it in your handbag! Can't spill! For a lovely new make-up *anytime,* just flip open the new Mirror Case! With Angel Face, puff, *mirror*—it gives you a fresh, sweet-tinted look in 5 seconds! Lady Maureen Cooper says, "In its Mirror Case, Angel Face is even more of a joy." 6 angelic skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case, just $1*

It took three marriages to do it—but Lana's finally learned her lesson. No more midnight elopements, no more playboys. She wants a home for Cheryl, now.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

party girl grows up

■ It has taken 17 long, eventful, hectic, heartbreaking years, but Lana Turner, at 32, has finally come of age.

Refusing steadfastly to be defeated by life, Lana has evolved a sense of values that is intelligent, wholesome, and for her, strangely realistic.

In her present scheme of things, the welfare of her daughter Cheryl comes first, her career comes second, and men come third.

For Lana, this is revolutionary.

Men and love, until now, have been the dominant factors in her life, and as she herself said last year, "My life has been a series of emergencies, in which I have had to take the wheel without knowing where I was going or how to run the machine."

Today, Lana knows better. Figuratively speaking, she realizes that if a girl drives slowly and keeps her eyes on her objective, she won't encounter nearly the number of pitfalls she finds when she races headlong, living each day as though it were her last.

The realization that she must go slow and take stock of what she really wants from life crystalized, I believe, this past summer, when, after finishing *The Bad And The Beautiful,* Lana took Cheryl and flew to Lake Tahoe for a six-weeks vacation.

Lake Tahoe is an incomparably beautiful body of water, half in Nevada and half in California. Actresses in the market for a divorce usually rent a cottage on the Nevada side of the shore, go to Reno, hire a lawyer, then spend the next six weeks gambling and dancing and dating, going the rounds of the many casinos and night clubs that dot the resort.

That is what everyone thought Lana had in mind, because few people know how much the beauty has changed since Fernando Lamas came into her life and Bob Topping went out.

Lana is no longer the frivolous playgirl of old. "I'm a hard-working actress," she says, "who believes in looking after her daughter and her own business. I also believe, despite previous unfortunate experiences, (*Continued on page 101*)

FROM THIS — PLAYBOY HUSBAND



TO THIS — DAUGHTER CHERYL





Liz won't be posing for many more cheesecake pictures like this until after her baby arrives in January. Meanwhile, she's unperturbed by rumors.

the lies they

Buzz-buzz-buzz goes the talk. Hollywood's busy dissecting the Wildings who much to the dismay of all the gossips, go right on being wild about each other.

■ In a swank Beverly Hills restaurant run by a reformed pretender to the royal Russian crown named Michael Romanoff, there gathers each afternoon a group of wealthy, indolent women who specialize in Hollywood gossip.

These women, who have pipe lines to all the powder rooms in town, can tell you exactly when Judy Garland and Sid Luft expect the baby, what lies behind the ceaseless bickering between Van and Evie Johnson, and why the Liz Taylor-Michael Wilding marriage simply can't endure.

For the past several weeks, this last subject has been their favorite conversational topic, largely because Wilding, with or without his beautiful pregnant bride, has been frequenting the eatery.

I occupied the booth adjoining these hoydens a few weeks ago when Wilding took Liz to lunch just before she started her last MGM picture, *The Girl Who Had Everything.*

As soon as Liz and Mike appeared in the archway, waiting for the (*Continued on page 104*)

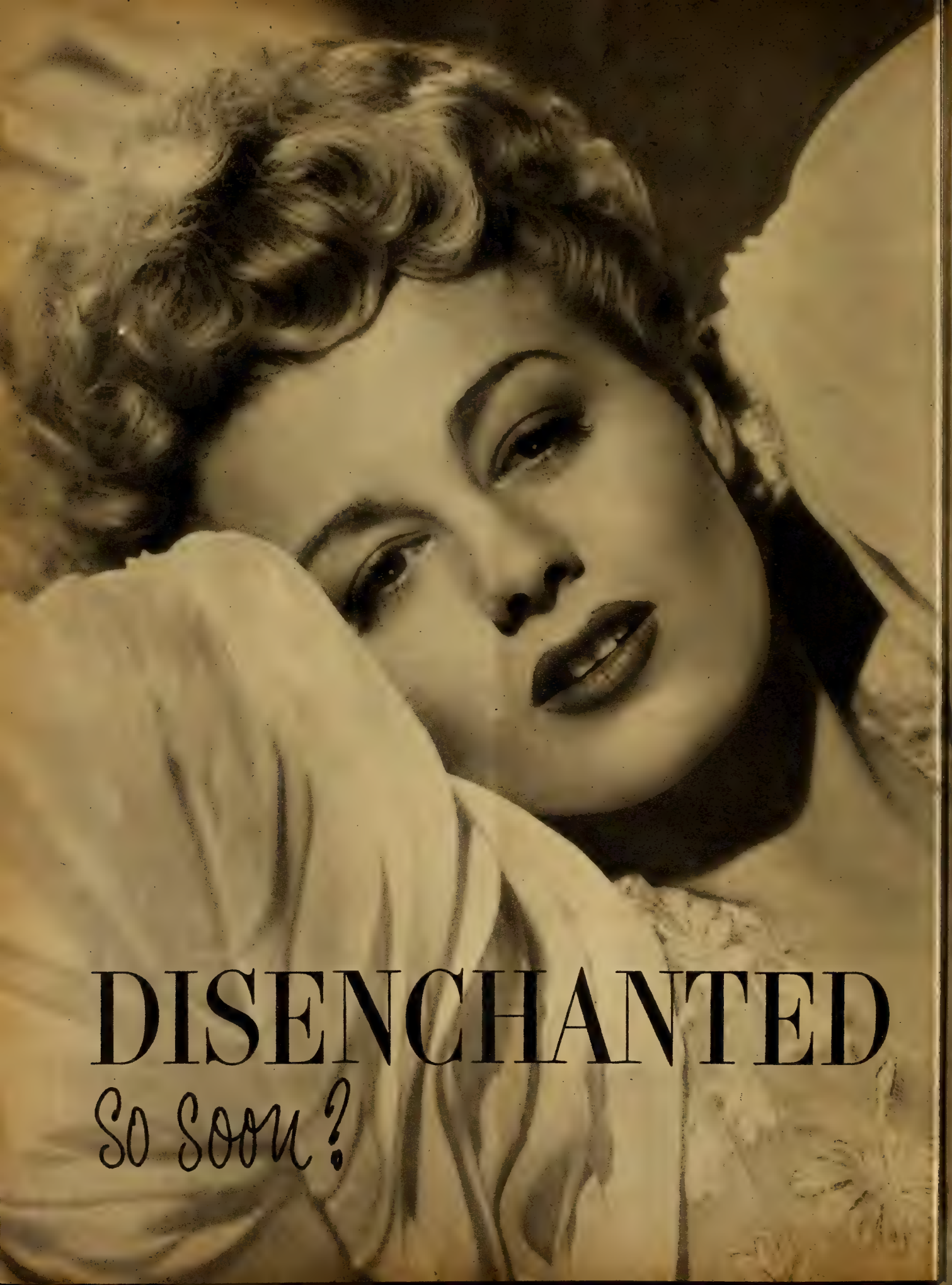


Here's proof the gossips were wrong who said Liz hadn't seen Mike minus his toupée. They reckoned without her new maturity.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

tell about LIZ and MIKE




DISENCHANTED
So Soon?

SHELLEY USED TO TALK AND VITTORIO LISTENED. NOW PICTURES SHOW HE'S MORE SELF-ASSURED





Shelley's burned up over rift rumors. And this only makes Hollywood wonder all the more if the Shell-Gass combo has already gone up in smoke.

by Consuelo Anderson

■ Ever since their marriage in Mexico early this year, Shelley Winters and her Italian Casanova, Vittorio Gassmann, have been making the columns, and of late, the items haven't been too favorable.

Supposedly the newlyweds have been battling all over the country, and their chances for a long and happy marriage look mighty slim.

"Shell and Gass had a battle royal in Chasen's Restaurant the other night," one columnist reported a few weeks ago, "and Shell left in tears."

"Shelley Winters and her bridegroom, Vittorio Gassmann," writes another, "should keep their quarrels at home and not out in public."

"Hollywood insiders," opines a third reporter, "say that Shell and Gass won't stay together for a year."

Confronted with these reports when she returned from a trip to Mexico City where Vittorio was making *Sombrero* on location, and asked for an explanation, the frank and fiery Shelley burst out, "It's disgusting. That's the word for these lies—disgusting. I believe in publicity as much as any actress living, but when they start interfering with my marriage, when they start printing those awful lies, I'm telling you it's disgusting.

"To read those items someone would think that Vittorio and I've been fighting — I mean fighting all the time. If (*Continued on page 95*)



Junie always wanted stardom . . . and she got it, even though it meant fighting every inch of the way. But now, rumor has it that she's willing to turn her back on the cameras, and retire as plain Housewife. Here's what June says . . .

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

Is June Allyson really quitting?

■ Ever since last December when she completed *Girl In White,* the rumor has been hushed all over Hollywood that June Allyson is retiring from motion pictures.

When the cute little blonde with the dark blue eyes failed to make a single movie during the first six months of 1952 and announced that "Richard and I expect to spend August and September in Europe," the retirement rumor assumed the proportion of near fact.

Whereupon everyone asked a most sensible question. Why should Junie, a young actress not yet 30, retire during the prime of her career when she is pulling down $3,250 a week?

June's answer is that she doesn't measure happiness in terms of money.

"More than half the year's flown by," she told me. "I haven't made a single picture, and still I'm the happiest woman you ever met. I'm in a wonderful position. I don't ever have to work. I have Richard. And two lovely children, Pam and Rickey. Gee! What more can any girl want?"

I said nothing, but my mind wandered back ten years when a frightened little rabbit named June Allyson first came out to Hollywood. Back then she was one of the most career-conscious youngsters this town has ever seen. Stardom was her sole objective, and the fear of failure constantly nagged her. "I don't want to go back to New York having failed," she used to say. "Not now." And she worked with a willpower and concentration few other young actresses have ever maintained.

She would stop producers on the lot and plead for parts. "Honestly," she'd say, and her eyes would twinkle and at times even grow watery, "I know I can play the part." She would study her lines and rehearse her dance routines as if nothing else mattered. And back then it all seemed pitiful to me, this little bundle of energy trying so hard for success when success seemed earmarked for Gloria De Haven.

Gloria and June broke in at MGM just about the same time. They were cast in *Two Girls And A Sailor* opposite Van Johnson, and the studio hierarchy was convinced that De Haven would emerge a new and great attraction. But the studio bigshots miscalculated. It was little June Allyson who ran away with the public's fancy when the picture was released.

That taste of success was all Junie needed. It whet her appetite. Career became her obsession. Thoughts of love, men, *(Continued on page 91)*



Dean and Jerry stick as close together as two newlyweds during the day, but come time to head for home, they get a quick divorce!

two wives – two lives

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis may act crazy as loons when they're on stage—but these smart cookies know that keeping their private lives *apart* is what keeps the team *together!*

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ Since the antique days of Damon and Pythias, there have been few double-chum, bosom buddies operating as close together as a couple of fabulously funny boys in Hollywood named Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

Some people swear that when Dean takes a drink, Jerry reaps a hangover, that if Lewis gulps down a hotdog, Martin is certain to burp, that a day on the beach for Dino spreads a deep tan over the Little Monster, sitting home in the shade. This impression stems from their superbly synchronized shenanigans, and it's true that in the heat of action there's telepathy between that pair that could put Western Union out of business. Often when Jerry starts a sentence, Dean finishes it. Only the other day, knocking around in rehearsal, the following exchange of dialogue was recorded:

Dean: What do you think?
Jerry: Why not?
Dean: Shall we?
Jerry: Let's!

And they racketed right through a wild new routine which never missed a lick or trick.

This perfectly blended oneness, most

Dean, Jeanne, and Dino, Jr., lead a home life very different from that of Jerry, his wife Patti, and their two sons, Gary and Ronald *(right)*.

critics agree, is a big reason why Martin and Lewis are the greatest double-barrelled hit in the history of show business. It was spontaneous and electric the desperate night six years ago when it blew the fuse and welded Dean and Jerry together at the 500 Club in Atlantic City. Since then it has never dimmed, and the cockeyed wonders have topped every record on the books.

They stayed 18 weeks at Broadway's famous Copacabana where no previous act had lasted more than two. In five quickly-slapped-together Hollywood pictures, their *(Continued on next page)*



Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Lewis are both attractive women—but that's where the similarity ends. Their lives are as far apart as the sun and the moon.



The pictures on these and the next two pages show the contrast in the everyday living of the two families.

MORE ➤

JERRY'S AS NERVOUS AS A TOMCAT, AND TWICE AS SKITTERY. FOREVER ON THE RUN,



Jerry's a regular pest at home . . . He brings all the worries of the business day home with him, won't relax and forget work. Patti's used to listening, often comes up with some good advice.



Jerry's a worry-bug about everything—but mostly about his children. The question of what type of haircut one of the boys should have is enough to start a turmoil.

DEAN'S JUST THE OPPOSITE. AS SLEEPY AND RELAXED AS A NEW BORN KITTEN, HE AMBLES



Once Dean arrives home for the night, his worries are over! He flops down on the living room couch—or, more often, the floor—and starts right in relaxing with great determination!



Dean's the most easy-going father in Hollywood. As a result, Dino, Jr. (*above*) and Dean's four children by his first wife, lead unharassed, uncomplicated lives.

two wives - two lives

continued



producer, Hal Wallis, has grossed over $10,000,000. And there's no telling how high the profits on their two latest Wallis films, *Jumping Jacks* and *The Stooge*, will go. In San Francisco, on one theatre appearance, they rang the cash register for $10,000 in popcorn and candy sales alone, more than the previous attraction had collected from admissions. In Minneapolis they pulled in $138,000, more than double the $65,000 mark Bing Crosby had set. In Chicago they were offered $20,000

HE COULDN'T RELAX IF HIS LIFE DEPENDED ON IT



Portraits of himself and Dean, press clippings and scrapbooks, keep reminding Jerry of business even in the privacy of his own living room.



Even Jerry's hobby provides its share of headaches. His home-movie equipment is expensive, must be carefully handled. Patti's a fan, too.



Jerry's never off-stage, not even on the golf course. Always clowning, he goes at too fast a pace, never learned to relax.

THROUGH LIFE AS IF IT WERE A SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC



Dean's modern Colonial home gives no hint that the owner's in show business. Dean doesn't keep a scrapbook, never saves his press clippings.



Dean and Jeanne spend their spare time having fun . . . they love to go dancing, although just staying home and loafing together is O.K. too.



Dean takes his golf as easily as he takes everything else. Here, he, Jeanne, and Dino, Jr., take time off for some putting.

just to show up at a private party tossed by a millionaire. At the Paramount in New York they were paid off at the rate of 70 per cent for Martin and Lewis, 30 per cent for the house—an unheard of profit split. Last March, on a 16½-hour telethon in New York, they raised $1,148,000 for their pet charity, muscular dystrophy. This year, with movies, TV, radio, records, theatre appearances, night clubs and fairs, the beautifully batty boys will gross over $3,000,000.

Georgie Jessel, Mister Show Business himself, summed it up not long ago at a national exhibitors' convention at the Waldorf-Astoria. "Gentlemen," he said, "let's face it. Today there are only two names that will pack them in, good times or bad. Those names are Martin and Lewis."

Throughout this fantasticly successful spree, Dean and Jerry have clung to each other like tipsy revellers who are afraid to let go, lest they both fall on their faces. Financially, it's share and share alike with them, and always has been. Even when Dean sings a recording alone, he insists that Jerry split the proceeds.

Physically, they complement each other. On tour, Jerry, who's a jittery early riser, makes Dean, who's a relaxed sleepyhead, stay in the hay, while he goes to the theatre and rehearses Dean's songs with the band. Dean, who is 170 pounds of muscle, has developed a belligerent, big-brother protectorate over Jerry, who is 130 pounds of skin and bones. (*Continued on page 106*)



INSTEAD OF DATING:



Debra prefers puttering at home . . .



. . . playing with baby sister, Meg . . .



. . . and no kidding, reading a good book!

She's never had a date and she's only been kissed on the screen. Debra Paget is hard to please but the right boy won't find her hard to love.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

She wants a big, tall somebody!

■ While lunching in the studio commissary some weeks ago, Debra Paget came back with an odd answer when a fellow across the table jokingly asked her if she ever dreamed of men. "Do I have nightmares, you mean?" was her reply.

Eighteen-year-old girls are not ordinarily this leery of the opposite sex, and neither is Debra. But, as she has made very clear, she hates questions alluding to the fact that she doesn't go out (which she gets kidded about a lot), and she doesn't want people to pry into her personal affairs. While working in *Stars And Stripes Forever* with Bob Wagner, she went into a three-day cutting silence every time he got near her because she thought he had something to do with an item that reported the two of them as a romantic pair. Inasmuch as Bob goes with Debbie Reynolds, it made her look as though she were trying to steal him. But, at the same time, as her mother, Mrs. Margaret Griffin, pointed out, Bob would be slitting his own throat by having anything to do with such a story.

Debra finally saw the sense of this, but here was another tell-tale incident, significant to those who know her well; Debra, in matters of the heart, doesn't care to be taken lightly.

The truth is, in Debra's own words, "No, I don't dream of men when I'm asleep. But I have my dreams when I'm awake. I think there is quite a difference."

The "difference" is, as she explains, that she hopes to meet the one and only "somebody", (*Continued on page 64*)



my mom

by Tony Curtis

I call her Josephine, Frances or Judith although her name's Helen. She's my No. 1 audience, my oldest fan. My mom's the best—and so is her stuffed cabbage!

■ She's short and plump and hysterical and sweet, and she has one of those faces that advertise she's one of history's greatest cooks. She's the kind of mom every guy should have. When I was a kid, I was properly respectful and called her "mama," but since I got out of the Navy, I've been calling her Josephine, Frances, Judith or Nellie. And although her name is Helen, Mom loves it. She laughs at anything I say. She'd laugh if I told her the house was on fire. She's my greatest audience and the rock of my life.

My first memory of Mom is the time I sat beside her in a theater in New Brunswick, Connecticut. Manny, my father, was in a play given by Hungarian actors, and I was getting a big boot out of the whole thing until some woman in the cast began chasing my pop around the stage, wielding an axe over his head. That set me off into a howl, and I looked up at Mom for support. She was so composed she looked like she was watching somebody bake a cake, instead of some dame trying to scalp her husband. "Shh, Bernie, shush," she said, and I thought she'd gone off her rocker.

I don't remember ever thinking Mom was beautiful, the way guys do in books, but I know now that she must have been very pretty as a young woman. I picture her coming to America when she was a girl, sort of temptingly plump, with that (*Continued on page 97*)



When Tony first started dating Janet Leigh, his mom was very impressed. And she heard their wedding bells long before they did.





On the outside, Donald and Gwen O'Connor's house is coral and white.

Donald and Gwen O'Connor bought a little house. His career grew bigger and bigger, but they stayed in their little house and changed it instead of their address.

BY MARVA PETERSON

In the Pink (house, that is)

Hollywood rumor recently had "the Battling O'Connors" separating. As we went to press, though, they were still together.





Gwen O'Connor, who is crazy about color, made her interiors exceptionally bright with a coral ceiling in the living room, purple walls, and the sectional couch and drapes repeating the scheme.



The den is small but the effect is spacious, thanks to Gwen's idea of extending the same gray wall-to-wall carpeting all through the house. This creates the optical illusion of much more room.



When Donald bought the house, it had only one bedroom, but Donna changed all that. The five-year-old now has a place of her own with lots of toy room due to Gwen's judicious use of space.



The master bedroom is done in royal blue with accents of red corduroy. One wall is lined with Donald's wardrobe closets. Gwen "enlarged" the room by having all the closet doors mirrored.

■ Donald O'Connor, the hottest young actor in Hollywood today—four major studios are pleading with him to accept $75,000 a picture—was sitting in the MGM commissary the other week, munching a fast sandwich.

Debbie Reynolds, his leading lady in *I Love Melvin,* sat down beside him.

"Tell me, Don," she said "is it really true about your wife?"

Twenty-six year-old Donald smiled. "You mean about her seven toes?"

"No, silly. I mean about your house."

"I've been told," Debbie continued, "that every few months your wife completely redecorates your house."

"I wouldn't know," Donald cracked. "Gwen and I only love there." (Editor's note: MODERN SCREEN *hopes the O'Connor rift rumors, which were circulating recently, have no basis in fact.*)

A minute later the irrepressible O'Connor—he is generally conceded to be "the sweetest guy in Hollywood"—turned serious for a few seconds. "I'm the kind of guy, Debbie," he explained, "who believes in hobbies. I collect marbles, bottle tops, films, old cars, records. Gwen's only hobby is redecorating. So long as it keeps her happy, she can re-do the house every Tuesday." (*Continued on next page*)

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

In the Pink .continued



The den shows touches of Donald's collecting mania. The sketch commemorates Donald's work in the *Francis* pictures. One of the house's three television sets is in the den.



Gwen bought fewer pieces of furniture and had some of it painted the same color as the walls to make the house look less cluttered. Here the bedroom chests are royal blue.



Donald says, "Gwen won't cook in a kitchen unless it looks like a hospital." To take away the clinical look, Gwen used red and green wallpaper and Pennsylvania dutch furniture.

Gwen O'Connor is a 25-year-old beauty, who first met her husband when he was 13 years old and four feet seven inches tall. They met in the Paramount commissary. Gwen played bit parts in films, and Donald was a graduate of vaudeville who'd been signed to a studio contract.

"It was hate at first sight," Gwen recalls. "Don thought I was nothing, and I thought he was less."

Three years later, Gwen Carter and Donald O'Connor met backstage at a vaudeville show and, through some strange alchemy, their hate turned to love.

One night when Donald was all of 16, he decided to become engaged to Gwen. He took her to a party. At 11 o'clock the lights fortuitously went out for a few minutes. Donald grabbed a girl's hand and slipped a ring on her finger. When the lights went on, he was shocked to discover that instead of giving the ring to Gwen who was sitting on his right, he'd slipped it on the finger of another girl sitting at his left. "I straightened that one out in a hurry," he says.

In 1944, having done very well for Universal in a dozen light comedies, Donald felt his local draft board breathing down his neck.

A week before he was inducted into the Air Corps, the versatile young star decided that the time had come for him to engage in a serious philosophical discussion with Gwen, his red-headed fiancée. Going off to war is a pretty big step. No laughing matter. Especially when you're 18.

That night Don and Gwen discussed life, love, and their future together, and they came to a big decision. "We decided," Gwen says, "not to wait. We climbed into Don's Model A Ford and headed for Tijuana. Naturally, the car broke down, but we managed to get married and enjoy a wonderful honeymoon."

Returning to Hollywood, the newlyweds rented a small, picturesque house that had only one bedroom and one bath.

Despite Don's subsequent rise to fame and riches, this is the very same house the O'Connors now occupy—only today it has two bedrooms but still that same one bath.

For a movie star of Donald's earning capacity—he's good for a cool million within the next seven years—the house is plainly too small. "But there are other points to consider," says Gwen, who along with her fragile beauty also features plenty of common sense. "I wouldn't want to be bothered with a home so large that I needed a staff of servants. You know, like one of those tremendous Bel-Air jobs. The way things are today, it's just too hard to get and keep help. We do very nicely with a young girl who looks after Donna—she's our five-year-old—and I have a maid who comes in five days a week. I do most of the cooking, because I've learned to cook the way Don's mother does. When we want to entertain, throw a big shindig, we have a champagne party out on the lawn.

"Besides, if we had a large house, we wouldn't be able to redecorate every year. This way Alley and I go right ahead, and Don doesn't care."

"Alley" is Allen Kirk, Donald O'Connor's best friend. Years ago Kirk was a shoe salesman (*Continued on page 109*)

Aldo Ray wanted to be a Big Wheel in politics. But that was before he made a campaign speech before some Hollywood bigwigs. Now constable Ray is actor Ray.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

he never took a lesson

■ The door leading to the office of one of the dramatic coaches at Columbia Studio was open about a foot. Inside, a lady stood before a handsome young girl and directed a portion of a scene they were working on. Then the fledgling actress tried it. She turned elegantly, strolled to a large chair, twisted about neatly and sat, being careful to keep the legs straight and the feet in the proper position. Seated, she delivered a line of dialogue, and the coach smiled, pleased.

A young man watched through the space in the doorway, hiding himself from the couple inside. A friend, passing in the hall, slapped him on the back.

"Hi, Aldo," he greeted.

Aldo Ray put his fingers to his lips in a worried shush and tip-toed away from the door.

"What's the matter?" his friend asked when they were out of earshot. "Something wrong?"

"Nah," said Aldo with a grin. "I'm just not supposed to be here, that's all."

"Why not?" asked his friend.

"Well," said Aldo, "they don't want me to take any acting lessons. It's better that nobody should see me looking in there."

And, oddly enough, that's the way it is. Columbia does not want Aldo Ray to take acting lessons, voice coaching or anything else that might change one whit the unique talent that it has uncovered in its newest star. The fellow who waltzed into the co-starrng role with Judy Holliday in *The Marrying Kind,* and convinced the critics he was an experienced, accomplished actor, has never taken a lesson in his life. And if the company brass has anything to do with it, he never will.

In order to fathom the lad who acts, naturally, and is good enough to get the critical approval of the poobahs who pass on the screen performances of the stars, you'd have to see more of Aldo Ray than you can in a movie or (*Continued on page 88*)





the truth about the FORDS

It wasn't only rumor that had the For

■ This is how it happened.

On a Sunday the announcement was released that, after nine years of an idyllic marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford had decided to call it quits. Glenn was moving out, and Ellie was getting the divorce.

The next day another announcement was made public, explaining that the Glenn



parating. But when Glenn realized he was losing Ellie, he got back in line—quick!

by Steve Cronin

Fords had absolutely no intention of separating. They'd had a little family spat, and that was all. Everything was bright and sunny again.

On Tuesday Mr. Walter Winchell, who usually knows about such things, ran an item in his column to the effect that Glenn Ford was sweet on Larraine Cugat, the ex-wife of rhumba band-leader Xavier Cugat.

On Wednesday, Miss Cugat, said in an interview with the press, "It's news to me. I've never met Glenn Ford. We've never even been introduced. We happened to go to Europe on the same boat, the Liberté, but I've never even spoken to the guy."

On Thursday another columnist opined that Winchell had the wrong girl in mind, that, in fact, Mr. Glenn Ford wasn't in love with any eastern beauty; the eastern beauty happened to be in love with him. Her name was Geraldine Brooks, the daughter of the president of Brooks, New York's leading theatrical costumers. Geraldine had been Glenn's leading (*Continued on page 65*)

what Betty Lanza has done for Mario

Hollywood's talking about the new Lanza—a slimmer, trimmer, more simmered-down Mario. And they've got his lovely wife to thank for it!

BY JIM BURTON



When Mario got down to 157 lbs. for *Because You're Mine,* Betty persuaded him to stay that way.

■ Standing there in his producer's office, looking over the preview cards on *Because You're Mine,* his latest film, Mario Lanza was happy . . . but in a restrained, un-Lanzalike way.

There was no full-throated exuberance, no unbridled enthusiasm. Mario merely picked up one card and smiled as he read, "Lanza has never been in better voice." His grin widened at the second card—"I like this picture even better than *Caruso!*" And he chuckled quietly over the third, on which a fan had scribbled, "I thought Lanza was supposed to be as heavy as an elephant. He's surprisingly thin."

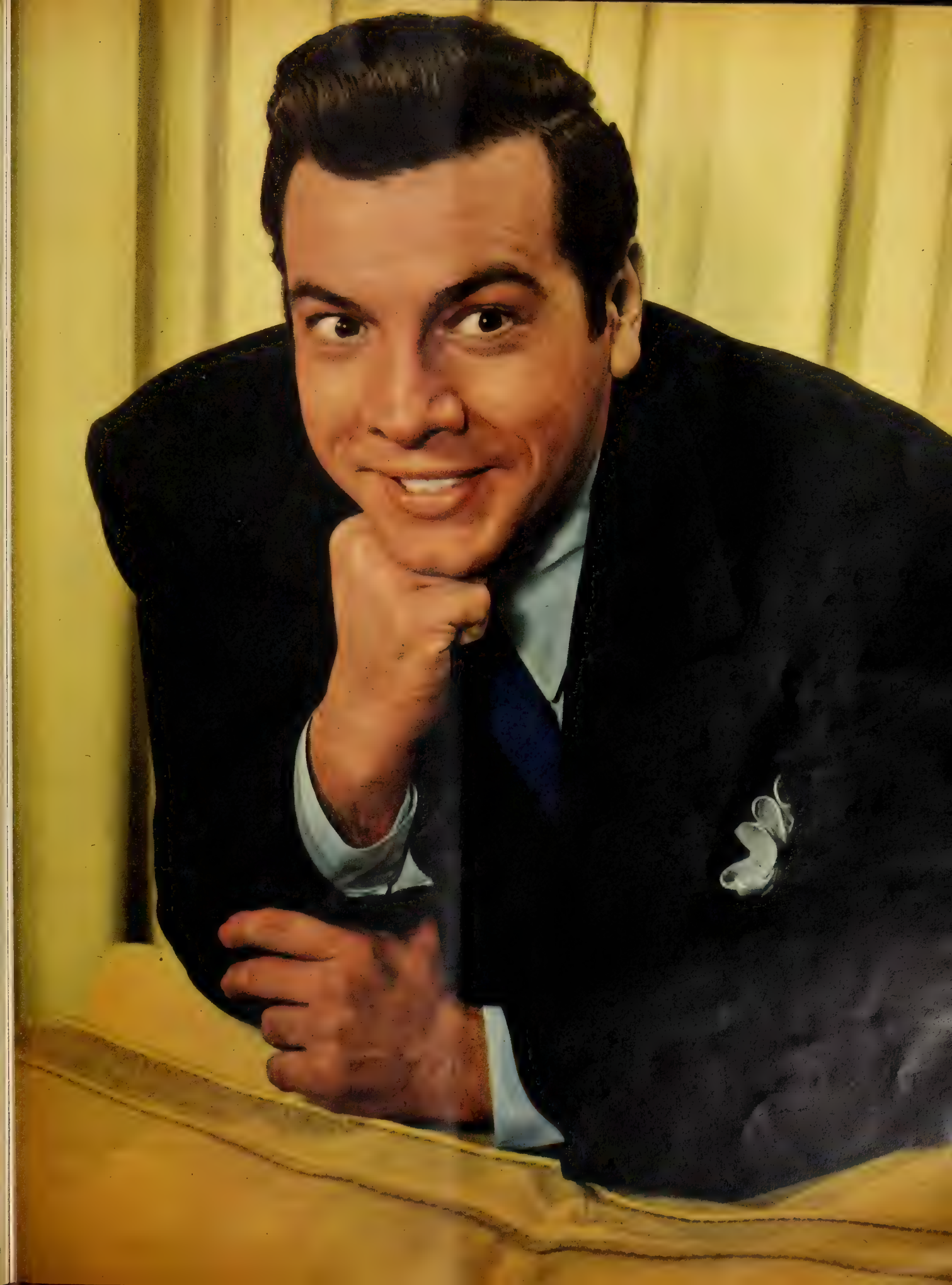
Mario thumbed through a few others, put them down, said goodbye to Eleanor, Joe Pasternak's secretary, then ambled down the long MGM corridor and out to his car.

He slid into his Cadillac and, humming contentedly, drove to the house he rents for $550 a month in Beverly Hills. It's a preposterous-looking structure, half Gothic, half Moorish, and filled with Oriental furniture originally collected by its owner, a Swedish ambassador to the Far East.

As Mario alighted, he spotted Mrs. X, a small, dumpy woman, somewhere in her fifties, who is undoubtedly the most rabid Lanza fan in the world.

Each afternoon, Mrs. X. drives up to Mario's house and patrols it, walking around and around, watching to see who (*Continued on next page*)

For Mario's fabulous diet, turn the page



Mario Lanza's Fabulous Diet

(It will reduce you from 3 to 5 lbs. a week.)

For the past several months Mario Lanza has been eating the following scientifically prepared meals. They consist of foods that satisfy his considerable appetite and still keep him trim. Since going on this basic three-day diet, Lanza has reduced his weight from 237 to the 157 lbs. he weighs today.

FIRST DAY

Breakfast
Tomato Juice (½ cup)
Poached eggs and fatless meat, no salt
Coffee (with skim milk)

Lunch
Pineapple-and-cottage cheese salad
Toast (2 slices)
Skim milk (1 glass)

Dinner
Steak
Baked potato
Spinach
Asparagus
Mixed green salad with low calorie dressing
Piece of fruit
Coffee without sugar

SECOND DAY

Breakfast
Orange juice (½ cup)
Ham and eggs
Coffee

Lunch
Tomato salad
Cold roast chicken
Buttermilk

Dinner
Lamb chops (2)
Peas
Potato
Celery
Cookies (2)
Coffee

THIRD DAY

Breakfast
½ Grapefruit
Poached eggs and meat
Coffee

Lunch
Cold cuts, ham and beef
Orange-and-lettuce salad
Skim milk

Dinner
Roast lamb
Salad bowl of carrots, celery, apple
Baked potato
Cake (1 slice)
Coffee

These meals are nutritionally sound, being extremely low in fat and carbohydrate content and high in protein. Mario is a veteran meat-eater, who must have his meat at least two times a day. He tries to keep his diet salt-free, since this aids the body in ridding the tissues of useless water.

Mario doesn't believe in quack reducing remedies or taking off weight too quickly. "A few pounds each week," he says, "and before you know it you're in wonderful shape."

Between pictures Mario's eating habits used to be hit-or-miss. Now, he sticks to the rules.

LANZA'S DIETING RULES

1. Do not diet without first obtaining your doctor's permission.
2. The only practical way to reduce is to control what you eat.
3. Exercise will change your figure, but it rarely will reduce your weight. If you walk 35 miles, you may lose a pound.
4. Go easy on foods containing starch, fat, and sugar, such as breads, cereals, sweets, etc.
5. Instead of whole milk drink skim milk or buttermilk.
6. Don't skip meals.
7. Don't eat between meals.
8. Eat fresh fruit without sugar.
9. Eat plenty of protein-rich meat without fat.
10. Eat plenty of salads but go easy on the dressing.
11. Drink plenty of water.
12. Sweets between meals will undo a whole day of watchful dieting.
13. When you've dropped enough weight, don't return to your old eating habits. Continue to watch what you eat.

(*Continued from page 50*) goes in and who goes out, waving to the family from time to time and questioning the visitors about her idol's health.

As Mario dashed up the steps to his front door, Mrs. X ran after him, calling his name. Mario stopped, and the fat little woman dug into her handbag and came up with a necktie.

"It's yours," she announced pridefully. "Your wife threw it out, but I rescued it from the trash can." She clasped the tie to her breast and closed her eyes in rapture. When she opened them, Mario was gone.

Mrs. X. shook her index finger at the closed door. "You naughty, naughty boy," she said. Then she descended the steps and continued her vigil in front of the Lanza residence, to and fro, up and back like a sentry walking guard duty.

Inside the house, Mario walked through the living room into the den. His wife Betty, a beautiful, wide-faced brunette with brown sparkling eyes, rose from the sofa to meet him. He kissed her on the lips. "You see the doctor?" he asked.

Betty nodded.

"How you feeling?"

"Just so-so," Betty said. "My stomach's still upset."

"Sit down," Mario said, "and take it easy."

He walked to his desk, picked up a pile of letters, and began slitting them open.

Suddenly, Betty got up, strode into the kitchen, then returned with a plate of chopped ice which she began chewing.

Mario looked up from his desk. When he saw his wife chewing ice, he leaped out of his chair.

"Oh, no!" he shouted. "No, I can't believe it! Really, Betty? Tell me, really?" He grabbed her by the shoulders, wrapped his arms around her waist, and pulled her to him. "Tell me, Betty. Really?"

"It's never failed before," Betty said smilingly. "Whenever I get the urge to chew ice, I know I'm pregnant."

Mario's eyes sparkled. "I know it's going to be a boy," he said. "A son. It's gotta be a son. Do you hear that, Betty? It's gotta be a son."

Betty laughed. "I haven't seen you this excited for months."

That last sentence best expresses the general (*Continued on page 92*)



Lucy Desirée celebrated her first birthday with her famous parents, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. They're expecting another baby.

it's only money...

TV made Lucille and Desi the darlings of 30,000,000 people and rich beyond their wildest dreams. But the payoff for them is that at last they're at home together.

BY JACK WADE

■ One dark night a couple of years ago a persimmon-haired lady gunned her Cad convertible along a lonely stretch of road in the San Fernando Valley and tore on through a stop sign at a deserted intersection. Right at that moment, two lurking speedcops parked on a side road tapped back their kickstands, switched on red lights and roared off in pursuit.

"My, my—what's your hurry, Sis?" asked one, when they'd wailed her down; and the other began, "Right through a stop . . ."

Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y De Acha III leaned pugnaciously out over the driver's door, shook her pinkish curls and let them have it.

"Did I?" she asked. "Well, so what! It's a new one, isn't it? I didn't even know it was there. But maybe if I had, I'd (*Continued on page 79*)



When Kirby first met Joan, she was 16, and he says, "I found myself . . . with a poised, beautiful, mature young lady." At 18, he finds her the same satisfying adult.



Kirby has made a spectacular financial success in the automobile business. He and Joan have waited two years to marry and are eagerly planning their home together.



For two years Joan and Kirby kept the love that blossomed one New Year's Eve a closely guarded secret. For Joan it's been a long wait, but now, at 18, she has her heart's desire.

BY JIM McCULLA

NOT TOO YOUNG TO LOVE

■ Promptly at 8:30 on the night of May 2nd, 1950, Joan Evans answered the summons of the doorbell at the home she shared with her parents, Katharine Albert and Dale Eunson, high in the Hollywood hills. Joan didn't know it at the time, but this business appointment with Robert Graham Paris, her dramatic coach and long-time friend of the family, was to plunge her into the big romance of her life.

Beside Mr. Paris on this balmy spring evening stood a tall, six-foot, two-inch stranger, tanned, handsome, with dark hair and darker, arresting eyes. As Joan remembers that first meeting in its minute detail, "He was the most striking looking fellow I had ever seen," and Joan had been living for some time in a land where "striking looking fellows" are the rule rather than the exception. "The thought flashed



Although Joan met Kirby Wetherly in May of 1950, they didn't have their first kiss until eight months later at a New Year's Eve party.

through my mind," Joan recalls, "can this be *the* man?"

And as for the handsome stranger, whose name was Kirby Wetherly, he speaks of this initial meeting with something like reverent and shocked surprise, since he had been told by Bob Paris that Joan Evans, with whom he was to rehearse, was still under sixteen. But this electric beauty seemed as completely poised and adult as any girl he'd ever met in his many travels.

Before we hurry on into more details of the truth behind the best-kept romantic secret in Hollywood, it is necessary to identify myself, the writer, for I played a small, but I like to think important, part in this exciting love story. Frankly, as a reporter of police-beat vintage and now dedicated on my daily program to inside stories behind everything from skid row suicides to international intrigue, I look on most Hollywood love making with a jaundiced eye. There are precious few passions in movietown that have a solid foundation.

And that is exactly why I offered to report this story for MODERN SCREEN. Quite by accident, Joan Evans and Kirby Wetherly became friends of mine, and it is important to me that the perennial gossips of Hollywood do not label their romance as a fly-by-night affair between two scatterbrained kids. Instead, it is the remarkable story of a girl, who was wise enough at 16 to pick the man she loved, and to fight through adversity to gain him as a husband. A girl, who at 18, is far better prepared for matrimony than many women ten years her senior. (*Continued on page 68*)



The five-day-old little charmer on the left is Rochelle Robertson in her first and only photograph—exclusive to MODERN SCREEN! Though she kept her daddy, Dale, waiting an extra month, she's his No. 2 dreamgirl.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

Relax, pop, I made it!

■ Ordinarily, Dale Robertson is not a sound sleeper. A basically restless young man, he finds himself thinking at night, sleeps only in fits and starts and usually is up and out of the double bed he shares with his wife by 6:30 A.M.

On the night of July 10th, 1952, however, Robertson was sleeping soundly. He had played a benefit the night before. He'd had a tough day at the studio with Betty Grable in *The Farmer Takes A Wife* and now he was all done in.

He began to snore what is known as the "buzz saw," a whirring persistent drone that sounds like an electric drill.

Lying beside him, his pregnant wife, Jackie, moved her right elbow into his ribs. "Honey," she said softly.

The only answer was: "Z-z-z-z-z."

Jacqueline Wilson Robertson, the green-eyed little brunette who'd accepted Dale's marriage proposal on their second date, looked at her watch. It was five minutes past 5:00 A.M.

She could feel the child moving within her.

She reached over and ran her hand across Dale's face. "Honey," she said persistently. No answer. Another sharp pain. She waited a moment until that pain had subsided. Then in a loud voice and shaking him simultaneously, "I think this is it, Dale, Wake up, Dale!"

Robertson opened his blue-green eyes. The words, "I think this is it," seemed to penetrate his sleep-befogged mind. He awoke with a start and jumped out of bed.

"Really, Honey? You reckon this is the time?" As if he himself could not believe it.

Jackie nodded.

"I'm calling the (*Continued on page 70*)



Dale proposed to "Jack", his No. 1 dreamgirl, on their second date and they married soon after, on May 19, 1951. Rochelle arrived this July 10th, just four days before Dale's 29th birthday.

Housewarming!



Peggy King showed up toting a housewarming gift for apartment Barbara shares with Jean MacDonald.



Co-hostesses Barbara and Jean got a big bang out of Bob Horton's gift—a set of colored glasses with humorous sayings and drawings painted on them.



Barbara and Peggy make sure the new house is thoroughly warmed by lighting a fire, and keeping it well supplied with logs all evening.

She knew they were coming so she baked a pie! Hollywood's young set gathered at Barbara's for an old fashioned party full of fun, frolic and food!

■ It was a very special occasion when Hollywood's brightest young lights gathered together under Barbara Ruick's and Jean MacDonald's new roof. For Barbara and Jean it was a happy ending as well as beginning, because their housewarming might never have come to pass if both girls hadn't been having landlord trouble simultaneously a while back. Barbara was practically evicted when she acquired a long-haired spaniel named Blondie and a piano—her landlord took a pretty strong stand against both types of sound. Jean, who is Pete Lawford's steady flame, was in similar straits, so the two of them decided to team up and find new diggings.

The lease had barely been signed one Saturday when preparations got under way for a party the very next evening. Barbara informed her friends that if they wanted the festivities on Sunday they'd have to pitch in and help put things in order.

First to arrive to do his pre-party time, of course, was scenarist Blake Edwards, who takes turns (*Continued on page 60*)



Dick Anderson picked out a tune on his ukulele, soon got a song fest under way as Barbara and Jean (reflected in the mirror) join in on the chorus.

Barbara's Strawberry-Pineapple Parfait Pie (recipe on next page) made a hit with guests Peggy, Dick, Michael, Mary, Blake, and Bob.



Bob helps his hostess—and co-star—to salad. They became friends on the set of *Apache Trail*, so Barbara invited Bob and his wife.



Everyone—including Blondie (center) Barbara's cocker spaniel—got into the act when supper was served. Blondie was one of the reasons Barbara had to move!

The next day was a working day—so it was off with the lights and straight to bed for Barbara when the party was over.



MORE ➔



Barbara sifts flour for pie crust before adding Crisco, milk.



When the shell is ready, she makes the jello. She'll add ice cream next, then pineapple.



As a finishing touch, she tops pie with crushed pineapple. Strawberries add an extra flourish, too.

STRAWBERRY-PINEAPPLE PARFAIT PIE

Ann Pillsbury's Flaky Pastry Shell

sifted together *1 cup sift Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour*
½ teaspoon Morton's salt.

cut in *⅓ cup Crisco shortening until particles are the size of small peas.*

sprinkle *2 to 3 tablespoons cold milk over mixture, tossing lightly with fork until dough is moist enough to hold together. Form into a ball.*

roll out *on floured pastry cloth or board to an 11-inch circle (10-inch circle for 8-inch pie). Fit pastry loosely into 8 or 9-inch piepan. Fold edge to form a standing rim; flute. Prick crust with fork.*

bake *in hot over (425° F.) 10 to 12 min. Cool.*

Strawberry-Pineapple Parfait Filling*

prepare *8 or 9-inch pie shell (as above)*

heat *1 cup liquid (pineapple juice drained from No. 2 can Dole's crushed pineapple plus water) to boiling in 2-quart saucepan. Do not use fresh pineapple. Remove from heat.*

add *1 pkg. Strawberry Jello; stir until dissolved.*

add *1 pint vanilla ice cream, cut into pieces, to hot liquid; stir immediately until melted.*

chill *until mixture is thickened but not set, 25 to 30 minutes. Fold in drained crushed pineapple.*

turn *into cooled, baked pie shell. Chill until firm, 15 to 20 minutes. Top with ring of crushed pineapple, if desired.*

**There are many variations of this parfait pie, such as:*
Apricot Parfait with Orange Jello
Toasted Almond parfait with Orange Jello
Sweet Cherry parfait with Lemon Jello

with Carleton Carpenter squiring Barbara around. Blake was condemned to hard labor among the chairs, tables and sofas. Michael Meshekoff (who produces *Dragnet* on radio and TV) got some playful heckling when he arrived just in time to help hang the last bamboo shade.

The big day dawned with Jean busily washing windows and fussing over last-minute touches, while Barbara took to the kitchen to plan the buffet supper (cold cuts, baked beans, potato salad, tossed greens and assorted tidbits) and prepare her brand new prize recipe for luscious Strawberry-Pineapple Parfait pie—made with ice cream, yet!

The girls just had time to slip out of slacks when the doorbell began ringing. Everyone came bearing gifts for still-empty shelves, and welcome they were. Especially Bob Horton's gaily colored glasses, which went right into service.

While the girls were greeting their guests, though, the nearest thing to catastrophe was taking place in the kitchen. Blondie and Jean's dachshund had latched onto a serving tray and were just about to eliminate supper when Barbara spied them and sent them packing, luckily, with only one ham-on-pumpernickel under their canine belts.

The two hostesses served from the sheet-covered sawbuck table, and everybody spread around on couch and floor with paper plates.

Later, when the dishes were out of the way, the group naturally gravitated to the piano, and just as naturally, David Holt did the honors.

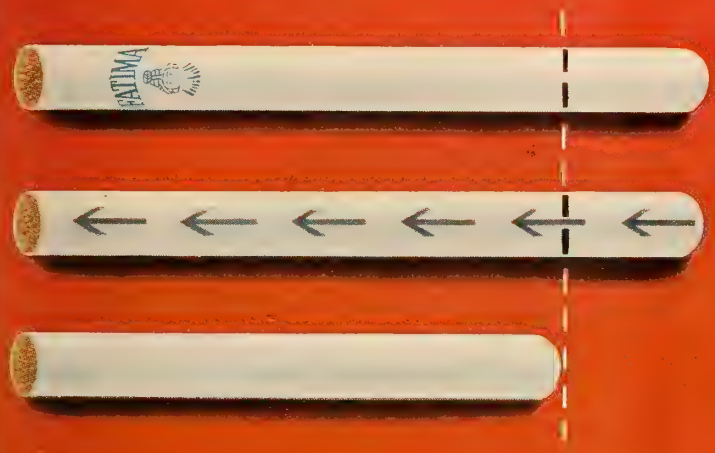
But at eleven, Barbara announced she had a shooting schedule that began at dawn Monday. "Working folks," she said firmly. "Goodnight so soon, know what I mean?"

They did, and went, all with much happy talk about the lucky break that brought Barbara and Jean to such a beautiful apartment.

"Pianos and dogs," Jean pointed out, "are a girl's best friends." **END**

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*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

THE GOOD MYSTERY

by Jane Powell

In order to know God, Jane believes, you must first learn to know yourself . . . And that is why she wants her children, when they're old enough, to choose their own way of life.

■ You often hear someone say, "I like that man's spirit." To me this is the same thing as saying, "I like that man's religion," because my spirit, that which moves me to act this way or that way, is the basis of my personal religion. I believe in God, but I do not follow any institutional approach to Him. I have a *feeling* and this guides me in ways that others may think commonplace but which, to me, place me in harmony with my Maker.

My attitude to my life (and from that to all life) is directed by my character, and my character is the product of my will-power, my ability to govern myself. Since this life was given to me, and may, in a sense, still belong to Him who gave it, I feel an inner responsibility to live honorably and graciously that I may dignify it. If that is religion, I am religious; if it is not, it is as close to religiousness as I can honestly come. I work as best I can in the direction I feel is right; after that I do not worry about it.

This is about as far as I have ever gone toward putting my spiritual attitude into words. It is interesting; I have always liked to discuss religion in contrast to those who so often say they never discuss it, but it is a difficult subject for me. That which so many people take for granted, I often do not understand. What my intelligence prevents me from accepting, I find other people accepting through faith and sometimes through faith and intelligence. Often, I find myself envying those who have a defined religion, one that assures them divine recognition and a form of eternity. I wish I could believe in this way. But one just can't say one believes; in this you cannot be dishonest.

My family was originally Methodist. But, as I remember, my (*Continued on page 108*)



she wants a big, tall somebody

(*Continued from page 41*) and, until she does, sees no point in wasting her time or distracting herself with boys who are obviously not the *one*. She says she feels she'll know him without any trouble. She indicates she'll know him sooner if he is tall, but tall or not, there won't be any mistake. Listeners get the impression that even if his stature is not imposing, what he does to Debra will give him all the size he'll ever need in her eyes.

And the boy may change some of her ideas. For instance, one afternoon she said, "I will never give up my career for any man." Yet soon afterward, she admitted hoping that the boy she meets and loves will be the kind she'll want to give it up for! Everybody who heard her got the idea right away—Debra is crazy about her career but she is willing to be reasonable if the boy is willing to be wonderful!

But what she is not willing to do is search for him. "I feel it has to happen, it has to hit me—out of the blue," she says. This is why it's easy for her to say "No" to a fellow who wants a date. Each "No" is just another step in building up to a great big "YES" for the right man.

Debra, after all, has already had some practice meeting tall "somebodies." There was an afternoon three years ago, when she was only 15, she will never forget. She was just finishing her school work at the studio (in which she rarely got grades less than "A," incidentally) when a message came through from the front office that she was to play an Indian maiden in *Broken Arrow*. Then came a follow-up message that left her weak-kneed — she was cast opposite Jimmy Stewart (then still a bachelor). While she doesn't contend now that the man she wants must be a ringer for Jimmy Stewart, the chances are that she was definite about it that day. She admits she certainly likes the type. "A quiet, easy going character with a cute sense of humor," is the way she describes it.

She met Jimmy a few days later in the office of Delmar Daves, who was to direct the picture (and who, too, she points out dreamily, "is tall . . . tall and sandy haired"). She remembers that when Jimmy walked in he was full of kindness and understanding. "He made things wonderfully easy," she says. "All I could do was to keep saying 'Yes . . . yes . . . no . . . no . . . yes . . . no. . . .' I couldn't think of anything else."

ABOUT a year later, when Jimmy was marrying Gloria McLean, Debra was meeting Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Handsome himself—Louis Jourdan. Of course, Louis was already married, but that didn't keep her from studying the type so that she might know its points if she ever ran across them in the form of a more eligible someone. There was a day when Debra cried real tears while working with Louis, but not for romantic reasons. Her vanity was hurt. Louis tried to pick her up, as required by the script for one scene in the picture, *Bird Of Paradise*, and complained that he couldn't get her off the floor. The director immediately called for her double and accused Debra of not watching her diet. She ran off the set weeping.

It was all a gag. The night before she had dined with the leading members of the cast and had ordered a steak followed by a banana split for dessert. Everyone warned her, with serious expressions, that this wasn't being fair since she was slated to be carried by Louis the next day. And he was just acting out his part of the gag when he failed to lift her. Her tears were so real, however, that she spoiled everyone's fun.

When Debra meets a new man at the studio, or at her home, to which he may have been invited by someone in the family, he often, and openly, reveals his astonishment at her ideas (which come out because her mother, or her sisters or brother, sometimes kid her about them).

"Never been out, never been kissed except in your pictures?" he asks, and reveals his full disbelief.

But it is true. The first man ever to kiss Debra, kissed her professionally, on the screen. He was Richard Conte, in a scene from *Cry Of The City*. It was a closeup, and when it was over the cameraman announced that it would have to be shot over again.

"Something went wrong with your eyes," he told Debra. "I've seen girls who kissed eyes open and girls who kissed eyes closed, but yours were jumping open and shut like a yo-yo!"

The way it turned out the scene was left as is. The director decided he liked it. Later on news came that Mr. Zanuck, head of the studio, thought it was a very effective close-up, too. He didn't forget about Debra's kissing during the filming of *Stars And Stripes Forever*, either. Debra had two kissing scenes with Bob Wagner in this picture. After looking at them in the rushes, Mr. Zanuck ordered three more to be written into the script.

So Debra has been kissed . . . but for 20th Century-Fox, not herself. Even so the critics haven't complained about the lack of realism, and Debra says she always thinks of this gratefully when she happens to meet the kind of men who give out with that old line about, "How can you portray life if you haven't lived yourself; how can you show love if you haven't loved?" She now knows it can be done, and any wolf who tries this one on her finds it thrown coldly back at him.

Debra recently had an interview in which she admitted that she is sort of half-way preparing herself for quite an older man. "It may just turn out this way," she said. "My father was 16 years older than my mother when they married. But, on the other hand, my mother and I are not of a completely similar nature by any means. She says she dated as soon as she could. She met my father when she had just turned 15, would have married him the same day she first saw him if it were possible, and actually did marry him less than a year later." Debra smiled. "And Mother always finishes up by saying triumphantly, 'And I've still got him!'"



Debra loves her home, where she feels able to be herself. Her sisters think Debbie, who's never had a date, has too many old-fashioned ideas.

BUT how does Debra ever expect to meet the boy she wants if she doesn't go out? This, she says, is a question many people ask. One boy even put it to her mother, and her reply was an offhand, "Oh, if she wants to be an old maid, it's up to her." Actually, her mother thinks Debra will change overnight. Debra doesn't. She thinks she makes sense not going out just to go out.

She doesn't advance her ideas as correct for all girls. "I think girls who haven't much chance to meet people have to go out," she says. "But that doesn't describe my situation. I see new faces every day at the studio and new ones as well as familiar ones constantly at my home, which is sometimes like Grand Central Station. Mother is a friendly, gregarious person. Dad in his own way and my sisters in their way are the same. Last Sunday my brother-in-law walked into the house at 7:30 in the morning bringing my sister Teala with him, my brother Frank and his wife Maurice came in soon afterwards, and a dozen other people were in and out during the day. That was a typical week end. I can hardly be classed as a recluse."

Debra loves her home. She feels able to be herself when she meets people there. She says she feels she is learning about people. If she were to go out a lot, she has a hunch she would be so confused about what she was to wear, where she was to go, and what was to happen there, that the boy involved would get lost in the shuffle.

DEBRA had a friend who grew up and studied professionally with her but took a different course altogether when she entered her senior year in high school. She dropped all other interests in order to have time for her school social activities —the proms, parties and other get-togethers. During this same time Debra kept strictly to her studies and her work. By now this other girl has been engaged (and disengaged) four times. Debra hasn't even had a date in her life.

Commenting on this a few months ago, one of her sisters said that Debra had an old-fashioned streak in her. "Maybe," says Debra. "But I think my mind is clearer, my emotional state more stable, and my chances for ultimate happiness much better than if, like my girl friend, I had already known four men well enough to have been promised to them. I mean, how confident could I be in my own seriousness, and in the power of love itself, for that matter, if my heart had already been won that many times? Maybe I confuse easily, but that's just what I would be—as confused as a lot of girls I know who can't imagine being without a boyfriend and seem to go from one to another.

"One thing is peculiar to all these kids, it seems to me. When things are going well I rarely hear from them. But when things go wrong, when they break off, they want a friend and come a-running to talk. Or, I should say, mostly complain. They just can't figure life out. And as sorry as I am for them, I am that much more convinced my course is the right one. Oh, I know, it could happen to me, too. And if it ever does, I'm not the kind to take it lightly. Maybe that's why I want to make sure."

Not long ago one of the girls at the studio asked Debra to go out on a double

date with her and got sore when Debra begged off. She got another girl. Two days later these two both confessed they had a miserable evening—meaningless from start to finish. That's exactly the kind of time Debra says she would expect to have if she went out on a date just to date. It isn't the date she wants—it's the man. "I know you can find out about a man on a date, but the best place for this, I think, is to see him against a familiar background—your own home, for instance," she says.

Perhaps one thing should be made clear. Debra Paget hasn't lived a "protected" kind of existence. She is not fearful of reality or trying to shield herself from it. Her mother, in fact her whole family, was on the stage, and she traveled with them from the time she was a baby. But out of all this, she says, she developed a great longing and respect for the kind of life you can live in a home surrounded by those you love and who love you.

On top of this Debra knows her family has worked hard to make her career possible, and she has worked hard at it, too. She doesn't want to toss all this planning and effort aside lightly for any premature and meaningless involvement. She faces life seriously and she wants the same attitude from the boy she loves. If he talks dates or parties or "having a ball," he is not talking her language at all, she says. The boy she wants, "the big bundle of goodness" she is looking for, will sound off in a different way. And she'll know that sound. Her ear is tuned for it every second of the day. **END**

the truth about the fords

(*Continued from page 49*) lady in *The Green Glove,* a movie shot in Paris last year; and it was there that the 26-year-old actress had, against her better judgment, fallen in love with the tall, dark, moody, Welsh actor from Santa Monica.

On Friday, a friend who has known Mr. Gwellyn Samuel Newton Ford (Glenn's real name) for many years, told this reporter, "I'm going to level with you. My honest opinion, for what it's worth, is that there's trouble in the household—no doubt about it. Ellie and Glenn haven't been getting along too well, but I don't think it's because of another girl.

"Glenn may be temperamental and spoiled, and Ellie may have pampered him too much, but basically he's an intelligent man. I'm sure he realizes that he couldn't possibly find a better wife than the one he has. For my money, Eleanor Powell is the perfect wife, the kind of dame Myrna Loy used to act in those *Thin Man* pictures.

"Whatever you do, don't mention my name, but I think the whole thing is mother-in-law trouble. Glenn's mother is a very wonderful woman, only I don't think she should be living in the same house with Glenn and Ellie.

"I realize that Glenn is an only son and that there's a strong tie between these two, but, after all, Ellie's mother lives in a place of her own. I think Mrs. Newton Ford should do the same. I have a feeling that Ellie doesn't regard the house as belonging to her, that Mrs. Ford has stepped in and is running things."

This explanation tallies with the fact that Glenn sailed to Europe last year with his mother and left his wife and son behind in Hollywood.

A press agent, who was asked to comment, said, "Eleanor doesn't want to leave little Peter during the school term. He's their only (*Continued on next page*)



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Seven-year-old Peter is the main reason Glenn and Ellie have worked hard to patch things up.

(*Continued from preceding page*) child, and she won't take him out of school. Besides, Glenn's mother has always wanted to go back to England and visit her relatives. While she's doing that, Glenn will be shooting *The Green Glove* in Paris."

During the filming of this picture, while Mrs. Newton Ford was visiting in Britain and Mrs. Glenn Ford was overseeing the household in Hollywood, the rumor was being circulated in Paris that Geraldine Brooks and Glenn Ford had struck a spark.

This canard may have been without an ounce of truth, but when Glenn returned to Europe again this year to do *Time Bomb* in England for MGM, he was again without his wife, and the story was bandied about that Gerry Brooks had called on him in New York.

REGARDLESS of where the trouble lies, the truth is that of late—say the last two years—the once perfect marriage of the Glenn Fords hasn't been running so smoothly.

Choose whatever reason you prefer, the fact remains that the warm poetry that once characterized this *entente* has chilled to cold prose. And in a way it's a good thing, because, for the first time, Glenn has been able to see and feel firsthand what happens in Hollywood when a marriage begins to founder.

The gossipmongers are like birds of prey who fly about, ready to swoop down and pick the bones.

Bing Crosby learned that two years ago. When he took off for Europe without Dixie, all hallelujah broke loose. Dixie felt strongly that if Bing wanted to travel, he should take his wife along. If he didn't want to take his wife with him, if he preferred to make it a stag affair, then it wasn't very much of a marriage, and by gosh, she was going to see her lawyer. And she did, too. And back in a hurry came Bing. Ever since then the Crosbys have been hitting it off in great style.

Glenn seems to be reacting in the same way. When the divorce announcement was made, when its tragic consequences dawned upon Glenn, when he suddenly realized that he was throwing almost nine years of marriage down the drain, he quickly came to his senses. A denial was issued immediately; and for the next month Glenn hung around home, posing for magazine layouts with Ellie and Peter, trying to convince the public and subconsciously himself that nothing had ever happened, that it had all been a ridiculous mistake.

But in his heart Glenn knows the truth, and the truth is that nothing is worth the risk of endangering the security of his marriage, because in Eleanor Powell he has the kind of wife all men dream about and few are ever lucky enough to get.

Glenn first met Ellie in 1942, thanks to Pat O'Brien. He was 25 at the time, young, insecure, and freshly signed to a Columbia contract. He was making *Flight Lieutenant* with Pat when the Wisconsin Irishman happened to ask, "What's new in the girl department these days?"

Up until then, Glenn's best girl friend had always been his mother. He merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Things are slow all over."

"You come out to my place Sunday," Pat countered, "and it won't be so slow. I've got just the girl for you."

O'Brien has always been a frustrated match-maker, so after he got Glenn's okay, he put in a call to Eleanor Powell. "Ellie," he said, "we're having a small swimming party this Sunday. You must come; there's a guy simply nuts to meet you."

So they met and, in a quiet, restrained, refined way, they hit it off.

Two weeks later, Glenn phoned Ellie for a date. "How about having dinner with me?" he asked.

"Love to," Ellie bounced back, "but why don't we do it over here? We've got a wonderful cook and the refrigerator is simply loaded with food."

Right away, Glenn knew he had something special. Under similar circumstances most actresses would dress to the teeth and insist upon making the rounds of all the expensive hot spots. Here was a girl, a star, one of the biggest dancing stars in the history of the cinema, and she wanted to eat at home and enjoy his company, not just use him as an escort.

GLENN fell in love with Ellie, and she with him, but the war was going on, and Glenn had been classified 1A. It was just a question of time before he was called, so they both decided to wait until the hostilities were over before they became man and wife. Only love usually overrules such logical decisions.

Glenn signed up with the Marines, then signed up for life with Ellie.

We had ten days for our honeymoon," Ellie recalls, "then Glenn was transferred to Camp Pendleton near San Diego." It was just about then that Ellie received an offer of $40,000 for a three weeks' appearance at the Radio City Music Hall in New York.

What would you have done?

This is what Eleanor Powell Ford did. She chucked the $40,000 out the window. Instead of accepting the offer, she packed her bags and drove down to La Jolla, a seaside town not far from the Marine Corps base, and for $60 a month she rented the servants' quarters over the garage of a large estate. She did all the cooking, all the washing, all the marketing, and never complained, never griped.

Little Peter was born on February 5, 1945, about the time Glenn was mustered out of service. A son was all that Ellie and Glenn needed to make their marriage perfect. And it was perfect, too, for Ellie had done a remarkable thing.

She had abandoned her motion picture career of her own volition so that Glenn might become the family breadwinner, feel his own importance and occupy the top rung of the ladder.

People said Ellie was crazy to give up a lucrative career in pictures, but Ellie knew what she was doing. "I've been a star," she told friends. "All I want to be now is a wife and mother."

They found a wonderful house, an English-style country home that belonged to musical director Max Steiner. Glenn thought it cost too much. Ellie said she was sure they could swing it. They swung it all right, and Ellie went out on a series of night club engagements to help pay for it. Their first two years in the house were ecstatic, not only because the home life was enjoyable, but also because Glenn's career was going so well. He had developed from an actor of mediocre ability into the finest actor on the Columbia lot and the studio's top leading man. After *Gilda* with Rita Hayworth, Glenn was in demand by every studio in town.

A FEW years ago, the Fords remodeled their home, and a room was set aside for Glenn's mother, Mrs. Newton Ford. After Mrs. Ford moved in, the rumors of marital discord started. No doubt the timing was pure coincidence.

People started saying that between Ellie's pampering and mother's solicitousness, Glenn was being spoiled rotten.

"Honestly," one friend complained, "I've never seen anything like it. You'd think that Glenn Ford was a King or something. One night a week, you know, is poker night for him. He and Charley Ruggles and a bunch of bachelors get together, and no wives are allowed. Ellie prepares all the hors d'oeuvres and after that she has to beat it for the evening. How do you like that? But she never complains, never a word out of her.

"As for Glenn's mother, well, let's face it. No mother is ever completely happy about giving up her son to another woman. I still think that Glenn hasn't severed the maternal tie. If he were my husband and he went to Europe with his mother and left me behind, I wouldn't be as understanding as Ellie. I'd break a plate over his head and then lay down the law."

In the Ford household at this moment, passion isn't holding sway, but neither is discord the keynote of the marital music. There is rather an air of watchful waiting, of passive serenity, of the battle fought and resolved.

Mr. Gwellyn Samuel Newton Ford, who's nobody's fool, has been smart enough to lay the law down for himself. **END**



Geraldine Brooks, Glenn's co-star in *The Green Glove*, was rumored in love with him.



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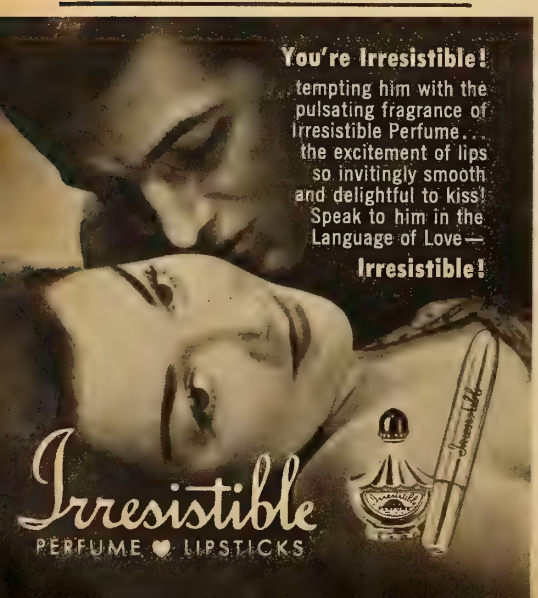
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not too young to love

(*Continued from page 55*) Now back to that first evening. Joan ushered the two men into the living room, where Bob Paris introduced Kirby to her parents. Joan says she was amazed to see what she can only describe as "old world courtliness" in Kirby's manner as he acknowledged the introduction. As Joan puts it, "He had a quality that seemed almost out of vogue; about the only manners I'd observed in fellows around Hollywood was the almost complete lack of manners."

At any rate, during that evening, Joan and Kirby went through several dramatic scenes together. Here again Joan got an inkling of what type of character this handsome stranger was. She says, "I was quite bossy. I felt that I had a lot more experience than Kirby, and as a result I took issue with him over his interpretation of the lines, and in particular, his gestures. But to my irritation he only smiled politely and went about his acting in the way he'd been taught. When the scenes were completed, I was well aware that this was one man I couldn't boss!"

For Kirby's part, he felt only confusion. "I confess it now. First of all, I had expected that Joan would be a mere child. Instead, I found myself matching dialogue with a poised, beautiful, mature young lady. Worse than that, my subconscious kept telling me that this girl was going to mean a lot more to me than just another ingenue with whom I practiced acting."

This statement now appears prophetic. Their romance began slowly enough a week after that first meeting when Kirby came to Joan's home again for another rehearsal session. And then about a week later, Joan's mother, the attractive and understanding Katherine Albert, suggested that Kirby be invited to a beach party the family had planned. Having no particular interest in any boy at the moment, Joan agreed.

It was then that Kirby began to feel that Joan Evans might eventually become more than a casual acting partner. The party took off from Joan's home in several cars, with Joan, Kirby and another young man in Kirby's somewhat dilapidated convertible. During the 30 minute trip to the beach, Kirby remembers that Joan seemed to go out of her way to be attentive to the other boy. He remembers, too, that by the time they reached their destination the other lad was practically "on the ropes." Joan denies that this is so, but the mere fact that neither of them can remember the fellow's name now seems to indicate that they were a bit "on the ropes" themselves.

The following week Kirby called Joan for the first time to invite her to watch a baseball game between the Hollywood Stars and Los Angeles of the Pacific Coast League. Fortified with pop and popcorn, they had their first argument. The game was barely under way when Joan asked, "When will the Hollywood Stars play the New York Yankees?"

Kirby laughed scornfully. "Never, unless maybe in a pre-season exhibition game. Don't you know that we're watching a Coast league game?"

"Huh," Joan retorted. "Why waste our time? I'm only interested in Joe DiMaggio-type ball players."

That did it. For the rest of the evening Kirby, with some heat, tried to explain to this girl of dubious intelligence in such matters the importance of the Hollywood Stars, how the Stars fed future champs to the big leagues, why some day the Stars would be in a top circuit themselves. Joan yawned, huh-huhed, and the evening ended strictly on the down beat.

Abruptly, then, Joan was sent on tour to publicize the Goldwyn production, *Our Very Own.* She was busy, but not too occupied to realize that she missed Kirby tremendously. This was the first time she had ever missed anyone but her parents, and she kept telling herself that it would be just her luck never to see Kirby again. Then came the high spot of her tour. Not the crowds who packed theaters to see her, or the wonderful notices in the newspapers. The big thrill was a lone and luscious orchid she received from Kirby on her 16th birthday. She was so excited that she can't recall now whether she was in Chicago or Kansas City when the remembrance arrived.

Meantime, Kirby was having important problems of his own. At 24, he had already served three years with the Air Force, a good bit of the time in Europe during World War II. He liked acting, but he was a realist.

And that's another reason your reporter on this story has a particular liking for Kirby Wetherly. He called me one day at my news bureau office at radio station KMPC and we talked over the possibilities of his getting into some facet of the advertising business. This surprised me, because frequently when a young fellow sets out to become an actor, he considers all other means of earning a livelihood as something "for the peasants," and he'll starve, and mooch on friends, before turning in an honest day's work. This Kirby Wetherly was a man of different stripe. By the time Joan Evans returned to Hollywood, he was punching away as a classified ad salesman for the Los Angeles *Daily Mirror*, reserving nights and weekends for acting.

Steve Cochran's definition of an intellectual snob: Guy who won't start a conversation with a beautiful babe in a club car if he doesn't approve of the book she's reading.

Mike Connolly

It was July, 1950, and Joan was not exactly delighted to discover that she would be home only three days before going back on the road for another six weeks. She wanted to see more of Kirby, and three days seemed like ten minutes.

They made it count, though. Kirby called and picked her up on her second evening at home. They headed for the beach and a seafood restaurant he'd heard about. Oddly enough, they managed to get themselves lost on the way toward Malibu on one of the best four lane highways in California. It wasn't deliberate. It was just that their conversation interfered with the driving and they turned off the highway three times before they found that restaurant.

On the way home, Joan realized for the first time that she was in love. At the same time the determination was born that she wouldn't let Kirby know. If anything was to come of this, he was going to be the aggressor and she would never tell him how she felt unless he spoke first. And all the speaking he did was to promise that he'd write while she was away.

That promise consisted of only three letters in the next six weeks. They were friendly and newsy letters, the kind she'd receive from friends and relatives. This Joan didn't like at all, but there was some hope that he was thinking about her as a "long term situation." One line in his final letter read, "Remember that cute Ford convertible you were so crazy about?

Well, I bought it, and in the same knock-out red shade you thought was out of this world."

Early in September, Joan was back in Hollywood for good. Kirby was invited to dinner. They went to the movies, to friends' homes for swimming. Or they rode horseback and played tennis. All this without one word about love.

Then came New Year's Eve, 1951. Kirby and Joan attended a small party with another couple. When the New Year was rung in, Kirby sought out Joan, and he kissed her for the first time. Joan says, "I remember that moment more vividly than anything that ever happened to me! I had been watching Kirby as the clock began to strike, and I was wishing with all my might that he would kiss me, and only me. As the clock stopped striking, he turned to me, and we kissed. My heart did a flip-flop, and I remember that the music was not the traditional *Auld Lang Syne*, but Margaret Whiting's recording of *Old Devil Moon*.

The kiss was almost too much for Kirby. As he held Joan in his arms for the first time, he realized that she was *his* girl, that this was a whole lot more than fast friendship, and that sooner or later they'd marry, even if it meant a long wait.

Hardly realizing the important implication of the words, although he meant them sincerely, Kirby told Joan what she'd wanted him to say for so long—"Joan, I love you."

Later, in the early morning hours, Joan awakened her mother and dad to tell them that Kirby loved her. Sleepily, they told her that was fine, and they'd see her in the morning. Like many other parents, they attached little importance to Joan's nocturnal announcement. They expected it might happen more than once in her lifetime.

But this casual attitude was short-lived, because Joan wasn't just another girl coming home from a thrilling New Year's eve that would be forgotten in a matter of days. Within two weeks she announced that she and Kirby wanted to be married and they wanted parental approval. Here, for the first time, she met stalwart opposition; the sort of opposition any parent can understand.

Katherine Albert, a keen, discerning writer and an astute student of human nature, was determined that Joan should wait a long time before taking such an important step. And Joan's father, Dale Eunson, who's a playwright, looked on all this as a familiar situation in a young girl's life. Like Joan's mother, with only her daughter's happiness in mind, he was adamant that Joan should wait until some time in the future before entering into marriage.

These reactions were perfectly natural. There was, however, one big fault in their reasoning that Joan was too young to realize exactly what she was doing.

From the time Joan Evans has been old enough to walk and talk, she has been treated by her parents as an absolute equal. As a result, they were not reasoning with an adolescent "going on 17," but with an adult whose wisdom and maturity were far beyond her years.

Suffice it to say that the opposition to this marriage was passive, but it was a conflict of wills in which neither side gave an inch.

Shortly after Joan's 17th birthday, I attended a small party at which Joan and Kirby were also guests, and Joan and I had a quiet talk. Joan was considerably disturbed that her parents would not approve an early wedding, and she asked my advice. I told her that the reaction of her parents was completely normal, although (*Continued on next page*)



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perhaps somewhat more pronounced because she was an only child. I pointed out that she had a responsibility to them as well as to herself. At first, Joan was not too receptive to my suggestions, but I felt that I had won my point and that an elopement had been averted, even though I personally was convinced that no matter when they married, they'd make each other happy.

Within a couple of weeks I talked to Kirby again. He told me that he felt that Joan's parents deserved every consideration, and that he and Joan had decided to wait until her 18th birthday, at which time they felt her parents would consent to the marriage. In the meantime, Kirby had given up selling advertising and had gone into the used automobile business. He had concluded, finally, that acting was not for him. Kirby's decision has since been proven a wise one, because after a little more than a year in the automobile business, his success has verged on the spectacular, and he is financially in a bracket most young actors are lucky to achieve after five years of hard work.

ALL this time, Kirby and Joan continued to have only one date a week. Joan went out with other young men, and the Hollywood columnists had no inkling at all of the news that was soon to break; all except one, that is. No one knew how she obtained her information, but it was Louella Parsons who first broke the story that Joan and Kirby might elope on her birthday.

The young couple were aghast, for they felt that this sudden news would make Joan's parents feel that they had not kept faith with their promises. But they immediately went to Katherine and Dale, assuring them that no elopement was intended. All they wanted was parental approval, so they could have a regular wedding. There was no mistaking one fact, however. With or without approval, the marriage would come off.

Sadly enough, although indications at this point were that Joan's parents had reconciled themselves to the marriage, this appeared not to be the case. Joan and Kirby finally went to see Joan's godmother, Joan Crawford, and after talking for several hours, Miss Crawford agreed that they should be married immediately. Miss Crawford arranged for the ceremony in her own home, to be performed by Judge Charles Griffin. Then Miss Crawford called me on the telephone and told me that Joan and Kirby had promised to let me know if there were any change in plans and that she had played an important part in their sudden decision to wed exactly one week after Joan Evans' 18th birthday. Due to a combination of circumstances, family opposition as well as Joan Evans' new picture schedule at Universal to which she had been loaned by Samuel Goldwyn, the young people felt it was now or never. That is why they said their "I do's" five minutes after midnight on the morning of July 25th.

A happy ending? You bet, at least for Joan and Kirby. But for those of you who still may be dubious about the sudden news of Joan's marriage at 18, even after learning the inside story, let me point out that Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman wed at a time when her mother was violently opposed to the union. They've been more than ordinarily contented, and have a whole house full of children. And there's Janie Powell, who was very young when she married Geary Steffan. Janie is expecting her second child, and they are an ideal couple.

So, thinking over the story of Joan Evans and Kirby Wetherly, their wholesome courtship and their long, persistent wait to survive the odds that were against them, I felt I needed the answer to one more question. I asked Joan, who is every bit as competent a cook and homemaker as she is an actress (and that's really saying something) when and if she hoped to have children.

Joan looked at me gravely for a moment, and then said, "We've thought about that, too, and we have an answer to your question about our family. We want children — when God wills it." **END**

(Joan Evans will soon be seen in Universal-International's It Grows On Trees.)

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relax, pop, I made it!

(*Continued from page* 57) doctor this very second," Dale said.

He moved towards the phone.

"Wait a minute," Jackie said. "I want to be sure."

"Want to be sure?" Dale repeated. "Holy cow, Jack! This baby is four weeks late right now. I'm callin' the Doc."

He raced into the living room and phoned Dr. D. S. Mitchelson, one of the crack obstetricians and gynecologists in Los Angeles County.

"Doc," he began. "This is it. This is the time. I know it is. Reckon I better get her there in a hurry, don't you?" The words poured out fast and garbled.

Dr. Mitchelson shook the sleep out of his head. "Who'd you say this was?"

"Holy cow, Man!" Robertson exploded. "This is no time to be horsin' around. This is Dale Robertson. You know, Mrs. Robertson's husband."

"Mr. Robertson," Dr. Mitchelson said calmly. "Fine. How frequent are Mrs. Robertson's pains? Are they coming rhythmically every few minutes?

Dale began to perspire. He ran the sleeve of his pajamas across his brow. "I don't know anything about those pains, Doc. All I know is I'd better take her to the hospital. After all, that baby's four weeks late. You said yourself the other day it could come any minute."

AN old hand with anxious fathers, Dr. Mitchelson sought to calm Dale down. "You take it easy, Mr. Robertson," he said, "and put Mrs. Robertson on the phone."

"I'm tellin' you, Doc." Dale insisted. "We don't have much time to wait. I know that. . ."

"Just let me talk to your wife, please."

Dale put the phone down and sprinted back to the bedroom. "Doc Mitchelson wants to talk to you. I told him everything, but he wants to hear it from you, I reckon."

Jacqueline smiled. "That's as it should be," she said. "Who's having this baby, anyway?" She shuffled into the living room and picked up the phone. She and the doctor discussed her symptoms. When she recradled the receiver, Jackie was very composed.

In the bedroom, she began to add a few last-minute articles to her overnight bag.

"How you feelin'?" Dale asked. "Now you'd better hurry, honey."

"I'm all right," Jacqueline said. "Don't get so excited."

"Who's excited?"

They both dressed, and Dale ran outside and got the car. The sun was just beginning to come up in Reseda, a small valley town where the Robertsons live.

"Now drive slowly," Jacqueline cautioned. "We've got plenty of time."

Dale shifted into first, jammed his foot on the accelerator, and the 1951 Pontiac convertible took off, leaving Robertson Manor, a three-bedroom stucco tract house, far behind.

"You know how to get to the Good Samaritan?" Mrs. Robertson asked.

"Sure, I know," Dale said. "It's down on Wilshire Boulevard, isn't it? How do you feel, honey?"

"Fine, Dale, but I'd like to stop and get something to eat."

Dale turned and looked at his wife incredulously. "You kidding?"

"No," Jackie insisted. "I'm hungry. I'd like to stop for a bite."

Dale applied pressure to the accelerator. The needle on the speedometer shot up to 60. "You're fooling, baby?"

"Honestly, Dale. I'm hungry. Besides, you're driving too fast."

"He just wouldn't let me stop and eat," Mrs. Robertson said later. "He drives real fast, you know, and this time he drove like he was going home to Oklahoma. I think it was about seven when we got to the hospital. I went into labor right away, and they sent me up to the delivery room.

"The doctor had told Dale that the average first delivery usually takes between 12 and 18 hours. There wasn't any point in his waiting around, so he drove to the studio that morning."

They say Dale camouflaged his nervousness pretty well that Thursday his daughter was born. "He's the kind of character who takes things in stride," Betty Grable says, "and we managed to get a good day's work out of him."

While Dale and Betty were working out on the set of *The Farmer Takes A Wife,* Jacqueline Robertson was on the delivery table. She was given a routine analgesic and then, after six hours of labor, nitrous oxide gas. When she came out of it, she saw her daughter, a red-faced, blue-eyed, black-haired, bawling little girl.

Dr. Mitchelson walked out to the waiting room while Jackie was being wheeled into her room. The doctor told Jackie's sister the good news. Jackie's sister got on the phone and called the studio.

"It's a girl, Dale," she screamed. "A girl, weighs eight pounds, five ounces."

"How's Jackie?" Dale asked.

"Just fine. Here's Dr. Mitchelson. I'll let him tell you."

Dr. Mitchelson got on the phone. "Congratulations! You've got a wonderful daughter, and Mrs. Robertson's doing very well."

"I don't know why we picked that name Rochelle," Jackie says, "except that it seems to go well with Robertson. Sort of sounds nice. Rochelle Robertson."

Rochelle Robertson was born at 3:42 P.M. on July 10th. Four days later, her dad celebrated his 29th birthday, and on the next morning, five days after she first came into the world, Rochelle went home to her little nursery on Darby Place, a bottle baby.

The effect of her birth on her father was one of profound relief.

"I'm tellin' you," Dale says in his characteristic, Oklahoma drawl. "We had some time with that baby. She was scheduled for June 10th. Just waitin' around for something like that—well, it gets on your nerves. I'm glad I was in a picture. Suppose I was on layoff, had nothin' to do. Would have gone plumb out of my head, just waitin'. Course it's different for a girl. They've got patience. Sure hope the second baby's on schedule. We'll never forget that Rochelle was a ten-month baby." **END**

"I broke the rules at a football game!"

"My favorite way to spend a holiday," Diana Lynn says, "is at a game. But an actress should never break her 'training' rules as I did by exposing my skin to raw winds for hours—'specially as it got colder towards the end.



DIANA LYNN
Glamorous Star
of Motion Pictures

"I was so excited, I even forgot to put on my gloves, and my hands got dreadfully chapped. You can guess how good it felt to smooth on soothing, pure, white Jergens Lotion.



"All the way home I looked forward to Jergens. It works so *fast*—doesn't leave a greasy film like ordinary lotions, but really penetrates the upper layer of skin. Try it and see: Smooth one hand with Jergens . . .



"Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care!



"Back at the studio my hands were smooth—ready for close-ups." It's no wonder Jergens is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1. It's so *effective!*



So try Jergens yourself. See why more women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. And Jergens is only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Keep that $100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Wildroot gleam girl, Joyce Davidson of Hamilton, Ontario says, "My hair is so easy to manage and to set after a Lady Wildroot Shampoo".

Want your hair to sparkle . . . to have that $100 gleam? Then start using new Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . the liquid-cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans . . . cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid . . . more than just a cream! It's a combination of the *best of both!* It's soapless sudsy for deep-down cleaning! Contains lanolin to soothe and soften hair . . . leaves it clean, easy to manage . . . a snap to set!

For soft, gleaming, radiant hair . . . for a clean, deep-clean scalp insist on the shampoo that's good for your hair . . . *right* for your hair . . . insist on new Lady Wildroot Shampoo.

Hurry, Hurry! There's still time to win a $100— **BE A WILDROOT GLEAM GIRL!**

Want to win $100. Want to have your picture in a Wildroot advertisement? Just send a snapshot or photograph (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, New York. Print your name and address on the back of the picture.

If your photograph is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot advertisement and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photographs will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send your photograph today. And to keep that $100 gleam in your hair . . . keep using Lady Wildroot Shampoo.



Wildroot gleam girl, Pinky Parker of Louisville, Kentucky says, "I never need a special rinse when I use Lady Wildroot Shampoo. It leaves my hair so clean it gleams".



Wildroot gleam girl, Susan Joy Collins of New York says, "I love Lady Wildroot Shampoo. It smells good. Mommy says it's good for my hair".

Get New Lady Wildroot shampoo

gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams



Three Sizes 29¢ 59¢ 98¢



Edith Head, Para. designer, discusses sketches for Jane's *Just For You* wardrobe with M.S. Fashion Editor Lillian Farley.

movie musical keynotes new fashions

■ Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman are together again, and better than ever, in Paramount's new Technicolor musical *Just For You.* It isn't only that these two seem to hit just the right casual, carefree pace together, but also that here's a new Jane—a sleeker, chicer Jane who sings in a warm throaty voice. Pictured on the following pages are clothes designed by Edith Head for Jane's *Just For You* wardrobe; and adaptations that you can buy. Opposite page, Jane and Bing in the number, "Zing A Little Zong."

Jane wears the original Edith Head evening gown in the movie *Just For You.* The adaptation of this original—(see photo page 80) has shimmering satin and sequin trim; the corselet bodice, rayon satin and nylon net; the skirt, nylon net over rayon taffeta. Dream blue, Fireman red, Shell pink, black or white.
Sizes 8 to 16 or 7 to 15.
Including nylon net stole—about $40.
By Columbia Dance Frocks.

JUST FOR YOU accessories:
Delman—shoes
Gotham Gold Stripe—nylon stockings
Kadin—handbags
Ledo—jewelry
Rex of Beverly Hills—hats

MS JUST FOR YOU FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

modern screen fashion

in hollywood



just for you:

Jane Wyman's wardrobe from her new Paramount picture →



just for you:

dresses, chic



The new slim silhouette in a one-piece surplice dress of chrome spun taffeta—embroidered neckline and wheat spray shoulder motif, two side pockets. Grey, blue or green. Sizes 10 to 18. Under $18. By McArthur, Ltd. *Below,* Jane poses in the original Edith Head dress made for her to wear in Paramount's *Just For You.*



and flattering



The all-important middy dress fashioned of chrome spun nubby-surface taffeta. Two-piece, the jacket is stylized with pleats and highlighted by a lush self-fabric detachable bow—the skirt is sleek and trim. Royal, grey or red. Sizes 10 to 18. Under $23. By McArthur, Ltd. *Above,* Jane wears the Edith Head original.

JUST FOR YOU FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

MORE ➤

"I was scared to death of Crosby," says Jane, who'd never had stage fright before. But, with Bing's encouragement, she soon found her voice.

just a perfect blendship

Jane and Bing are what are known as set friends, work well as a team.



Pictures and story describe Jane and Bi



"How's about knocking off this 'Zing' number



"You take it from here, and I'll . . ."



"All set, plum? Then, let's hit it."



With Jane and Bing, it's that simple.

orking together filming Just For You.

■ Miss Sarah Jane Folks of St. Joseph, Mo., has never been a timid soul, nor anybody's fool. She's never had a deep-seated inferiority complex to make her a candidate for the psychiatrist's couch. Sarah Jane, before and after she became Jane Wyman, the Hollywood star, is the type variously defined among males as a "luscious doll" and at the same time "a good guy."

And, to top that, she has tackled the tough jobs and the easy ones in movies with a quiet competence, which has been enough to win her all sorts of acting honors, including an Academy Award for *Johnny Belinda,* and nominations for *The Yearling* and *The Blue Veil.*

All of which butters up this girl just about enough. The truth of the matter is that she has one terrible weakness. Her perfect equilibrium is always completely shattered by one man. And that man is Bing Crosby, who drives her right off her rocker!

"I can't exactly explain it," Jane admits. "All the time I have been in movies, I've been able to do such things as walk on a set, and, without previous introduction, fall into the arms of the hero with abandon—so far as the camera is concerned. If a girl can do this, almost nothing should shake her. But with me, it has been Bing Crosby. It was in the beginning; and it still is. The Groaner throws me completely, as in the last five seconds of a well-rehearsed wrestling match."

It happened the first time when Miss Jane Wyman was scheduled to work out in a Floradora sextette number with Bing, Bob Hope and other comics at a charity benefit.

"I am scared to death of Crosby," Jane told her long-time buddy, Pat O'Brien. "I've collected every record he's made for years, and the thought of meeting him makes my little heart palpitate way out of bounds."

"That," O'Brien said, "is the silliest thing I have ever heard, and there is no time like the right now to get acquainted."

So Jane Wyman met Bing Crosby and stifled a sudden inclination to faint dead away. However, she achieved practically the same thing on stage a few minutes later when she completely blew her lines.

"I felt as though the whole world had witnessed my shame," Jane remembers, "but the real truth is that those fellows Hope and Crosby covered for me and the audience never (*Continued on page 87*)

just for you: *dramatic suits*



A stunning three-piece single breasted suit—jacket and skirt of six-ply faille, halter dickey-type blouse of striped wide-wale cotton cord (jeweled buttons). The jacket has three-quarter Cavalier sleeves, slanted cornucopia pockets—slim skirt with side pockets. Black, charcoal grey or brown. Sizes 10 to 18. Under $25. By McArthur, Ltd.
Above, Jane wears the original Edith Head suit.

JUST FOR YOU FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

MORE ➤

just for you:
dramatic suits

'Round the town, day or night, with or without a coat! This very feminine suit has a Norfolk pleated jacket with shoulder buckle and belt of leather—slim, gored skirt, (side pockets). Yarn-dyed sharkskin suiting in grey or tan. Sizes 10 to 18. Under $23. By McArthur, Ltd. Ledo gold nugget and rhinestone jewelry. Also see Jane Wyman in Warners' Technicolor film *The Story Of Will Rogers.*

JUST FOR YOU FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.





Jane Wyman in the original Edith Head suit.



All bound up in his career as a composer-director, Bing puts off asking star of his show (Jane) to marry him.



When Bing's children—he's a widower—complain they've been neglected, Jane tries to help patch things up.



The wise headmistress of a swank girls' school (Ethel Barrymore) also comes to the aid of the hapless father.



Complications arise when Bing's son falls for Jane. But in the end the relationships are all straightened out.



(*Continued from page* 53) have gone through anyway. Listen—it's late, it's dark, it's lonely and maybe I'm scared. I've been working all day, I'm tired and I want to get home. And say," she warmed up, "if you boys in blue weren't so busy trapping defenseless females, maybe you'd be around when somebody really needs you. Now I tell you what *I* want: I want a police escort home!"

And that's exactly what she got, believe it or not, instead of a trip to the pokey. What's more, when the abashed cops delivered her to her gate, they tipped their caps politely and promised, with a brace of grins, that they'd mend their wicked ways.

The spunky Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y De Acha III—better known as Lucille Ball—undoubtedly had the nerve of six molars to pull such a counter offensive. But the way she figured, she had a right to feel on the sassy side. When the cops flagged her down, she was fed up, sore and brooding about her domestic fate. She had just left Mr. Desiderio Alberto, Etc.—better known as Desi Arnaz—in a bean patch beside the highway on the Hollywood side of the mountain pass, where as too often happened, they had snatched their brief half hour of home life that day. Desi was on his way to beat a drum with his rhumba band at Ciro's, while Lucille was on her way home from work at MGM. He would tiptoe in and fall asleep when she was almost ready to wake up and hustle back to makeup. So they'd rolled their two cars up together, parked to catch up on the events of each other's day. Then they'd rolled on—in different directions. It was, fumed Mrs. D. A. A. y A., Ltd., in her lonely ranchhouse, one heck of a way to live a marriage. "There are going to be," she swore grimly that night, "some changes made."

By now there have been—some very important changes. Barely more than a year ago, Lucille stopped making movies one after the other and Desi dropped his baton with the band. Together, as everyone knows, the Arnazs joined up for a family television project, and today, as everyone also knows, *I Love Lucy* is the top show on the video waves and looks like it will be for a long, long time. While Mr. and Mrs. Desiderio A. Arnaz, Inc., are still working, they leave for work together, spend the day together, and come home together to Desilu Ranch—and "home" is the exact word. In fact, it's very appropriate that her great new success brings Lucille Ball, as a housewife, right into the homes of over 35,000,000 people who view her each week. While *I Love Lucy* is making the Arnaz family richer than they ever dreamed they'd be, that's only money. Their greatest reward for the gamble that paid off (by a lot of talent, guts and hard work) is not their astronomically soaring income but the family life these two home-happy people desperately wanted and were denied for ten long years.

To a whole lot of people, conditioned by Lucille Ball's movie roles (55 in the past 20 years), it may sound slightly out of character to tack a home-sweet-home frame around a star whose wisecracking, hard-cooked screen personality suggests a dame who'd be more likely to pinch your roll in a clip joint. Just as a fireside portrait of Desi Arnaz seems far removed from a frenetic Latin rapping a conga drum in a night club.

But as everyone ought to know by now, in Hollywood things are seldom as they seem. Actually, Lucy Ball has been a frustrated home (*Continued on page 81*)

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not an oily cream—Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather—needs no special rinse!



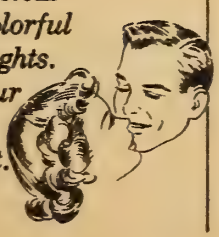
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Color-Highlights with Nestle COLORINSE

Use COLORINSE after you shampoo or permanent wave your hair to remove dulling soap film, add glamorous color-highlights, make hair softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. Choose from 10 beautiful shades that rinse in—shampoo out! 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢. (prices plus tax)



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Brighten your own hair color just a shade or two or become a beautiful blonde quickly and easily with NESTLE LITE, the *only* non-ammonia hair lightener. NESTLE LITE also gives your hair the glamorous golden streaks that Paris, New York and Hollywood are all raving about. NESTLE LITE leaves hair soft, silky, *wonderfully natural-looking*. $1.50. Retouch size 69¢. (prices plus tax)



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where to buy

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Page 73—also below

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MC ARTHUR, LTD. (Dresses & Suits) Pages 74, 75, 77, 78

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Columbia Dance Frocks' adaptation of Edith Head's original evening gown designed for Jane Wyman to wear in Paramount's Just For You *—description and copy on page 72. Ledo's fabulous Just For You rhinestone jewelry. See Jane in the original Edith Head evening gown in color photo on page 73.*



Gotham Gold Stripe interprets the Edith Head designs of Jane's wardrobe for Just For You *in a black all-nylon lingerie ensemble made of black over pink net, floral embroidery and opaque tricot. Slip, about $15; panty, about $4. Also: Nitie, about $17; pettiskirt, about $7. See stores above.*

(*Continued from page 79*) girl and Desi Arnaz, a thwarted householder, and both were painfully postponed parents until just recently. That all of these private blessings finally came to them is one of the nicest happy ending-beginning stories Hollywood has had to tell in years. And it couldn't have happened to two nicer people.

It was one Saturday afternoon back in 1940 that Desi loved Lucy so much that he raced up to a five-and-dime store in Greenwich, Conn., and hammered on the glass so hard that the proprietor, closed for the day, finally opened up to sell him a ten cent "gold" ring with which to make her Mrs. Desiderio Alberto, etc. It was a typical hurried show business wedding in that typical Broadway Gretna Green. No veil, no orange blossoms, no bridesmaids or ushers. Just a justice of the peace reciting the civil ceremony. No honeymoon either, not even to Niagara Falls up the line. You can't get to Niagara and back between shows. "We spent our honeymoon," Lucille recalls, "in Desi's dressing room at the Roxy." When the groom's engagement was over there, the newlyweds flew back to Hollywood, to an apartment that immediately made them both feel restless and cheated every time they rode up in the elevator.

There were good reasons for this. Both Lucille and Desi had been riding in elevators, dressing out of suitcases, hemmed in by hotel and apartment walls too much of their young lives. Both had racketed around without anchors for too long.

Description of a dumb actor: "He's ambidextrous. He can use either head."

Mike Connolly

Lucille Ball was the daughter of a telephone lineman, and as a toddler, traveled all around the country wherever his rambling jobs took him. Henry Ball died when Lucille was four and with her mother Desirée, little brother Fred, and sister Cleo, Lucy grew up in Jamestown, New York. The widow Ball had to work to support her brood. She was often sick and so was Lucille, who spent three years of her girlhood in a wheelchair with rheumatic fever. They moved around from one rented place to another and life was always tough. Lucille left high school at 14, tackled New York for a job a year later. When she finally got one, her life as a chorus girl in Broadway musicals, and sometime fashion model, didn't provide her with any real security. Even in Hollywood, where she first came as a leggy Goldwyn Girl, life for Lucy for a long time was strictly catch-as-catch-can. Its precariousness was impressed on her unforgettably by an incident which occurred when she was still a "starlet."

On an RKO set one day, a fresh makeup man insulted Lucille and she promptly heaved a cup of cold coffee in her hand right at him. It missed, and splattered all over the glamorous person of Miss Katharine Hepburn, then Queen of the RKO lot. Proud Kate huffed immediately off the set, the picture stopped and RKO lost thousands of dollars. This wild pitch dropped Lucille Ball's stock almost out of sight. She was more than in the doghouse, she was practically in Hollywood's death row. In fact, "You might as well leave town, dear," an extra advised her. But Lucy didn't. Ginger Rogers backed her up through the hassle that followed, and she went on to bigger and better things than ever. But even then she never trusted her luck long enough to tie it down to a home. Besides, in Lucy Ball's dreams, what was the use of a home without a husband? Hotels, apartments—that was her shifting life until she met Desi Arnaz. (*Continued on next page*)

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you'll look your loveliest

"You'll look fresher...younger," says Joan Crawford, star of Joseph Kaufman's Production, "SUDDEN FEAR", released by RKO Radio Pictures. Try Woodbury Cold Cream with *Penaten*, 25¢ to 97¢ plus tax.

(*Continued from preceding page*) Desi's a Cuban, the son of a distinguished Cuban family. His father was a mayor and his uncle a senator. But they have revolutions in Cuba and in one of those Senor Arnaz got tossed in jail, all his wealth was confiscated, and Desi was spirited off to Florida with his mother for safe keeping. Transplanted here, an alien in a foreign land, he too started out early on the restless seas of show business, riding on the wave of a rhumba and conga madness that swept the U. S., but never sure just when it would suddenly wash out and dump him flat on the beach. Most of that time he was a hall room boy and a fugitive from bellhops, too. Like his bride, Desi thought that wedded bliss spelled something different.

So, on the rainy Saturday that marked their first month's wedding "anniversary," Lucille and Desi celebrated by driving over Caheunga Pass to the San Fernando Valley. They pulled up before a real estate office bearing the sign, "BOB'S GOOD EARTH." They entered and told the salesman, "We want to look at some land."

The startled realtor, who expected no prospects that sodden day, buttoned on his slicker and drove them to a flat five acres on Devonshire Boulevard in the northern neck of the Valley. "This is for sale," he announced and added bravely, "You could make it a dream place."

It didn't look so dreamy. Except for a tiny house and three drooping trees, all the eager pair could see was a soaked but barren stretch of Bob's good earth. When they stepped out of the car they couldn't see that. The sky suddenly cracked open with a cat-and-dog cloudburst that blotted out what view there was. But they stood there enchanted, until Desi's dark head looked like a seal's and the pink-orange mop of his bride resembled a Raggedy Ann doll drowned in a bathtub.

"We'll take it," they told the amazed salesman and got back in the car. But before they did, Lucy stooped down to the ground.

She was still clenching her fist driving home when her husband asked, "What you got in your hand?" So she opened it. "Why," he exclaimed, "it's just mud!"

"Uh-uh," Lucille corrected. "It isn't just mud. It's *our* mud!"

That's the deeply possessive way Lucille Ball has felt about Desilu Ranch from the beginning—just as she's felt about the "gold" wedding ring, which soon wore as thin as the rim of the dime that bought it, and finally landed sentimentally in cotton batting lest it disintegrate entirely. But the erosion of time didn't affect Desilu Ranch that way. On the contrary, before long their piece of bare earth blossomed into a garden spot.

A famous architect built a rambling ranch house around the tiny shack that was there. A grove of olive trees and 350 orange trees grew to greenery and shade. A heart-shaped pool soon shimmered in the midst of an emerald lawn. Desi built a *bohio* (a Cuban hut) and after that a big rock barbecue, a tea room, a playhouse. Shrubs filled corners, flowers lined walks, vines climbed over trellises. Inside the house, Lucy spotted her grandma's antiques carefully around and furnished the rest with comfortable, colorful things with the suppressed talent for homemaking that had been storing up inside her all those homeless years.

Outside she collected a group of titled personages to people their five acres—The Duchess of Devonshire, a cow; the Duke, a pig; Sir Thomas of Chatsworth, Pinto the Great and Captain Dandy, a trio of cockers; numerous Princes and Princesses Northridge, all cats; and a court of 500 chickens. From the beginning, Desilu Ranch has been the center of the world for Lucy and Desi Arnaz. Yet, until recently, it's not been entirely the dream place the salesman promised. Something was missing, something called home life, a family, kids. And there were reasons for that, too.

For five of the first ten years of their marriage Desi was away on band tours, coming home for too brief stays, then off again for long weeks at hotels, theaters and night clubs. For three and a half years he served in the army. But in all that time, Lucy stuck determinedly by her piece of ground even if it was 22 miles from the studio. Even if she was lonesome and sometimes scared, she never weakened and moved into town. Except for the trips she made entertaining GI's, Lucy never left her home, not after she once got one. During the war she held the fort alone, and that's not exactly a figure of speech.

There was the night, for instance, when the spotter she often sat with on a rocky Chatsworth knob at the Valley's gateway woke her up in the middle of the night. "Lucy?" she breathed tensely. "A Jap Zero just passed over, headed right for your house!"

everybody loves
jane powell
who will be
modern screen's
cover girl for the
november issue
on sale
october 7

Sure enough, there was the queer sounding motor she'd been trained to spot coming right for the ranch house roof. Lucy dived for the light switch and sat up the rest of the night with Desi's rusty .22, the only artillery she could find at the place. In the morning, dozing fitfully with no bombs as yet, she was roused by a jabber of commands in a foreign tongue, looked out the window to see brown skinned, khaki clad men piling out of trucks. That's when Mrs. D. Arnaz raised her cannon and resolved to sell her life dearly in defense of Desilu Ranch. Only—to her surprise and immense relief—the jabbering foreigners headed right into the orange groves across the road and were soon happily plucking golden balls from the limbs. The invading "Japs" were only Mexican fruit pickers, but the Zero was a Zero all right. One the Yanks had captured and were flying home to take apart and study.

That's just a sample of the memories which swirl about Desilu Ranch for Lucille Ball. There are thousands more—gay ones and sad ones. Funny ones and ones not so funny. Festive homecomings and teary goodbyes. Endless projects started and sometimes finished. Happy humming parties—and lonely nights. All in all, the years have forged Desilu Ranch into the symbol of marriage for Desi and Lucille. All the good things have happened when they were there, most of the bad ones when they were away. That's why when Lucy's at the ranch—with Desi—she's living. And that's why the Arnaz's are living there today. They're there—thanks to TV—together at long last, along with the royal descendants of all their livestock, and a certain chubby, black haired princess with sparkling eyes named Lucie Desirée, their daughter.

For ten long years Lucille and Desi Arnaz longed in vain for a baby; although the elementary facts of biology were against them. It's hard to be a mother when your husband's away three-fourths of the time. But Lucy never gave up hope. All those barren years she studied every book she could find on babies, listened with recording ears to the talk of her girl friends who had them until she became an expert. Just the other day her pediatrician called her. "Say," he inquired, "have you changed doctors or something?"

"Why no," she assured him, "of course not. Why?"

"I just wondered," he explained. "You haven't called me for almost a year and most new mothers phone every hour on the hour."

"Well for one thing," Mrs. Arnaz replied, "there's nothing wrong with my little girl. And for another," she added honestly, "I know an awful lot about babies."

After the war, when Desi started hopping around the country again, Lucille cut down her picture schedule and joined up. They played for a while as a vaudeville team—anything to stick together—and one morning in Chicago she woke up feeling woozy. There was a morning rehearsal, though, and she went on to the theatre. But before the evening show, she had an examination, and she learned the news she had been praying for all her life. Lucille Ball was a trouper; that night and all week she went on with the act. It was a strenuous one, with comic belly flops and high kicks. And she lost that baby.

After that Lucille quit travelling and the next time the funny feeling arrived she dropped everything, sat at Desilu Ranch in a big chair by the fireplace for months until she knew her baby was safe. Lucie Desirée wasn't born right on Desilu Ranch, of course. The event occurred at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood, but the same syllables occur in her name and since her arrival, Lucille's roots have spread even deeper into "our mud."

While it's true that the terrific success of *I Love Lucy* has finally permitted the Master and Mistress of Desilu Ranch to spend their free time there in the home grown way they like, Desi and Lucy aren't a couple of vegetables rusticating sluggishly in the soil or anything like that. If you've seen that rib-cracking Desilu TV production on your set Monday nights, you know that with *Ricky* and *Lucy Ricardo* almost anything can happen and invariably does. It's the same with Desi and Lucille on the ranch or wherever they are. In fact, as their script writer, Jess Oppenheimer admits, "We're always raiding the private life of Dez and Lucille for ideas." That's perfectly okay with both parties concerned, because Desilu Productions is a family affair. Besides costarring as the hectic householders, Desi's the president and Lucille's the veep.

Desi and Lucille in person make a perfect pattern to (*Continued on page 111*)



Her gown, ice white eyelet organdy frosted over pink taffeta, by Betty Lane.

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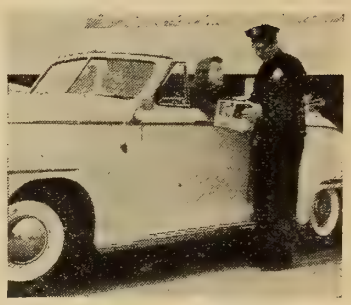
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Take my word for it

by JANET LEIGH; star columnist for October



I love driving my car with the top down.



Blue's my color; I'm a sucker for it.



I know just what I want when we shop.



Love, it's wonderful! Just ask us!

SIGN THAT A GIRL'S in love: her favorite color is blue, yet she gets a kick out of noticing, in every mirror she passes, that she is dressed in black and white. It's a question of preference versus certainty. She *knows* she will please *him*, and isn't that why colors were born? Sign that a boy is in love: he's so pleased with her in black and white that he eats all his vegetables like a good little Tony.

Sign that a girl's a girl: she loves and eats sweets but drinks her coffee black, sans cream, sans sugar, sans saccharine. She likes to drive with her top down, then wraps a bubushka round her head, so that no more of her face is visible than if she wore an Eskimo's parka. When she annoys friends, it's with her good habits—like being too neat. (And *that* she is going to quit. She is tired of friends always insisting that they use their cars for a trip because they know she'll go through the car and clean it like she does a house.) She has never cooked on anything but a gas range, but she can't wait until she can get an electric stove!

I wonder why I'm never in a hurry, or don't think I am, until I find myself behind one of those idle drivers inching along looking for a place to park. Sometimes they're not looking for a place to park—they're just window shopping from the car. I can show you dozens of them in Beverly Hills any afternoon. If it's a woman driver (and I'm sorry to say it invariably is), I can even look ahead and pick the shops where she will slow down for a better look. They tell me the Beverly Hills merchants are thinking of using giant price tags that can be read from the traffic lanes. Oh, well, maybe I'm in a rebellious mood. I have just finished reading two books that stirred my blood—"The Caine Mutiny" and "Catcher In The Rye."

Oh, I shop, too. But I know just what I'm going to get and where I'll look for it and how much I'm prepared to pay and what I'll accept as a substitute if I can't get what I start out to find. If it's a dress I want, there is no trouble. I go right to Amelia Gray's in Beverly Hills; not only because she carries lines I like, Claire McCardle, Ceil Chapman and Carrie Munse dresses, but because she has an understanding head on her shoulders. If I get a certain dress and maybe Liz Taylor, or Cyd Charisse or Janie Powell come in and want the same one, she'll steer them away from it. She'll steer me away from it, if any other girl in the studios has bought the same model. On the other hand, if any of the society group drop in, she *will* sell the same dress because she knows there is little likelihood of a conflict. We all know this and appreciate her thoughtfulness. Once I liked a cocktail dress so much I bought it anyway, even though she warned me



that Nancy Davis had one like it. Mine, though, was in a different color. Just the same, when Amelia heard of an important cocktail party both Nancy and I were very likely to attend, she phoned and reminded me about the similarity and that Nancy might wear her dress. *That's* service! I'm an Amelia Gray patron from now on.

I LIKE TO WEAR SHOES that match my dresses, and since that isn't always easy to accomplish, I buy reasonably priced shoes in linen or chambray that can be dyed to match. Generally, I can find what I want in Chandler shoes, and either they do the dyeing for me or a little man I know does the job. And so . . . when I make my entrance at the party, there I am in blue from head to toe—oh, I beg your pardon! I mean, in black and white from head to toe.

But before the party, there is a lot more to do. My hair, for instance. If I can, I slip down to Saks where Al Paul gives me a mint shampoo, sets it, pins it up in curls, and the sun dries it out on my way home. I like my hair washed twice a week. But it would be too costly to get it done outside both times, so every other time I do it myself. Generally I use a cream shampoo, and I will wash my hair at least every third day if I'm working in a picture in order to keep it fluffy and with good highlights.

But if one is going out, one must worry about more than just face, hair and hands, mustn't one? Still, that isn't much trouble. For my hands I very often use Revlon's Aquamarine Lotion, and then I keep right on going and use the same stuff all over my body. If it is a formal party and I am going to be svelte, I hope, I shall commence with the basic in such cases—just a panty girdle. But if, by chance, I am to wear a straight dress, I will very likely slip into a light girdle. I think it gives one a smoother look, no matter how small one's hips. There are always the bumps that are much better de-bumped.

LIPSTICK: sometimes the plain red, sometimes with the blue in it (after all, I have to get that blue in somewhere!). There will be mascara, too. I will use powder, a little, and if I am not tanned, I will use rouge. If I am tanned, no rouge. Next, my little Glycene bracelet wristwatch, probably (*Continued on next page*)

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continued

my little basket of pearls (cultured) that hangs from my neck, and my gold and pearl engagement ring. My platinum-design-over-gold-band wedding ring I already have on, so into the dress and . . . Now, where's that man who's been yelling all this time? He has fallen strangely silent. Has he wandered into the kitchen? Yes. Are all the drawers and cabinet doors hanging half open, or at least not properly closed, showing where he has been snooping around for something to munch on? Yes. Has he found something to his liking and has he got a mouthful of it? You bet. As soon as I pop a bit of it into my own mouth, we'll be all ready to go.

I like small hats—the kind I pick up at Saks' hat bar. I'm not so crazy about small furs, but I do like my ranch mink stole. But what's the difference? I've been just as happy in pedal pushers as in mink.

Steaks are great but one of my nicest dinner memories is of myself reaching a fork into Tony's can of Heinz beans.

ONE OF MY FAVORITE movie roles was the one I had in *Red Danube,* but not for reasons you might guess. I had to go on a diet in order to look properly refugee-ish and drawn; no bread, no potatoes, no desserts, no cream in my coffee, et cetera. What do you know . . . I found I didn't dislike the diet at all, and, with some changes, it has become a habit with me. The biggest change had to do with desserts. I have never lost my love for them. And sweets. I, for instance, just can't enjoy a movie unless I'm nibbling at something. I don't wait for the lights to go on to go to the candy counter —I sneak out in the middle of the picture.

This reminds me of something Tony and I did during the trip we made recently. We had been wined and dined in New York and Washington, and, when we got to Boston, we found a couple of free hours had been allotted to us. It took us two seconds to plan the evening; we got hold of some chocolate-covered raisins and went to a movie! Worse—when the personal appearance tour was over and we were back in Hollywood, we went on a regular movie rampage—movies every night. I guess I'm a pigeon for movies. Tony says I'm the type that even screams when the villain shows up in a Disney cartoon!

It was a nice trip, except when a button came off Tony's overcoat and I tried to sew it on. I sewed it so flat to the cloth that he couldn't get it into the buttonhole. Was I the embarrassed young wife when he had to cut it off and resew it . . . something that he does well. To console myself I went out on a shopping spree. Then I came home with a nice headache, took three aspirins and went to bed.

TO SHOW HOW SILLY A GIRL CAN BE, I have suffered from headaches for several years and never thought to have my eyes looked at. Almost any day which I had to devote to script study or any evening when I went to see a picture I would find my temples begin to throb. The other afternoon I went to an oculist and discovered I had an astigmatic fault. Glasses were made up, which I only have to use while driving or reading or studying, and I have gone several weeks now without head pains. It's such a pleasure not to have to worry about it any more. Why, I used to figure on a headache when I planned my day's activities—where would I be and what would I be doing when it started up, and should I even go out at all? Was I too vain to think of glasses?

WHEN I HAVE CHILDREN, I am going to teach them the pitfalls of vanity. I won't teach them too much. I don't believe in overtraining children . . . you know, where they figuratively click their heels and say the right things at the right time like little automatons. I want them comfortably between "well trained" and sloppy. I don't want them like a little girl Tony and I once met who peremptorily ordered us, "You move over there! I want to take your picture!"

If I have a little girl, I will tell her that she can go anywhere in the world and move in any company if she can retain a spirit of naturalness. I think I was an average girl when I broke into the movies and found myself in social circles that were a bit over my head. I made the mistake when I first went out of trying to act like a "personality" and flopped. I didn't realize that nobody expects you to be anything but your assured self, and to achieve this you need not say anything or do anything special.

I will tell her that you can win almost anyone's liking with an honest approach. I was dishonest when I attended a smart dinner in a Long Island home one evening and pretended that a weird looking dessert, consisting of fruit-like ice cream in a giant pineapple half, was nothing new to me. So I reached up to the tray the butler held and lifted the whole business onto my plate, instead of just dipping out some of the ice cream. Was I stuck, sitting there with something as big as a football in front of me . . . not to speak of the horror that filled me when I realized that in this monstrosity was everybody else's dessert as well!

Janet Leigh

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Janet Leigh personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

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just a perfect blendship

(*Continued from page 77*) knew what happened."

It is well-known in Hollywood that you never know what goes with Bing Crosby. He may act as though no one else is alive, and then he may abruptly do the opposite, as he did with Jane.

One night her telephone rang. It was Mr. Crosby, who said, "How'd you like to do a record for Decca?"

When Jane recovered her breath, she allowed as how she'd like it very much. Uncle Bing, as he is known to quite a few around Hollywood, is likely to call people whose talent he respects and say to them, "Plum (or any name he may think of on the spur of the moment), how's about getting together for a small routine?"

And this means a business routine—not soft lights and sweet music. In this case, Jane dropped around to the Decca studios a few nights later, and in an hour they knocked off that Number One on the Hit Parade called "In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening."

Jane still doesn't quite believe it. "I started out as a singer in small clubs," she'll tell you, "and I had a fair voice. I can't read music. I don't know one note from another. If you can figure it out, what I mean is that I can't sing, but I know *how* to sing."

Now, the truth of the matter is that Jane Wyman and Bing Crosby are what is known as "set friends." Ever since *Here Comes The Groom,* which launched them as occasional singing partners, they have enjoyed frolicking in front of the cameras together.

"The prospect of playing golf with Bing (Jane is a fair to middling feminine clubber with a 19 handicap) is something I wouldn't want to face," she says. "And the only time we have seen each other socially is the recent occasion on which I was invited to a surprise party and, by coincidence, arrived at the Crosby home at the same time Bing showed up, fresh from the set of *Road To Bali.*

But no two people could ever be closer, tunefully speaking, than the harmony that has resulted from their latest picture collision in *Just For You.* There's a great song in that epic, and quite a story behind the song.

Mr. Crosby was not on the set the day that Jane arrived and was told by Paramount's musical genius, Joe Lilley, that the time had come for her to do "a bit of a number" with Bing.

"Then Joe flashed eight yards of sheet music on me," Jane says. "I took one look and the only thing it resembled was the board at the New York stock exchange. Why, thank you very much, Joe, I said. Seeing that I can't read music, I can pick this up as fast as I can learn to speak Portuguese. Why, you musical bone picker, why don't you write a simple song for a change?"

"You got me wrong," Joe retorted. "Warren and Robin wrote this song. I merely arranged it, and if you'll drop over to my office, we'll run through it a couple of times. It's simple, once you get the hang of it."

Sure, it's simple. "Zing A Little Zong" sounds like two crazy people with not a care in the world, harmonizing over a beer in the kitchen at two in the morning. But the truth is that, even to professionals, it's no more simple than the newest Einstein theory.

So Jane went to work on the song that changes keys twice in the middle with no warning, and in a week, she was fairly well prepared to get even with Crosby for all the tummy fluttering he'd caused every time she stepped up to a mike with the old master.

Bing strolled onto the set one morning and said, "H'ya—how's the golf? Anything great?"

"I gotta learn to putt," Jane said.

"Well," Bing assured her, "it'll come to you. Now, how's for knocking off this "Zing" number?"

"I'm nervous," Janie replied, "I'll never make it."

"Huh," Bing retorted, "you'll do it. Know anything about it?"

"Nothing," Jane said, "except like you say, it's so simple."

So they adjourned to the music department, where Joe Lilley handed the Groaner his part.

"You should have seen it," Jane says, repressing a chortle. "Just like handing the guy an anvil. 'What's this now?' Bing asked, looking a little confused.

"'Why it's nothing,' I told him, 'Nothing to a Big Music Man like you'."

"'Let's not overdo it,'" Bing growled, and retired to a distant corner, with enough sheet music to make costumes for all his kids.

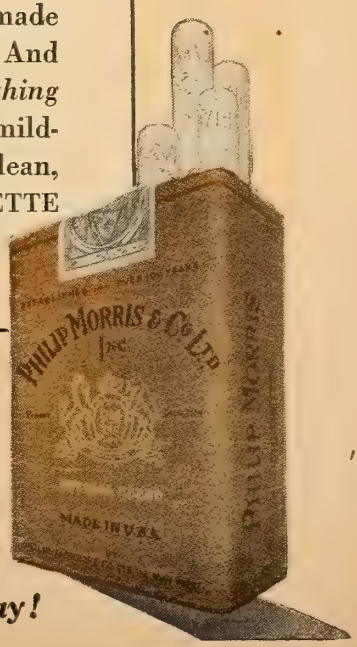
"And that's about the all of it," Jane says. "My ego was almost completely repaired, even though in 15 minutes he mastered what it took me a week to figure out. By the time we recorded to the rhythm of Van Cleave's band, my buck fever had at last disappeared. An hour later, Bing picked up his hat and shuffled out the door.

"We'd knocked the whole thing off in a little over an hour—we'd Zung A Little Zong, and, instead of reveling in a moment of triumph watching the great Crosby break down, they panned to a stuffed owl, which was me." END

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he never took a lesson

(*Continued from page 47*) the photographs that appear in the newspapers and magazines. If you were lucky enough to see him in person on one of the tours he made with the picture, you have an inkling of what makes him look like a veteran. But the best way is to see him in person, off-guard, and observe the most uninhibited fellow ever to come to Hollywood—a lad without a spiked ego, but without a shade of shyness or a shred of a feeling of incompetence.

Aldo Ray is a big man, better than six feet tall, and he nudges 200 pounds. He has hands like hams and arms like a weight lifter. When he wears a suit, he appears to be in constant danger of bursting out of it. And his face, even in repose, is strong, with eyes that can grow cold and a mouth that is thin and determined. His voice is soft, only because it is hoarse, and comes out a whisper, but his speech is strong and his words, on almost any subject, very official. In contrast, he is gentle in his thinking, extremely friendly in his associations and gives the impression that he would be hard to anger. Although he is blond, he is very Italian. His mannerisms and language are studded with Italian gestures and idiom, and he talks a good deal like a Saroyan or Steinbeck character, simply and straightforwardly.

The course of Aldo Ray's rise to picture stardom is a source of wonder to everyone but Aldo himself. All Hollywood considers his rise phenomenal, a Cinderella story about a guy. But to Aldo, it was just a natural series of events that followed a fluke meeting with a movie director. He sees little that is unusual in what happened, except, possibly, that it was Hollywood that finally got him and not Washington. He always knew he would be a big man—but he figured it would be in politics.

ALDO Ray's background was about as simple as a man's past can be, and purely American. He was born in Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania, in 1926, the oldest of six sons. His father and mother, Silvio and Maria DaRe, are Italian immigrants. The DaRe's moved to Crockett, California, a small town 30 miles north of San Francisco when Aldo was three years old, and his father found a job as a laborer with the C&H Sugar Company, Crockett's only industry. He has worked there ever since.

All of Aldo Ray's life had to do with Crockett. Until he was literally drafted into the movies, he had no idea that he would make his home anywhere else. Though his family were poor, they were well thought of in Crockett. And Aldo, who is at heart a family man and a small town boy, used to dream that he would one day find fame and fortune, but that he'd find it in Crockett, not have to go out and seek it.

The DaRes are a strong family unit. Mario and Silvio DaRe are old-country Italians who speak very little English. Consequently, the family speaks Italian at home. Aldo, who couldn't speak a word of English when he started school, was proud as a peacock at lunch one day recently.

"Look," he crowed. "I just got a letter from my mother. In *English!*"

As a small boy, Aldo Ray had few of the ordinary luxuries small boys have come to expect. The DaRe family was too busy keeping its head above water. They lived for many years in a small, four-room house, practically sleeping in shifts. Mama was the boss. She ruled with an iron hand, but with love, and as they grew up, the older children took on the duties of supervising the younger. Papa just earned the money. Aldo says he can't remember him ever raising his voice to any of them.

Just before the war, an old house in Crockett was put up for auction. It was a huge place with many rooms and had at one time years before been the home of a millionaire. Mario and Silvio DaRe went to the auction and bid the place in for $3,100. Then the entire family went to work on the home as laborers—building partitions, painting, papering, even digging a cellar. One of Aldo's sharpest recollections of his boyhood is the building he did, it seemed for years, until the house was at last completed to Mama's satisfaction.

Twenty-four hours after he finished high school, Aldo was snatched up by the Navy V-5 program and shipped off to Memphis to the Naval Air Station there. Weight, which has been a problem with him all along, was a stumbling block then and he had to take off 13 pounds on the trip to make the entrance requirements. The Navy, however, was not destined to have him as an air ace, for he was promptly transferred to seaman duty.

As Aldo himself tells it, he had little to do in the war. But if you press him for details, he will admit that he was a Frogman, that part of his duty was to swim into enemy harbors ahead of the ships and spot hazards, and then swim back to his ship with this vital information. One of his chores in this dangerous work was to check the waters off Okinawa at the time of the invasion. He spent 23 months in the service and then came back to Crockett and to school.

A trick knee kept Aldo from becoming a great football player, which is what he wanted to be. He had a scholarship to the University of California at Berkeley, but when he learned that the doctors wouldn't let him play football, he transferred to Vallejo Junior College. He promptly became a big man on the Vallejo campus and was elected president of the student body before he was in school a month. As he stood on a rostrum explaining to the fellows and girls why he would be the best man for the job, he got such a thrill that he made up his mind he'd become a public official, maybe a congressman as soon as he got out into the world.

IN June, 1948, Aldo married a girl he had known all of his life. He was in his senior year, back in Berkeley again, and casting about for suitable employment when he learned there was to be an election for constable back in Crockett.

Utilizing all of the tried and true gimmicks, such as street corner speeches, talks before ladies luncheon groups and service clubs and hanging posters on his friends' cars, Aldo pitched into the fray. He promised that he would give clean policing to the community and would have a telephone installed next to his bed, so his constituents could have 24-hour service—something his opponent said couldn't be done by one man. Aldo spent his entire hoard of $400 on the campaign and waged, according to older politicos in Crockett, a brilliant fight for the office.

If he hadn't been talked into taking a drive down to San Francisco one day by his brother Guido, he might still be the up-and-coming young civic light of his home town.

Guido brought a San Francisco paper to Aldo one day and showed him an ad asking that football players interested in appearing in a movie apply at a local

hotel for interviews that afternoon. Guido wanted to go but had no transportation. Aldo didn't want to make the trip but, possibly with a vote in mind, agreed to if Guido would pay for the gasoline and the bridge toll. They joined a large group of huskies in the living room of the hotel suite some time later, and Aldo settled down to read while his brother was given the once over. He personally thought the whole thing was silly.

When the other lads had been through the mill, a studio man motioned Aldo to go into the other room for his interview. Aldo told him he wasn't interested, something the Hollywood man refused to believe. Rather than argue about it, Aldo went in. Director David Miller sat behind a desk, and an assistant handed Aldo a page of script to read. Aldo took a look at it and refused again, stating that he wasn't an actor, just a chauffeur. This enchanted Miller to the extent that he insisted on Aldo remaining and talking about a part in the picture. When Aldo said he was occupied running for constable at the moment, Miller asked him to deliver a campaign address. This was something Aldo felt he could get his teeth into, and besides he needed the practice, so he stood in the center of the room and made an impassioned plea that the group of Hollywoodites elect him constable of Crockett.

When the speech was over, everyone made a dive for contract forms, trying to be the first to get the young politician's name on paper. The man's personality, husky voice and oddly handsome appearance was not the usual in a movie actor, but Miller and his aides were canny enough to know they'd be appealing. Because the money was good, and the studio people assured him they would not let their schedule interfere with his police duties if he got elected, Aldo signed. Then he had to walk out into the other room and face his brother, who had not been snapped up so readily. To this day Guido still has a feeling that fate betrayed him.

AFTER *Saturday's Hero* was completed, Aldo Ray was elected constable. He had had his taste of the movies and was now happy to stay at home. While he was constable, juvenile delinquency dropped to zero. The kids of the town didn't want to blacken Aldo's record, so they took their mischief to nearby communities.

Meanwhile there was much conversation at Columbia Studio about Aldo. Some of the executives were very high on him. Others pointed out that there were obvious limitations to the activities of an actor who had permanent laryngitis and had had no experience. If it hadn't been for *The Marrying Kind*, the discussions would no doubt have petered out and been forgotten. But somebody brought Aldo to the attention of director George Cukor, who had been assigned to the picture. And soon Max Arnow, the casting director, got Aldo on the phone and asked him to come to Hollywood for a test. Aldo said no. He was a cop, and headed for big things in politics. But Arnow finally won, and Aldo took a couple of days off and showed up at Columbia.

Twentieth Century-Fox has photographed Marilyn Monroe in a gunny sack just to prove that she looks perfect in everything.

The treatment he got in the next couple of days is more than likely what changed his mind. He was driven to Cukor's home in a limousine. He was wined and dined and invited to dip into the pool between sessions on the script. He was being considered for one of the minor parts in the picture, but all aspirants were to be tested reading the leading male role. Then, after a few days of high living, he tested and went back home.

Weeks went by and one day Arnow called again.

"You're too fat, Aldo," he said.

"Not for a constable," said Ray.

"Lose some weight," said Arnow, "and you're in the movie."

"I'll think about it," Aldo said.

He thought about it, and then went on one of those diets he specializes in and that only he can stand. He chews celery all day and eats a steak at night. In five days he lost 20 pounds, went back to Columbia, tested again, and returned to Crockett. A week later Arnow called again.

"You looked great, Aldo," said Arnow.

"The only reason I'm interested," said Aldo, "is that I might be able to pick up a little money in a picture once in a while to add to my income here."

"You'll have to forget that, Aldo," said Arnow. "They want you to play the lead —opposite Judy Holliday."

"What does that mean?" Aldo asked.

"It means you'll have to quit up there, sign a contract with Columbia, and come to Hollywood to live."

"I'll think about it," Aldo said.

Aldo thought some more. His marriage was on the rocks. He was discovering that a constable's salary was just a mite less than he needed. He liked acting, and he could always get back into politics if thing went wrong in Hollywood. He called up the city fathers and resigned. (*Continued on next page*)

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(*Continued from preceding page*) You saw him in *The Marrying Kind*, and later in *Pat And Mike*. He is being hailed as the freshest thing to hit the films since Harold Lloyd. Columbia, shy on male stars, is planning to star him in its most ambitious movie to date, *From Here To Eternity*.

The life that Aldo Ray lives today is far different from the one he was living—and had planned to live—when Guido asked him to drive to San Francisco, just a couple of years ago. He has a small house above a rocky section of the coast of the Pacific Ocean, where one or more of his family is generally found visiting him. He doesn't go out with girls much because his divorce is not final, something he takes more seriously than most men in the movies. Still, the girls in Hollywood are chasing him as though he were a prize. He wears fine clothes, and buys a lot of presents for his mother.

And Aldo takes his work seriously, now that he is really interested in it. An amusing incident that took place in New York shortly after *The Marrying Kind* was released testifies to that. Aldo was in Manhattan on a personal appearance tour and happened to pick up *Time Magazine* which carried a review he considered not fair or accurate. Aldo phoned the studio's New York publicity chief.

"I would like," he said, "to have a talk with the guy who wrote that review in *Time*."

"Nobody knows who writes those reviews," said the press agent. "*Time* has a staff of movie men."

"How many?" asked Aldo.

"Three, I think," said the press agent.

"Then I'd like to talk to all of them," said Aldo.

Because he'd never heard of it happening before, the studio man arranged a lunch at the Stork Club. Aldo sat down and pulled a copy of the review from his pocket.

"Okay, you guys," he said, "I'm going to take this thing apart and show you where you're all full of baloney . . ."

And he did. And the *Time* men sat and listened, because Aldo Ray is a determined man and they didn't know *what* he might do if they didn't.

Constable Aldo Ray is not going very much farther in his political career. But you can take the word of everyone in Hollywood that he's going far in the movies. Farther than a young man who took lessons could ever go. **END**

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Fall is here but don't you be a fall guy and pass up this chance to pick up a quick dollar. All you have to do is read all the stories in this October issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new, one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started—write now, right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Janet Leigh
- ☐ Party Girl Grows Up (Lana Turner)
- ☐ The Lies They Tell About Liz & Mike (Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding)
- ☐ Disenchanted So Soon? (Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gassmann)
- ☐ Is June Allyson Really Quitting?
- ☐ Two Wives—Two Lives (Martin & Lewis)
- ☐ She Wants A Big, Tall Somebody! (Debra Paget)
- ☐ My Mom by Tony Curtis
- ☐ In The Pink (House, That Is) (Donald O'Connor)
- ☐ He Never Took A Lesson (Aldo Ray)
- ☐ The Truth About The Fords (Eleanor Powell-Glenn Ford)
- ☐ What Betty Lanza Has Done For Mario
- ☐ It's Only Money (Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz)
- ☐ Not Too Young To Love (Joan Evans)
- ☐ Relax, Pop, I Made It! (Dale Robertson)
- ☐ House Warming (Barbara Ruick)
- ☐ The Good Mystery by Jane Powell
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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is june allyson really quitting?

(*Continued from page 35*) family, and children were relegated to the back of her mind.

Joe Pasternak, the MGM producer, recalls Junie's behavior very well before she became Mrs. Richard Powell. "She was a persistent little devil," Joe says. "Wherever I went I'd find myself bumping into her—on the elevator, in the commissary, even in the projection rooms. I remember one time when we were casting *Music For Millions*, a picture Junie wanted a part in very badly. I phoned her that morning and asked her how she was. 'Bad, Joe,' she sniffled. 'I've got a cold in my nose.'

"'Sorry,' I said. 'I was thinking of you in connection with *Music For Millions*.' Next morning, June was in my office before I was."

But, as I say, that was nine or ten years ago, before June Allyson had waded neck-deep in success, getting to know all its glories, responsibilities, and demands.

TODAY, Junie sits back weighing a critical decision, wondering what to do.

Her contract at MGM expires in September of 1953. She loves the studio very much. Except for one serious fight last year when she didn't want to star in *Girl In White*, "because I just didn't think it was right for me," her relationship with MGM has been almost a father-daughter one. The studio is responsible for the enviable position she occupies today, and June is the first to admit it. Yet she is determined to sit out the balance of her contract, unless she can play roles she considers fitting.

Unfortunately, Junie is not a very good judge of scripts. For example, she was chary about starring with Jimmy Stewart in *The Stratton Story;* and yet that picture made a fortune and established her as a dramatic actress of the highest degree.

In reply to the question: "Is there any truth about your retirement?" June's answer was, "No. I'm not retiring at all. I love to act. All I want is a good story. I'm sure the studio is looking and will come up with one. I talk about retiring all the time, and maybe that's how the rumor got started. You see, ever since the children came I've been satisfied to stay at home and look after them. With Richard beside me, I don't need anything else. My career doesn't seem as important as it once did."

"I can remember," I said, "when it seemed like the beginning and the end of everything to you."

June nodded. "The best part of the hunt is the chase," she said in that froggy voice of hers. "When you're very young, you set your sights on something. Then when you achieve it, you realize that the enthusiasm is what made it so worthwhile. Sure, I used to be career-crazy. But then I met Richard. Right away my objectives became—what's the word?—diffused. I wanted a career and a husband, too. I've been very lucky. I've been able to blend the two. That's because Richard's been so understanding. He never minded my working, and I loved it, because after all, it's not too much fun hanging around the house when your husband's away all day and you've got someone to do the housework.

"But then Pam and Rickie came along. And I guess it's the maternal instinct in all of us girls that gets us in the end. Honestly, it's not easy to tear yourself away from your babies six days a week."

IT WAS about that time that the studio asked June to star in a few pictures she felt were not for her. There were minor bickerings, protestations, and suddenly the wonderful realization by Junie that she didn't have to work if she didn't want to.

I say this was a wonderful realization because Junie's had to work ever since she was 15 in order to support herself. Working became such an integral part of her life that when it suddenly dawned upon her that she could stop entirely with no drastic result, she was awe-stricken.

"I can stop working tomorrow," she says. "I can go off salary and not work at any other motion picture studio until a year from September. But who wants it? Still, I don't see any point in going to work to be unhappy. The only time I would quit motion pictures would be if I had to do a lot of things I didn't want to. When that day comes, little Junie is quitting, but not before."

"There's a lot of talk," I said, "that after your MGM contract expires, you and Dick will make films for television like Desi and Lucille Ball."

June shook her lovely blonde head. "Actually, I haven't thought very much about it. Richard is the business man in the family, and he knows all about those things. As a matter of fact, he was talking a lot about Desi and Lucille the other night. They own their television films, you know, and I guess they can sell them over and over again to thousands of TV stations. All I know is that I haven't worked since December, and I love it. Yet, years ago it would've driven me crazy. I don't (*Continued on next page*)

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PERFUMER

(*Continued from preceding page*) worry about anything. I take care of the children. And oh, yes! I'm playing golf."

I LOOKED back over my notes. They didn't seem to add up. "A funny thing, Junie," I said. "Everytime I interview you, I leave with the feeling that I've gotten a lot of information. Then I go home and read my notes and find it's nothing but the greatest collection of double talk in the world, and I really don't know how you stand about things. Just for the record, let's get this retirement talk straight. You're not quitting and you're not on suspension, but you haven't worked since December? Is that right?"

Junie laughed that throaty laugh everyone has come to love.

"It's really very simple," she explained. "The first three months of this year I was on layoff. (Studio contracts call for employment of a star 40 out of 52 weeks per year.) After that I technically went back to work; that is, I went back on salary. I just haven't made any pictures. Maybe by the time this article comes out, I'll be working. Only," and she giggled again, "I don't think so, because Richard and I are planning a vacation in Europe, and I guess I can do that on my layoff, too. As soon as the studio has a good story for me, I'll come running. I love making pictures.

"The point I was trying to get across, however, is that I no longer have to make them to be happy. My life is full enough without them. Maybe I'm kidding myself, but I honestly think I could quit tomorrow and never miss the business."

That's the way June Allyson talks. Any attempt to pin her down to a definite statement of fact is destined to failure, because Junie herself is never definite or clear in her own mind concerning plans, desires, or intentions. Or, if she is, she's a master at camouflage.

On one point, however, she is fairly clear. She is determined not to act in any film except one that she is completely sold on. She will undoubtedly take a suspension and go off salary before she enacts a role that rubs her the wrong way.

People who know her well say that what she'll probably do when her MGM contract expires next year is sign again for one film a year on a non-exclusive basis.

If Richard deems it advisable, she will go into television or make motion pictures of her own choosing at other studios on a free lance basis.

In the meantime she is ecstatically happy with her husband, her two children, and her golf, in that order. The direction of her career seems of small interest to her at this moment.

A woman who once worked as June's housekeeper has the best explanation of her attitude. "It's very simple," this woman (who prefers to remain nameless) points out. "Junie's not a child any more. She's a grown woman. She's got a different sense of values. She's looked around town, and mind you, she's learned a few things. Most important of all, she's learned that a career is a very wonderful thing—only you can't kiss it on the lips at night. There are actresses in Hollywood who have the most wonderful careers. Well, Barbara Stanwyck is one. But, what's the good of a career if you don't have a husband and children to share it with? I think Junie knows; she's learned which things come first. The husband and the children. Those are the most important things in a young woman's life."

AN MGM director who's put Junie through her paces in several films, had this to say when I asked him if he thought the Allyson retirement appeared imminent: "Imminent, shimminent! This girl earns about 125 grand a year. Her husband does just about as well. Under the present tax setup, most of one yearly income is confiscated—so right away, you can dispense with the financial incentive. I mean most of what June earns goes to the government.

"As for other incentives, such as fame and success, well, my opinion is that right now June's getting a great big thrill out of being a mother. It's something new. You can't compare it to making pictures, because for June that's something old.

"Let the kids grow up and start going off to school, and right away June's going to have some time on her hands. All this talk about retirement will evaporate. I have a theory that's been proven many times. When you've had a strong hunger for fame, it never disappears entirely. Ever know a champion who quit at the height of his success and never tried his hand again? Gene Tunney's the only one I can think of offhand.

"Junie can say anything she wants to. But the fame has gotten into her blood. Allyson's gonna be around in this racket for a long time." **END**

what betty lanza has done for mario

(*Continued from page 52*) Hollywood consensus on Mario Lanza: the young man has calmed down, doesn't get so excited any more, doesn't blow his top, seems to have matured to the point where he takes everything in stride—everything, that is, except his wife's latest pregnancy.

Moderation seems the keynote in the new Lanza behavior pattern.

Take food, for example, Lanza's traditional bugaboo. Before Mario hit Hollywood, he used to weigh anywhere from 200 to 287 lbs. Buddies who were with him in the Air Force during the war recall him as "the beer barrel who looked like a man."

"Everything about the poor guy was bloated," one corporal remembers. "His face, his neck, his stomach. He hated the military life, but once he was transferred to Special Services and began singing again, food meant less to him. I think in one month of entertaining at army camps he dropped more than 40 pounds."

Mario's great trouble has always been his tendency to gain weight between pictures. Before he made *That Midnight Kiss,* he dropped from 225 to 169. When that one was over, he shot back to 215. For *The Toast Of New Orleans,* he cut his weight down to 165. For *Caruso,* he weighed in at 175. After *Caruso,* Mario went on an eating spree, devouring tremendous orders of pizza, ravioli, spaghetti, and steak. His weight shot up to 240, and MGM burst a corporate blood vessel when it couldn't start *Because You're Mine* until Mario reduced to a point where the fans would recognize him.

Mario went up to Oregon and began dieting (*you'll find the diet he used on page 50*), and in less than three months the pride of Philadelphia was down to 157 pounds.

He returned to Hollywood and raced through the picture without the slightest

trace of trouble or temperament.

When *Because You're Mine* was finished, everyone expected Mario to take off on one of his customary eating sprees, when he's been known to polish off 20 or 30 pieces of fried chicken at one sitting. Only this time they didn't reckon with Betty Lanza. The wife stepped in.

"Look, Mario," she explained, "there's no point in going through this off-again, on-again routine. We've been through it half a dozen times and you know what a job it is. Now that your weight is down, let's keep it that way. You start *Student Prince* in a couple of months, and we don't want a big hassle. So let's just continue with the same eating habits, okay?"

Friends point out that in her sweet, subtle way, Mario's wife is teaching her husband how to exercise self-control.

"She's done a wonderful job," an intimate confides, "and frankly, I don't see how. I remember when Betty and Mario first came out to Hollywood four years ago. Betty was five months pregnant, and she and Mario wanted to rent a house or an apartment in Beverly Hills. Well, that was right after the war. It was disgraceful, but everywhere they went in Beverly, the landlords would take a look at Betty and say, 'Sorry, no dogs or children allowed in these apartments.'

"You should've heard Mario. He screamed like a stuck pig. He denounced and threatened and swore, but Betty always calmed him down."

Betty herself recalls that period in her married life very well.

"Mario and I," she says, "finally rented a house in North Hollywood. An old-time comedy actor owned it. He was going out on tour. Our rent was $250 a month, and I'm telling you that's the hottest house we ever lived in. In the summer the temperature went up to 108. After Colleen was born, I wouldn't go back there. By that time, some of the apartment house owners in Beverly Hills realized that children were people, too. Mario rented a duplex apartment on Spalding Drive. Then we moved to this house."

Frankly, Betty Lanza hates the house she's currently occupying. "It's a sore spot," she says, "and I'm disgusted with it. I'm trying to find another one, but I don't like to bother Mario about it, because when he gets angry he blows his top and you can hear him in Glendale.

"I must say this, and I think it's very important. Mario has learned self-restraint. Nowadays he doesn't blow his top unless he has a good reason. And they've learned that at the studio, too. They used to think that Mario was just being temperamental. But he's not. If he gets angry, he has a reason. If he wants a certain musical conductor, it's because he knows that with that conductor the picture will turn out so much better."

Lanza is the first to admit that he isn't a diplomat. He still believes in speaking his mind, honestly, quickly, and forthrightly, but today you could never get him to say some of the things he said two years ago or even last year.

Samuel Goldwyn was persuaded to attend a competitor's picture that starred a dashing young movie hero, the idol of millions of bobby-soxers. "Wasn't it a swashbuckling performance?" the competitor asked at its conclusion.

"Yes," agreed Goldwyn, "but it buckled where it should have swashed."

Bennett Cerf in This Week

By way of illustration, he told a reporter last summer that "at my age, Caruso was nowhere, nohow, nothing. I don't think I'm as great a singer as Caruso, because you never think you're as good as your idol, even though others may say you're better. But at 29, Caruso used to crack on a high B-flat, and I have a record to prove it . . . Sure, I haven't sung in the Met (Metropolitan Opera House) yet. But the day I do, all hell will break loose the way it did in pictures. The world hasn't heard from me yet. Wait till I develop."

The Mario Lanza of 1952 doesn't talk that way any more. He's lost none of his confidence, none of his faith in the greatness of his future, but he realizes that he's far from the perfect singer he hopes to be.

"Nobody knows better than I," he says, "how far I have to go. I know I'm not ready yet, and I know all about the different criticisms concerning my voice. They say I punch too much, that I force the tones, that I have a tendency to swallow some of the notes, and that sometimes the tones lack resonance.

"A singer can go nuts listening to all this stuff. What I try to do is follow the advice of musicians I respect, of conductors and great voice teachers.

"After I finish *The Student Prince* I have two more pictures to do. Then I hope to go to Italy to study and tour with an opera company."

The plain truth is that Mario Lanza does not regard himself as a motion picture star. In his own eyes he is a tenor who has had the God-given opportunity of popularizing operatic themes for the masses.

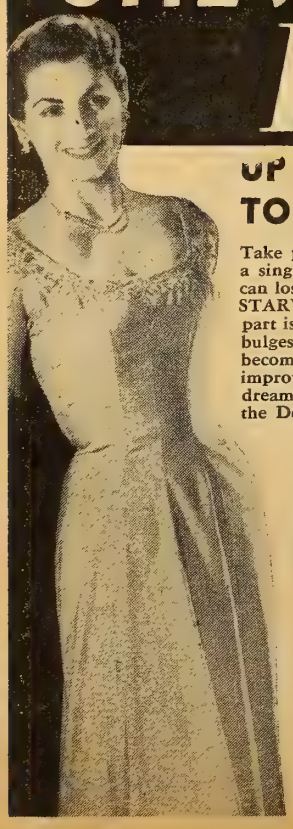
Some of his enemies insist that he places himself above advice, but as Betty says, "He listens every minute, even though he gives the impression that his mind is in Philadelphia." (*Continued on next page*)





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Last year, Dr. Peter Herman Adler, the conductor of *The Great Caruso* score, was asked how he felt about Lanza.

"Mario went to Hollywood," he said, "and Hollywood has been his Frankenstein. The pressure he is under is tremendous, always having to put up a front. His voice is not settled yet. He knows he has come up too fast, and he feels insecure. For this he overcompensates by boasting and showing off. There is still time. Ten years with the right opera company and no one could compare with him. But who can expect him, after being a star, to go back to learning?"

But Mario Lanza has gone back to learning. Five nights a week you can find him at home, studying and singing the rare and neglected operas of Verdi, Bizet, and Wagner. And always, of course, there's the woman behind his work.

As for the boasting and showing off and battling, those, too, are rapidly disappearing from Mario's conduct. So far this year, the only serious argument he's had has been with Nicky Brodsky, the Hungarian composer of "Be My Love."

Nicky composed some new tunes for *The Student Prince*, one of which is entitled, "I Walk With God." Mario didn't like certain passages and asked Nicky to change them. And though they're old friends, they fought bitterly.

Betty was the peacemaker as usual. "Now this is just childish," she said. "You're both like a couple of stubborn brats. Mario isn't trying to ruin your song, Nicky. You know better than that. And really, Mario, how can you say you won't sing it. Why, it's a beautiful song."

They finally agreed to compromise. When you hear Mario sing "I Walk With God," you'll know that it was Betty's tact that saved the tune.

Since Mario has developed this new maturity, there has been much talk that MGM will never let him go, that the studio will dangle such a lucrative contract in front of his pen that Mario will find it irresistible, sign on the dotted line, and never get to Italy.

Mario's original contract, as you probably know, called for him to receive $15,000 for his first picture, $25,000 for his second, and $35,000 for the third, and so on up the ladder until he reached a maximum of $75,000 per film.

Instead of paying him $15,000 for his first film, *That Midnight Kiss*, MGM paid him $25,000. He got $50,000 for his second, and $100,000 for *The Great Caruso*, which will probably gross $19,000,000.

Money doesn't mean very much to Mario. "I love to sing. I would sing if no one ever paid me a red cent. I'm determined to go to Europe and study. When I make my debut at the Met, I want to be prepared."

The Monday-morning quarterbacks, however, still insist, despite Mario's talk, that he will never leave Hollywood.

"When his contract is up," one producer says, "they'll tell Lanza to name his own figure. They'll point out to him that through motion pictures he can make the world more opera-conscious than ever before. They'll tell him that once he leaves the country, his following will taper off. I agree that the guy has settled down of late. But let's face it. It takes will power to give up a million bucks a year. And I don't think that Mario at this point is ready to assume the role of the mature artist who knows where he's headed."

What this producer forgets is that Mario Lanza has a wife who knows very well where her husband is going in life.

"A year or so after our third baby is born," Betty says, "we'll be on our way to Italy. You can count on that." END

disenchanted so soon?

(*Continued from page 33*) we're happy, that's not news. They gotta have news, so right away our marriage is on the rocks. Don't you believe a single word of those lies.

"We've had a few disagreements, which to my way of thinking is a very good thing for any marriage. You get to understand your husband that way. He speaks his mind, and I speak mine. Vittorio is no Casper Milquetoast. He says what he feels like saying. So do I. Suppose we don't see eye to eye about something. Right away, does that have to become a Federal case? All right, we did have an argument in a restaurant. So what? Wasn't anything serious. I don't even know what it was all about.

"I think this phony report about our marriage got started because of what took place at MGM before Vittorio left for Mexico.

"I'm going to tell you the truth. So help me! You can check with anyone. This is what happened. The day before Vittorio was scheduled to leave for Cuernavaca with the *Sombrero* company, I came on the lot. I don't have to tell you how anxious I was to go to Mexico with him. I even took a suspension. I turned down *The Number* over at 20th on a loan-out.

"Anyway, I was on the set watching him. Someone came over and told me that Farley Granger was next door, on the set across the street. They were shooting *I Love Melvin* with Farley and Debbie Reynolds. I hadn't seen Farley for some time, so I said to Vittorio, 'I'm going over to say hello to Farley.' And I went.

"I guess Vittorio blew his top. 'I'm going to Mexico tomorrow,' he said, 'and my wife has to visit some other man.' He was angry and that's how the story started that everything was busting up. It's ridiculous."

Not too ridiculous, because deep down Vittorio Gassmann has the feeling that Shelley Winters and Farley Granger once cared for each other. Shelley herself helped foster this impression when she and Farley went together steadily for publicity purposes.

Shelley says now that she and Farley were never even engaged, that the ring Farley gave her while they were making *Behave Yourself* together was only a cocktail ring, "and let's face it, Jerry Wald announced our engagement. I never said anything except that Farl and I were pals. We're still pals, but certainly, we were never in love with each other."

Lots of people read the newspapers, even in Italy, and when Shelley flew into Rome last year, Vittorio Gassmann, along with thousands of others, was under the impression that she had promised herself to Farley.

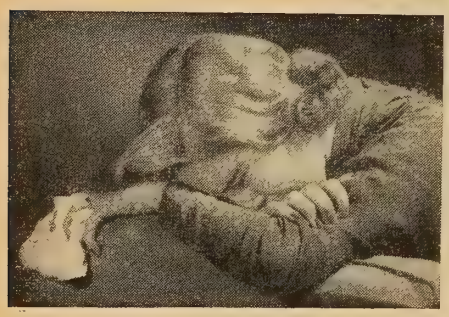
As a matter of fact, when Vittorio began dating Shelley, taking her on long automobile rides outside of Rome, sending her three dozen yellow roses at a clip, dining and wining her at famous restaurants along the Tiber, his conscience began to ache like a drilled tooth.

After he brought her home and introduced her to his mother and sister, he knew he was falling in love with the American beauty, and he insisted upon doing what he thought was the honest thing. "Now," he said in his broken English, "I think only one thing to do. We must fly to Paris. Together we explain to your fiance what has happened between us." (*Continued on next page*)





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(*Continued from preceding page*)

"What fiance?" Shelley asked.

"Mr. Farley Granger," Vittorio said.

"Are you kidding?" Shelley asked. "He's not my fiance."

"But in all the newspapers," the puzzled Vittorio continued, "it says that you and Farley. . . ."

Because she had by then fallen in love, Shell told Vittorio the truth. She and Farley were friends. Nothing more. They had common interests. They both loved dramatics. But as regards marriage, it was simply out of the question. She was three years older than Farley. He didn't love her, and she didn't love him. Their engagement was a publicity gimmick.

Vittorio didn't understand the meaning of the word, "gimmick."

"A device," Shelley explained, "a method to get publicity."

Vittorio nodded, and Shelley thought he was convinced. Now after the episode at MGM, she's wondering if all the free publicity she garnered with Farley hasn't become a boomerang. Certainly her husband was furious when she walked off his set onto Farley's.

The reason for this is that Vittorio is genuinely in love with Shelley.

Many of Shelley's enemies insist this is an impossibility. "How can anyone be in love with Shelley Winters?" they ask, viciously. "She talks so much that no self-respecting man would put up with her." They imply that Vittorio married her because she could get him into America and serve as his entree into Hollywood.

This is a bare-faced lie born of jealousy and envy. Shelley did not get Vittorio his motion picture contract at MGM, and he married her for only one reason. "I agree she is not a diplomat," Vittorio says, "but she is honest and to my eyes beautiful and she has a wonderful soul and a good heart and I love her; and that is why I make her my wife."

VITTORIO GASSMANN was signed to an MGM contract because he happens to be a fine actor, one of the best actors Italy has turned out in years. As a matter of fact, after *Bitter Rice,* the film he had made in Italy with Sylvana Mangano, was shown in the U. S., Paramount cabled one of its officials in Rome for a report on Vittorio.

The report said: "Vittorio Gassmann, age 29, six feet two, thin, 165 lbs., wavy brown hair, brown eyes, speaks broken English, other Latin languages well; father Enrico Gassmann, mother Luisa Doscana; born in Genoa, is married but separated from daughter of Italian actor Renzo Ricci; has one child, girl Paula age 7; home address # 19 Via Corsica; attended grade and intermediate schools at Tasso, studied at Roman Dramatic Academy; is best known as stage actor; has repertory company; good reputation, to date; involved in no scandals; photographs well; if overcomes language difficulty would make good character actor; opinion as to his sex appeal divided; has been married nine years; can test over here although plenty film footage available."

Once Shelley fell in love with him, Vittorio not only had a fiancee but, in addition, one of the greatest natural press agents in Hollywood. When he arrived on the West Coast to visit Shelley, the Italian actor suddenly found himself catapulted from the position of a comparative unknown to that of a celebrity.

For his part, Vittorio said little. He apologized for his scant knowledge of English—it turned out to be not so scant. He could understand pretty nearly anything he wanted to, and in turn, could always make himself understood.

When Sydney Chaplin invited Shelley to bring Vittorio over to the Chaplin Studios where his father, Charles, was making his latest film, Vittorio was grateful and courteous. He let Shelley do all the talking. At the Tyrone Power party where he was informally presented to Hollywood society, Vittorio was again shy, reserved, and polite.

After they were married and Vittorio flew to New York to star in Maxwell Shane's independent production of *The Glass Wall,* Gassmann, feeling more acclimated to America, more confident in his ability to earn a living here, began to assert himself.

When he felt Shelley was wrong about something, he openly disagreed. Shelley loves to argue if only for argument's sake. These forensic debates immediately gave rise to rumors that these newlyweds were unhappy.

Shelley insists, "It's a lie. What" she asks, "do we have to be unhappy about? We have a few problems. Certainly! All married people have problems. I've been married before, so has Vittorio. We know. Right now, we have two problems. One, we're trying to find a house; and two, Vittorio is afraid that his repertory company in Italy is breaking up."

A FEW months ago, Shelley and Vittorio found what they considered the house of their dreams, a small place not very far from where Betty Grable lives. "We offered $35,000 for it," Shelley says. "They wanted $42,000. We couldn't swing the deal. Just didn't have the money. Funny the way people think because you're working in Hollywood, you're making a fortune. I've been working for years, six pictures last year. Who knows how many this year? Where's the fortune?

"Anyway, let me tell you about this house. Just what we wanted but too much money. Maybe now we can swing it. You know Vittorio has a funny kind of deal over at MGM. Two pictures by the end of October. After that he goes back to Italy and does stage work with his company. Well, while he was down in Mexico on *Sombrero,* the studio told him that for his second picture they were going to star him in *Cry, The Hunted.* It's a wonderful script. I read it myself. He plays a gangster. When he got that notice, he also got notices from these actors and actresses in his Italian stock company. They wrote and said, 'You are now a big Hollywood star. We don't think you are coming back, so I guess we will find other jobs.'

"Poor Vittorio. His first love is the stage, and when he got those letters, he almost went crazy. There I was, sick. You knew, of course, that I flew down to Mexico to be with him. I did a real stupid thing. I drank some water out of a tap. You're not supposed to do that in Mexico unless you've been living there a long time. I got real sick, virus, dysentery, headaches, stomach trouble, everything. Well, there I was, and he was worried over me. Then these notices came, and he said, 'I've just got to fly to Italy. Please tell Benny Thau (MGM executive) that I only want a week off, just enough to get to Rome and back. I have to explain to these actors that I am serious about coming back.' He was all upset. I was all upset. I'm telling you, it was a hassle. I caught the plane and came back a few days ahead of him. He's flying in Tuesday, and then we're going to try to fly to Rome and back."

When Vittorio Gassmann arrived from Mexico City, following the completion of his role in *Sombrero,* I asked him how his marriage was holding up.

"It is in excellent condition," he said flatly. "Anything else you read, well, it is just a publicity gimmick." END

(Continued from page 42) Ella Cinders haircut, infectious giggle and an accent you couldn't slice with a bread knife. No wonder Manny thought she was a cute dish.

They'd been married a little more than a year when I was born, and two years later came my brother Julius. Pop couldn't go on acting in the United States as he had in Budapest, because nobody, not even the citizens of Brooklyn, could understand him. So he took up tailoring, and it was a rough road. We moved all the time, and Mom was always in there pitching, helping Manny in the shop. Yet she always had time to talk to us, to explain things the way a mother should.

Because I was the oldest, I was responsible for Julius, and I was all the time losing him. After I'd gone out and found him bawling on some street corner, I'd bring him home and get my hide tanned, but good. Mom was the heavy of the family and always went for the hairbrush when I committed little sins. She couldn't stand it if I didn't obey her, or if I talked back, and she kept at me about manners like she thought I was going to grow up to be president of a bank. Pop took over when I was either dishonest or careless—these were two things he wouldn't tolerate. When I lost my jacket, when I misplaced some money a customer had given me, he whipped me in a pretty manly fashion. And when I threw away the library book rather than pay the dues I owed, I thought I'd never be able to sit down again.

Spanking never bothered me too much, in a physical way. I was too used to getting my head cracked on sidewalks by the neighborhood gangs to let a little thing like a razor strap upset me. But what got me was Mom after she'd slapped me. She used to go off somewhere and cry, and even now, when Mom's talking about some punishment she had ladled out to me, she gets tears in her eyes. "I shouldn't have done it," she laments. "I should never have been so strict with you. You were so good, such a good little boy."

Poor Mom. She never knew. I was the kind of kid every neighbor wanted to kick, and in school I was a regular momzer, or goniff, which politely translated into English means a first-class jerk. Six days a week I was in trouble and on the seventh I was too tired from fighting to move. I never told Mom about the fighting; it was my carefully guarded secret. Somehow my face usually escaped getting scarred, so she didn't notice, but when I got undressed at night, my body was covered with rips and bruises. It was only a couple of years ago that Mom found out about it, when magazines first started printing stories about me. Then she cornered me. "Bernie, what is all this about all this fighting. Why do you tell people these things? You never used to fight. You were such a good boy."

Mom didn't know from nothing about me when I was a kid. If you ask her now, she'll tell you how the teachers used to stop her on the street and tell her what a model pupil I was, and how the neighbors used to remark how obedient I was. I'll tell you what she's thinking of. I'd been at a new school for two days when one teacher, who hadn't had the displeasure of my company for more than that time, met Mom at the market and, probably for lack of something better to say, told her I was a small angel. Once when I was little. Mom called me to follow her. I did it, and Mrs. Shoemaker who ran the (Continued on next page)

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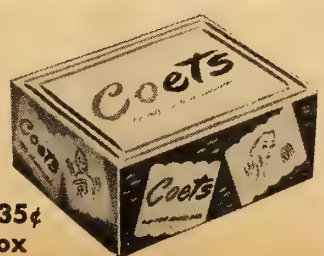


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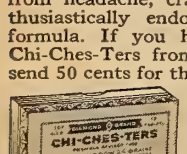
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Reputable Products Since 1884

(*Continued from preceding page*) grocery store asked Mom how she trained me so well. That's Mom for you. She remembers those things, but forgets the bad things.

She doesn't tell about the time (and I've never mentioned it to her since) that she walked into a room when I had just snitched a nickel out of her purse. For a split second I had that awful clammy fear you get when you've been caught, but I decided to play it real innocent. "Hi, Mom," I said, and smiled like a cherub. When she started toward me, I braced myself for a rap across the face, and when, instead, she ran a hand over my hair and smiled at me, I turned to jelly inside. I went out afterward and bought an ice cream cone with the nickel. But I hadn't eaten any more than a couple of licks when it began to taste like acid, and I threw it into the gutter.

She conveniently forgets the times she took me to visit my rich aunt in the Bronx. I used to sit in a straight chair as long as I could stand it, while the women talked about the neighborhood. Then I'd begin whistling. It was only an introduction to my next act—a bit that used to drive Mom nuts. I'd reach out from my chair and finger the expensive ashtrays, the statuettes and the fancy lampshades that Mom thought so elegant, and pretty soon she'd stop in the middle of a sentence about Mrs. Cohen's new baby and look daggers at me. "Go on, go on, get out of here." I'd slip happily out into the streets, which for me had a charm all their own, with the summer sun baking brick and asphalt and adventure always around the corner. Later, at dinner, she'd shake her head when she told Pop what a trouble I was, and then she'd serve me a double stack of potato pancakes and stuffed cabbage.

I THINK Mom always wanted to spoil me but could never quite bring herself to it. She had a humor and a softness that I loved. I used to wake up early in the morning, sneak into their bedroom and jab Mom in the ribs, then jerk my thumb in the direction of the bed. She'd smile and motion me in. And when I jumped up and down on the saggy springs until Pop started to grumble, it was always Mom who laughed like a schoolgirl. My parents' bed in the morning was the warm sanctuary of my childhood. It was a place where no one could reach out to strike me, a place where, for a little while, I was surrounded by love.

I guess I always did have love, at home. When Christmas drew near each year, Manny and Mom split themselves wide open trying to save up enough money to buy Julie and me nice gifts. I remember the year Mom collected green stamps, box tops, orange cards, all sorts of those merchandise credit things, and finally went downtown one day and bought a complete set of electric trains. It turned out on Christmas morning that the trains were AC and our current was DC. When we plugged the cord in and the whole room filled with smoke, Mom was sorrier than we were. She just sat down in Pop's chair and held her hands over her eyes. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she kept saying.

Mom always was affectionate, and I reacted to it like all kids do. I remember one night they took me to a dance at the lodge. When Mom and Pop wanted to dance, I felt a twinge of jealousy. I didn't want them to leave me, but I guess, to be honest, I didn't want Mom off gallivanting around the floor, having a good time without me. I was only about three, but I sounded a lot louder than that when I hung on to her skirts and howled my protest.

MOM was always my champion and would go to any lengths to protect me. I remember when she and Pop came up to camp to visit me one summer when I was a counselor there for the Boy Scouts. Nobody was there to meet them at the railroad station, so they stood around pretty miserable for a while until I got there. I walked all the way into town from camp to meet them, because there was no car available at the time. It was a hot day, and although Mom was wearing high heels, she was game for the long hike back to camp. But before we got through town, which was little more than the railroad station itself, the local cop stopped us. "What're you doing, running around in bathing trunks?" he wanted to know. The trunks I was wearing were a lot more decent than an 1890 bathing suit, but this cop evidently had got out of the wrong side of bed that morning. He soaked me ten bucks, which was one-half of my monthly salary. Mom was standing there livid with rage. She had too much respect for the law to say anything, but if looks could have killed, that cop would have been laid out in his pine box the next day.

It hadn't been easy for Mom or Pop all along, and then we began having one trouble after another. First Julie was hit by a car and, although he wasn't hurt badly, he got a pretty good crack on the head and his lower lip and eyes were swollen for weeks. Pop's business wasn't good, like everybody else's during those years. We were living on Second Avenue between 72nd and 73rd Streets when we were dispossessed. It isn't pleasant, being dispossessed. You stand there with your mother and father and brother, out on the freezing streets, and one after another your possessions are thrown out on the pavement beside you. The crowd gathers, and your stinging humiliation makes you hate everybody. There we were, lined up on the sidewalk, Pop looking hurt and beaten and Mom's eyes blazing with defiance. I remember Julie was holding our dog and looking bewildered, and I was full of loathing for the staring crowds until somebody—I think it was the woman who ran the store next door—came up to us and said gently, "Would you like something to eat?"

I did a complete flip then, and bawled my eyes out. I hadn't known people were good like that. We were new in the neighborhood, and nobody knew us or had paid any attention to us, but, now that we were in trouble, I realized they were all reaching out to us in sympathetic understanding. I remember looking at Mom as I dabbed at my eyes, and she was standing there with a tight little smile around her mouth nodding at me as if to say, "You see, son? You see, my boy?"

AND then we moved into a condemned building down the street. Pop had his shop in the front and we lived in back. Mom and Pop slept on the bed and Julie and I on the couch. One night we were wakened by footsteps coming down the rickety stairs from the top of the building. Pop knew right away what it was. A "protection agency" had been around the week before to get money from him and he'd refused. Now they were after him. He picked up the clopper, the board used for pressing, and shouted at the top of his lungs. The thug went away, but it had us all scared. Mom was almost hysterical.

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Advertisement by Bette Davis' ex in Laguna Beach South Coast News

Then came the very worst. One summer evening Julius and I were vaulting the iron railings when a parade came by. We followed it, like we always did. I remember it turned off on 76th Street. I guess that's when I lost track of Julius. When I got home, Mom wanted to know where he was.

"Isn't he home yet?" I said, and something turned all cold inside me. Pop went looking in one direction and I in another, and one of Pop's friends took off, too. He came back 15 minutes later and told Mom a boy had been hit by a car between 1st and 78th.

I went with a cop to the hospital where they'd taken Julius. They wanted me to identify him, and I knew that Mom and Pop couldn't. They just couldn't. It was Julie—I was able to tell by the tooth that had been chipped when some kid had slammed his face down over the drinking fountain at school a few weeks ago. The next morning I looked after the store while Mom and Pop went to the hospital, and I was standing out in front when I saw them coming down the street. I knew then, before they were close enough to tell me, before they were even close enough for me to see their faces. I knew it from the slump of their shoulders.

From then on Mom was doubly intense in her love for me. Sometimes she'd do funny things. She'd fly off the handle if I was five minutes late. Over little things she'd get upset beyond reason. I'm glad I had sense enough to understand she was tied up inside with baling wires.

I guess if Bobby hadn't come along before I went into the Navy, it would have been just too much for Mom. But then she had another baby to care for, and it wasn't so bad when I came home on my 18th birthday and told her I'd registered. It was bad enough, though. She and Pop and the little guy came to the Simpson Street station in the Bronx to see me off. I looked out the window as long as I could see them, and Mom was still standing there, waving with one hand and stuffing a handkerchief into her mouth with the other. Mom always thought it was bad manners to show emotion in public. She'd have done anything rather than cry in front of strangers.

I was away a long time. When we were loading the sub's torpedoes near Guam and the chain snapped and hit me in the back, I couldn't write for five weeks. I didn't mention the incident in my first letter after I got well. Mom was worried enough as it was. I waited until later and then mentioned it sort of casually.

Sometimes kids do awful things to their parents, I guess. Like when I got back to New York and was finally processed out on Long Island. I went into Manhattan and phoned Mom that I was at 48th Street and that I'd be home as soon as I got a haircut. A haircut, yet. I wanted to look decent, but it never occurred to me that Mom was in a frenzy, almost hysterical, and that she wouldn't have cared if my hair was tucked in my shoes. It was a cold morning—December 19th—and it was snowing. When I rounded the corner, there she was, standing outside the store, the snow falling on the shawl over her hair. As soon as she saw me she started to scream, and I ran down the street to her and held her tight. "Mom, take it easy, Mom!" I said. She's so sensitive that sometimes I think she'll snap in two.

Then Bobby and Pop came out, too, and Pop was almost as bad as Mom, but Bobby just stood there and giggled. He was five then and I guess the strain was too much for him. "What's the matter with *him?*" I said, and we all laughed and felt better. (*Continued on next page*)



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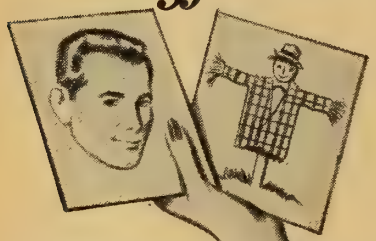
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(*Continued from preceding page*) Mom couldn't understand it when I took up acting. She and Pop came to see me in some of the shows, and when I'd go home at night, she'd shake her head. "Why this acting?" she used to say. "You work too hard. I don't think it's worth it all."

She almost fell apart when she learned I was going to Hollywood, and 20 times a day would ask to see my contract. She bragged to all the neighbors until I was ashamed to show my face, and she'd have gone on a lot longer if I hadn't insisted that the family come out to Hollywood to live.

They got a big bang out of my being a movie actor, and couldn't get over the fact I was meeting people they'd seen in movies back in New York. Before I met Janet, I was gradually overcoming the idea that girls were for the birds, and once in a while I'd bring one of the Hollywood dolls home with me to meet Mom and Pop.

I remember the day I mentioned to Mom that I was dating Janet. Her eyes grew wide. "Janet Leigh!" she said. "So pretty! I remember her in that picture where Glenn Ford was a doctor. Such a pretty girl. My Bernie taking out Janet Leigh!"

I didn't tell Mom right away how I felt about Janet. I didn't have to. One night Janet and I were there for dinner, and Pop had gone in the other room to take a nap. Mom looked at us for a minute and then she smiled. "Why don't you two get married?" she said.

"Josephine!" I said, and gave her my grim look. Janet made little embarrassed noises, and there was a long silence.

But Mom was undaunted. "I said, why don't you two get married? You'd be good for each other."

Writer to producer: "You're a jerk —and that's retroactive!"

Mike Connolly

When Janet and I planned to be married back east, I phoned Mom a week before to tell her. "So," she said. "That's good." She sounded like I had interrupted her ironing and that I was wasting my money anyway, as she'd known it all along.

Mom still tells about the time Janet phoned her after the wedding and said, "Mrs. Schwartz? This is Mrs. Schwartz." They get along fine, my wife and my Mom. When Manny had his heart attack not long after we were married, Janet stayed with Mom until I could get back from New York. You might think they were sisters; they're giggling together all the time. Mom insists on telling Janet all about my school crushes, about the night I took out Connie and switched to Sid Schulman's girl. Heaven knows what else she tells her. They went together to see *Flesh And Fury* and had to borrow each other's handkerchiefs. Mom told me they cried not so much because the picture was sad, but because they had to watch me getting belted in the ring. Janet said every time my opponent landed a punch, Mom would exhale a little puff of air along with a grunt.

I understand the only member of my family who was upset about my marrying Janet was Bobby. When Mom told him about it after my phone call from New York, he just glared. Mom tells me he thought if I got married it meant I was gone forever to some far off shore, that my family would never see me again. Fat chance, with Manny and Bobby there, and Mom's stuffed cabbage—and Mom.

END

(*Tony can be seen in Universal's* Son of Ali Baba.)

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FROM THE MOVIES

JUST FOR YOU—*I'll Si-Si Ya In Bahia* by Henry Jerome (MGM).

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO—*When I Fall In Love* by Doris Day* (Columbia).
Victor Young wrote this melody as the musical theme for the score of the film, and the lyrics are by Eddie Heyman, who set words to *Body And Soul.* It's Doris' first record in collaboration with Percy Faith, that fine conductor and arranger, who does an excellent job of teaming with her both on this side and on the coupling, the 20-year-old hit from Germany *Take Me In Your Arms.*

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE—Ray Anthony* (Capitol).
This double-sided version of the famous Richard Rodgers composition is an expert, colorful performance. By the way, the MGM album entitled *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue And Other Ballet Music From Motion Pictures* is now available on both 45 r.p.m. and LP discs.

SUDDEN FEAR—Title song by Steve Lawrence* (King)

POPULAR

PEGGY LEE—*Just One Of Those Things** (Decca)
Peggy's star is rising again; her collaboration with Gordon Jenkins and the first big hit record that they produced, *Lover,* was followed by the news that she's been signed to play opposite Danny Thomas in *The Jazz Singer,* a role originally set for Doris Day. Chances are that within a year Peggy will be one of the top stars both for Decca and for Warner Bros.

SAUTER-FINEGAN ORCHESTRA—Doodletown Fifers** (Victor).
Here's one of the most original and exciting new bands in a long time. Bill Finegan has written many of Tommy Dorsey's most popular arrangements, while Eddie Sauter performed similar chores for Benny Goodman. Now they've formed their own band to express some completely new ideas—unusual sounds, such as piccolo, odd percussion and other effects that you don't hear in a regular dance band.
The most striking of their first four tunes is *Doodletown Fifers,* based on a traditional melody (originally called *Kingdom Come*). But you'll probably be delighted with the other side, an unusual and very pretty version of *Azure-Te.*
Another release by the band is *Stop! Sit Down! Relax! Think!,* an odd little ditty, paired with an old song called *Rain.* With more original ideas like those of Sauter and Finegan, perhaps the bands will really come back to the place of eminence now monopolized by the singers.

FRANK SINATRA—*Tennessee Newsboy** (Columbia).
This is a fast-tempoed, exciting side by Frankie, one of his best records.

party girl grows up

(*Continued from page 29*) that marriage can be a very beautiful and wonderful thing—with the right guy, of course."

When Lana arrived on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe early in July, she said, "Cheryl and I are just up here for a vacation. I have six weeks off between pictures. Then I'm going back to work." And with that she rented the lakeside cottage belonging to Justice of the Peace McCleery.

She said nothing at all about a divorce from Bob Topping, merely moved into the cottage with Cheryl and a maid, and the very next day took off with her daughter for a little fishing.

In order to prevent unwanted visitors and the usual bevy of curiosity-seekers from invading her privacy, Lana had a sign put by the road which read: "Justice of the Peace no longer lives here. Has moved into Zephyr Cove."

This didn't stop the newspaper boys however, from calling on Lana to see if she had actually come to the lake to fish.

"By God!" one reporter recalls. "She was fishing, baiting her own hooks, too. Didn't look like a movie star. In fact, with that haircut, didn't even look like Turner. I asked her who her lawyer was, and she said, 'I don't have any.' I thought she was kidding, but you know what? She was on the level. I checked all the lawyers in Reno, and they said no, they weren't handling her divorce. Of course, she could have some lawyer in Las Vegas. Clark Gable tried that, but we found out about it. No, she was on the level with us. Surprised the devil out of me, too, because we'd been warned that she was very uncooperative with the press."

But that was the old Lana.

Take, for example, the terrible impression the actress created in England a few years ago when she sailed to Europe on her honeymoon trip with Bob Topping.

When the Mauretania docked at Southampton, the British reporters called on Lana, and she came up with such ridiculous remarks as, "I am a woman with a price on my head. You've no idea how ghastly it has all been. I have been the target of malicious gossip. I guess I know why. It is a result of the war and all this talk about Communism. People wanted something else to talk about and so they turned to me. . . I don't see why all this should be the price of fame."

Then David Lewin of The London Daily Express asked Lana if it were true that she had spent $30,000 on her trousseau. "Just a few dresses," Lana explained. "That's all. Maybe ten dresses and four suits and perhaps ten pairs of shoes. You see, Mr. Lewin, this is all an exciting holiday for me. I shall just love seeing your England, all the history and all that."

The day after Lana hit London, a press conference was held at the Savoy Hotel. Through no fault of her own, Lana was an hour late. When she finally arrived, she didn't know what to say. "I love the English country," she began. "The grass and trees are wonderfully green, and the tulips particularly. And all the flowers are terribly beautiful."

The following day the British Press Association issued a statement denouncing Lana's interview as "the strangest and most humiliating press conference yet held in Britain."

There was no one to explain to the English reporters that Lana was scared stiff, inwardly terrified, that here was a girl who knew precious little about English history, who, in her own awkward way, was trying to act in a manner she felt was expected of her.

So they took her over the coals. But let Lana return to England in the future, and she'll have the press eating out of her hand. Because, in four years, Mrs. Turner's little girl has come a long, long way.

Up at Tahoe, by way of illustration, she greeted the reporters graciously, said, "What can I do for you, boys?"

When the photographers asked for a few pictures, she posed cooperatively.

When they said, "How about you and this Lamas fellow?" she said frankly and honestly, "We're interested in each other, of course, but he's still married and so am I. I can't talk about wedding dates or anything like that."

"When do you plan to sue for divorce?"

"I don't know. (*Continued on next page*)

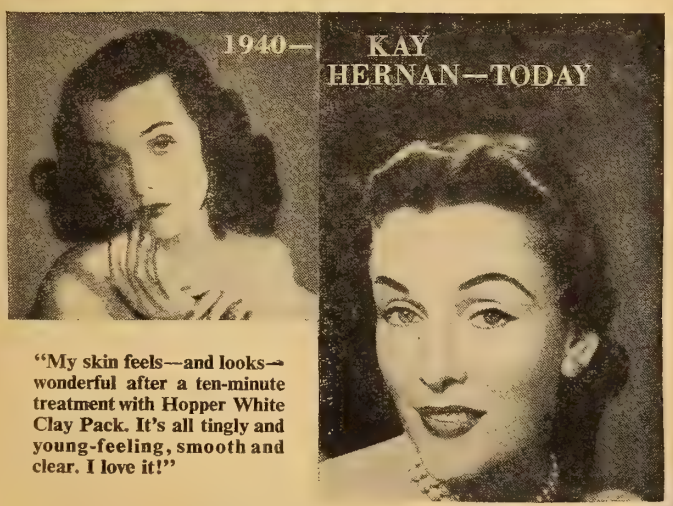
IT HAPPENED TO ME



My sister and I were shopping in a Pittsburgh department store and I saw an article I liked which had no price tag. So I asked a man (who I thought was a clerk) talking with some girls near the cash register, if he could tell me the price of it. He said, "No, I couldn't, honey," and everyone started laughing. To my surprise, I was addressing Donald O'Connor.

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(*Continued from preceding page*) My lawyer is attempting to work things out."

"Isn't that why you're up here? To get a divorce?"

"No, I came up with my daughter for a vacation. I've been working hard this year, finished *The Merry Widow* and . . ."

"Is that the one with Lamas?"

"Yes, and also *The Bad And The Beautiful*, and then I go back to Culver City in August to start another one."

"Who's your lawyer?"

"Neal McCarthy."

"I mean your lawyer in Reno."

"I don't have one in Reno."

"Is that on the level?"

"On the level, boys."

"But that doesn't mean you can't stay up here at the lake for six weeks, establish your legal Nevada residence, then hire a lawyer to sue for you later. You can do that, can't you? Like Rita Hayworth. She was up here for six weeks. Even though she went back and made a picture, she can come up here again and get her divorce in half an hour. You can do the same thing."

Lana admitted the possibility of killing two birds with one stone, of enjoying a six weeks' vacation and simultaneously establishing a legal Nevada residence.

"There's a story out," one reporter said, "to the effect that your husband Bob Topping got a divorce in Mexico and is secretly married to some model. Any truth to that?"

"Not that I know of," Lana said. "And I'm sure I would have known."

When the interview was over, the newsmen agreed unanimously that Lana was a plain-talking, straight-shooting girl, nothing phony, no affectation, no hedging—a welcome contrast to Maureen O'Hara, another Lake Tahoe visitor who refused to discuss her divorce with any member of the press, a welcome contrast, in fact, to the Lana Turner of the Topping era.

LANA also used her vacation as a time for reflection. Many afternoons, when Cheryl wandered down the beach at Zephyr Cove to the old Dixie Show Boat moored a hundred yards away, Lana flopped down on the porch, looked out at the lake and the scenic snow-capped Sierras beyond and meditated on her past and her future.

One afternoon an old friend dropped by for a visit. He asked the little actress—Lana's not very tall, only five three—to explain her bad luck with men.

Lana has said many times that when she was Hollywood's night club queen, "I liked the boys and the boys liked me... I liked Victor Mature and Greg Bautzer and Tony Martin and Peter Lawford and Tyrone Power and Turhan Bey and Howard Hughes and Bob Hutton. I liked dancing with them and partying with them and, sometimes, kissing them."

The friend knew all this, but he wondered why, with all of Lana's experience, she had succumbed to such unstable characters as Artie Shaw, Steve Crane, and Bob Topping.

Lana smiled and shrugged. "Where husbands are concerned," she said, "I just haven't been a very good picker." But as she spoke, a serious look came into her eyes as if to say, "But I'll be darned if I make that same mistake again."

It is strange that after so many millions of words have been written about Lana's marriages, so few people really know the truth. Perhaps it's because the truth is so unbelievable.

Lana, for example, married Artie Shaw, her first husband, because Greg Bautzer, her fiance, broke a date. Lana was only 19 at the time, and Bautzer was supposed to take her out on a birthday party. He broke the date, however, whereupon Artie Shaw who had never been out with Lana in his life, phoned and asked for the pleasure of her company. In a fit of pique, Lana said yes. A few hours later she was Mrs. Artie Shaw. After the ceremony, Shaw kissed her for the first time.

The marriage was a catastrophe. Four months with Artie and Lana wound up in a Santa Monica hospital with an A-number-one nervous breakdown.

You would have thought Lana had learned her lesson. But as she herself says, "I'm lonely unless I have someone to love."

Next, it was Steve Crane with whom she eloped. This was tragic, because at the time Lana married Steve, the tall, dark, wavy-haired lover was still married to a girl named Carol Kurtz, so that his marriage to Lana was illegal.

You all know the story. Lana quickly had the marriage annulled, then found herself pregnant. Six months later she and Crane drove down to Mexico and got remarried in order to legalize the birth of their child.

To date, the only richness Lana has had from her many ill-advised love affairs, the only reward, the only anodyne to all her heartbreak has been her nine-year-old daughter, Cheryl, who happens to look very much like her father.

WHATEVER charge may be made against Lana, and many have been made, no one has ever cast any doubt about her ability as a mother. Lana is a wonderful mother, and between her and Cheryl exists an understanding that is rare in the annals of mother-daughter relationships.

Lana never talks down to Cheryl. She treats her as an equal. "Cheryl," she would say up at Tahoe. "What do you think about fishing this afternoon?" or "Cheryl, why don't we just sit around and gab?" or

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last year my husband took me to the Puerto Rican legislature to see the ceremony in honor of José Ferrer. José had come to his beloved Puerto Rico to receive from our Governor the Oscar he had been awarded by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for 1951.

The Senate and House of Representatives paid homage to José, interrupting their work to greet him in the name of the Puerto Rican people. The President of the House made a beautiful speech which he dramatically ended with these words:

"José Ferrer: Let me open the doors of the soul of this family and allow me to take your hand and deposit it in the heart of the people of Puerto Rico."

José rose, his features contracted with emotion. As he shook hands with the President, thunderous waves of applause filled the Capitol. The audience rose and clapped for several minutes.

It was a great moment for José. The great actor of America could not act at this moment, nor could he hide his feelings. He burst into tears, covered his face with both hands and dropped into his chair, sobbing like a little boy.

Elsie Alcaraz de Irizarry
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

"What do you think of this dress, Cheryl?"

Some of Lana's friends say that, unwittingly, the actress is spoiling her daughter by being overly protective and by showering her with affection and gifts.

This is partly true, but it's most understandable when you realize that the chances are very slim that Lana will ever successfully give birth to another child.

She has no RH factor in her bloodstream, or what the doctors call RH negative. Most men are RH positive. A pregnancy under these circumstances nearly always results in a miscarriage. While living with Bob Topping, Lana suffered two miscarriages.

One of the reasons for Lana's breakup with Bob Topping was his inability to get along with Cheryl.

"I'm sure he likes her," she used to explain, "only Bob just doesn't know how to approach the child. They can't seem to find a common level. Bob's a reserved sort of person. Cheryl's like me. She needs love and affection. Bob just can't bring himself to be understanding with her."

There are many other reasons, of course, but one main reason why Lana loves Fernando Lamas is because Fernando and Cheryl manage to hit it off. Lamas has a daughter of his own in South America.

FOR a while everyone expected that Lana, Fernando and Cheryl would spend the summer vacation together.

Only something very important happened. Nicholas Schenck, president of Loew's Inc., had a talk with Lamas and asked the studio officials why the young man couldn't be cast in the gangster role opposite Elizabeth Taylor in *The Girl Who Had Everything.*

"His English isn't too good," Schenck was told. "He talks with an accent. He comes from Argentina. The gangster in this picture is an American."

Schenck thought for a few minutes. "You fellows ever heard of Frank Costello?" he asked. "He comes from Italy, and he talks with an accent. That's no handicap for someone who's supposed to play a gangster."

Nicholas Schenck is the major domo at MGM. His suggestions carry the weight of law. In a matter of minutes, Fernando Lamas was called and came rushing to the studio.

"Fernando," he was told. "You're off suspension. We're putting you in one of the best dramatic roles of the year. This is a great opportunity. You're going to star with Elizabeth Taylor in *The Girl Who Had Everything.*

Ever since he finished *The Merry Widow*, the film in which he met and fell in love with Lana, Fernando has been afraid that MGM would limit him to musicals. Here was the meaty dramatic role he'd been clamoring for. He couldn't possibly resist it. He accepted at once. That night he got through to Lana on the phone. He explained what had happened, how he couldn't possibly visit her.

"I understand," Lana said. "And I'm very happy for you, darling." And she meant it, too, because Lana wants Fernando to develop into a movie star of great magnitude. She realizes the very obvious danger to a marriage that exists when the wife is so much more successful than the husband. "The more successful Fernando is," she says, "the happier I will be."

Lana and Fernando planned to get married in September and then honeymoon in South America, where Lana would meet Fernando's folks and his daughter.

These plans were predicated on the assumption that Lamas would be able to secure an annulment—a divorce is difficult since he and his wife are both Catholics—and Lana would be able to shed Topping.

The schedule hasn't run true to form. To begin with, Lana is determined to regain some of the money she claims to have sunk into her marriage with Topping. "I was a patsy for that one," she declares, "but I'm not going to get stuck."

The chances are, of course, that she will. Topping's in no hurry to get a divorce. He can hold out until Doomsday.

Lana, on the other hand, may go ahead with her divorce, should Fernando succeed in obtaining his annulment, regardless of the financial settlement. She is certainly in no position to sue Topping for divorce on any other grounds but mental cruelty.

So, willy-nilly, she finds herself in the embarrassing position of being a victim. She's had to pay over $100,000 for the doubtful privilege of having a very unhappy marriage. She will also have to pay for the divorce.

GRANTED that Lana somehow secures her freedom from Topping and marries Fernando Lamas, how good are the chances that this marriage—it will be Lana's fifth in 13 years—will succeed?

The chances are even-money, fifty-fifty, which are the best odds Lana has ever had.

Fernando Lamas is a Catholic who regards matrimony as a very holy and lasting institution. Lana has never been married in a church before, so that in the eyes of the Catholic Church she has never been really married. Lana was baptized a Protestant, but as a little girl in Sacramento she was sent to a parochial school run by the Dominican Sisters, and for a while she actually insisted that she wanted to become a nun. "I considered myself a Catholic," she confided to friends.

In all probability, Lana and Fernando will tie the knot in some Catholic rectory after the priest obtains the proper dispensation for the marriage of a Catholic with a non-Catholic.

I predict that such a marriage, if it comes into being, will last, unless the husband wants it to be dissolved. If this marriage goes on the rocks, it will not be Lana's fault. Here's a girl who is determined to make her next marriage her last. She has seen through the folly of being a night club queen, a party girl and a Hedonist. She knows that elopements rarely work out, that marriages have to be carefully planned, that living with a husband calls for tact and understanding.

All that Lana wants out of life right now is a happy home. She has a healthy, well-adjusted daughter, a successful, rewarding career. All that's missing is a loving, lasting husband.

In Fernando Lamas, it's even-money that he'll fit the bill. That is, if he and Lana can arrange to get together matrimonially. The odds on that are also even-money.

END

In Warner's Technicolor film version of *Where's Charley* all the principals take part in a cute routine at the end of which there is what amounts to their coming out for bows, with their names flashing on the screen. Warners years ago used to do something like this at the end of every one of its pictures, and I think the audiences liked it. Very often you take a liking to a particular performer and would go to see him again in another movie, if you knew who he was. This is a simple and satisfying way of building new screen personalities, and it is a definite service to the audience.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

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so, in order to get into a motion picture studio, he took a job as an extra. That was 19 years ago. The first day on the job he met another extra, a tall, rugged exhibitionist named Jimmy Stewart, who was later to change his name to Stewart Granger. These two became fast friends. "Oh! We used to have a gay time of it," Wilding recalls. "Jimmy was bitten by the acting bug and went off to a drama school in Birmingham. He became a leading man in a repertory company, while I got a job in a chorus in London. Eventually, Jimmy moved to London where we used to play a little poker together. He taught me about hunting and yachting, and I became godfather to his son, Jamie. I was also his best man when he was married to Jean Simmons."

Mike Wilding first came to the serious attention of American movie-goers by virtue of his roles in *Under Capricorn* with Ingrid Bergman and *Stage Fright* with Jane Wyman.

Actually, Wilding had first met Liz when she came over to London to co-star with Robert Taylor in *The Conspirators*. "She was very lovely even back then," Mike says, "and I was shocked to learn that she was only 16. I said to myself, 'That's a pretty precocious girl for 16.' There she was playing marriage scenes and carrying them off magnificently. 'They must grow up very quickly in America.' That's what I thought."

Henny Youngman says a near tragedy befell Dorothy Lamour when she went on a Navy battleship in her sarong. She visited the galley and a near-sighted sailor reached for a dish towel.

Earl Wilson in The New York Post

Last Summer Liz returned to England to star in *Ivanhoe*. "You've no idea," Wilding says, "how much she'd matured during the interim." Mike, who was separated from his wife, fell in love with the brunette beauty. He kept telling himself that she was much too young for him, but each time he took her out he was startled to discover that Liz was much more profound, had much more erudition, was just as much interested in art (her father is an art dealer) as he was.

When Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle, for whom he'd made *The Lady With The Lamp* in London, asked Mike to exploit the film in the U. S., he grabbed at the chance. He flew to Hollywood, checked in with the Stewart Grangers as a house guest and for the next six weeks paid Liz Taylor ardent court.

Mike Wilding is a man who's made and spent a lot of money in his day. He has a few British pounds salted away for a rainy day, but governmental restrictions limit him to 35 pounds when he leaves Great Britain.

While he was wooing Liz in California, Wilding, by his own admission, was "dead broke." "I could hardly afford," he recalls, "to buy Liz a hot dog and a coke, much less buy her an expensive engagement ring. One evening when we were out somewhere in Bel-Air, I cupped her face in my hands and said, 'You know, darling, you should wear sapphires to match your eyes.' The following day she rang me up and asked me to meet her at the jewelers. She asked me to choose between two sapphire rings. I told her which one I liked best and she bought it. After her divorce became final, she announced our engagement.

"It's a funny thing, you know, but Liz is very much like Jean Simmons. They could be mistaken for sisters. I remember one time, when I was at the Granger house, I saw a girl I was sure was Liz. I sneaked up behind her and put my hands over her eyes. It wasn't Liz at all. It was Jean. They both have the same kind of girlish beauty, and they're both extremely intelligent."

After Liz and Mike were married, much was made of the fact that Liz who had paid for her engagement ring, had also paid for the honeymoon. Here again, Wilding was limited to 35 pounds by his Government, a little more than $100, for his Continental honeymoon.

"There's absolutely nothing I can do about Government restrictions," Wilding says. "We used Liz's dollars. When we got back to London, I naturally took care of all the expenses. Yes, I realize that there's been a good deal of talk about our marriage, but I guess that's the case with most show people. Many persons think Liz and I are mis-mated, that I'm an adult and she's a spoiled, self-centered child. Either they don't know or don't realize that Liz has crossed the Atlantic Ocean 32 times. She's a very well-traveled young lady and very worldly, too. I don't see how anyone can hold her youth against her. Most of her life has been spent in the company of adults. Her knowledge of art, for example, is surprising, and she's actually been to places most other girls only read about."

IMMEDIATELY after their marriage, it looked very much as if the Wildings had a large problem to face. Liz earned her living in Hollywood, and Mike worked in England. That one was resolved very neatly when MGM signed Liz to a spanking new contract at $5,000 a week, $500 of which goes to her mother, and then, because the studio knew that Liz would never leave London without her husband, offered Mike a contract at $3,000 a week.

When Liz signed her contract, she was two months pregnant. She returned to Hollywood alone because Mike wanted to enter the U. S. as a resident alien with a quota number, which means he can stay here indefinitely.

Mike arrived in Hollywood a few weeks after Liz did and moved into her apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. "Almost immediately," he says, "Liz and I began searching for a house. They're expensive in California, aren't they? Everyone wants $90,000 or $100,000. Who has that kind of money? Certainly I don't. Liz and I've been looking everywhere, but then she had to stop when they began shooting her picture. I'm searching around myself, and I do hope I come across a good buy. Liz wants to get into a house and prepare everything before the baby comes. . . . Becoming a father scares me. I mean babies are so small, and they're always gasping and carrying on. I'm sure we'll get used to it though. I haven't signed my contract at the studio yet, but I will any day now. This is a wonderful country and Liz and I hope to live in it for many, many years. We're very happy."

So much for Mike Wilding. As for his bride, she is at the moment of this writing hard at work with Lana Turner's boy, Fernando Lamas, on *The Girl Who Had Everything*. By the time this article appears in print, the picture will have been finished, and Liz will be living in a house of her own.

Undoubtedly her health will be better, too. During the first few months of her pregnancy, Liz was intermittently ill. She has just bought a half dozen maternity dresses, and in her own words, "I've never been happier in my life. Michael and I love each other very much and no matter what anyone says, this marriage will last and last and last." **END**

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two wives—two lives

(*Continued from page 39*) Once, in a Philadelphia bar, a booze-emboldened character tossed insults at Jerry and finally queried Dean, "How can a nice guy like you team up with such a jerk?" Martin sent him crashing across the bar. In Minneapolis, when a handstand in their act misfired and Jerry cracked down and out on his spine, Dean bawled like a baby. After he'd carried Jerry, unconscious, into the hospital, he never left his side. And when the theatre manager stormed, "What am I gonna do for my next show?" Dean picked him up in a rage and heaved him out into the hall.

By now, it's impossible to imagine Dean Martin working without Jerry Lewis, as impossible as it would be to conceive of—say—a Martini without gin. For eight hours or more out of every day, they are more than a comedy team, they are irrevocably wedded in show business.

Yet every night, when their separate Cadillacs roll away from whatever Hollywood studio is recording their latest antics, Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin get a divorce. They go home to private lives that are as far apart as their professional ones are close. Until they meet again next morning you'd hardly suspect that Jerry and Dean knew each other.

Their homes are only eight miles apart, but there are no ruts worn in the road between. The Martins and the Lewises don't mix socially. When they show up in public, it's such a Hollywood surprise that, as Patti laughs, "You should see the flashbulbs pop!" They have a completely separate circle of friends. In fact, recently when a certain Hollywood couple who liked all four started showing up at both places, Patti Lewis and Jeanne Martin told them frankly, in effect, "One of us or the other."

ALL of this is suspicious and baffling to a town like Hollywood, where studio and social lives are normally as wrapped up together as worms in a can. So naturally, there have been repeated rumors of glacial relations between the Martin and Lewis households, and there probably always will be.

Actually, however, Jerry and Patti Lewis and Dean and Jeanne Martin are all extremely fond of each other. The point is that they want to stay that way. The curtain which separates their personal existence is in part an instinctive reaction to their thick-as-thieves career partnership. Also, it's deliberate, a harkening to advice given them long ago by Olsen and Johnson, the famous Broadway team of zanies. "You boys have a great future," O. and J. promised them, "if you remember just one thing—keep your wives apart!" Luckily, Dean and Jerry remembered that counsel and luckily, too, they married girls with heads level enough to realize its wisdom.

But there's another reason why Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, close as freckles on a redhead's nose at work, lead private lives as far apart as the poles. Outside of the fact that both are family men, and like golf, they have almost nothing in common. In tastes, interests and temperaments, Dean and Jerry are strangers. In every way you can think of, the terrific twins are a study in contrasts. And nowhere are those contrasts so striking as in the two different homes and home lives they head for when the day's funny business is over.

Dean Martin's house is a white modern colonial on the Beverly Hills side of Westwood. The Martin manse could be the residence of a successful banker, lawyer or business man. Inside, it is formally and somewhat impersonally decorated; there is nothing whatever to suggest that its owner is half of Hollywood's Number One Box-Office team. The lone momento of fame Dean treasures is a worn clipping, which testifies that he and Bob Crosby once won a minor golf tournament at Bel-Air.

On the other hand, the rambling, ranch-type Lewis place, out in Pacific Palisades, could belong to nobody but Jerry. It's cluttered with records and trophies of his career. In his study, on floor-to-ceiling bookcases and in cupboards, is parked a collection of every script, every still, every radio transcription, recording, magazine article, newspaper clipping and ad concerning Martin and Lewis, carefully preserved since they began.

Its main value is a reassuring reminder for Jerry Lewis that what has happened is all actually true. Jerry needs reassurance, every day, every hour. On his desk sits a pen stand, modestly engraved, "To Jerry—the nicest guy I know—Jerry Lewis." And beside that rests a miniature ivory monster, with toad face, lizard arms and shell back. Beneath it the question: "Am I for real?"

DEAN MARTIN has no such agonizing questions, and that is the essential difference between the two screwball partners. Dean, a true Italian, lets life run through him. His motto is, "What's to be will be." Jerry, with all his sensitivity, drive, glooms and elations, is as restless and skittery as a water spider, while Dean's as relaxed as a tabby cat.

When Dean comes home from work, he peels down to his shorts, stretches out on the living room carpet, props his head on a pillow and stares at television until he decides it's time for a leisurely shower. Then he's ready for whatever the evening offers, and that is rarely planned. If it turns out to be an Italian dinner at Guy and Angela Crocetti's, his dad and mom's house, a session of poker with Sheila and Gordon MacRae, Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball, or the Hollywood Legion prizefights, he's not worked up about it or in a rush. To Dean his home is a haven, a place to relax, eat and sleep and enjoy his family.

Jerry, by contrast, never leaves his work. He even keeps a notepad on the dashboard of his Cadillac and busily scribbles memos driving to and from work. At home he's constantly on the phone about this and that studio matter. He writes everything down methodically and worries about it until it gets done. Sometimes he lets Patti stretch him out on the sofa and massage his feet, and that's as near as he ever comes to relaxing while awake. Usually he gulps a handfull of vitamin tablets, eats a fast dinner, and plunges into some project. That's what home is to Jerry—a perpetual project. He's forever making something, collecting something or correcting something. And he's fussy as an old maid about it all. Everything around his house has to be in apple pie order.

Jerry's favorite pastime takes place in an elaborate playhouse which, with his swimming pool, swallows up most of his back yard. Over the door hangs a sign, "The Gar-Ron Playhouse" (named after his two sons, Gary and Ronnie). Inside is one of the most completely equipped fun areas in Hollywood—a combination night club, movie theatre and luxury lounge. Deep stuffed chairs and spacious sofas are scattered about a huge fireplace. In one corner there's a glittering cafe-size bar, with every known glass on the shelves and every kind of drink, hard and soft. There's a projection booth [illegible] a screen that appears and disappears at [illegible]

touch of a button. Tucked away in wall cupboards are all sorts of games.

There are television sets, record machines, a piano and full set of drums—even a slot machine. But all of this—except the screen and projector—Jerry himself seldom uses. What he heads for every free hour is a miniature film laboratory behind the play room. There, with the best cameras, the fanciest lenses, cutting and recording machines—$25,000 worth—he makes movies; he writes, acts, directs, photographs, cuts, splices and dubs. And he's happy as a clam at it.

The Gar-Ron productions have already put out three terrific parodies of Hollywood hits—*The Reinforcer* (*The Enforcer*), *Fairfax Avenue* (*Sunset Boulevard*) and *A Spot In The Shade* (*A Place In The Sun*). They're so good that Hal Wallis wants Jerry to make some for commercial release. Nothing would please him more. He'll make a movie at the drop of a suggestion. For Dean's last birthday, he filmed one called *Happy Birthday To A Beautiful Bambino.*

On this project Jerry has the help of the Gar-Ron group, the hub of the Lewises' social life. It includes Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, Marge and Jeff Chandler, Danny Arnold, Mona Freeman, and a host of studio and business associates. It does not include Dean Martin. He's never been in a Gar-Ron movie, turned a crank, or shifted a stick of scenery.

QUIZZING THE STARS

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KIRK DOUGLAS: Wonderful in their place. But even a lily can be overgilded, and this a girl should avoid.

ROBERT STACK: Take these easy, girl.

OBVIOUSLY, opposites like Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin require two different types of wives to keep them happy. Patti Lewis and Jeanne Martin are both smart, attractive women, but hardly sisters under the skin. Jeanne has flaxen hair, alabaster skin and blue eyes, revealing her German-Norwegian ancestry. Her features are cameo-cut and delicate, her manner serene. She looks best in high style, striking clothes. She could step right out of the pages of *Vogue* and, in fact, once was a model.

Patti, on the other hand, is cute, tanned, brown-eyed, with poodle trimmed black hair. She's vivacious, high humored and bubbling. Patti, who has a tomboy figure, looks swell in tennis shorts, blouse and a jaunty cap. On a Westwood street near UCLA you'd spot her for a campus co-ed. Yet she never went to college. Her original name was Esther Calonico and she was the daughter of an Italian coal miner. She grew up in Detroit, sang and strolled with an accordion for ten years before NBC and then Ted Fiorito spotted her. She was with Ted's band when this crazy, comic kid named Jerry Lewis came to the Fox-Downtown Theatre, too. He courted her by scrawling "I LOVE YOU" all over her mirror with her own lipstick when she was out of her dressing room. He proposed by leaving a pair of carved soap baby shoes on her table with the note, "Let's fill these!"

Besides love, a home and children, Patti Lewis has given and still gives Jerry a vitally needed confidence and assurance of reality. A line from the song, "Patti," which Mack David and Jerry Livingston wrote for Jerry and his best girl, expresses it: "When I take off my greasepaint and put the mask down, I return to a world that is real . . ." Jerry Lewis' real world is Patti.

Her function as Mrs. Lewis is more than being a wife. Patti is Jerry's chum, sweetheart, sister, mother and coach combined. Without her he'd flop around like a kite without a string. Because, in contrast to Dean, Jerry's dependent. He's a woman's man—or boy, rather.

He calls Patti "Mommy" and she calls him "Booby." She bakes chocolate chip cookies for him to steal. She sends clear back East for air-expressed cartons of "fudgecicles," a frozen confection he can't buy in California. Patti always has to go to the doctor with Jerry, who's a confirmed hypochondriac. She recently held his hand through $7,000 worth of dental work, a marathon ordeal, because she knew he'd run out of the place without her. Jerry shows off for Patti like a boy does for his mom. When a $20 bill was big money with him, Jerry used to change it into singles, so he'd have a roll to flash for Patti. He won't sleep in a room alone anywhere and begs pathetically for Patti to accompany him on every trip. Because she knows how much he needs her, she usually goes.

Jeanne Martin has a far less complex role to play as Dean's wife. Jeanne is purely and simply a man's woman, the decorative feminine complement to an uncomplicated man's man. She's only 22, while Dean is 35. Four and a half years ago she was Jeanne Biegger, a Miami, Florida girl. She was attending the University of Miami and was chosen, because of her striking beauty, as Orange Bowl Queen. In fact, it was while celebrating this annual Miami festival that she met Dean, who was singing at the Beachcomber, and their romance began. Jeanne then was barely 18.

UNLIKE the two-babes-in-show-business marriage of Patti and Jerry, Jeanne and Dean's romance was simply the case of a young girl falling head over heels for an older man. At first Dean scared Jeanne, and her family and friends. To them he looked like a "big, suave gangster, even to the slick, black hair and suede shoes." He had a past. He'd been a croupier in gambling palaces, a prizefighter and knockabout crooner. He was still married and the father of four children. But there was no questioning once Jeanne and Dean fell in love. She came to California with her mother and stayed until Dean got his divorce from Betty, his first wife. In those days, when they stepped out on the dance floors around Hollywood, Jeanne well knew gossips were whispering about the cradle-robber with the wife and four kids at home. But it didn't seem to matter. Their love wasn't the moonlight-and-roses kind. And when things were all straightened out amicably all around, they were married.

The Martins entertain in a big way only about twice a year. When they do, all Dean worries about is if there's enough to eat and drink in the house. Where Jerry Lewis makes "a production" of almost everything, Dean makes no fuss about anything. For example, Jeanne found the house they own today and brought Dean around to inspect it. He took a quick look. "You like it?" he asked. Jeanne said she did. "Swell. Buy it," said Dean. That was the week before the Martin's baby boy, Dino, Jr., was born. Jeanne took on all the confusion of moving in the face of that impending ordeal, then calmly entered the hospital.

By now Dino is heading for his first birthday cake and is a husky, relaxed, beautiful bambino, just like his dad. With "Cap," their giant German shepherd, that's the extent of the Martin family, although (*Continued on next page*)

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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

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(*Continued from preceding page*) Dean's four children, ten, seven, six and four, live only three blocks away with his ex-wife. Recently they moved there from Hollywood so Dean could see them more often. All four are thriving, perfectly adjusted children, and relations between the two households couldn't be more amicable.

JERRY's every bit as devoted a father as Dean, but, being Jerry, he's a very different type—the anxious, fretting kind of dad. Both his sons, Gary, seven, and Ronald, almost four, are thriving specimens (Gary's a small carbon copy of his pop and Ronnie, their adopted boy, has the map of Ireland in his face). But Jerry always finds something to get anxious about, even if it's only a haircut. Recently Patti had the barber crop Gary's mop down to a summer butch. It upset Jerry terribly. "I *have* to wear a crew," he said. "You don't want him to look like *me*, do you?"

Gary's an honor cadet at Black-Foxe Military Academy, where Jerry now goes every free Friday to watch him in dress parade, nibbling his nails lest Gary fall out of step. Gary also plays a red hot set of drums, sings like a boy Crosby, and idolizes his dad. But a while back he developed a slight nervous facial twitch. That gave Jerry something real to worry about, and one night at dinner, frayed after a hard day's work, Gary twitched and Jerry forgot himself. "Stop that!" he shouted. Gary burst into tears. Jerry turned white as a sheet and ran out of the house.

Four hours later a friend called Patti. Jerry was there, he said, and out like a light on the sofa, exhausted and fast asleep. He stayed all night, ashamed to come home. Next day he called Patti. "Bring Gary to the studio, please," he begged, "I've just got to see him. I could cut my tongue out for what happened last night."

But Jerry was more than just contrite. He went to the doctor and found something he hadn't remotely suspected. His boy was suffering from emotional insecurity. "He idolizes you," said the child expert, "but he's afraid of you. You're too busy with your own affairs. You shut him out. He's got to see more of his dad, got to pal around with you. Oddly enough, it was almost the exact story of one of Jerry Lewis' pictures, *That's My Boy*.

Since then Jerry has been working hard—at relaxing—for his son's sake. Baseball bats and mitts, boxing gloves, BB guns, and all sorts of things clutter up the once tidy back yard out on Amalfi Drive. The therapy has worked wonders with Gary, and it's making a new man of his old man, too. Jerry's started a softball team with Dean, supported by Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler and a few other Hollywood diamond flashes, called, of all things, "The Martin and Lewis Aristocrats," and Gary's the mascot.

WHILE professionally Martin and Lewis still loom as indissoluble as Gibraltar's rock, whenever they start to buddy up as a foursome, well . . .

One weekend last winter Patti and Jerry and Jeanne and Dean tossed caution to the winds and all drove up to Apple Valley. Bright and early Jerry, who'd brought his guns along, talked Dean into a hunting hike in the bleak hills. Jeanne and Patti stayed behind at the inn.

But the sight of two specks scrambling recklessly among the distant rocks made them curious. "Let's go see what the boys are doing," suggested Patti. So they mounted some nags and jolted up the trail. Just as they got there, Jerry cried "What's that?" and pointed his artillery at a rustle in the sage.

"Hey—don't shoot!" yelled Dean, "The horses . . ." But it was too late. A report like a block-buster shattered the air, and rocks flew in all directions. Patti and Jeanne's horses not only bolted, they bucked all the way downhill to the inn with the girls hanging around their necks for dear life.

Dean couldn't hear for two days and Jerry nursed a sprained shoulder for a whole week. As for the big game? All that remained of him was a spot of grease and a few hairs. It had been only a scared cottontail rabbit.

Something like that always seems to happen whenever the Martins and the Lewises get together. So maybe they're smart to keep strictly apart — if only as a measure of self-defense. **END**

the good mystery

(*Continued from page 63*) my family felt as I feel now. My own family, the family which I am starting, is a divided one, you might say, yet we are not conscious of it. My husband, Geary Steffen, is a Catholic. A devout Catholic. My little boy, Geary, will be brought up as a Catholic and so will the baby I am now expecting. There was no quarrel about this, not even a lengthy discussion. I reasoned that since I didn't have any particular religion, but rather an attitude towards life and the origin of life, why should I be selfish and deny my husband the satisfaction of having his children brought up in a manner which would give him peace of mind? It does not disturb me at all that they will be Catholics. It would disturb him if they were not. That's all there is to it.

We agreed that when the children are old enough, they could decide for themselves, but actually such an agreement is never necessary. When anyone gets old enough to think and feel in a mature way, he or she must come to many decisions; our children will come to theirs whether Geary and I want them to or not.

I am grateful to Geary for his understanding way with me and I know he appreciates I can only be as I am. Some mornings when he gets up at dawn for an early mass I forget myself and shake my head sleepily as if to ask, "How can you do it?" He laughs and always adds, "I'll say a little prayer for you anyway." And after he leaves, I may lie half-awake and direct inward accusations. "Maybe you just don't like to get up and go to church, that's what your whole philosophy amounts to," I tell myself. And then I may very seriously go over the whole matter again. The answer is always the same. I cannot be a Catholic. I cannot be a Methodist. I cannot be a Hebrew or a Buddhist or a Mohammedan. There is a Someone or a Something working toward an unknown goal, and in this I believe.

It must not be thought that I was kept from religion as a child by my family, or prevented from going to church. On the contrary, I was permitted to go to any church, and I went to a number of them. I went to many different Sunday schools. I found that I liked them all and was really disturbed by only one thing—by any sermon or quotation which tended to indicate that only this or that church was the true one. This would always make me think of the people I had seen in other

churches and fear for them. To this day I cannot bring myself to accept the thesis that *any* people are denied God, no matter how they seek Him.

I have some Catholic friends, and because my children will be Catholics, I was disturbed one evening when these friends held that since Catholicism was the first Christian religion, it represented the only true sacred path. But by luck, I happened to meet their own priest one day and in a discussion with him was happy to learn that he did not feel this way at all. I do not remember his exact words now, but they were roughly these: "If you are a believer, you are a believer. If you believe in only a table, for instance, it is something. And if a table is all you can believe in to the best of your belief, then it is everything. And remember it is *as* you believe that is important, not only *what* you believe."

I don't know where I am going, but I do believe we can all go, and I do feel that we should act here and now as if there is a place to go . . . and we should try to be good enough to deserve a welcome.

When I was a little girl going to Sunday School I learned to pray, of course. I still pray. My prayer is usually the one everybody knows from childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ." When I first learned this prayer I was under the delusion that Jesus Christ and God were one "man." Later on I learned that they were "different" men. And still later on (and comparatively recently at that), I finally understood them as they are defined in the Bible. It may be that these changes in identification which I had to keep making may have had something to do with my present thinking. I am not sure. It was disturbing. I never stopped my habit of praying, but I know this about my prayers today: I never pray in a crisis, I just pray every night because I have always done so. Indefinite as such prayers may seem, they mean something to me and I am certain I will never stop praying.

There is a man I have known for some time who used to try to convert me to Catholicism. In a number of talks we came to no conclusion more overwhelming than that I could not take any such step. He knew this when he left me. Shortly afterwards he sent me a beautiful crystal rosary. I was deeply pleased. Whether I was right or wrong about my beliefs, the sending of this gift indicated that he considered them worthy ones. At least this is how I interpreted the gesture and I feel it was what he meant. By my thoughts I had pleased him; by his thoughts he had pleased me. I might not, to his way of looking at things, have proper faith, but he wanted to show that he, at least, had faith in me.

ONE day I was driving home feeling worried and annoyed about some personal matters, and in order to get my mind off them, turned on the car radio. Five minutes later, as so often happens, I suddenly realized that I was still wrapped up in my troubles and hadn't paid the slightest attention to the radio. Now I listened, and it seemed to me that a minister was delivering a sermon. But he was making no divine references . . . he was talking of people. He was saying that we have it within us to overcome fear and worry and we can overcome it only from within—not by distraction (as I had attempted to do), not by seeking amusement (as I had also attempted to do), nor by turning on a switch (which I had certainly tried to do by flicking on my radio). The puzzle of happiness, he said, is no puzzle; it is solved simply by learning to live with ourselves.

He went on in this quiet and strangely comforting way, and I realized that almost all he said applied directly to me. What had bothered me before was something I could do nothing about; even the slightest brooding about it was not only needless but took up time and thinking that might better be applied to personal questions and situations I *could* do something about. This is no new and startling piece of philosophy, I know. But it is surprising how we can all do with refresher courses on even the most elemental rules of living. And as I thought about this, I was struck by the fact that my help had come from a man who, while dedicated to show people the way to know God, realized that they must first learn the way to know themselves.

This is perhaps what I am doing now—learning to know myself. If I do it, well, maybe I will get to know Him . . . and I am sure that if He is the Good Mystery I sometimes feel He must be, He will forgive my doing it my own way. **END**

(Jane Powell can be seen in MGM's Small Town Girl.)

in the pink

(*Continued from page 46*) back East. On one occasion, when Don went stone broke, Kirk loaned him a few dollars. Aware that Alley was a talented but frustrated decorator, Donald promised that if ever he should hit the big time, one of his first moves would be to hire Kirk as a decorator.

Donald's been true to his word.

A few months ago, for example, he came home from the studio one night and found Gwen and Alley with their heads together in earnest conversation.

"Well, kids," Donald asked with a patience born of experience. "What's it gonna be this time?"

Gwen thought for a moment. "We think we'll keep the furniture," she explained. "But the color scheme in the house just has to go. We're changing it to match my hair."

For the next six weeks, Gwen supervised the redecoration while Alley contributed his professional help.

As usual it was a question of mind over mess. Donald did his best to ignore the painters and upholsterers who swarmed through his little six-room house. He overlooked the fact that chairs had been moved, draperies pulled down, whole rooms re-arranged. When Gwen and Alley started yakking about valences and louvers, the conversation got too enigmatic for the versatile song-and-dance man, and he spent the rest of the afternoon swimming in the pool that he and his brother, Jack, built.

"It's rough while they're redecorating," O'Connor admits, "but once the job is done, I can breathe easily—at least for a few weeks."

"That's an exaggeration," Gwen protests, "and you know it. We've only changed the decor in this house five times in the last six years."

To friends, however, Gwen O'Connor confides, "our poor piano's been stripped down and refinished so many times that it behaves like a jalopy." She also admits that both piano and dining room table have passed through four phases. They were mahogany first, then natural, then antique white. Now they're a grey wash that shows the (*Continued on next page*)



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(*Continued from preceding page*) grain.

Gwen is extremely honest and straightforward when it comes to explaining why she likes to re-do her house at least once a year or so.

"I'm young," she says, "and I have a restless nature, a lot of curiosity and boundless energy. What I'd love to do best is to travel around the world with Donald, but he simply can't relax on a trip. Last year we made a tour of England and Scotland. Don lost 20 pounds. He just doesn't like foreign living. His idea of a vacation is to run ten full-length movies at home or go up to the mountains with a few decks of canasta cards. Put him on a boat or a plane, and he starts losing weight. That experience with him on tour in Britain taught me a very valuable lesson. Instead of going away for a change of surroundings, I now change the surroundings at home. It keeps me busy and Don happy."

PRACTICALLY the only thing about the Donald O'Connor house that's remained the same since they bought the place is the exterior. It's been painted, of course, but the essential structure has never been altered, except for the addition of a master bedroom which became necessary when Donna was born..

The house resembles a British cottage with its high-gabled roof and neatly shuttered windows. As of this moment, it's painted coral with a white trim. Coral and green are Gwen's favorite colors. That's why she planted so many lush tropical flora out front. The total effect of the exterior with its bright contrasting colors is that here's a house that might well be used on a travel poster inviting tourists to visit Bermuda.

The interior, subject to change, of course, is currently furnished in modified French contemporary with great accent on color.

"The last time I did the house," Gwen says, "everything was in antique white. Mother came to visit us and said, 'Why, Gwen, you look washed out against that background. It doesn't go with your auburn coloring.' Mother was right, which was why I had to correct things."

Gwen's correction this year consists of strong greens, purple, coral, and royal blue, all tastefully applied.

The ceiling in the living room, for example, is painted coral. The walls are purple. A fabric made up in this same color combination covers the enormous sectional couch and is repeated in the swag of the draperies. The remainder of the furniture in the room is off-white or antiqued-mirrored so as not to compete with the dominant tones.

The den, the dining room, and Donna's nursery are all predominantly green, while the O'Connor's master bedroom is done in royal blue with accents of red corduroy.

Occupying a small home, Gwen is always faced with the problem of making the house appear larger than it really is. She also must find additional storage place for Donald's constantly increasing possessions. (At one time the master of the house had a collection of 400 guns.)

Gwen and decorator-friend Alley employ a number of clever tricks in the solution of their space problem. For one thing, they extend the same grey carpeting from the dining room, through the foyer, the living room, and right into the master bedroom. This creates an optical illusion of expanse, since the eye travels from one end of the house to the other without a break. That's a good tip, should you want to make your apartment look larger than it really is. Use the same color and kind of floor covering in most of the rooms.

Gwen O'Connor's use of mirrors is also deft and smart. Their judicious location can give a room depth as well as a feeling of space. One wall of the master bedroom is lined with Donald's wardrobe closets. (He has enough clothes to outfit an army.) The three double doors of these closets are mirrored so that when they're closed they provide one solidly mirrored wall. When opened, they serve as utilitarian full-length dressing room mirrors.

Similarly, the wall that surrounds the living room fireplace is mirrored. The rest of the room is reflected in it and looks twice as wide as it actually is.

In order not to cut up her limited floor space, Gwen has stuck to a few large simple pieces of furniture rather than a flock of small cluttery ones. She's painted some of her furniture the same color as the walls so that they give the impression of merging with the background. In their bedroom, for example, she had the nightstands and two bulky chests of drawers finished in royal blue.

THE storage problem has always been an acute one in the O'Connor household. When Donna was two years old and began to need a closet for her own things, Gwen had to move her dresses out of her daughter's room. She had no place to put them, so she and Donald agreed to add a walk-in closet. It's a model of neatness and organization, at least on Gwen's part. Her clothes hang on racks two feet deep, and each type of article has a different rack. Blouses hang in one line, slacks in another, and so on. Gwen's shoes are arranged in neat rows, with her hats placed in plastic boxes above eye level. Deep drawers hold lingerie, sweaters, belts, bras, and pocketbooks.

As for Don's clothes, he has some strange habits. When he undresses at night, he folds his pants neatly on the floor and leaves them there, in the middle of the room, along with the rest of his things. He objects to anyone touching them. When the pile looms so large that he can't walk around it, he hangs his clothes in his closet. This is a habit left over from his vaudeville touring days.

"I know it's a funny kind of idiosyncrasy," Donald admits, "but Gwen has some funny habits, too. She's so darn clean that she won't prepare food in a kitchen unless it looks as sanitary as a hospital. All our kitchens must be white."

Gwen admits this, but, to take the clinical look away from glaring white kitchen tile, she's papered the ceiling and walls in a red and green Americana wallpaper and replaced a modernistic breakfast nook with a Pennsylvania Dutch table and pine bench. To go with her early American antiques, she then had a cabinet man build some hanging apothecary drawers in which she files her household bills. The total effect is warm and homey.

For Donald's money, however, the best room in the house is the bathroom, and for that he gives all due credit to his wife. Gwen has some very decided opinions about bathrooms. She feels they should be small, warm, friendly, and intimate. This is why she had the one O'Connor bathroom carpeted with an old-fashioned rag rug and furnished with a hamper, washstand, and wastepaper basket made of early American pine. The traditional toilet fixtures of porcelain, chrome, and marble are conspicuous by their absence.

"The next time Gwen does the house over," Donald says, "I'm gonna request another bathroom. The one we have now is just too good to share with anyone."

The way Donald O'Connor is going these days, both on screen and TV, he should be able to afford seven different bathrooms, one for each day of the week. **END**

it's only money . . .

(*Continued from page 82*) springboard a *Lucy* script, because both are positive, colorful characters, domestically harmonious (their rift back in '44 was the result of career separations and lasted barely long enough for them to make a date and make up), but rugged individualists and very human indeed. In fact, it was Desi's dashing Latin recklessness that stunned Lucille when she first saw him and her own round-eyed, calm, Nordic look that made Dez's tropical heart soar out of sight.

Lucille Ball is half French, half Irish and nobody ever accused either nationality of being dumb, dull or demure. In person Lucy looks and usually acts as calm as a turtle, but actually she packs the spunk of a terrier. From the first time she served that impromptu cup of coffee to Katie Hepburn, through the day she quit a lush MGM contract cold because she didn't like an agent's deal. Yes, even to her bold plunge into TV when "television" was still a dirty word around Hollywood studios, Lucy has proved her spirit. Desi's a carefree cavalier too, from the word go. So in smaller ways around Desilu Ranch there are constant tugs of war going on, the funny kind that grow into TV shows if they don't watch out.

Mostly Lucy and Desi's clashes represent differences of latitude. He's a warm weather boy and Lucy's a snowbird—the essential difference between Santiago, Cuba, and Jamestown, New York. As a result, most family hassles revolve about such meteorological matters as heat and cold, sunshine and shade. Any visitor to Desilu Ranch can spot the determined battle of thermostats that goes on. Lucy flips it to cold and Desi back to hot until the heating system breaks down.

The California sun that Desi worships absolutely shrivels Lucille. While Dez tans as dark as a grand piano, Lucille's one of those baby-skinned posies to whom an actinic ray is deadly. She never tans, only turns painfully as pink as her hair and swells like a circus balloon. She's had two sunstrokes already, and once, when she first came to Hollywood and tried to acquire a fashionable tan on her apartment house roof, she wound up being delirious for two days.

This sun touchiness and a decided tendency toward *mal de mer* cramps the Arnazes' family fun aboard *The Desilu,* Desi's 34-foot cabin cruiser where, next to the ranch, he'd rather be than anywhere. They keep that family yacht down at Newport Harbor where already Desi, a terrific rod and reel man, has snagged six marlin out of the blue water. But when Lucy walks aboard the *Desilu,* all she does is head for the rail, and as for fish. . . .

First time she ever dropped a line into the gulf stream off Florida, where Desi bought his boat, Lucy snagged a big one and pulled him right in. "This fish is real cute," she bubbled, calling Desi, "nice and big, too."

Desi took a look, grabbed his knife and cut the line fast. The nice, big cute fish Lucy had pulled up between her bare knees was a 70 pound shark!

Lucy's greatest maritime adventure, however, took place in Pacific waters and that's a whale of a story. She was snoozing peacefully below on a bunk one afternoon as Desi chugged back from Catalina Island when a bump from below raised her, boat and all, right up in the air. Scrambling on the careening deck she saw a mammoth bull whale pleasantly rubbing his back on the *Desilu's* keel, and a hundred other Moby Dicks spouting around the boat. Desi gunned the motor and finally escaped, although since then he's had to talk fast to get Lucille on any *Desilu* cruises. When they go to the harbor, she stays in an apartment with Lucie Dee-Dee at the Villa Marina, on terra firma.

But no matter where they are or what they're doing, something with a comedy-drama family twist always seems to fasten on to Lucy and Desi Arnaz. They're just that kind of a pair. Once, for instance, when Desi played an engagement at the famous Flamingo in Las Vegas, Lucy trotted along to keep Desi, who loves to gamble, away from the gaming tables. With wifely fervor she decided to demonstrate at the dice table how you always lose. The lesson wasn't very convincing. In six passes of the bones, Lucy won $18,000.

Even at the great and long-prayed-for event of Lucy Desirée's birth, Lucy got wheeled off at the wrong floor and prepared for the wrong kind of operation before she could convince the nurses there was some kind of mistake. And Desi got lost in the hospital halls and couldn't find out what was going on or where until it was all over. So you can see, whipping out an *I Love Lucy* idea once a week is easy. But playing the show is not.

Lucille and Desi work hard, far harder together than they ever did apart. What they actually do is make a two-reel movie for 38 straight weeks of the year. Each Tuesday morning they tackle a new show, walking through it with script in hand. By that evening they have memorized all the lines. The next day they rehearse and the next they shoot it—in one session, without a stop. Cutting, editing, dubbing and printing by technicians takes up the rest of the time until you see *I Love Lucy* on your TV screen. Lucy's and Dez's biggest problem at the weekend is wiping the last playlet out of their minds so they'll be fresh to begin a brand new one the next Tuesday morning. That's where life on the ranch comes in.

Nathaniel Benchley writes that Alfred Hitchcock wants to make a pic involving a chase across the sculptured faces at Mt. Rushmore, with the heavy hiding in Lincoln's beard while the hero scrambles across Washington's schnoz . . .
Mike Connolly

Show talk is strictly barred at Desilu Ranch. To relax and clear their noggins, Desi and Lucille switch abruptly to a concentrated session of home life, although you can't honestly call it relaxing.

Desi calms down by pounding something together. With all those out buildings already constructed, there's really little left that the old home place needs for comfort. Yet Desi can always find something. Last year some lumber strips were left over from the new nursery wing for Lucie Dee-Dee. In no time at all Desi had raised a lath house.

"What's that thing?" his wife inquired.

"A lath house."

"What's it for?"

"I don't know," answered Dez.

Lucille is just as furious a weekend housekeeper. Her letdown therapy is to scrub everything inside the house like a *Deutscher hausfrau.* As a result, everything is so spic and span that recently when some workmen came to install a new all-steel kitchen, they had a rough time telling which was the new equipment and which (*Continued on next page*)

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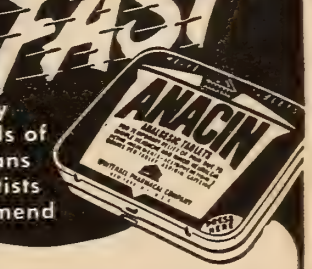
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TODAY

(*Continued from preceding page*) the old. Despite her official v.p. title at Desilu Productions, Lucy has no idea about the business end of their TV project; Desi handles all that. But around the house she's the supervising major domo, by force of habit from the years when she held the place together. Today Lucille can't go to sleep at night until she's made the rounds, checked all the windows and doors, put out the cats and seen every pup safely bedded in his box.

The Arnazes play every bit as hard as they work, but practically always at home. Their idea of a good time is to invite everybody they know—and they know hundreds—to swarm over the place for some kind of a feast and fiesta, usually a riotous costume party. "Western Costume would go out of business if it wasn't for us," Lucille grins. Not long ago, they sent out invitations far and wide to show up at Desilu Ranch dressed "as you dreamed you were after a chop-suey dinner at midnight." People arrived as geisha girls, Hong-Kong street walkers, hatchet men, opium slaves and all kinds of things for as weird a pipe dream as a poppy ever produced. Some of the guests went authentic, dyed their bodies yellow and couldn't whiten out for weeks. But everyone had a good time, you can bet, as they have at the Gay Nineties balls, Barn Dances, Baby Parties, Hawaiian Luaus, etc., etc., that Desi and Lucille have organized to keep the fun ball rolling.

Dorothy Lamour is a fast girl with the noblesse oblige, as costume designer Miles White would be quick to testify. White wheeled onto the set one day aboard a bright red scooter with "The Dottie L" boldly lettered across it in white paint. Dottie seized the first opportunity to return the compliment; the other day she bought a brand new Cadillac, and had lettered on its door, in elegant script, "The Miles W."

Dorothy Kilgallen in The Journal-American

At these rallies Desi, in chef's cap and apron, presides happily at one of the cooking spots which, like telephones, are scattered all over Desilu Ranch. He's a frustrated chef and the only Hollywood husband in captivity who actually had a kitchen shower given in his honor. Some of the Arnazes' very special friends—Kurt and Ketti Frings, Gordon and Sheila MacRae, Dean and Jeanne Martin, Ed Sedgwick, Eve Arden and many more—collaborated on this event and it's been well worth it. On every kind of elevator grill, electric rotisserie, charcoal pit and barbecue Desi forks up or ladles out some kind of ambrosia whenever he gets the chance.

Both Desi and Lucille are ardent family lovers and there are enough kissing kin around to make it interesting. Lucille's mother, Desirée, her sister Cleo and family, brother Fred and his and Desi's mom, Lolita, all live reasonably near and Desilu Ranch is the rallying point. Birthdays, anniversaries, Easter, Thanksgiving and Fourth of July bring them out to Northridge for the pig, turkey and general festivities of the season.

"When Desi builds a fleet of motels on the ranch and all the family moves in for keeps, that's when I'll be happy," says Lucille, and she's not far from meaning it.

With all this going on right on their favorite five acres, it's small wonder that the Arnaz's aren't spotted very often at Hollywood's glamor mills, or buzzing around in its social whirl. Partly, this is because they're both too wrapped up in their all out jobs with *I Love Lucy*, partly because neither is the Hollywood "society" type and partly because both Lucille and Desi have certainly had their fill of night clubs, show places and cases. Their private New Deal has no place for them now. From force of habit, stemming back to her glamor girl days, Lucille is still a sucker for new evening gowns, but they're strictly for the moths. Actually she prefers to dress in casual clothes. After the last Academy Award banquet she buzzed the doorbell of her director friend, Ed Sedgwick, who's been like her pop since she was a Goldwyn Girl.

"Can I come in and fry a chop?" Lucy asked. "I'm hungry." Ed said to help herself in the kitchen and complimented her on the sleek creation which Mitchell Leisen had designed specially for the occasion. "Pretty isn't it?" agreed Lucille and then zipped open a small beach bag she had carried in the car. In it were slacks, a sweater and a pair of bedroom mules. She walked into the bedroom and changed. "Whew," she grinned. "I'm glad that's over!"

Oddly enough, too, although she's usually seen in a bandanna, clamdiggers, blouses and barefeet around the ranch house, Lucille collects glamor jewelry, aquamarines of stunning shapes and mammoth sizes. In a way it's a sentimental kick, however, since aquamarines were the first gifts Desi gave her.

Before very long, it looks like Lucie Dee-Dee will have a sister or brother, Master Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y De Acha IV, if it's a boy. Early last summer, after winding up those 38 straight *Lucy* shows, Lucille and Desi got off the hook for a well deserved vacation. They planned a cruise to Hawaii and Lucy even went for a thousand dollars worth of sports clothes to keep the tropical sun off her tender skin.

But just before they packed to board the *Lurline*, Lucy had that woozy feeling again and the doc said uh-huh, she could officially slip on her halo again. So the Arnazes had to settle for a fast week at Sun Valley, where Desi happily snagged rainbow trout, while Lucy sat around the hotel feeling green and goose pimply, and happier than ever to get back home.

When the stork pecked their vacation plans to pieces, a certain girl friend of Lucille's heard the news and called her up to console. "You poor, poor thing," she began, "you've worked so hard and now just when you start on the trip of your dreams you get pregnant! It just isn't right!"

"Oh, isn't it?" came back Mrs. Desiderio Alberto & Co., with the red-headed emphasis she usually reserves for traffic cops and other menaces to her home life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. "So I need a dream trip, do I? Listen, this year all my dreams are right here on the ranch, and they're dreams I've waited for years to come true. Now tell me, what's poor about that?"

Well, practically nothing, when you level down on it. And besides all this and Heaven too, there are Hollywood movies when Lucille and Desi care to make them, or can tear themselves away from television long enough.

By now *I Love Lucy* is back on the air waves, and so is little What's-It's-Name Arnaz—although strictly under wraps, of course. Unless plans have been changed at the very last minute, Lucy Ball's blessed event is being written right into her TV show, week by week. It's still a little early to say just how the thirty million customers feel about this. But as far as Mr. and Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz, Consolidated, are concerned, it's by far the best script idea that's come out of Desilu Rancho so far. **END**

movie reviews

(Continued from page 24) nor affair are a careful production and some real casting imagination. Both dancer Bettis herself (who does no dancing but makes worldly comments on the passing scene with telling effects) and Alexander Scourby (as one of the most restrained slick and intelligent scoundrels of recent films) help made *Affair In Trinidad* sometimes seem more important than it really is.
Cast: Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, Valerie Bettis, Alexander Scourby—Columbia.

THE FOURPOSTER

Stanley Kramer continues to build his reputation as a producer of unusual pictures with *The Fourposter*, one of the most unusual he has presented. It has only one set and only two characters. The bed of the title symbolizes the married life of the Emersons, a Manhattan couple played by the real-life husband-and-wife team of Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. It remains in their room from the 1890s through the '30s—through love, laughter, sorrow and the sometimes subtle in-between relationship that the expression "husband and wife" implies. To get away from the static quality that would usually result from the use of only one set, there are a number of animated "bridges"—clever and often lovely drawings that explain what has happened between live-action scenes. Best of all, the novelty of these unusual factors never interferes with the story line. They have all been integrated so beautifully under Irving Reis's smooth direction that while one realizes the story is being told in a different way, one's attention is still held more to the story itself than to the mechanics of how it is being shown. Unfortunately, that story is often overmelodramatic where it could have been effectively dramatic; it is sometimes untrue to its characters (at least to Abby, the wife, whose temporary decision to leave her Johnny is just not believable of the woman she has earlier been shown to be). But if the film is not the great one it might have been, it is still something to see—a motion picture that shows again that movie-makers can find and conquer new frontiers if they are imaginative enough. And in the playing of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison it proves that it's the quality, not the quantity, of the cast that counts.
Cast: Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer.—Columbia.

THE MERRY WIDOW

If there is little that is really merry about this remake of Franz Lehar's famous operetta, at least it is mostly light-hearted. Not taking the classic status of the original too seriously, the scenarists have up-dated the libretto a bit, substituting a farcical touch here and there for some of the romance. Most of these liberties help justify the casting of Lana Turner in the title part, for the emphasis is now on "light" rather than on "opera." She plays the American Widow Radek, whose husband made millions in the U.S. after emigrating from Marshovia, a mythical nation in the Balkans. Marshovia is on the verge of national bankruptcy when the story begins, and the country's king plots to persuade the widow to pay a visit and so to impress her with hospitality that she will pay his treasury's bills in return. His little scheme succeeds initially, and when Lana arrives the king forces one of his courtiers, a wide-ranging romantic named Count Danilo (Fernando Lamas), to pay her court. A comedy of errors ensues. Danilo mistakes Lana's friend and paid companion, Una Merkel, for her, and Lana in turn gets hep to the plot. Angered especially because she was particularly taken with the gentleman, Lana packs up and sets off for Paris with her friend. Naturally Danilo follows (the king tells him to, under penalty of death). Taken with the lady himself, he is still mistaken about which is which; one appeals to his heart, one to his and his country's pocketbook. While Miss Turner is believable enough as the widowed 19th century belle, singing and dancing are not her forte, so the memorable melodies suffer somewhat on the feminine side. Lamas, however, is such a dashing Danilo and sings and dances with such verve that he more than makes up for her shortcomings. The light touch, the tongue-in-cheek approach do the same for the show.
Cast: Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas, Una Merkel, Richard Haydn.—MGM.

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO

One Minute To Zero makes the audience a front-seat observer at the Korean fighting front, and that in turn makes the movie much more harrowing than most battle films. All this, one realizes, is going on today. Not only are actual shots of the Korean war incorporated into the picture, but they are well integrated with the staged action, so that the net effect is often that of a documentary telling the story of the problems faced in the Far East by soldier and civilian alike. Two colonels, Robert Mitchum, representing the Infantry, and William Talman, representing the Air Force, are military observers at Seoul when the invasion from the North begins. They team up to help evacuate American civilians to Japan, and naturally that leads to the beginning of a love story—a situation, in this case, less artificially arrived at than most. Ann Blyth, as a United Nations representative, refuses to leave; Col. Bob lifts her bodily into a plane piloted by his pal. Later Bob, too, is shipped to Japan after he has been wounded while fighting off an early North Korean attack. In Japan he asks her to marry him and is refused. She is a war widow already and can't face having it happen again. But both are soon back at the front, Bob as a regimental commander, Ann as part of a U.N. refugee team, and their paths cross again, this time in a dramatic wartime scene. Mitchum, having used all other means and failed, is forced to order shots at a milling mass of refugees, at least half of whom are Reds in disguise. Ann mistakes his order for sheer slaughter and fails to understand the agony he went through in reaching his decision. Gradually, as the fighting continues, she comes to understand, but what will happen to her colonel is left a question. The love story of *One Minute To Zero* is of minor importance, however, as are its numerous minor faults. Most of this motion-picture has the impact of a dramatized newsreel and should be looked at as such.
Cast: Robert Mitchum, Ann Blyth, William Talman.—RKO.

QUIZZING THE STARS

What do you notice about a girl when you first meet her?
SCOTT BRADY: Her figure, of course.
KIRK DOUGLAS: Her eyes. They are the most expressive thing about a woman's face. And then her mouth, to see what kind of disposition and temperament she has.
ROBERT STACK: Her, uh. Okay—eyes and mouth.



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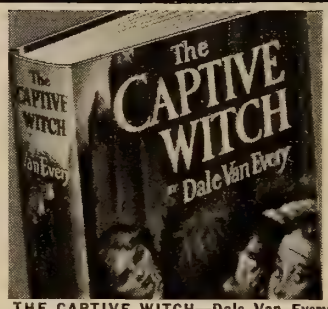
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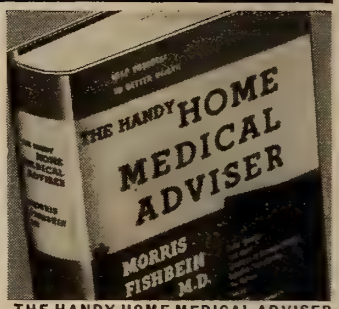


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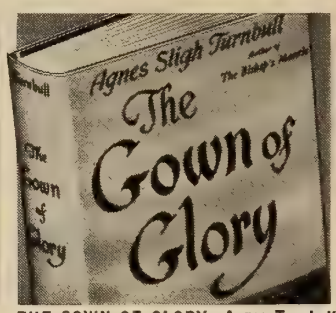
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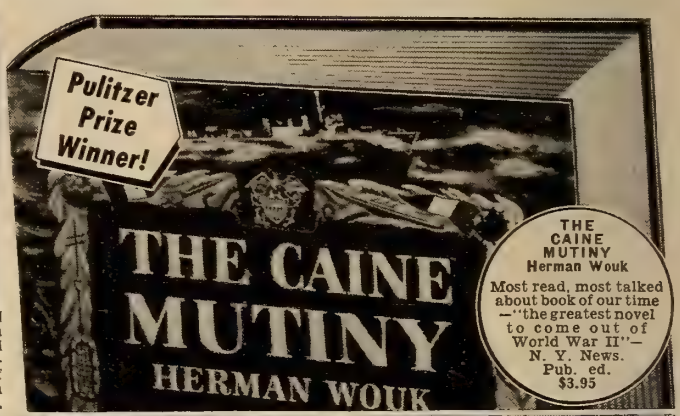
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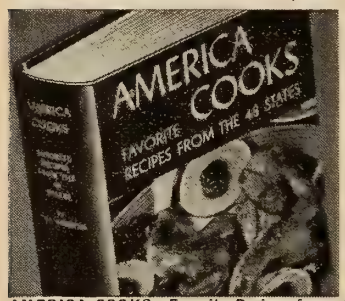


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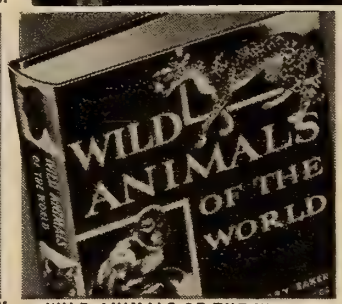




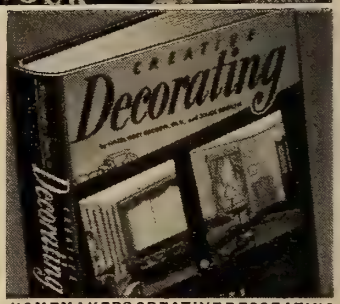
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PATRICE MUNSEL, *Metropolitan Opera Star*

"By smoking only Camels for 30 days, I found Camels suit my throat—and taste grand!"





R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

SMOKE ONLY CAMELS FOR 30 DAYS...SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW WELL

Camels agree with your throat!

IT MAKES SENSE to see how well a cigarette suits your throat, *pack after pack*. So, for 30 straight days, test the cigarette that more people enjoy than any other — *Camels!*

Your "T-Zone" will tell you how mild Camels are, how well they agree with *your* throat *as your steady smoke!* You'll see how flavorful, how enjoyable a cigarette can be!

Test Camels in your "**T**-Zone"—**T** for Throat, **T** for Taste—see why

Camel is America's most popular cigarette — by billions!

ixie and Bing: Their Tragic Love

modern screen

20¢

DELL



eilah Graham tells

hat really

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Jane Powell

With Camay, your skin comes "out of the shadows"

AND INTO THE LIGHT OF NEW LOVELINESS!



The recently wed MRS. HERBERT HENDLER, a lovely Camay bride, reveals: "Camay freed my skin of shadows! A change to regular care and Camay brought me a clearer, brighter complexion so quickly!"

Take this Camay bride's beauty tip—and you'll have a clearer, fresher skin with your First Cake of Camay!

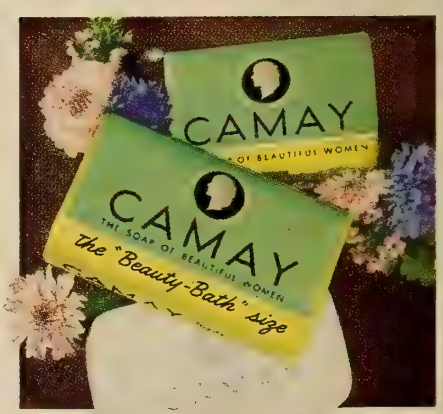
LIFE isn't really living . . . without attentions and compliments and romance. So why should a girl let a dull skin hide her natural beauty and stand in the way of her romantic hopes and marriage plans?

It's a shame to let your beauty be lost in shadows! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and a fresher, clearer complexion will be your reward—with your very *first cake* of Camay!

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay! Camay—so gentle and mild! Camay—so free with its rich, creamy lather. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Head to toes beauty treatment!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath takes all of your skin "out of the shadows!" It brings your arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Buy the big, Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more economy, too!



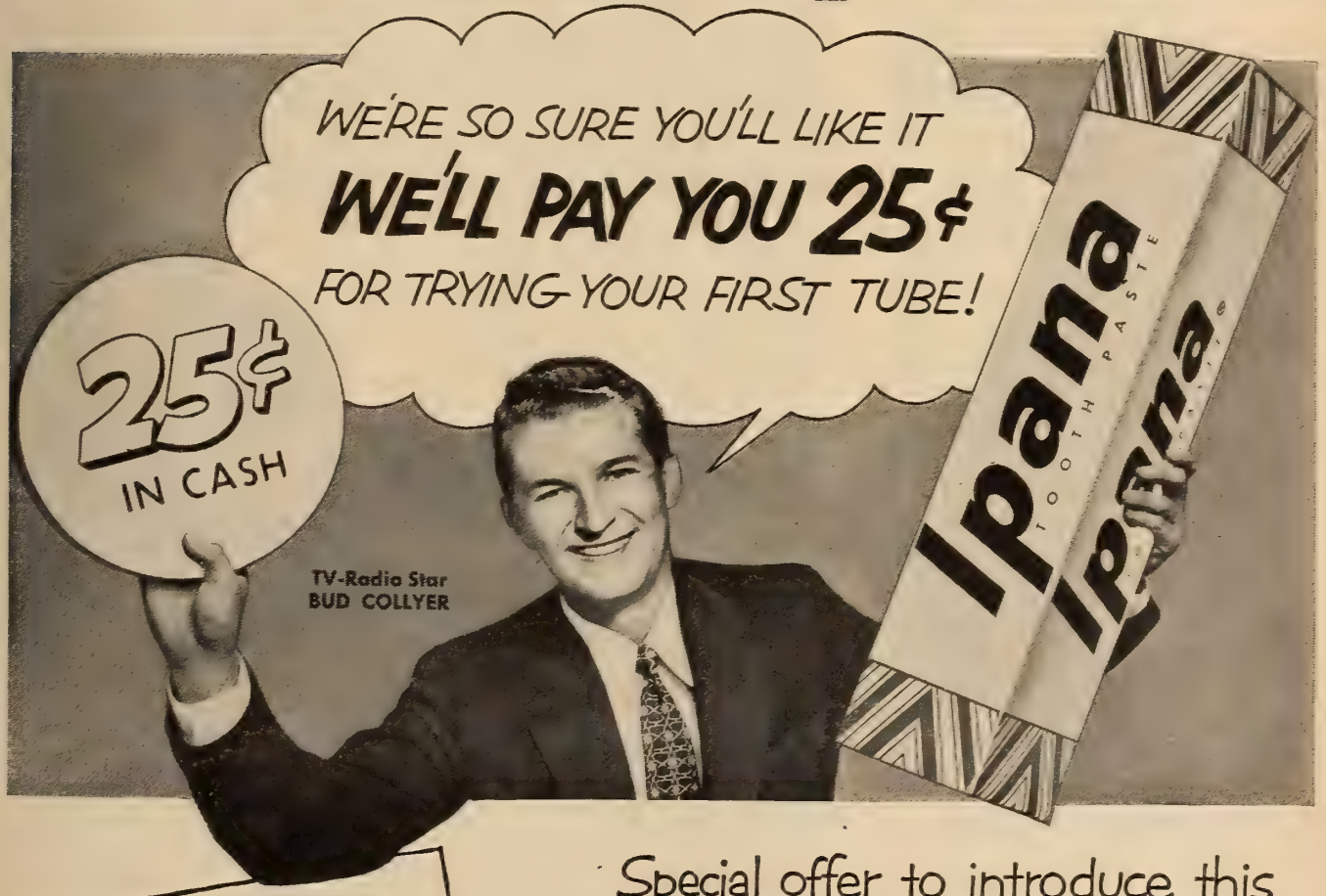


Camay the Soap of Beautiful Women

B 380682

It tastes better...cleans teeth and breath better...reduces decay better...

It's the New Ipana®!



Special offer to introduce this completely new tooth paste!

You get all the ingredients needed for *effective mouth hygiene* — in the wonderful new Ipana.

Its two scientific purifying agents clean better than any single tooth paste ingredient known. Tests *prove* brushing with new Ipana gets teeth *cleaner, brighter.*

It not only stops mouth odor *instantly*, but stops it longer—for *hours* in most cases. And every time you use it, you get better protection from tooth decay.

Take care of your gums. Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana actually helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

You'll be *delighted* with Ipana's new "Sparkle-Fresh" flavor and twice-as-rich foaming...delighted at how the youngsters *love* it. New Ipana was voted *far pleasanter* to use by hundreds of men, women and children.

So take advantage of new Ipana's Special Introductory Offer! You'll discover a grand new tooth paste . . . and you'll get 25¢ in cash in the bargain.

ACT NOW!
HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

1. Buy a large (47¢) or economy-size (63¢) tube of new Ipana at any drug counter. **2.** Mail the empty carton with your name and address to:

Ipana, Dept. R-112
Box 56
New York 46, N. Y.

Twenty-five cents in cash will be promptly mailed to you. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1952. Limited to one per family. Take advantage of this cash offer now. *(Offer good in continental limits of U.S.A. only.)*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

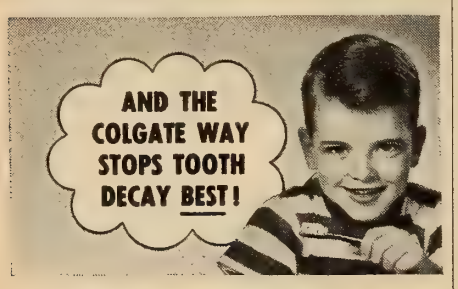
Product of Bristol-Myers

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

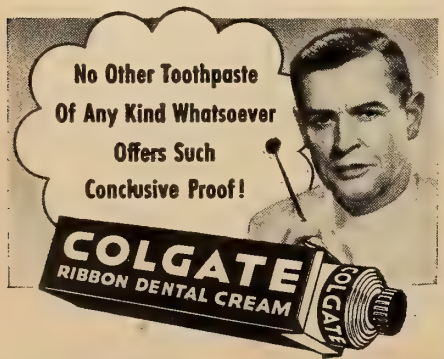
Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases
That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

modern screen

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The PRISONER OF ZENDA

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Another glorious "first" from M-G-M! This great NEW picturization of the most famous of all romantic adventures sweeps across the screen in magnificent TECHNICOLOR!



The audacious adventurer who impersonates a king!

Stewart Granger



The lovely lady of royalty romanced by the impostor!

Deborah Kerr



The wickedest villain in all Christendom, Rupert of Hentzau!

James Mason



The heroic Colonel who is loyal to the crown!

Louis Calhern



The beautiful conspirator who lures men to doom!

Jane Greer

LEWIS STONE · ROBERT DOUGLAS

Presented by M-G-M THE PRODUCERS OF "IVANHOE"

Screen Play by **JOHN L. BALDERSTON** and **NOEL LANGLEY**
Adaptation by WELLS ROOT from the novel by ANTHONY HOPE and the dramatization by EDWARD ROSE
Directed by **RICHARD THORPE**
Produced by **PANDRO S. BERMAN**
AN M-G-M PICTURE



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

• **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!

• **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

• **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New **MUM**®

CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. What are the true ages of Bob Hope and Joan Crawford?
V. U., Cody, Wyo.

A. *Hope is 50, Crawford 44.*

Q. Which Hollywood stars earn the most money? —R. E., Memphis, Tenn.

A. *The comedians Martin & Lewis, Hope & Crosby.*

Q. Is it true that Loretta Young was once very much in love with Spencer Tracy? How many times has Loretta been married and how many children does she have?
—B. N., New York, N. Y.

A. *Loretta was once very fond of Tracy. She has been married twice, once to Grant Withers, at present to Tom Lewis; has three children.*

Q. What's the real reason Betty Hutton left Paramount after twelve years?
—H. Y., Detroit, Mich.

A. *Wants to choose her own stories, make them independently with her husband.*

Q. What are the salaries of Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis?—I. F., Chicago, Ill.

A. *$1,000 per week each.*

Q. I've been told that Lana Turner's father was a bootlegger who was murdered in San Francisco. Has his murder ever been solved?—T. R., Fresno, Cal.

A. *It is still recorded as unsolved.*

Q. Can you name at least three successful Hollywood marriages?
—R. S., Holyoke, Mass.

A. *Alan Ladd's, Ricardo Montalban's, Bill Holden's.*

Q. Did Fernando Lamas separate from his wife because of Lana Turner?
—Y. T., Denver, Col.

A. *Fernando and Lydia Lamas were already separated when Fernando met Lana.*

Q. Can you tell me who Janet Leigh's first two husbands were?
—G. R., Merced, Calif.

A. *Kenneth Carlyle, Stanley Reames, both non-professionals.*

Q. Is Jeff Chandler sour and surly off screen? I understand he is. Am I right or wrong? —C. H., Lansing, Mich.

A. *Wrong.*

Q. Is Barbara Stanwyck in love with Jean Pierre Aumont, or is that a publicity romance? —D. E., Miami, Fla.

A. *They say they are just friends.*

Q. Is Kathryn Grayson leaving MGM because of her feud with Mario Lanza?
—B. U., Boston, Mass.

A. *No feud between these two; Miss Grayson's contract expires in January, but MGM agreed to let her leave immediately.*

Q. Isn't Gary Cooper's wife going to give him a divorce so that he can marry Dusty Miller?
—T. R., Rochester, N. Y.

A. *Not if Gary can help it.*

Q. Hasn't Mario Lanza had a sensational fight with the man who discovered and sponsored him?
—T. R., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Why doesn't Liz Taylor's husband, Michael Wilding, and all the rest of those British actors become American citizens? —B. U., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Some like Charles Laughton and James Mason already have; others plan to.*

Q. Since his success, hasn't Kirk Douglas developed a swelled head?
—A. Y., Amsterdam, N. Y.

A. *He is not as popular with reporters and photographers as he once was.*

Q. How long has it been since Stewart Granger has seen the children he left behind in England to marry Jean Simmons? —E. R., London, Eng.

A. *Two years.*

(*Continued on page 18*)


TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX presents
GREGORY PECK · SUSAN HAYWARD · AVA GARDNER
ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!
THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO
Once he loved . . . in the bitter-sweet of Parisian nights. And now he searched for his lost soul . . . through a war in Spain . . . and the hippopotami-teeming waters of throbbing Africa. And here at the foot of the great mountain of Kilimanjaro, at the edge of "Ngaje Ngai," House of God, he stood . . . and he dared not enter — for his life as his loves had been a sin!
Color by TECHNICOLOR
with HILDEGARDE NEFF and LEO G. CARROLL · TORIN THATCHER · AVA NORRING · HELENE STANLEY
Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck Directed by Henry King Screen Play by Casey Robinson

SUZAN BALL POSES FOR MOST UNUSUAL PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH

A most important part of preparations for roles in Universal-International's *City Beneath The Sea* was rigorous training at the Cross Deep Sea Divers School at Wilmington, Calif. These pictures show Suzan Ball and Tony Quinn in the school tank, being photographed under water. A MODERN SCREEN Golden Key girl, Suzan is one of only four or five women who were able to qualify for the difficult course, which requires a stiff physical examination, nerves of steel, and no claustrophobia.



At start of training, Suzan was hesitant, asked Tony to take the first plunge.



Once in the water, Suzan acts like old-timer, adjusts goggles.



200 feet down Suzan and Tony resemble visitors from Mars.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

I'VE been resting. But Hollywood *hasn't!*

Literally, the very earth has been rocking (earthquake) while I lay amidst my flowers in a hospital room and watched the wall split! And that isn't all. There has been:

The seven-day wonder of Aly Khan's flying trip to Hollywood to see Rita Hayworth and Princess Yasmin—and the still unsolved status of their marriage.

There's been the opening volley in the battle between the John Waynes—with Chata returning unexpectedly from Mexico and barricading the Wayne home against the tenants who had rented it, in good faith, from John.

And, Shelley Winters is *enceinte* (fancy French for expecting a baby). Oh, no, I can't bear it when they start saying Shelley is sending out in the middle of the night for pickles and ice cream!

Joan Evans married Kirby Weatherly at midnight at the home of Joan Crawford. A misty-eyed occasion to all but Miss Evans' modern parents Katherine and Dale Eunson, unagreeably surprised.

Lovely Phyllis Thaxter, expecting a second baby, was sadly stricken with polio.

Brush fires in the hills burned the garage of Alice Faye and Phil Harris' valley home and threatened to destroy the summer estate of Y. Frank Freeman, Paramount production boss.

Maureen O'Hara weepingly divorced Will Price after ten years of marriage.

Judy Garland startled the natives with her wardrobe of maternity slacks—for every social occasion.

One of the swank parties of the year was held in a deserted mansion with "corpses" floating in bathtubs and "hands" protruding from empty drawers.

Dixie Crosby is suddenly, seriously ill—saddening the town.

Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Wilding and Jane Powell and Geary Steffen leave as a foursome to visit—of all places—Las Vegas as they await their respective and expected parenthood.

Yes, Hollywood had its moments—as I rested.

The story goes that 39-year-old Michael Wilding, centered in a gay crowd of Liz Taylor's pals, took a look around at the Marsh Thompsons, Janie Powell, Jean Simmons et al and hissed in his bride's ear:

"If your little guests aren't nice, I'll send



NEWS

BOB WAGNER GIVES DEBBIE A RING—RIGHT FINGER, *WRONG* HAND! . . . WEDDING BELLS FOR PIPER LAURIE? . . . SHELLEY'S BEEN SENDING VITTORIO OUT FOR PICKLES AT MIDNIGHT. GUESS WHAT THAT MEANS! . . . MARIO LANZA'S FINANCIAL SITUATION IS SERIOUS. . . . NEXT BIG STAR: DEWEY MARTIN.

them all home without their *ice cream!*"

WHEN my assistant, D. Manners, called Shelley Winters to verify the story that Shelley was going to have a baby, the conversation went something like this:

D.M.: "You going to have a baby, Shelley?"

Shell: "Gee, I hope so. I think so. I got good reason to think so. But, gee, it's awful soon." . . .

D.M.: "What does your doctor say?"

Shell: "He thinks so. One was negative and one was positive, but the positive was more positive than the negative was negative."

D.M.: "All right. Why can't we say you're expecting a baby?"

Shell: "Oh, gee. Maybe I caught a cold or something. If you say for *sure* I'm going to have a baby—and then it isn't true . . ."

D.M.: "Shall we just say you *hope* it's true?"

Shell: "With all my heart—with all *both* our hearts—Vittorio and I hope it's true."

JUDY GARLAND wore maternity slacks to the Jack Benny party and told everyone she had "lots of 'em" for all different social occasions.

But at her own party—the very first big one Judy has ever given in Hollywood by the way—she wore a dress to match the *décor* of the home she and Sid have rented from the Joe Fields.

Receiving her guests in a deep lavender bouffant chiffon trimmed in violets, Judy said:

"I can't go outside for the dancing and fun. Tonight, I'm designed to match the living room!"

But she did go outside, and she had fun. She admitted the duties of a hostess made her nervous, however. "I think I've got all the divorced people sitting at tables with their ex-mates," she giggled.

Rita Hayworth (pre-Aly's visit) looked a bit weary and tired and she didn't stay late.

June Allyson bubbled—as "norm" with her—in soft white chiffon.

Gossips took particular note that Evie and Van Johnson danced often, were lovey-dovey.

The happiest face was Jimmy Stewart's, because his lovely Gloria was well enough to be up and around again.

Judy went to bed at three. But expectant father, Sid Luft, managed to stay up with the hardier souls until breakfast.

MY staff had a wonderful time when Tony Curtis showed up at our Wednesday luncheon and gave a demonstration of magic tricks and sleight-of-hand bamboozling he's learned in order to play the great Houdini.

(*Continued on next page*)

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not an oily cream —Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Wonderfully mild and gentle —does not dry or irritate!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.





Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Tired, camera-shy Tina Cassini holds close to mother, Gene Tierney, on their arrival in England where Gene just made *Never Let Me Go.*

Tony dashed in wearing gray sweater and slacks, quickly ordered ground steak, scrambled eggs and tomatoes and began the usual chant, "Now watch this . . ."

My gang reports he is really remarkable. He has gone so completely nuts on the subject he "works" a deck of cards in one hand while he is brushing his teeth or reading a book with the other.

But the staff was just as intrigued with Tony's eating habits as they were with his magic.

When he got his order, he asked for a bottle of ketchup. It was practically full.

He put ketchup on the meat. Ketchup on the eggs. Ketchup on the toast. None on the tomatoes. But, even so, the bottle was practically empty!

MARIO LANZA wasn't being temperamental when he failed to report for the start of *The Student Prince.* He is worried sick about finances.

What?—you say. This man who has made a fortune from his recordings, concerts and films? How can this be.

The truth is, Mario has made bad investments—or listened to some bad advice. He sank a small fortune in Texas oil lands, a mine in Arizona and other properties he believed to be gilt-edge securities.

Or, perhaps it is that most singers or artists, unlike Bing Crosby, do not have the Midas touch in a business sense.

The sad story goes that Mario is very close to being wiped out of the savings from his brilliant career.

He has a wife and children he adores. His parents are dependent on him. Many relatives in his native Italy depend on that check from Mario.

Of course, he has many great years ahead, years in which he will earn even more money. But this experience has been shockingly brutal to the popular star.

TO LOOK at Dewey Martin I would not pick him for the coming big screen star. But the first time I saw Alan Ladd I wouldn't have picked him, either. Nor Tony Curtis.

Dewey dropped in at my office one day soon after he had been given his big chance

From THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

If you saw "The Greatest Show on Earth" you're probably still palpitating, as I am, to that great big beautiful hunk of male, Charlton Heston, who played the "boss man" of the circus. Well, let me tell you—Chuck (that's what his friends call him, so I'll call him that, too!) made such a hit in that swell picture that he was immediately slated for other big things, including "The Savage," which theatres will be showing in November.

* * *

Chuck plays a white man who, when he was a little boy, was rescued from sure death at the hands of the Crow Indians by their hated rivals, the Sioux. He grows up learning to love his adopted people. When the whites and the Sioux threaten to start a war, he is caught between loyalty to his own race and to the Sioux, who have been so good to him.

* * *

The white girl who makes him realize that his true happiness lies with her in his own world is played by Susan Morrow, a 19-year-old beauty you're going to hear about. She and lovely brunette Joan Taylor as the Indian girl, also in love with Chuck, are both young stars with great promise you'll enjoy watching. Handsome Peter Hanson, cast as Susan's brother, completes a foursome of Paramount's most interesting and exciting new personalities. You will really get a charge out of Chuck as the virile, hot-blooded hero of "The Savage" and you'll chalk up another hit for this bright and attractive new star.

* * *

If you'd like a drooley photo of Chuck for your dressing table mirror, I'll be happy to send you one. Just make sure you write me for it before November 15, 1952 or I won't be able to send it to you. Address me care of Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

* * *

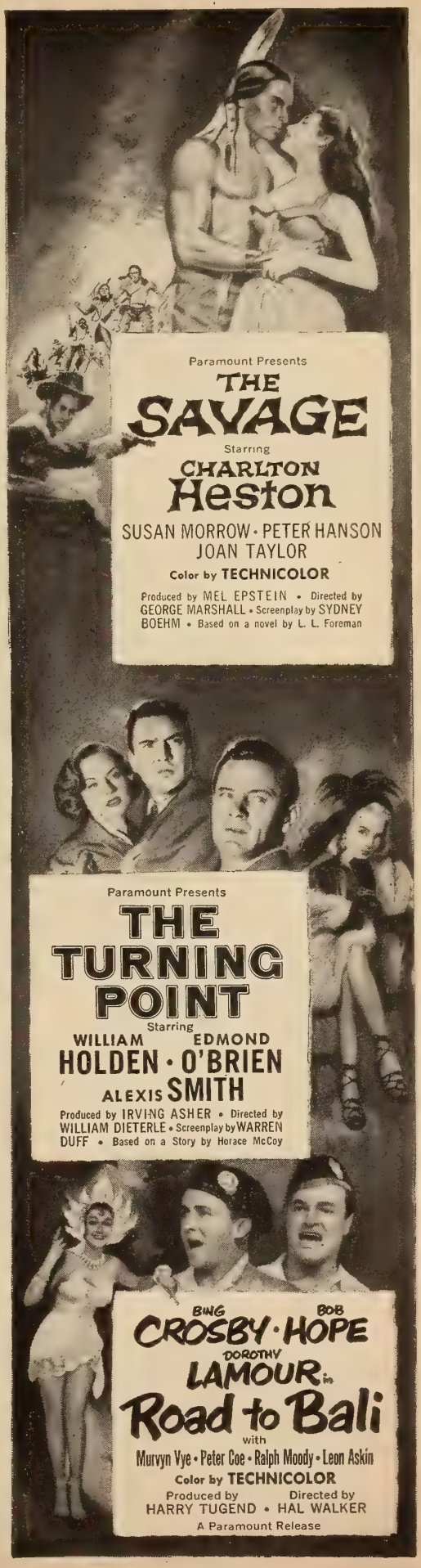
Another film I want to recommend to you is "The Turning Point," a thriller I am sure you'll enjoy as much as I did when I was privileged to attend a preview of it. William Holden, Edmond O'Brien and lovely Alexis Smith really do a solid job of entertaining in this modern story of the smashing of a big city crime syndicate.

* * *

I don't know whether you heard this yet, but Bill Holden was recently voted "Mr. Dreamboat" in a poll conducted by the bobbysoxers of America, and he sure lives up to his name in his big love scenes with glamour girl Alexis. The part Edmond O'Brien plays is a big change from his recent boots-and-saddle roles. He's the fighting lawyer whose dangerous job it is to turn the tide against crime in a city riddled with it. Believe me, this one will have your pulses hammering with excitement, it's that suspenseful and gripping.

* * *

P.S. Next month I'll have news for you about "Road to Bali," the travel-laugh film co-starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, that everyone is waiting for.





Are you in the know?

For a more-fun way to wrap Christmas packages—

☐ *Play post-office* ☐ *Plan a wrapping bee*

When presents for the family start piling up in your clothes closet, chances are your study-buddies have the same problem! So ask the gang to come on-a your house, toting their packages and various types of paper. Supply the scissors, paste, ribbons; award prizes for the most original "jobs." Gift-wrapping a la gang is fun. Even at "calendar" time—if you're *comfortable* with Kotex. This napkin's made to *stay* soft while you wear it; gives you softness that *holds its shape!*



What togs to pack for a house party?

☐ *Strictly sports* ☐ *Date duds only*

You cram your suitcase with glamour stuff; only to find yourself freezing on a hayride! Learn what's planned, then pack accordingly. At certain times, *however* you're togged, you'll be confident—for the *flat pressed ends* of Kotex banish revealing outlines. Your new Kotex belt adds extra *comfort*, too. Made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling!



Know the jinx in this jalopy?

☐ *Four's a crowd*

☐ *Casanova* ☐ *Tootin' twosome*

Happy New Year? Huh-uh. Here are the makings of a crash landing! The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. Raucous blasts add *more* distraction. And how can a highway Casanova keep his mind on the road? Also, why risk *problem day* "accidents"—when Kotex gives *extra* protection with a special safety center? Try all 3 absorbencies.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S. **Have you tried *new* Delsey* toilet tissue**—now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding. It's luxuriously soft and absorbent—like Kleenex* tissues. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Diana Lynn and Scott Brady step out after appearing in *The Moon Is Blue* at La Jolla Playhouse, Pasadena. Diana got rave notices.

in *The Big Sky*. He was nicely mannered, obviously a little "scairt" of me, nice looking but not devastating, not particularly outstanding.

Then, weeks later, I saw the finished *Big Sky* in my home projection room. I could hardly believe my eyes.

This boy has *everything*. He comes alive before the cameras in the most fascinating way and it is hard to believe that in his first important screen assignment he gave such a fine performance.

I sometimes wonder if Dewey and his pretty wife don't wonder what has happened to him also.

From a salary of just a few dollars a week he has jumped, in one performance, to where his discoverer Howard Hawks is asking $100,000 for Dewey on loanouts.

I hope he keeps his head. I think he will.

WHO'S WOOIN': Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner had a spat and after they made up he gave her a ring. Deb's wearing it on the right finger, *wrong* hand . . .

Barbara Stanwyck may be pining for Jean Pierre Aumont, but it doesn't show when she's driving, top down, in the moonlight, with Ralph Meeker.

Marilyn Monroe's another gal with a new ring—gift of the smitten Joe DiMaggio. But don't hang until they get married. As Marilyn's very best pal said "She's smarter than you think. She knows she's the hottest thing in pictures today. She also knows she's more valuable *unmarried* than sitting home being anyone's exclusive little woman."

Joan Fontaine is so long coming home from Europe, Collier Young went to Europe to see her and to find out if she still has that same old feeling.

I predict wedding bells for Piper Laurie and Leonard Goldstein, the young producer credited with zooming Piper's career. Even though he has left her home studio, methinks Leonard will be guiding Piper privately as well as professionally from here on in.

Cy Howard is awful blue because Gloria Grahame is going to Europe for a picture. He's got it bad. . .

ONLY the marrying Judge routed out of bed at 11:30 p.m., Hymie Fink, the well-known candid cameraman, Joan Craw-

Everyone seems to love you more when your hair shines

like silk, shimmers and gleams like silk, feels soft as silk.

And this is what happens every time you shampoo with today's gentle Drene.

(Sh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.)





Drene Shampoo

silkens your hair . . . as it cleanses!

Quick—
get Drene today!



Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here's the important *difference:* when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.



DIAL
DAVE GARROWAY
—NBC, Weekdays

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Popular Jane Wyman surprised friends by appearing with old flame Greg Bautzer at the Mocambo party given by Marie McDonald.

ford, and two of Joan's servants were present for the midnight marriage of Joan Evans and Kirby Weatherly.

Joan E. had waited just five days after she was legally of age (18) before she took Kirby by the hand—and out to dinner at the home of Joan C.—for whom she is named.

Joan wanted to marry Kirby more than anything in the world. But her parents didn't quite approve.

They talked until so late that it was time to go home before Joan C.—a lady of action if ever there was one—went into action—and *how!*

An hour later, Joan Evans was Mrs. Weatherly. Joan Crawford was weeping sentimental tears and giving her "something old" (earrings), "something new" (gold bracelet), "something borrowed" (a lipstick to repair her makeup), "something blue" (a chiffon handkerchief).

The Judge looked slightly dazed. So did the bridegroom. Only Hymie retained his professional aplomb, happily snapping wedding pictures and getting his "exclusives."

The next morning, all was forgiven by Katherine and Dale except, perhaps, still smoldering embers against Joan C., without whom Joan Evans might still be Joan Evans.

DIXIE CROSBY underwent a very serious operation necessitating a long period of recuperation, and Bing and the boys came flying down from their Lake Hayden vacation to be with her.

By the time you read this, everybody hopes Dixie will be well on the road to recovery. But, if she isn't, you can bet Bing won't take off for Europe to make *Little Boy Lost.*

He has been the soul of devotion to Dixie, making her very happy. Little boy, found?

Jane Wyman's boyfriends have the doggondest names. Like her new one, Jim Fishgrund.

Before Jim, Bill Cabanne.

Before Bill, Travis Kleefeld.

Wonder if she ever met a man named just Joe Smith?

After Anne Baxter got good and sexy publicity-wise with her "olive green eyes matching her Martini blond hair," she gets slapped back in a weepy, dramatic role with Monty Clift in *I Confess.* That's the way it goes in Hollywood.

(*Continued on next page*)

ALL THAT A WONDERFUL MOTION PICTURE CAN BE



...AND SOMETHING MORE!

One young girl's unusual story that touched the hearts of untold millions! To share her longings, her dreams, her inspiring hopes, is to feel, yourself, the power and wonder of it all!



WARNER BROS.
PRESENT
ONE OF THE GREAT TRUE STORIES OF OUR TIME

THE Miracle OF OUR LADY OF Fatima

All its Spectacle and Magnificence in color by
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WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY CRANE WILBUR AND JAMES O'HANLON
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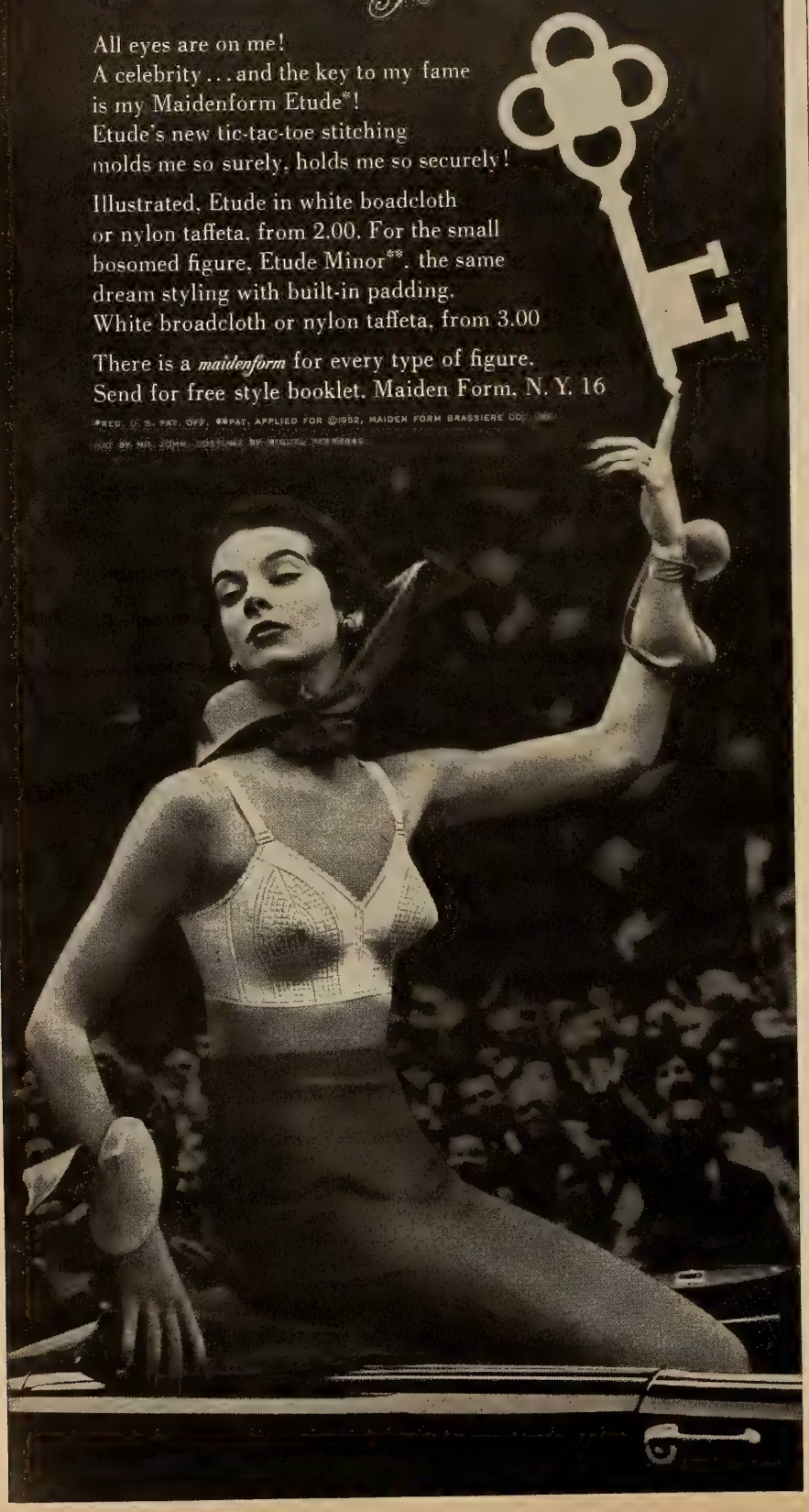
I dreamed I was given
the key to the city
in my maidenform bra

All eyes are on me!
A celebrity . . . and the key to my fame
is my Maidenform Etude*!
Etude's new tic-tac-toe stitching
molds me so surely, holds me so securely!

Illustrated, Etude in white boadcloth
or nylon taffeta, from 2.00. For the small
bosomed figure, Etude Minor**, the same
dream styling with built-in padding.
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There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure.
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MADE BY MR. JOHN, COSTUMES BY MICHAEL KIDD-KIRBAS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Looking a far cry from the rakish uncle he portrays in *The Happy Time*, proud father Louis Jourdan hugs one-year-old Louis Jourdan, Jr.

BETTY HUTTON has been undergoing another seige of resting her voice. During these spells she says absolutely nothing, doctor's orders. Instead, she writes on a blackboard.

This is hard on a gal who likes to sing and zing it up. It's also hard on a housewife who has definite likes and dislikes about television programs.

The other night, Charlie O'Curran was in her bedroom dialing away at his favorite sports programs. His back was turned to Betty so he didn't notice her gestures of displeasure.

Finally, she dashed out of bed across the room, grabbed the chalk and wrote on her blackboard:

"If you don't get something else but wrestlers—*we're going to have the damnedest fight of our lives—right on this blackboard!*"

Ava Gardner has to do a lot of gun shooting in her movie with Robert Taylor, and an expert at MGM asked her if she knew how to handle a gun.

"Sure," said Mrs. Frank Sinatra, "grab it by the barrel and hit somebody over the head with it. All women know that."

THE LETTER BOX: Kay Brown of Salem, Oregon, urges: "The reissue of *Gone With The Wind* every two or three years, please. The kids of my age are still hearing about this greatest of great pictures from older sisters and brothers or our parents and we would like very much to see it." I don't blame you, Kay. Ask your nearest movie house exhibitor about the possibilities.

"C.N.N.," Boston, says, "I'm one of the ones who wish Marilyn Monroe had never had to pose for that calendar. But I like her just the same and wish her well." Those are fair and just remarks, C.N.N.

About those letters to soldiers in Korea—I'm going to turn the tables this month. All you boys who have been writing me complaining that stars do not answer your letters and that you would like to correspond with some of the fans, send me your military addresses. I shall print every one I receive in this column, so stars and fans can know where to reach you.

That's all this month. See you next month.

"I flirted with trouble in New York!"

"It was a glorious, bright day," explained Doretta Morrow, "when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and when we got back from our ferry ride I knew I was in for trouble.



"My hands and face were chapped raw from the biting breeze. Fortunately, at home I had soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time!



"The wind atop Radio City was terrific. After extreme exposure like that, Jergens Lotion is a blessing. It works so wonderfully fast. Try this and see why! Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .



"Apply any lotion or cream to the other, then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.



"Next day, my skin was soft and smooth — right for romance and close-ups." No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.



Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep *your* skin lovely, too. It protects against roughness and winter chap — costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

NOW...

SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR

4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

Have you noticed lately that your face seems extra oily . . . shiny?

Are pore openings becoming larger . . . blackheads beginning to appear?

This is what is happening: In your teens, the oil glands often become over-active. At the same time, the skin gets *sluggish*—fails to throw off the everyday accumulations of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up over the pore openings, enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today—Pond's recommends a *greaseless* treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It's easy, quick . . . and it *works*.



Tonight—do this: Cover face, except eyes, with *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action *loosens* dead skin cells—*dissolves them off!* Frees tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. After 60 seconds—tissue off. See how *fresh* your skin feels! How much softer and *clearer* it looks!

FOR THE SKIN THAT REBELS *against a heavy make-up:* Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly



famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Her friends are all for a reconciliation for Maureen O'Hara and Will Price. They insist she filed for divorce merely to throw a scare into him . . . Rita Hayworth's Columbia bosses hope the press will continue to call her Princess Rita. It's good for business. But they are not at all in favor of their prize package resuming her marital status with Aly Khan. And they're sorry they didn't put *Affair In Trinidad* on the shelf until the public got a chance to see Rita in *Salome, Dance Of The Seven Veils*. Let's face it: *Trinidad* was *not* another *Gilda!* . . . Clark Gable speaking: "I would marry again if I knew the right girl and she would say yes."



O'Hara

I had lunch with Alan Ladd in his dressing room at U-I just before he took off to Europe to make his first independent production, *Red Beret*. He's supposed to be gone 18 months but I don't think Alan will stay away that long. "My roots are here," he told me. "This country has been good to me" . . . New friendship: Betty Grable and Bette Davis. They met while Betty was making a picture at 20th and Bette visited her ever-lovin' Gary Merrill at the studio. Betty was working on the banks of a huge tank that was made up to represent the Erie Canal. And Bette insisted that Gary row her across the briny to meet Betty! . . . I never realized how serious the Coleen Gray-John Payne romance was until I went swimming with them at Malibu and Coleen craned her neck looking up at her hunk-a-man and sighed, "And to think I *hated* him and his pouty lips when I first met him on a radio show we did together!"



Payne

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Marilyn Monroe is a thorn in the side to both Dick Widmark and Anne Baxter. Marilyn and Dick were supposed to be the co-stars of *Don't Bother To Knock* but Marilyn got all the publicity. And Anne lost the starring role in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, on which all her hopes were pinned, to Marilyn . . . Shelley Winters cooked an Italian dinner for her Vittorio one night before reporting at the Circle Theatre to do the Vivien Leigh role in *Streetcar Named Desire*. Next evening her leading man got even with her, just before curtain time, by chewing a clove of garlic! . . . Incidentally, the more English Vittorio learns, the less Shell has to say . . . Joan Evans' parents, Katherine and Dale Eunson, were invited but didn't attend her wedding to Kirby Weatherly at Joan Crawford's home.



Winters

When I leaned over a booth at the Brown Derby to ask Arlene Dahl how she's getting along with Lex Barker she crossed her fingers . . . Chata Wayne slipped quietly into town from Mexico and phoned her lawyer to start divorce proceedings against John . . . Their pals were wondering, when the divorce rumors started flying, if Glen Ford still uses that inter-communication system in his den to summon Eleanor Powell to his presence . . . Corinne Calvet told me: "I think it was very considerate of me to wait until Zsa Zsa Gabor finished making *Moulin Rouge* in Paris before I filed that $1,000,000 slander suit against her. I could have filed it beforehand, you know, and kept her in this country!" Zsa Zsa, you'll remember, claimed that Corinne wasn't French at all but Cockney.



Calvet & Bromfield

QUICK QUOTES:

Jean Peters: "I may get married one of these days but not now. I'm working too hard, and I can only do one thing well at a time." (*Continued on page 21*)

Sir Christopher

sterling in the mood of grandeur

Sir Christopher, created by famed designer William S. Warren, has all the sweep and splendor of its inspiration—the work of the renowned architect Sir Christopher Wren, one of whose masterpieces is St. Paul's Cathedral, London. This pattern displays grandeur in sterling, exemplifies variety in design . . . for some pieces are decorated with carved blossoms, others with graceful clusters of fruit, still others with a combination of both. Sir Christopher is truly magnificent sterling, for it is given the ultimate in silvercrafting—Wallace's full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty"... beauty in front, in profile, in back . . . sterling perfection from every possible view.



Six piece place setting, Sir Christopher, $39.50. Settings for other patterns from $32.50 to $43.50 —all prices include Federal Tax.

Send for and read the many helpful table-setting ideas in the 32-page book "Treasures in Sterling". It also contains the exciting and romantic design stories of each Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" pattern. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 98, Wallingford, Connecticut.







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BEAUTY
is my business

says glamorous cover girl
JUNE CROSS



and
SWEETHEART
is my Beauty Soap

June says: *"Posing as a model, I must have a perfect complexion. That's why I always use gentle SweetHeart, for SweetHeart Care leaves my skin soft, smooth, young-looking."*

9 out of 10 Leading Cover Girls use SweetHeart Soap

Try it! See—one week after you change to thorough care—with pure, mild SweetHeart—your skin looks softer, smoother!

Try the SweetHeart Cover-Girl Facial!

June Cross shows you how!

1 Every night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin.

2 Use an upward and outward motion, with special attention to skin around the nose and under the lips.

3 Rinse with warm, then with cool water. In just 7 days, see the difference! Get SweetHeart Soap today!



The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



continued from page 4

Q. Isn't Robert Taylor still in love with Barbara Stanwyck? Isn't a reconciliation still possible?
—T. E., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *Possible but not very probable. Taylor is playing the field.*

Q. I read that Liz Taylor suffers from heart trouble very badly, has only a few years to live. Is this true?
—B. B., MONKS CORNERS, S. C.

A. *No.*

Q. Is there anything serious between Clark Gable and Gene Tierney? Why are they mentioned together so much?
—A. K., PENNS GROVE, N. J.

A. *They co-starred together in a picture in London.*

Q. Does Marilyn Monroe live with her mother or is she still hiding her somewhere? —C. F., FRESNO, CAL.

A. *Marilyn lives in a hotel; her mother lives in an apartment.*

Q. How much money does Dale Robertson earn? Is he independently wealthy? —G. H., TULSA, OKLA.

A. *$750 a week; is not independently wealthy.*

Q. Is it true that Mario Lanza and Howard Keel are the two most temperamental stars on the MGM lot?
—S. L., DURANGO, COL.

A. *Yes.*

Q. I understand that no motion picture studio will hire Frank Sinatra. If this is true, why is it?
—F. H., HOBOKEN, N. J.

A. *Insufficient audience response.*

Q. Does Van Johnson have a new contract? Does he get more than the $5,000 a week he got on his old one?
—B. I., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. *Johnson's new contract calls for less.*

Q. Is Rita Hayworth considered a very talented actress in Hollywood or is she used because of her sex appeal?
—T. R., HONOLULU

A. *As an actress, sexy Miss Hayworth is considered adequate.*

Q. Is Joan Crawford really petrified in front of a live audience and won't make personal appearances for that reason?
—T. P., COLUMBUS, GA.

A. *Miss Crawford recently appeared on stage before a capacity crowd in New York's Loew's State Theater, plans to do a play next year.*

Autumn brings new beauty, new excitement

. . . let it bring
a new and lovelier you

says

WOOLWORTH'S

Susan Smart

Autumn can be the most romantic time of the year . . . so you'll want to be sure you're looking your loveliest. Begin your Winter beauty care, too, with a visit to Woolworth's. You'll find counter after counter brimming with your favorite nationally advertised cosmetics and toiletries. Choose them *now,* at handy Woolworth's . . . and learn the new excitement this season can bring.

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EXQUISITE! GAY! EXCITING! And now it can be *yours* . . . the misty fragrance of PARK & TILFORD Perfume #3. A delightful "dress up" scent both precious and lasting. Brilliantly boxed in a sparkling plastic jewel case. Only 49c*



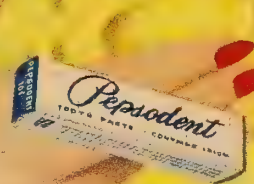
FOR BEAUTY MEN ADMIRE and women envy, try HAZEL BISHOP Complexion Glow. This luxurious liquid-creme rouge blends with your natural skin tone. Choose from 3 flattering shades: Pink, Coral or Rose. Just $1*



HOLI-DATING? Here's news . . . DURA-GLOSS *Perfumed* Nail Lacquer puts the "extra" in special occasions. Imparts subtle fragrance to your twinkling fingertips. Quick-drying, chip-free. 10 salon shades, in a plumed bottle. 25c*



BE ON YOUR GUARD AGAINST THAT CHAP! When Winter weather leaves hands rough and red, let PACQUINS Hand Cream help to make them soft and smooth again. Two kinds —for normal or extra-dry skin. 25c, 49c, 98c*



SNOW WHITE AND SPARKLING, that's your smile with PEPSODENT. Pepsodent's patented oral detergent cleans, brightens, fights decay, works where brush can't reach . . . insures a lasting clean mouth taste, as well. 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c



HELP YOURSELF to a peaches-and-cream complexion, with LADY ESTHER'S Complete Creme Make-Up. It hides those tiny blemishes and lines . . . keeps your skin looking petal soft all day long! 5 flattering shades. Just 49c*



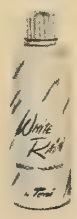
REFER A LOTION? You'll prefer HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Its rich emollients work wonders on rough, dry skin . . . keep hands softer, lovelier, smoother. 3 handy sizes: for purse, home or office. 10c, 25c, 49c*



SEE YOUR COMPLEXION BLOOM with new beauty . . . this Winter, give it the *extra* protection it needs with LADY ESTHER'S 4-Purpose Face Cream. Lady Esther cleanses, softens, smooths. A fine powder base, too. 29c, 55c, 83c*



PERMANENT HAIR BEAUTY! Treat yourself to a TONI Home Permanent. *New* Toni Trio lets you choose the permanent just right for you. *Regular* for normal, *Super* for hard-to-wave and *Very Gentle* for easy-to-wave hair. $1.50*



FOR HAIR THAT'S SUNNY BRIGHT tomorrow, use WHITE RAIN tonight. Not a creme or soap, it's a *new kind* of shampoo. Like washing with softest rain water! It leaves hair lustrous, cloud-soft . . . so easy to comb and set. 30c, 60c, $1



WHY KISS AND TELL? Try HAZEL BISHOP, the amazing no-smear lipstick that leaves no tell-tale traces! Won't eat off . . . smudge off . . . kiss off! All day long your lips stay fresh and colorful as the moment you first apply it. $1.10*



STAY LOVELY TO LOVE whatever you do . . . skiing, skating, dancing, with FRESH Cream Deodorant. Fresh checks perspiration. Its amazing ingredients become reactivated to assure continuous protection. It's safe yet gentle. 25c, 39c*

it's fresh! it's fabulous! it's for YOU...

"RED HOT 'n BLUE"

by CUTEX

For that Beautiful American Look



. . . Cutex creates "Red Hot 'n Blue" . . . a sizzling new red—mellowed with a sweet touch of blue! Light your lips and fingertips tonight with this new color magic that starts hearts beating . . . phones ringing . . . things humming beautifully for you!

New! A Miracle Indelible . . . Stay Fast! *Creamiest, smoothest* lipstick ever created—because it's so rich in creamy-soft lanolin. Never smears—never leaves a kissprint! Lips stay thrillingly soft. 59¢ *plus tax.*

America's Longest-Wearing Polish . . . Spillpruf Cutex! Made with Enamelon, beautiful Cutex "sets" hard as a jewel! Gives lasting non-chip wear! Another Cutex first . . . miraculous Spillpruf bottle protects clothes, rugs, furniture! 15¢ *plus tax.*

Evening Separates
by Nelly de Grab

★★★ "that beautiful American Look"!

AT PRICES THAT FIT YOUR POCKETBOOK!

Glorified by RED HOT 'n BLUE..."that beautiful American look"... the fresh, vibrant, lovely look that invites compliments, inspires romance . . . can be yours with these exciting products.

Begin with a quick home facial...



Softly accent your eyes...



Add a sparkling, beautiful smile...



Highlight with "radiantly alive" hair...



That looks so naturally curly...



For head-to-toe smoothness...



Now for the finished touch... breathtaking color!



hollywood report continued

. . . Keefe Brasselle: "Speak well of your enemies. Remember you made them!" . . . My neighbor at a dinner party punctuated a heated argument about a new star like this: "It's very simple, really. She posed in the nude because she *likes* to pose in the nude!" Description of an actor: "He's very well adjusted, in a maladjusted sort of a way" . . . A tablemate at Romanoff's: "Did you notice that Olivia De Havilland got her divorce the day before Independence Day?" . . . Letter from a reader of this column: "Why do famous couples work so hard to stifle rift rumors? Why not just ignore them, stay together and have the last laugh at their Golden Wedding?"

TIME TABLES:

June Allyson, who knows about those things, held Humphrey Bogart's hand consolingly on the *Battle Circus* set while he chewed his nails waiting for his Lauren to have their second child . . . By the way, you can credit MGM prexy Nick Schenck with persuading June to table her retirement plans . . . The Wendell Coreys went through a list of Republican and Democratic candidates trying to find a name for *their* new baby . . . . Rock Hudson told me he's going to stuff himself with food when he finishes making *Toilers Of The Sea* with Yvonne de Carlo in Europe. That way, he'll get fat and U-I won't be able to assign him to another picture for at least a month after he returns. Rock has made seven pictures in the past year and wants a vacation.



Hudson

His chums, noticing Van Johnson's moodiness of late, looked into the reasons and were told it's the result of that motorbike accident he suffered about ten years ago. And every year, on the anniversary of the accident, Van sends a bouquet to Dr. Bill Branch, who saved his life . . . Darryl Zanuck tells me he has discovered a child star who will be as famous as Shirley Temple, another Zanuck discovery. This one's a boy, however. He's Georgie Winslow, the child star of *Top Man,* and his nickname is Foghorn because he sounds like one . . . Shirley, it should be noted, has been warned by her medicos to wait a few years before she has another baby . . . Everyone who loves Bing and Dixie Crosby, and everybody does, was worried about Dixie's health as we went to press. It's a liver ailment. Bing took his sons to Nevada, at her insistence, when it began to look like she'd be able to leave St. John's Hospital soon.

SEX APPEAL:

At her birthday party, Barbara Stanwyck was told by Richard Greene she looks five years younger than she did five years ago, which is my idea of the nicest compliment a gallant gent can pay a lovely lady . . . If Debra Paget wears the same shorts in *Stars And Stripes Forever* that she rehearses her dances in, you'll never notice the star, Clifton Webb! . . . Marlon Brando, who's making *Julius Caesar* for MGM, has been doing the gay spots in a dual role. From the neck up, with vandyke and mustache, he's one of the noblest Romans of them all. But from shoulder to shoes he's a Schwab's drugstore cowboy in open shirts and levis.



Paget

The people who make maps of the movie stars' homes for the tourists have added a new attraction to their booklets. It's Linda Christian's nude statue in Ty Power's garden . . . "Dirtiest" love scene on record: Jennifer Jones and Charlton Heston kissing each other in the muck and slime of a *Ruby Gentry* swamp set . . . What would a "Sex Appeal" section in this department be without Marilyn Monroe? I'm told by reporters who were there that the Falls played second fiddle to a person for the first time in history when Marilyn made *Niagara* at Niagara Falls. All the tourists wanted to see Marilyn first!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Judy Garland has paid off $100,000 in tax assessments and other bills during the past year. She made most of it during her long personal appearance at the Palace in New York. And now she's planning on making a musical version of Janet Gaynor's old hit, *A Star Is Born,* after her baby is born . . . RKO renewed Ursula Thiess' contract for another year, at $400 a week. Ursula sends half of it to her mother and two children in Germany and spends as much of the other half as she can making herself pretty for Bob Taylor . . . Randy Scott lost $250,000 drilling for what turned out to be a dry oil well in Oklahoma . . . Dana and Mary Andrews banked $40,000 for their first five weeks of touring with *The Glass Menagerie,* Dana in the Kirk Douglas role and Mary in Jane Wyman's.



Thiess

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Seen at the Nob Nob: Vera-Ellen sitting alone . . . Any time Alan Ladd wants a partnership in the hamburger stand he used to own in North Hollywood he can get it free from the new owner, just for allowing his name on the window . . . When Dan Dailey finished *Taxi* he discovered he had lost his Girl Friday, Judy Powell, to a realtor from Texas, and that they were interested in *much* more than real estate in their long drives between Del Mar and Palm Springs! . . . Tony Curtis begged Paramount to let his kid brother, Bobby Schwartz, play Tony as a child in *Houdini,* and darned if the studio didn't okay it! . . . Hard-hearted Hollywood never changes. Tony and Janet, looking for a larger apartment, no sooner found one than the landlord, learning they were movie stars, jumped the rent.

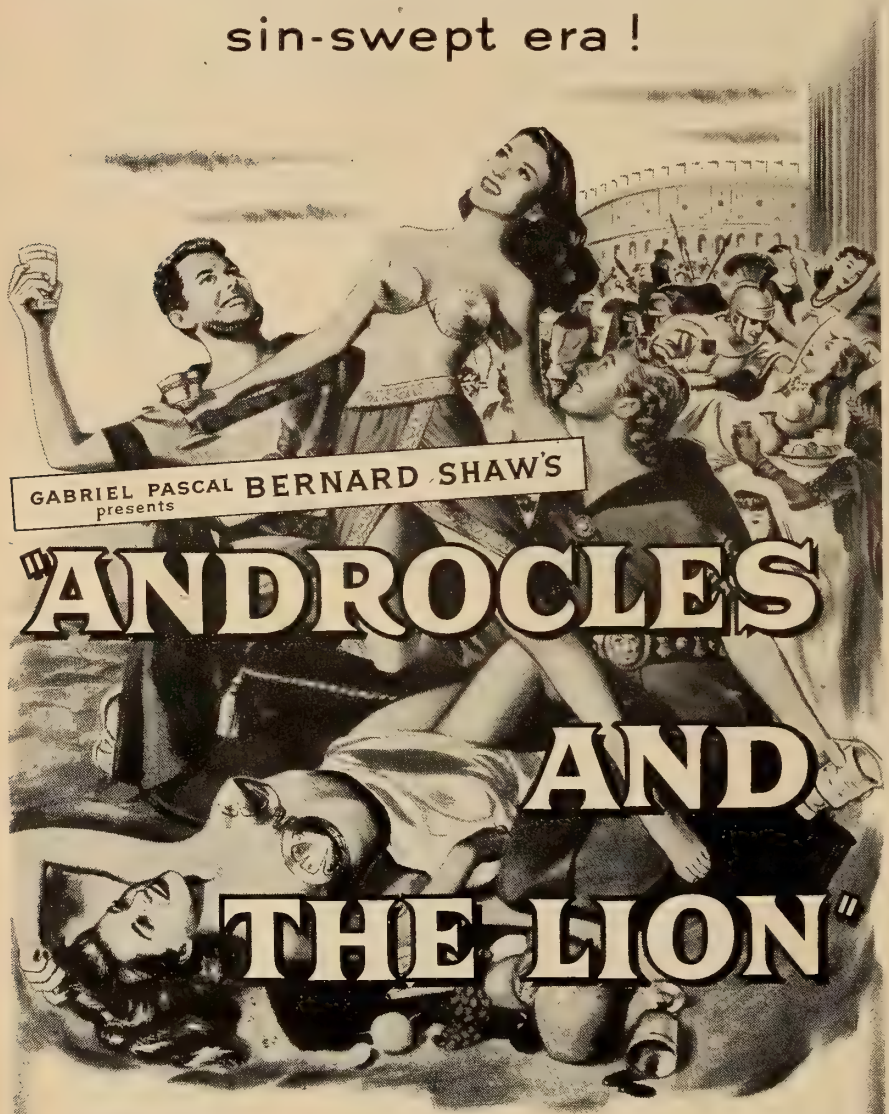


Dailey

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger put their home up for sale for $375,000 but their intimates claim they'll reconcile . . . Jean Simmons broke down and cried on the last day of shooting on *The Murder* at RKO, the studio she sued to let her out of her contract. She told the crew she hated to leave because she has never been treated so wonderfully in her life! . . . Frankie Filan was a Pulitzer Prize winner and one of the most famous photographers in Hollywood. When he died,

Barbaric Revelry

to fire the senses of the world... in the story of history's most sin-swept era!



GABRIEL PASCAL presents BERNARD SHAW'S

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"

starring

JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE

ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS

and ALAN YOUNG as Androcles

Produced by GABRIEL PASCAL · Directed by CHESTER ERSKINE

Screen Adaptation by CHESTER ERSKINE and KEN ENGLUND

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATRE

hollywood report continued

Vic Mature was the only star of the hundreds with whom Frankie worked who showed up at the funeral . . . Red Skelton begged MGM to let Frank Borzage direct him in *The Clown*. Frank was once married to Edna Skelton, and Red is another of her ex's, of course. But Robert Z. Leonard got the job . . . Marcia Mae Jones, former child star and Greg Bautzer's switchboard girl for the past three years, quit her job and is trying for an acting comeback.

FUNNIES:

Marie Wilson wrote a magazine article about how to be a perfect hostess. She started it out with: "Your party will be dull if you forget to invite the guests" . . . One child star asked another: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" "That was no lady," replied the other moppet. "That was a truant officer" . . . A Western star couldn't remember his lines. He studied and studied and finally got it, after 12 attempts. Then he rode off with the wrong hoss! . . . There are lots of "shaggy dog" stories. Here's a "shaggy people" story: Bob Hope says he wants to open a concession in Griffith Park Zoo to sell our four-footed friends Peopleburgers . . . Excerpt from a letter that a star never finished reading: "I've been a fan of yours 20 years and you never change. You *always* look old" . . . A femme star confided this bit of info to her best friend about another star: "There are two things I can't *stand* about that woman—her face!"



Hope

ODDS BODKINS:

Bob Wagner has been writing his own checks since he was 13—and he earned the dough himself . . . Hardly anybody recognizes Hedy Lamarr when she sits poolside at the Beverly Hills Hotel wearing sunglasses . . . Left over from the earthquake: Fernando Lamas, who sleeps in the raw, jumped from his bed at the first quake, threw something over himself and ran out into the street. Safely outside, he discovered he was wearing a transparent raincoat! . . . Frankie Darro, who used to be a big star and can now be seen in his old movies on TV, is currently tending bar at the Try Later saloon on Santa Monica Boulevard . . . My personal nomination for the wildest driver in Hollywood: Jane Russell. Anybody who rides when Jane drives should have his life insured!



Lamarr

Marlene Dietrich is kicking herself for turning down *Dream Boat,* a dream boat of a picture for Ginger Rogers . . . And, right here, I'd like to thank 20th for the nice plug they gave Yours Truly in this fine hunk of celluloid . . . Joan Crawford's next picture may be *Two Sisters,* in which one sister burns the other to death with kerosene and a blow torch . . . Ida Lupino was in tears on the set of *The Difference,* which she was directing, apparently because she and Frank Lovejoy were having differences over a scene.

DANDRUFF? UNMANAGEABLE HAIR? FRIZZY PERMANENT?

CREAM-TONE YOUR HAIR

to radiant loveliness . . . at home tonight . . . with

NEW Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

NOW'S the time to do something about distressing dandruff . . . hard to manage hair . . . a stiff, brittle permanent! Now's the time to give your hair CREAM-TONE care with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing! It's the new amazing way to soften, soothe and beautify hair and make it extra manageable as well.

And here's news! You *can* CREAM-TONE your hair to radiant loveliness right at home! You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils. No fussing with wet towels. CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple and it works wonders with scalp and hair.

You'll love Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing, the exciting new product that makes CREAM-TONING possible. It's so smooth, so creamy, so flower-fragrant, flower-pink! It's a blend of soothing lanolin, costly cholesterol and other precious ingredients that do so much for hair and scalp!

CREAM-TONING is GUARANTEED . . . *or Double Your Money Back!* That's right! Unless you agree that CREAM-TONING gives you a cleaner scalp, more radiant hair, return empty bottle and get *double your money back.* Get Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing today.

Cream-Toning is easy . . . follow these simple steps!



1 Brush hair vigorously. Part it section by section, rubbing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing thoroughly along each part. Let the lanolated oils soothe, caress your scalp.



2 Continue rubbing until both scalp and hair are cream-washed, cream-toned. The rich oils in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work their way to the very ends of hair.



3 Leave this creamy lotion in the hair for a few minutes, a half-hour or all night. Then shampoo with Lady Wildroot Shampoo that cuts grease, floods away loose dandruff.



4 Now look at the results! Note how pink and clean the scalp is . . . how soft and pliable every strand of hair. Waves are now easy to set . . . need very little coaxing.



5 Whatever the problem...dandruff...stiff, dry hair...frizzy permanent...let CREAM-TONING solve it...give you lovelier, more manageable, more glamorous hair.



HAIR CARE HINTS FROM *Lady Wildroot*

Every day, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temple. Then brush vigorously . . . and see how easily your hair stays in place!

Between Cream-Toning . . . use Lady Wildroot for quick touch-ups and to keep hair well-groomed.

When shampooing . . . if you lack time for CREAM-TONING, add a teaspoonful of Lady Wildroot to your final rinse, to wash away snarls and tangles.

Today

. . . stop at your favorite store and get a bottle of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing and a bottle of Lady Wildroot Shampoo and start CREAM-TONING loveliness into your hair.

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing . . . 50¢ and $1 sizes

Stardust...

the bra with ooh! la! la!



$10,000,000 UPLIFT LINING Guards your health

DOUBLY GUARANTEED

1 Its exclusive Uplift Lining guarantees protection from irritation. Here's sure allure!

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In your favorite fabrics . . . A, B & C Cups $1.00

Stardust Life-Insured Bra GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

Ask for Stardust Slips in nylon tricot, multi-crepe or cotton!

STARDUST, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1

MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the month



This is the story of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, their marriage and fabulous careers. Blossom (Betty Hutton) got her start in a honky tonk, soon became a star.



Looking for a new act, Blossom meets Benny (Ralph Meeker). For her, it's love at first sight.



But they have to wait for happiness until Benny becomes a star.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME

■ The best thing about Paramount's *Somebody Loves Me* is a pretty good thing indeed. Here is Betty Hutton at her absolute top, singing with a new—and considerably subdued—authority and exhibiting an altogether unexpected charm. The story, suggested by the careers of oldtime singers Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, is serviceable as a gadget on which to hang a good many wonderful melodies that were popular in Blossom's and Benny's bigtime. And Miss Hutton's success in the role of Blossom suggests that she herself may have taken a hint from the opening scenes of the script. They tell how Blossom, a shoutin' singer in the first decade of the century, makes the grade as a West Coast entertainer by following the advice of pioneer showman D. J. Grauman: "If you want to go over big—sing soft!" Success comes rapidly, and when Blossom meets jazz pianist Fields (effectively played by Ralph Meeker) she wants him to share the spotlight with her. He accepts her challenge, takes the job she offers him and then just as deliberately marries her. It is only later, when he finds that he really loves her, that Benny decides he must leave her so that he can build his success alone. This pseudo-biographical tale is not always a tribute to the intelligence of the principals, but its bittersweet base provides a perfect background for tunes like the title song, and producers George Seaton and William Perlberg, ably abetted by director-writer Irving Brecher, have used it for just that. Approximately half of the film is allotted to song and dance routines. In between times there is a perfect bit by Billie Bird a mistress of the tart retort. But she can't steal the show. That's done, for a change, by the star.

THE DEVIL MAKES THREE

The devil of the title is the still burning fire of fascism, personified in this film about postwar Munich by an aging cafe entertainer (Claus Clausen) who sees himself as Hitler reborn. For most of the footage, however, this fascinating character is a shadowy figure in the background while the cameras focus on the less interesting—though engagingly told—love story of Gene Kelly and Pier Angeli. Kelly, as an Air Force captain, returns to Germany on a Christmas leave to thank an anti-Nazi family for helping him escape when he was a prisoner of war. He finds the father and mother dead and their young daughter Willie (Pier Angeli) somewhat sullen and somehow changed; and he also finds that American intelligence officers are interested in his interest in her and want him to continue exhibiting it. Willie works in a cafe now, moving from customer to customer for a cut of what she can persuade them to buy. Seemingly against her will, she allows him to persuade her to be driven across to Austria for Christmas. He cannot understand her attitude, alternately truculent and loving; nor will he believe at first that she is using him to help smuggle material across the border, as his fellow officers suggest. In a smashing denouement, brilliantly directed by Andrew Marton and replete with a Hitchcock chase and one of the most frightening murder plans ever imagined, the devil reveals himself.

Cast: Gene Kelly, Pier Angeli, Claus Clausen. —MGM.

MY MAN AND I

For the first couple of reels it looks as if this little film might make the grade as a "sleeper"—one of those pictures, usually produced on a low budget, that slip into town without the usual publicity and make an unexpectedly big splash. But then the scriptwriters let the fine cast and director, not to mention the public, down with a sudden plop. For what starts off as an original, offbeat screenplay ends up as just so much oversimplified, even silly, melodrama. From the beginning it's apparent what the writers had in mind as a theme: to show how a naturalized citizen of good will can be a far better American than older stock who abuse their citizens' rights. Chu Chu Ramirez (played with sensitivity and charm by Ricardo Montalban), a young man from Mexico, sets out to work hard to prove himself worthy of his newfound status. He gets a job running a bulldozer for a hard-bitten couple named Ames (Wendell Corey and Claire Trevor) who own a marginal ranch. Mr. A. spends much of his time with an eye out for little unpleasant tricks to play on Mrs. A.; she has a permanently roving eye, and it lights on Chu Chu. But Chu Chu, unfortunately for his future, is not to be had. He befriends, falls for and tries to reform a truculent blonde with a tendency to dipsomania (Shelley Winters). How Chu Chu solves his difficulties is a tribute to the writers' ingenuity if not to the American judicial system. But it is a bigger tribute to William Wellman's direction and to fine performances by most of the cast that *My Man and I* seldom seems as ridiculous on the screen as it does shortly thereafter.

Cast: Ricardo Montalban, Shelley Winters, Wendell Corey, Claire Trevor.—MGM.

New! COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your breath sweet and fresh *longer!*

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll* Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Fights Tooth Decay!



Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!

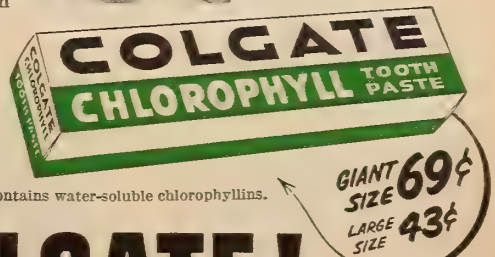
Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Colgate's Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

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Now!

Lose Weight Without Dieting!



● Paulette Goddard is enthusiastic about golf. Says Paulette about Ayds: "Every day more and more women are finding the Ayds Way really works! It's such an easy way to reduce."



● Who knows what Paulette writes in her diary? But about Ayds she writes: "When you take Ayds you reduce the way Nature intended you to. I recommend it to all my friends."

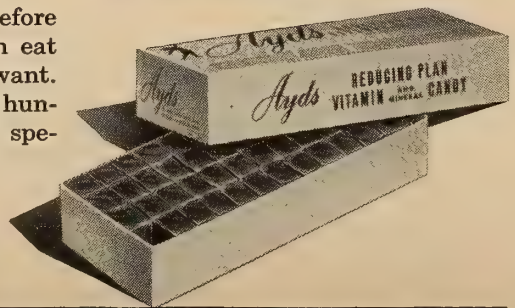
"AYDS is Such an Easy, Pleasant Way to Reduce," says Paulette Goddard

For a lovely figure like Paulette Goddard's, lose unwanted fat the safe, healthful Ayds way—without dieting or hunger.

With Ayds you lose weight the way nature intended you to. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no hunger pangs ever. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. You will lose weight with your first box ($2.98) or money back.



Slim the Way the Stars Slim

MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND

Amusing movies about marriage are so few and far between that it is probably better to welcome *My Wife's Best Friend* first, then quibble about its shortcomings. Like some of the better British comedies of recent date, it starts off with a first-rate farcical premise: The Masons (Anne Baxter and Macdonald Carey), setting off on an airborne vacation to Hawaii to celebrate their eighth anniversary, see one of their plane's engines catch fire. A fatal crash appears imminent. They vow eternal love. Then Mrs. Mason, always one (according to the part she plays) to overdo an act, asks forgiveness for any little nagging or mistreatment she may have been guilty of. In an unguarded final moment her husband, in turn, admits a slight transgression. He was almost unfaithful with her best friend one night a few years ago when she took a long shopping trip to New York. But the plane doesn't crash. The goings-on thereafter, for some time anyway, are hilarious.

Cast: Anne Baxter, Macdonald Carey, Catherine McLeod, Cecil Kellaway.—20th Century-Fox.

BIG JIM McLAIN

Told in simple narrative style, with John Wayne's voice to bridge the gaps from episode to episode, *Big Jim McLain* describes the work of a couple of Committee investigators for the House Committee on Un-American Activities in identifying Communist leaders in Hawaii and helping to quell an incipient Red threat there. With the aid of Naval Intelligence and the Honolulu police department (the F.B.I. is inexplicably absent), Big Jim (Wayne) and his even bigger partner Mal (James Arness) find that the Reds have covered their tracks quite cleverly. But not quite completely. A nurse (Nancy Olson) gives them their first important clue: an address of a man apparently high among the party's controlling clique. The scenarists never find it necessary to give the nurse any further relation to the real story line, but Big Jim likes her and soon they get themselves engaged. Their romance runs like a misplaced thread through the whole fabric of the film, while Big Jim and Mal keep following up lead after lead. Eventually one of these pays off in a big way. An elderly, retired union man puts his finger on his own son as one of the party's higher-ups. Soon, with the help of hidden microphones, the Red hierarchy is trapped in its lair. Clumsily written and ineptly put together, the movie overstates its case for the Committee and bungles the job of telling an important story.

Cast: John Wayne, Nancy Olson, James Arness.—Warners.

SON OF ALI BABA

This heady concoction is half old-fashioned burlesque, half college carnival, sound-stage style, but the end result is so completely homogenized that it must be called unique if nothing else. Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are the hero and heroine, and nobody could act more surprised. It seems that Tony, as Kashma Baba, first-born of that older and far better-known Baba, is most likely to succeed with the babes at the Persian Military Academy, West Point of its very early day. This annoys the Caliph of Bagdad's oldest

son, a fellow cadet, who enthusiastically joins his father in a plot to kill Kashma and his father, make it appear that they have been plotting against the mighty Shah and take over title to the Babas' vast wealth. However, they reckon without spirited Piper, the pretty fly in the perfumed ointment of their plan. Daughter of the Princess of Fez (though, not unnaturally in this tale, posing as an escaped slave), she helps turn the tables on the evil Caliph and his henchmen. Nobody in the cast takes these goings-on too seriously, and Curtis-Laurie fans may find it all fun.

Cast: Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie.—Universal.

TOP SECRET

Employing the tried and true technique of trial-by-flashback, *Top Secret* tells a tale of espionage behind the Nazi lines during the war. The question before the French secret-police court, sitting in the present day, is: who murdered a certain French underground fighter during the war's waning months? Among the witnesses are Phyllis Thaxter, Karl Malden and Steve Cochran, one time comrades of the Frenchman in a unit of the Maquis. As each tells his story, the scene shifts back; gradually the jigsaw tale takes shape, each Maquis member filling in what he saw himself. It is soon clear that one person keeps reappearing in all the various versions: a missing American Marine, Cornel Wilde. And a fabulous career he seems to have had when the statements are pieced together. Cut down as it is into individual sequences, with the camera making repeated returns to the courtroom, the story is always credible. And that's something, considering some of the casting. Miss Thaxter and Malden, for example, competent players as they are, are just about as French as apple pie.

Cast: Cornel Wilde, Steve Cochran, Phyllis Thaxter, Karl Malden.—Warners.

ASSIGNMENT—PARIS

Up-to-the-minute in their choice of a plot, the makers of *Assignment—Paris* never get down to the point of taking it very seriously, so that what might have been a thrilling documentary remains just another thriller. This one is about a newspaperman detained behind the Iron Curtain and his employer's frantic efforts to get him back (the U. S. Government, it appears, was just sitting on the sidelines). After vying with George Sanders, editor of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune's* Paris edition, for beautiful co-worker Marta Toren, just back from Budapest, hot-headed reporter Dana Andrews is sent to the Hungarian capital to replace the ailing bureau chief. It's a hot spot and a hot story for an American correspondent, because a U. S. businessman there has just confessed being a spy. Andrews goes about his business of getting something on the Hungarian premier, a Russian puppet, like a tomcat with a tin can tied to his tail and finds himself in prison for his pains. In the script's most effective scenes, the Hungarians fake a confession, cutting and rearranging a tape-recorded prison talk and putting the whole "interview" on the air. But back in Paris, Miss Toren and Sanders have an ace up their collective sleeve—a trick that works and frees Andrews.

Cast: Dana Andrews, Marta Toren, George Sanders, Audrey Totter.—Columbia.

Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!



BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super" cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.



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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.*

New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

It had to happen



Though their friends believe that Duke and Chata are still very much in love, few who know the couple hold any hope that they will reconcile.

He can't live with her or without her, but after six years of being on a marital merry-go-round with the fiery, unpredictable Chata, John Wayne has decided he's had enough.

BY RICHARD DEXTER

■ If you have money, and let's face it, John Wayne does, there are only three places for you to stay in Lima, Peru.

One is the Hotel Crillon. Another is the Hotel Bolivar, and the third is the Country Club of Lima.

As anyone who knows Duke Wayne will testify, he is not the country club type, so a few weeks ago, while traveling through South America, he very quietly, very unobtrusively checked into the Crillon—no fuss, no publicity, no fanfare.

Now the Limeños, residents of Lima, are avid movie-goers—in fact there are more motion picture theatres per capita in Lima than in any other South American city. But the Limeños did not spot Duke right away.

It was a nine-year-old boy from Rochester, N. Y., who pulled the trick. He saw Duke ambling through the lobby and ran to his mother. "Look, mama," he shouted, excitedly pointing to the actor, "There's John Wayne!"

"Seymour," said the mother. "That can't be John Wayne. He's in California, in Hollywood."

Seymour insisted. "I saw him on television before we left home. I know he's John Wayne. Just look at his nose."

The lady rose, but Duke hurried through the lobby, walked (*Continued on page 68*)

Stays Bright! Stays Moist! Stays On!



New! Cashmere Bouquet French Type NON-SMEAR LIPSTICK



Contains "Lip-caressing" Lanolin!

Now your lips can be more exciting, more inviting than ever... and *stay* that way all day long! Just smooth on the new Cashmere Bouquet French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick and see how the color flows on your lips so easily, so evenly, so luscious-bright! And here's the beauty-miracle: it won't smear, it won't dry, and it *won't come off!*

New Cashmere Bouquet is the French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick you can use with *confidence* . . . for lips that call for kisses . . . for lips that stay soft and creamy-smooth . . . for lips that *won't tell secrets!*

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Just 39¢

For Caressable Hands
Use Cashmere Bouquet HAND LOTION



Absorbs like a lotion—
Softens like a cream,
Makes even
"Sandpaper Hands"
Feel Caressable
in 10 Seconds!

Enjoy Perfume~
this New Way





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LIQUID PETALS

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1.25 ¾ oz.

So pretty and so *long-lasting* . . . it's the most delightful, most modern way to use perfume! Liquid Petals is an exquisite new cream perfume with the romantic fragrance of Friendship's Garden. It lingers for *hours* . . . keeps you flower-fresh *all day long.*

Also in gift sets: with Stick Cologne 2.25, with Stick Cologne and Toilet Water 3.50.

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sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE—title song by Mario Lanza* (Victor); Nat Cole** (Capitol); Billy Eckstine* (MGM); Bobby Wayne (Mercury); John Raitt (Decca). *The Song Angels Sing* by Mario Lanza* (Victor); John Raitt (Decca).

Mario's new MGM film will make his own versions of these two songs the best-sellers. We think he's made better records, though, and you may agree that Nat's version of the title tune gets a more fitting mood.

THE MERRY WIDOW—Selections by Fernando Lamas* (MGM).

The trend toward making movie musicals out of musical comedy classics reaches a new peak with the Lana Turner-Fernando Lamas version of *The Merry Widow.* The real star of the picture, of course, is Franz Lehar, aided considerably by a gentleman who never met Lehar but who collaborated neatly by setting new lyrics to some of these famous melodies. The album, recorded directly from the sound-track, includes the *Merry Widow Waltz; Girls, Girls, Girls; Maxim's; Night; Vilia; Gypsy Music* and *Can Can.* The MGM Studio orchestra and chorus under Jack Blackton give Lamas sterling assistance.

THE QUIET MAN—Selections by Merv Griffin* (Victor).

The picture was shot on location in Ireland and the background music was very authentic. Merv brings the right sentimental atmosphere to his interpretations of *Isle of Innisfree, The Young May Moon, The Humor Is On Me Now, Mush-Mush-Mush-Tural-I-Addy, Galway Bay, The Kerry Dance, The Wild Colonial Boy* and *I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen.*

POPULAR

TAKES TWO TO TANGO—Pearl Bailey** (Coral).

This delightfully humorous number looks like becoming Pearl's biggest record hit since *Tired.*

MY LOVE AND DEVOTION—Perry Como** (Victor).

A fine new ballad by Perry, coupled with a lively, pleasant item entitled *Sweethearts' Holiday.*

ELLA FITZGERALD--*Trying** (Decca).

PATTI PAGE—*I Went To Your Wedding** (Mercury).

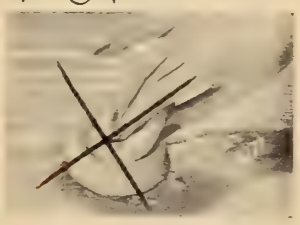
no wet sponge



no greasy fingertips



no spilly powder





Angel Face

by POND'S

smooths on with a puff —and stays!

In this adorable Mirror Case your powder and foundation in-one!





Also in this sweet blue-and-gold box, at 59¢, 89¢*

An angelic complexion—in 5 seconds! A touch of the puff smooths you, "de-shines" you, gives a heavenly, soft finish that *clings*—much longer than plain powder! Because Angel Face is powder *and* foundation in *one*! The Duchess de Richelieu says, *"Angel Face is the cleverest make-up, so flattering!"*

Tuck it in your handbag! In the new Mirror Case with puff, mirror and Angel Face, you carry a *complete*, velvety complexion! Can't spill! *"Angel Face is the most important bit of flattery in my handbag,"* Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr. says. In six sweet skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case, $1*

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Cover Girl beauties have it... so can you!

"Every girl should know," says lovely model Ann Moore, "how *easy* it is to make her skin look its prettiest! A change to Ivory and regular care is all that's needed. Truly, it works wonders!" Why not let Ivory begin its beauty-work on *your* complexion?

That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!



Nursery beauties have it... so can you!

Why be jealous of the radiance of Baby Justine's skin after her daily Ivory bath? What pure, mild Ivory does for her skin, it can do for yours! Remember, more doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin—and yours —than all other brands of soap put together!



You can have That Ivory Look in just one week!

Something new and wonderful can happen to your complexion—in 7 short days! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. Your complexion will be smoother, softer, younger-looking. You'll have *That Ivory Look*—a week from this very day!

99 44/100% pure



...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

HAS MARIO SET HOLLYWOOD ON ITS EAR ONCE TOO OFTEN? HERE'S THE STORY OF THE LATEST HASSLE.

LANZA FIGHTS AGAIN

by Caroline Brooks



■ Ever since MGM signed him to a contract, Mario Lanza had proven himself a thorn in the corporate flesh of Loew's, Inc., a hundred million dollar holding company which owns and operates the studio.

According to executives, Mario has fought with directors, writers, producers, makeup men, musicians—practically every department on the lot.

He has argued with Dore Schary who runs the studio, tussled verbally with little Joe Pasternak, his producer, complained vociferously about the choice of musical conductors, commented acidly on the studio's insistence that he cut down on his weight.

In short, Mario in the past three years has earned the reputation, either justified or not—it all depends on whose side you're sitting—of being MGM's bad boy. He is at this writing the *enfant terrible* of Hollywood, the tantrummental star whose moods and outbursts have brought down upon his head the same type of censure that a few short years ago was meted out to another unstable star, Judy Garland.

The long-simmering feud between Mario and MGM reached the boiling point in August of this year when the studio decided that it had taken all of Lanza's shenanigans (*Continued on page 103*)



Aly chased his princess half-way around the world, to meet her behind closed doors in Hollywood. Here an outstanding reporter reveals the strange facts behind the headlines.

■ A woman meets a man who's gay, dashing, flirtatious, restless, unpredictable, selfish, and utterly fascinating. She marries him. And immediately tries to make him over into the age-old popular mold of a mate who is solid, stay-at-home and completely stable. Rita Hayworth was no exception. She did everything in and out of the book to force her prince charming to fit the pattern prescribed by American wives for American husbands. And it looked like she had finally succeeded when, in August, Prince Aly Khan flew to Hollywood and without waiting to change his clothes, dashed to Rita's rented house in Beverly Hills for a six hour huddle that lasted till nearly three in the morning.

But the victory was abortive and pyrrhic. It was Rita who had to change. Aly wouldn't and couldn't. And contrary to report, it was Rita who wanted the reconciliation, Rita who wept and

ALY ARRIVED IN HOLLYWOOD



Aly's host, Vidor, welcomes him.

sheilah graham tells

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED BETWEEN RITA AND ALY

begged for forgiveness, who said she had made a mistake in running away from her Prince and who promised to do everything and anything if he would forget, forgive and take her back.

"I realize now I was wrong to leave you," Rita told Aly in the first rush of remorse. The Prince, gallant in the hour of delayed victory, soothed Rita, and like a father talking to a no longer rebellious child, replied that it wasn't a question of who was right or who was wrong. The problem was, could she accept him as the man she married, a Prince with a thousand years of Ismalite tradition, who belonged in part to his religious followers, a smooth sophisticate who could never conform to the humdrum limits outlined by the retiring Rita, terrified-of-people, tongue-tied in company, who would rather wear jeans than jewels.

Rita said she would. But let's face it. While she had enough sex appeal to catch him, is Rita clever enough to hold him? And if, when you read this, the reconciliation has gone kaput, it will only be because in the final analysis, Rita cannot quite cope with Aly's way of life, which he will never change for Rita or any other woman. In fact, even when Rita assured Aly she was ready to live with him as his wife, he begged her to consider long and very seriously before joining him in Europe. Because he isn't sure it can work. Neither am I.

The big trouble is that, while Aly has never wanted a divorce, he has always wanted freedom—four freedoms. in fact—to do as he pleases, to see whom he pleases, to travel when he wants to, and to gamble for high stakes when he's in the mood. And the ideal life, from his point of view, would be if Rita and little Yasmin and Rebecca lived with him from April until November. Then he would go off on his travels, as he will this year to India and South America, with Rita returning to Hollywood for six months to continue her career in movies.

And there's the rub. Rita is an all or nothing girl. She always wants to give up everything for the man she loves, and she expects the same consideration from the man. And this worries Aly. He knows that even though she promised "I will do everything your way," that when the rosy glow of renewed domesticity wears off and he packs up to go on his travels, her American upbringing, which has a few traditions of its own, might send her fleeing back again to the land of the hot dog and the way of life she knows and understands.

Very few people know why Rita left Aly in the first place. The parting is usually ascribed to Aly's dalliance with dames, especially Katharine Dunham. Aly's attentions to the dancer didn't improve the situation, naturally, but Rita took fright, then flight, when Aly displayed his serious side with his Moslem followers in Africa. She couldn't (*Continued on page 70*).

HOPING FOR A RECONCILIATION. BUT, ALTHOUGH RITA WAS "VERY HAPPY" TO SEE HIM, IT WAS NO GO.



Newsmen flock to Rita's house . . .



to interview Aly and Rita (back to camera) . . .



but Aly leaves alone. All for nothing?



the GOLD DUST TWINS

The words "movie star" used to mean fabulous ways of life, leopard-lined Rolls Royces and capital-G Glamor—but Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift have reduced the term to torn T-shirts and old tennis shoes. Are these two deglamorizing the film capital? Have they neglected their obligations to the fans who put them in the chips? Is their contempt for Hollywood fair, considering that Hollywood feeds them? Here is an unusually frank commentary written by a top reporter and presented just as we received it.

The Editors

■ Nicholas Schenck, the mogul behind the scenes at MGM, recently made one of his infrequent trips to Hollywood to see what was happening at his giant glamor factory, the studio. On the surface things appeared to be in order. The cameras were turning, the directors directing, the actors acting, the commissary was open and selling chicken soup. Dore Schary was in his office plotting new and better movies, and his underlings were still driving to work in Cadillacs every morning. But something was wrong, and Schenck was worried.

Nicholas Schenck's first concern is revenue. He is the man who is directly responsible to the stockholders and he knew, on this trip, that a good many things had to be done to stimulate the nation's interest in movies.

"We're losing our touch," Schenck is reported to have said at a closed meeting of top brass. "The whole world used to be interested in everything that went on here. We were the most glamorous city in the modern world. The name 'Movie Star' was a label that meant a fascinating, exciting man or woman, and it brought people into our theatres in packs, just to get a glimpse of the great stars in good pictures or bad. What has happened to that?"

Nicholas Schenck was speaking of the days when movie stars drove leopard skin-lined Rolls Royces and appeared in public swimming in rare furs or, in the case of the men, wearing capes and followed by a retinue of flunkeys. And while he was trying to make his point, one of the current stars, assigned to make a movie at his studio, was just reporting for work.

Well, to say the least, it wasn't like it used to be. The man stepped through the front door of the studio wearing a pair of blue jeans and somebody else's shirt rolled up at the sleeves and not entirely buttoned in front. His hair hadn't been combed, at least not that day, and there was a stubble of beard on his chin. His shoes were unshined, and his manner was that of a laborer asking at the back gate for a day's work. He was, however, greeted excitedly and ushered quickly into the swank office of the producer who was to make his film. His name was Marlon Brando.

On the other side of town, at Warner Brothers, a tired publicity man was sitting at his desk holding his head in his hands. He was assigned to publicize an Alfred Hitchcock movie, *I Confess,* and he was looking into as bleak a future as a man in his position could imagine. On his desk was a list of phone calls from reporters and magazine writers who wanted to help him. All he had to do was produce the star of the picture. But the press agent couldn't deliver, for his star, at that moment, was where he had been ever since he got into town. Dressed in old flannels and looking every inch like a mechanic off duty, he was sprawled out on a bed in a third rate apartment house, dozing. His name was Montgomery Clift.

Eccentricities of all sorts amuse most people, but the eccentricities of Marlon Brando (*Continued on page 92*)





A word of warning to Van Johnson from an old friend

State of the Union

Dear Van:

■ It's been several days since we talked, and as I've got to make a report to the editors of MODERN SCREEN on our discussion, I thought I'd better re-check some of the things we spoke of with you and tell you just exactly how I feel about them.

It's a little embarrassing, Van, to have to sit down with a fellow—particularly a friend—and ask him about his marital life. But I did it and I'm glad. And your understanding that this is all just part of being a star in Hollywood, with your life an open book, made it a lot easier for me.

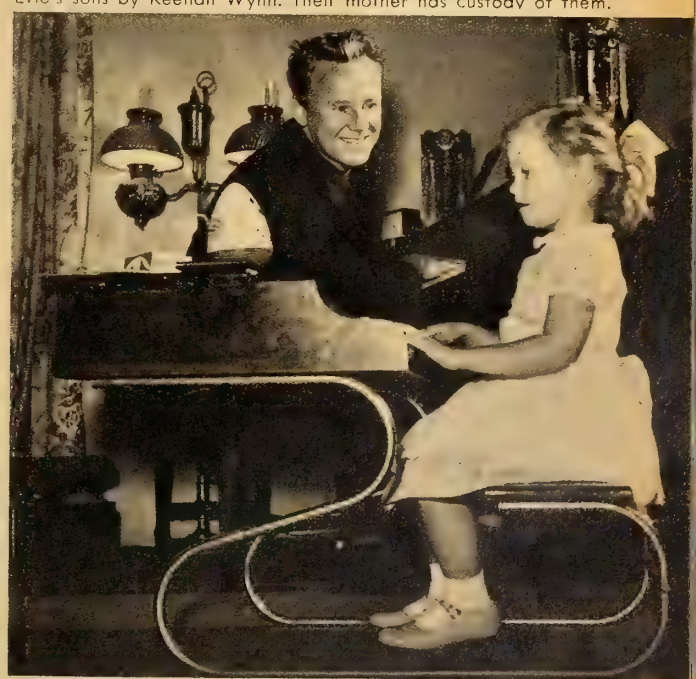
First, Van, it must be faced that for the past couple of months stories have been appearing in the papers intimating that things between you and Evie are not entirely harmonious. Not entirely the way they should be.

Now even though you and Evie and most of your intimate friends knew this to be nonsense, it began to hurt. Once an intimation of anything of this sort appears in print, an actor and his wife have to begin walking on eggs, because if they show anything but extreme passion for one another in public, the tongues begin wagging harder and louder than ever. For instance, if you neglect to help Evie on with a wrap when leaving a night club some night, you might conceivably read in the papers the next morning that you had knocked her to the ground. Sadly enough, many people would believe it, for this is a city and an era of exaggeration.

It just seems as though a man in your position can't cry NO loud enough to make people believe you. A good example of this took place a few years ago. Two columnists (*Continued on page 98*)



It's hard to tell who's having more fun playing soldiers, seven-year-old Tracy, or Van. Tracy and his brother, Ned, 11, are Evie's sons by Keenan Wynn. Their mother has custody of them.



Van and Evie's Schuyler is talented for a four-year-old, plays piano already. Van wants the kids to grow up in the North, where they can see the seasons change, as he did when he was a boy.

You're On, Kids!





Betty and Charlie got away from it all when they took a two-week vacation at Lake Tahoe. Afterwards, they went to London to do their own show at the Palladium.

At the peak of her career Betty Hutton has walked out! But it's the beginning of a new life and career with Charles O'Curran . . . strictly on their own.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK



The O'Currans took a small mountain cabin and Betty did her own cooking and cleaning. They were alone, except for a brief, hectic visit from Lindsay and Candy.



Charlie pointed out the breathtaking scenery to an enchanted Betty. She was really ready for a vacation after her strenuous USO trek to Korea and her highly successful vaudeville debut at New York's Palace Theatre last spring.



Betty's card-playing left lots to be desired. One night at Cal-Neva lodge, the house let Betty deal at blackjack and, oddly, not a customer lost.

■ One rainy afternoon last May, while sitting in her dressing room at the Palace Theatre in New York where she was appearing in her own stage show, Betty Hutton suddenly rebelled at the course of her career. She was at the top of her professional life, having earned almost two million dollars before she was 31, but she had come to the shocking realization that all her fame failed to add one whit to her security and that of her husband and children. She had kept thinking it was crazy, a tricky, economic slip-up that would be straightened out. But it wasn't being straightened out, and she couldn't wait any longer.

Only a few weeks before this, right after her marriage to Charles O'Curran, this depressing truth had been made clear to her again. Like a new bride will, she had been musing contentedly on their future together. "Just think," she speculated once, "if I wanted to—which I don't!—I could give up the screen and stage and just be a wife. After all, you have a good job. We could get along."

"We could not only get along," Charlie assured her, "but we would have just about as much left, after taxes, as if you were working."

Since Betty was then getting $5,000 a week (and had been for seven years), she patted his head consolingly and said she was sure he would feel better in the morning. "It must be something you married that's disagreeing with you," she told him. But Charlie found a pencil and proceeded to prove his point. Even though, as a dance director, he made only a fifth as much as Betty, their combined income put them into such a high tax bracket that they would have practically as much for themselves just living on his salary.

Betty was hypnotized by his figures. "What's it all about then?" she asked. "I've worked ever since I was a kid. All those years fighting to get somewhere and . . . and it's just glory? If I keep on like this, I won't have an extra cent to chip in for us or to use to safeguard my children? Nothing but a big whoop-de-do I couldn't (*Continued on next page*)



When they found themselves worrying about the future, Betty and Charlie made a pact not to think about it, to relax and have fun. They soon got to know their neighbors and learned to water-ski, got quite proficient at it, in fact.





Before long it was hard for them to remember there was such a thing as work, or that it was anything more than an occasional trip to the local grocery store to lay in supplies. For two such busy people, that was something.

exchange for a loaf of bread?"

"Nothing," Charlie had answered. "So just be a wife and let the old man bring in the money."

"But . . . but I can't!" she had exclaimed. "You know I love to work. I've got to work. It's in me and has to come out. Yet it should mean something to us. It ought not to come to nothing."

Betty kept dwelling on this talk. Then she got the idea of Charlie producing a stage show around her to be booked at the Palace. "Don't!" everyone warned her. "You can't follow Judy Garland." But as if she were bound to test herself (and she was), Betty went ahead. Waiting for the opening in May was like holding her breath. Then . . . a smash success. Yet, even this didn't change the basic situation and now, on this afternoon backstage between shows, Betty could not contain herself any longer.

She phoned her agent, Abe Lastfogel of the William Morris office, and, dressed in an old pair of slacks, went out to meet him in a small delicatessen store near the stage entrance. When he got there, she was at a table staring moodily at a 40 cent sandwich she had ordered but apparently couldn't eat. She tried to control herself as she talked, but the tears came before two words were out. She announced broken-heartedly that she could no longer go on in Hollywood as a studio star. She must strike out for herself.

They talked for an hour. "All I own to my name today," she told him, "is the house we live in. After all my years of struggling! . . . and I would have lost that if my show at the Palace had flopped.

He knew what she meant. Despite her high earnings, Betty had not had enough clear money of her own to organize the stage company and had to pledge all she owned to swing the financing. But he also knew that Betty had always been a victim of the performer's inborn fear of being "at liberty" i.e., unsigned and without a steady income. She had had her days with "short meals," her weeks of pinching nickels, sometimes borrowed nickels. He reminded her of it.

"If you want to be independent and go into business for yourself, that's fine," he said. "For taking the financial risks involved you are permitted to profit more. That's business. But these are touchy times. If you win . . . great. But if you (*Continued on page 66*)

QUIZ KID

Ten years ago he caddied for Crosby, Gable and Astaire . . . and they laughed when he said he'd grow up to be in pictures. But they remember Bob Wagner now.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ "Say!" hailed the tall, grinning kid, strolling in from the fairway's edge and up to the Bel-Air foursome. "Want to buy a ball?"

One of the golfers extended his hand. "Let's see it, R. J.," he said, and inspected the proffered pill, which was hardly a prize in any self respecting linksman's book. The paint was cracked and on the cover, where a vicious iron had topped it, there was a smile almost as big as the one on the face of the tow-headed scavenger.

Randy Scott, who was the golfer accosted that day, started to shake his head but he knew he didn't have a chance.

"Let you have it for a real bargain," pressed the determined young salesman. "Two bits. I need the dough. Got a date. Thanks!" He caught the spinning coin and hustled off toward the thirteenth green, ducking through the hedge and across the street. That's where Robert John Wagner, Junior, lived. In a sec he had swung aboard his bike and was pedalling down the hill to pick up a cutie whom he had promised a double-jumbo malt at Tom Crumplar's in Westwood Village.

A scene like that was pretty common around the Bel-Air Country Club about ten years ago, when Bob Wagner was twelve years old and by summer profession a caddy. To tell the truth, he wasn't too hot a caddy for a couple of reasons: one was that packing bags and spotting balls for such movie star members as Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Randy Scott, Fred Astaire and others, Bob was inclined to rivet eyes on his employers in a worshipful manner instead of on the balls they smacked, so usually the balls got lost. And then, just as a player started a backswing designed to wham out a 300-yard drive, "R.J.," as they all know him, was prone to paralyze the project by inquiring, "Say, Mister Gable, about that scene where you socked the guy and drove off with the girl: How could you shift gears with your hand around her waist?"

"The Quiz Kid" they (*Continued on page 73*)




"I want
to be
loved"

This one's too cagy to get married, say the Hollywood sages. But Marilyn says: "You can't kiss a career good-night." The answer might be just a guy named Joe.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ One afternoon about eight months ago a friend of Marilyn Monroe decided to play Cupid and called her on the phone.

"You're always saying," he began, "how tough it is to meet nice eligible young men in Hollywood."

"That's true," Marilyn said.

"Well, I've got a great guy for you to meet tonight," the friend continued. "I'm sure you'll like him."

Her curiosity piqued, Marilyn insisted upon knowing something about her blind date. "Is he in show business?" she asked.

"He's not in show business," the friend said, "but he's the sweetest man right now this side of the Mississippi. Honest! I'll pick you up at eight. We're dining at the Villanova."

The Villanova is one of those warm, intimate, Italian restaurants with soft lights, candles on the table, bottles of Chianti, platters of antipasto, and huge casseroles crammed with spaghetti and meat balls.

Joe DiMaggio, one of the greatest baseball players in the history of the game, was sitting in a booth waiting. As Marilyn and her friend approached, the tall, dark, (*Continued on page 101*)



Marilyn appears at most Hollywood parties alone, leaves alone. But that's when Joe DiMaggio's in New York. The consistent "Gee, we're just friends" answer Marilyn and Joe give can't be depended on, intimates say.

My meal ticket is
a big, brawny hunk of man
named Jeff Chandler . . .
and with his looks
and my brains we'll both
be eating well for
a long time to come!



Jeff's one of the few stars who answers all fan mail personally. He dictates to blonde secretary Arleen Franz every day.

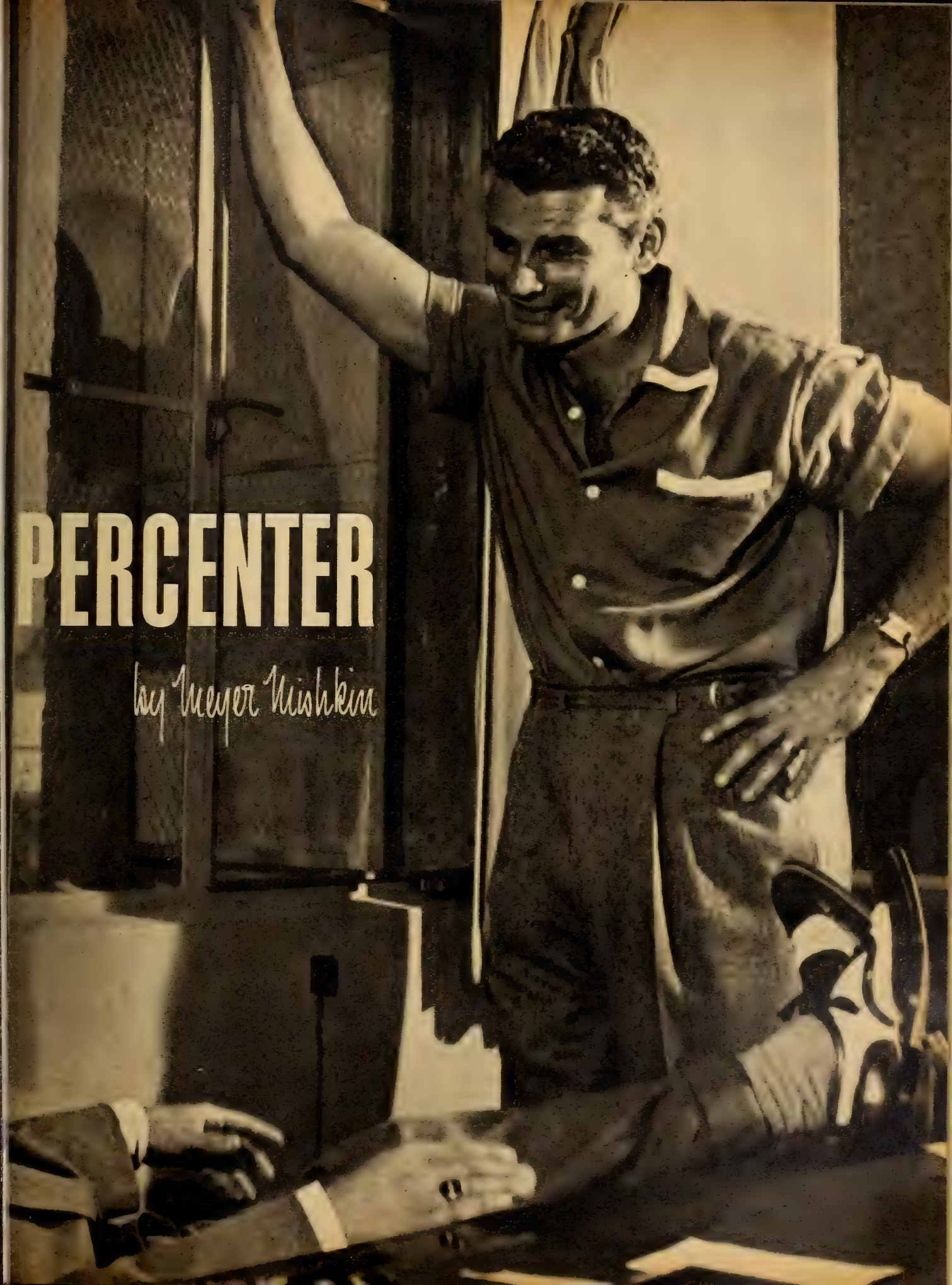
CONFESSIONS OF A TEN-

■ Each week Jeff Chandler, a wavy-haired, mammoth-shouldered giant who weighs 214 lbs. with a towel around his midriff, and stands six feet four in his size 12 shoes, pays me ten percent of his considerable salary. Like clockwork.

I am Jeff's talent representative, or if you want to be down to earth, I'm his agent. Lots of people don't like to use the word "agent" in polite society because supposedly it conjures up images of blood-suckers, leeches, Draculas and other such parasites. But let's face it. In Hollywood the actor or actress without an agent doesn't eat regularly.

When Jeff isn't working, which, knock on wood, is never, I find him employment. When he is working, which is *always,* I go over his contract with a microscope. I get it renewed when it expires—at more money if possible. In his case it was possible. I pick up his check at the studio every Friday. Never miss a single week. I read his scripts and try to see that he stars only in top-grade films which can further his career. I handle all the requests for benefit appearances. And I go around Hollywood insisting that Jeff Chandler (*Continued on page 89*)




PERCENTER
by Meyer Mishkin

House in the Clouds

■ Bob Mitchum's wife, Dorothy, was riding along Ventura Boulevard in Los Angeles a few weeks ago when a truck suddenly pulled out of a side street. Dorothy swung her car around, narrowly avoiding a crackup.

Muttering some pithy words which best expressed her outraged feelings, Dorothy caught up with the truck at the next stop light. She rolled down the window, prepared to give the driver a salty piece of self-rehearsed dialogue. She took one look, however, and her car motor abruptly stalled.

The truck driver was Jane Russell!

At dinner that night Dorothy turned to Bob and said, "Can you give me one reason why Jane Russell should be driving a truck along Ventura Boulevard?"

Mitchum thought for a moment. "Maybe she was delivering her own groceries."

"No kidding," Dorothy insisted. "She almost crashed into me this afternoon."

Mitch shrugged his shoulders. "How should I know? Why don't you call her up and tell her you're going to have her license revoked?"

The idea of calling Jane appealed to Dorothy. The girls had a short conversation. Only thirty-five minutes long.



Chinese antiques and contemporary architecture mix gracefully in the dining area of the living room. The simple Chinese table is impressive in front of the glass-wall.



The Waterfields spend their leisure hours beside the irregularly-shaped pool. There's a spectacular view of the San Fernando Valley, where they grew up together.

Jane wanted her home to combine the stone and



"Tell me," Dorothy began good-naturedly, "was that you driving a truck this afternoon?"

Jane giggled. "Did you see me? Wasn't it a riot? It wasn't my truck, you know. I just borrowed it from the filling station. How come? Well, you know the headboard of our double bed? And the two bedside tables? I wanted them covered with silver leaf. (*Continued on next page*)



The entrance hall is a wooden-banistered stairwell that curves gracefully through the house.

The ideal site was hard to find, but now the Waterfields live on top of the world, a near vertical climb up from the San Fernando Valley

BY MARVA PETERSON

wood solidarity of a 17th Century manor house with the beauty of contemporary colors and fabrics. The living room shows how well she succeeded.

Jane relaxes beside the pool with pet dogs Blitz and Katrinka. She likes the feeling she gets there of being on the rim of the world.



When Jane started talking about building a house, Bob agreed she could do whatever she wanted, as long as he had a den to call his own. Jane made sure he got his den, a wonderful place full of his guns, trophies and sports memorabilia.





Jane's decorating ideas are sometimes unusual, always effective. *Top:* her jewelry-bedecked tree; *bottom:* the stone Buddha.

A decorator with bright ideas, Jane knows just what she wants, and she'll even drive a truck to get it!



Pantry, kitchen and hobby-room make this three-part unit, all covered with a stylized Chinese wallpaper. The Waterfields often eat breakfast and lunch here.



The wood-paneled den was designed as a small work room and not a second living room. It's also a secluded spot where Jane can read scripts and watch TV, and Bob can work undisturbed at his desk.

The prices they asked me were preposterous. Honest! I finally decided to silver the raw wood myself."

Jane then proceeded to explain that she did the job in a friend's studio and, when it was finished, needed a truck to cart the furniture back to her hilltop home. She asked the boys at the corner filling station if she could borrow their pickup truck for an hour. "They told me I didn't have a card from the Teamsters' Union and that I was a threat to the highway system of America," Jane continued, "but in the end they let me have it."

Jane piled in with Tony, her gardener, and that night, when her husband Bob Waterfield arrived home for dinner, RKO's number one glamor girl had all the furniture in place.

To people who know Jane Russell well, this story is typical of the girl. Once she gets a bee in her bonnet, no matter how dreamy, no matter how violent the objections of experts, she insists upon carrying it through.

According to her All-American quarterback of a husband, their entire home was built on this Russell principle.

"Jane wanted a house in the clouds," Bob says. "On the level. I don't know how she did it, but that's the kind of house we live in. And it's darn well constructed, too." (*Continued on page 77*)



The one touch of elegance in her simply decorated bedroom is this Chinese screen Jane dreamed of owning, and later found by accident in a decorator's shop. Their bed is same one Bob had as a boy.



"How we made it all in one piece is a wonder," says Sue Ladd. And, as she reclines in a deck chair in mid-ocean, she expects to be told any minute that one of the kids was left home in the rush.

We're Off!

BY SUE CAROL LADD

■ I am sitting here on the Ile de France, somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, in a deck chair that feels like Cleopatra's most cushioned couch. To me, anything would feel comfortable at this point—anything that was horizontal and softer than granite. It's the first time in three months that either Alan or I have been able to sit down without lists of details to be hashed over with each other. It's also the first time I've had a chance to write MODERN SCREEN about our trip. They asked me, weeks ago, to give them a blow by blow account of our evacuation to Europe, but the blows came so fast and furiously that there hasn't been time until this moment.

Frankly, I never thought we'd all board this ship in one piece. I remember one night when Alan came home from working in *Desert Legion* at Universal-International, and found the usual pandemonium that had been ruling the house for weeks. Some strangers were being shown through the house, people who were considering renting it during our absence. I was on the telephone, talking to someone about sending our car over to England, and David was standing patiently by (*Continued on page 105*)

JUST BEFORE THEY LEFT, ALAN COMPLETED THIS DREAM PLAYHOUSE FOR THE KIDS



The kids take possession of "The Castle Princess," a model home-ette Alan had built for them. It's all their own—grown ups allowed, but by invitation only!



Five-year-old David dons "formal attire" after spending weeks in overalls as the official foreman for the house. Nine-year-old Alana provided inspiration, Dad, money.



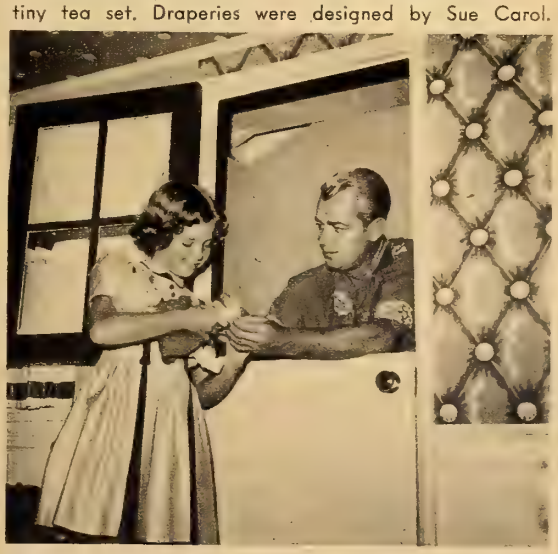
The whole playhouse is scaled to the children's size. Windows are on eye level, chairs fit them perfectly, the piano is a miniature one. Their mother did the decorating.



Alana's first tea party was a social success. Her guest of honor: Alan, of course. She served him with her own tiny tea set. Draperies were designed by Sue Carol.



Even the telephone is scaled to Alana's and David's size. It connects with the main building, and comes in pretty handy when Alana bakes a cake and runs out of sugar.



But no sooner had the house been completed than it had to be locked up tight. They're abroad now, but looking forward to happy hours in their own playhouse soon.

by Jim Burton

Once in love with Janie...

■ This is a kind of anniversary in a way. A kind of double anniversary for Jane Powell. Just about the time you will be reading this article, Jane and her husband, Geary Steffan, will be celebrating their third wedding anniversary. And Jane will be celebrating her tenth year in Hollywood. It seems proper, then, to take a look back, as sentimental people do, and once again savor the high spots and laugh at the low. And, best of all, look closely at the present.

Well, the present, for Jane and Geary Steffan, is pretty ordinary, if you call things going according to plan ordinary. No great comedy or tragedy is current in their lives. But, as they took stock of things the other day, Jane and Geary sat and smiled like a couple of kids who were close to the last payment on the car or had just finished finally, after several seasons, getting rid of the snails in the lawn. They weren't smug, because anything can happen. But they were, nevertheless, serene in the knowledge that they had accomplished most of what they had promised themselves five years (*Continued on page 94*)



WHEN JANE'S NOT MAKING MOVIES, SHE'S OFF ON A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY... POSING FOR HER HUSBAND'S CANDID CAMERA. HERE ARE GEARY'S FAVORITE SNAPSHOTS OF MRS. STEFFAN TAKEN FROM HIS OWN ALBUM...



I CATCH JANIE CAT-NAPPING



LONG LAZY DAY AT THE LAKE



WHO SAYS MY WIFE CAN'T SKI!



JANIE AND GEARY III MY FAVORITE PEOPLE



MY GAL EVEN POSES BETWEEN COURSES



SHE'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE

Once there was a girl who liked to spend a quiet evening at home with a good book. That was the old Annie Baxter, who doesn't live here any more.

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

EVERY GIRL NEEDS SEX APPEAL

■ Just before she took off for Quebec where she is currently co-starring with Montgomery Clift in *I Confess,* Anne Baxter was sitting in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox, munching a ham and swiss on toast.

A director who's put Anne through the paces in four films, happened to walk into the eatery with Marilyn Monroe.

"Who's that platinum blonde with the poodle cut?" he asked, nodding at Anne.

"Are you kidding?" Marilyn asked.

"No," said the director. "Who is she? Her face teases my memory."

"It should," Marilyn said. "That's Anne Baxter."

The director did a double take. "Anne Baxter?" He walked over to the table and sat down. "Holy catfish!" he exploded. "It really is you, Anne, isn't it?"

Anne Baxter, one of Hollywood's finest dramatic actresses, the brainy, demure, talented brunette who won an Oscar for her marvelous portrayal of a lost woman in *Razor's Edge* and an Academy Award nomination for her outstanding work in *All About Eve* has gone on a sex appeal kick.

She has cut her hair short.

She has had it dyed blonde.

She has reduced her weight to 107 lbs.

She has reduced the necklines on her dresses to new and daring lows.

She has posed for cheesecake pictures in bathing suits that leave precious little to the imagination.

She has experimented with wearing artificial beauty marks and eyelashes.

In short, Anne is fed up with the way she's been presented to the public and is determined to become more sexy, more stimulating, more exciting—three adjectives, she feels, every girl should have.

(*Continued on page 84*)



The world thought it knew a lot about Bing Crosby—but here is a new portrait of its idol: a shaken man, deep in sorrow and wishing that the last 20 years had been different.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



This was Dixie Lee in 1930.

dixie and bing: THEIR TRAGIC LOVE

■ One day a few weeks ago a man walked down an upstairs corridor of St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, California. He had walked it before and knew it well. It was sterile and shiny and very modern. The walls and the floor curved into each other gently so that there'd be no place for dust to collect and the linoleum the man walked on was hard and shiny and made resounding noises as his feet paced his progress. Wide brown doors opened on either side of the hall and they seemed endless. Nurses and nuns passed briskly and nodded politely and some of them smiled.

This man walking down this corridor was probably the most famous man in the world today; better known than kings and better loved than statesmen and great benefactors. And his troubles, if he could have shared them that day, would have gladly been accepted by millions of people who had grown to know him and love him as Bing Crosby, a crooner, a singer of ballads, a flip man with a joke and a handy man with a golf club. Beyond these things he had never been very accomplished, but he had somehow achieved the position of a revered human. Maybe it was because of his family life.

When he reached the rear of the hall, Bing Crosby pushed open one of the brown doors and entered a corner room. A woman lay in the bed, quietly resting in the filtered light from drawn venetian blinds. There were a lot of flowers in the room but little else. Bing walked to the bed and stood looking down at her for a moment, then he touched her hand and they smiled. The woman was pale and thin. She (*Continued on page 60*)

IT WAS A STORYBOOK MARRIAGE OF AN



Bing was a hard-drinking, fast-living party boy when he first met Dixie; she was the exact opposite. But they were attracted to each other from the start.



Dixie left the movies when she had the twins, Philip and Dennis, in order to devote her time to her children, and other stars quickly took her place.

UNKNOWN CROONER AND A FAMOUS STAR. BUT AS BING ROSE TO FAME, DIXIE RETIRED INTO THE BACKGROUND



They married in 1930, and their first separation came only a year later. Friends blamed it on Bing's adolescent attitude toward responsibility.



When Dixie threatened to divorce him, Bing came to his senses and pleaded with her to remain with him. Their first baby, Gary Evan, came along soon after.



Family life came first, from then on. Bing bought a big home in Rancho Santa Fe, complete with tennis court and pool.



Lindsay completed the Crosby "full house" in 1940. Several years later, Dixie was chosen filmdom's ideal mother. These were happy years.



Trouble started again after all the boys had been born. But, even though they were unhappy, Dixie and Bing stayed together for the children's sake.



Dixie met Bing with a kiss on his return from South America in 1941. Usually shy in public, this was a rare picture.

MORE →



As early as 1941, newsmen rarely found the whole Crosby family together; Dixie's public appearances were becoming infrequent. Here, her "five boys" welcome her home after a trip.



Bing stayed away from home more and more as his fame increased. When the children were young, Dixie always had plenty to do, taking care of them, but when they went to military school, she was left alone.



As teen-agers, the boys worked each summer on the Crosby ranch at Elko, Nevada. But Dixie preferred remaining alone in the Holmby Hills mansion to roughing it at the ranch.



The most recent time Dixie posed for candids was during an interview with Hedda Hopper in 1948. Since then, she's avoided newsmen, although she made headlines when Bing went to Europe in 1950 without her.

dixie and bing: continued

was Dixie Crosby, Bing's wife. She'd been ill a long time.

Although the world thought it knew a lot about Bing and Dixie Crosby, it really didn't. For instance, right at that moment it didn't know that Dixie Crosby was terribly ill, and that this day was, in a sense, a day of atonement, a day of remorse, a time of accounting. It didn't know that here, in this hospital room, its idol was a shaken man, deep in sorrow and pitiful in the wish that his last twenty years had been different.

They stood alone in the regret they shared and they asked no sympathy, for they both knew that this might be the end of their time together. Life never goes on forever, and a grave illness makes people think that way.

Twenty years ago Bing was an unknown troubador and Dixie a rising young movie star. He was penniless and underpaid, and she was making a lot of money and seemed headed for the heights in motion pictures. Bing Crosby, if you knew him in those days, was pretty much a character. Each night he reported for work at the Cocoanut Grove, a night club in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles and, as part of a trio known as the rhythm boys, banged through a dozen or so songs very much in the manner of a group of male Andrews Sisters. And at the end of each show, Bing, a gregarious lad, sauntered from the stage and sat at the tables with the customers and laughed and chatted and (*Continued on next page*)



The four Crosby boys are so closely identified with Bing, many people forget it was Dixie who brought them up, and molded them into the well adjusted young men they are today.



This is the Holmby Hills home in which Dixie shut herself away from the world most of the time. Never an avid hostess, not many had seen her home until MODERN SCREEN did a story on it 2 years ago.

Dixie made one of her rare night club appearances, partly to counteract unpleasant gossip, when Bing returned from Europe.



sipped until it was time to go home.

Although he wasn't ever a handsome fellow, Bing was always likeable. And when it was time for him to sing his solo numbers, he leaned back on the piano and closed his eyes and, with all the casual abandon of a kid humming himself to sleep, proceeded to awaken an urge to possess him in all the women in the room. When a local radio station began carrying the program, it soon became evident that better than half the radio sets in Los Angeles were tuned to the station listening to Bing sing. He was the number one romantic rave of the town.

The first meeting between Bing and Dixie took place at a party held after the Cocoanut Grove closed. She was across the room talking to a group of friends and Bing couldn't take his eyes from her. She was a lovely thing, bright as a new dime and filled with a gay humor that made her universally liked. Bing waited for Dixie to come over, as most women did in those days. But she didn't. She ignored him —although later events proved she was just as fascinated as the rest of the women —and pretended to be vitally interested in her own friends. After a while Bing walked over toward her and waited politely until someone introduced them.

Now, despite Bing Crosby's obvious ability to handle all situations, he is by nature a very shy man. And, like most shy men in public life, he has a tendency to be brash when he is most embarrassed. It was that way when he first met Dixie. Casually, he shook hands and made a simple remark or two about how much he enjoyed her work. Dixie accepted the compliments, coolly. And in a few minutes Bing found it necessary to leave her, so he slipped closer and whispered confidentially in her ear.

"Look," he said, "you seem like a very nice girl. Let's get together sometime. Call me, huh?"

Dixie froze him with a glance. "As long as I live," she said, "I'll *never* call you." And she walked away.

The Crosbys have been married more than twenty years now and to this day Dixie has never called Bing for any reason. It is part of the agreement she made with herself that night.

The courtship of Bing and Dixie Crosby was a rather erratic one. Bing was a young hellion at the time and generous to himself with illicit gin. He was a powerful man, able to tear a phone book in two with his hands and capable of staying on his feet around the clock, and of still doing his show, anytime a party seemed to warrant it. Dixie, on the other hand, was gentle, careful of her career and health and just about as far from being a party girl as you can get. What attracted them to each other is as hard to say as it is with most people. But Bing, from the first meeting, was fascinated and unable to hide it or fight it.

As they grew to like being together more, Dixie changed her entire attitude and started a one-woman campaign to straighten the young singer out. She'd break his gin bottles and cart him off to a Turkish bath every time she thought it wise. She laid down pretty strict rules of deportment, and was a stern disciplinarian whenever Bing broke them. And when they were married, she accepted the responsibilities of being Bing's wife completely. She suffered the disappointments he did and tried to make him like his life better than he had as a single man. She held back nothing of herself to make Bing the husband that she had always wanted to meet and marry.

The first separation came possibly a year after they were married. It was due, their friends say, to Bing's adolescent attitude toward *his* responsibilities. Bing seemed to want to go on with his partying and playing, considering his contribution to life to be his nightly appearance at the Cocoanut Grove. The papers were pretty aware of Bing in those days, even though he was not at all famous nationally. And they were *very* aware of Dixie. She was riding on the wave of the new sound that had come to the movies, and was considered the biggest song and dance actress of the day. So, when it was suddenly announced she had gone to Ensenada, Mexico, possibly to get a divorce, the news made the front pages.

Something snapped in Bing Crosby when he read those headlines. He has never admitted his true feelings at that time to anyone, but his actions verify the fact that he was hard hit. He went to Mexico to plead with Dixie to return to him, and he must have done some pretty fancy promising and confessing to himself, for he came back a happy and a changed man. He quit partying, started to take an interest in his career, and started the family that now numbers Dixie and his four sons.

Dixie Crosby has always been Bing's four-leaf clover. If she hadn't come into his life, he might have lived it as a baritone in a trio, or, like the other boys in the group, in some other line of work. With ambition itching him, he quit the Grove and his partners and, with his brother, Everett, went to New York to try to get himself set in the radio business. And in a surprisingly short time, sponsored by the Cremo cigar manufacturers, he was the rave of the nation as the first and best of the crooners.

What has happened to Bing Crosby professionally since that time has been told again and again, but for some odd reason his private life became a great secret. Dixie Crosby quit the movies to start her family and, with a couple of minor exceptions for fun, has never worked since. The gay, exciting young girl crept behind the wall that Bing built for her and seldom came out. The boys were born, one by one, and even then Dixie stayed where she belonged—in the background of Bing Crosby's glory.

It must have been ten years before a serious difference plagued the Crosbys again. All of the boys had been born and were being carefully groomed for manhood. Both Dixie and Bing made each phase of their young lives important. Education, spiritual conditions and an acceptance of responsibilities were the things they concentrated on most, and the world agrees that no sons have been better or more lovingly prepared to face adulthood. But while this was taking place, something was happening to Bing and Dixie Crosby.

Bob Crosby, Bing's brother, once might have hit it on the head. It was at the time, in 1950, when Bing went to Europe alone and the gossip columnists were hinting darkly that Dixie was furious and would do something about it. "Bing," Bob said, "has made Dixie a golf widow. When he isn't working, he's off somewhere playing golf and she has to be alone." Bob backed this statement up with another that he, himself, was going to give up the game because he didn't want the same thing to happen to his family.

Others close to Bing and Dixie had other reasons. One close friend said—and it could have been true—that in all the years they had been married Bing had never given his wife a present. Oh, as he had grown richer with the years she could buy just about anything she wanted, but they say Bing never brought her anything and gave it to her as a token of his love and appreciation. There were those who said that Dixie, alone most of the time and with many idle hours on her hands, had taken to drinking too heavily, and that Bing resented it so much he didn't want to go home. This is pretty difficult to believe, because Dixie has had almost a full time job looking after her boys, and a careful look at them will deny any intimation that they were neglected in the slightest.

However, there was trouble in the Crosby family. While the papers were cagily looking for proof, never being sure they would dare print if they did find it, several bits of information became available to substantiate the report of a rift.

Larry Crosby, the member of the family charged with the public relations, told the press that a property settlement had been reached, but that he was not sure if a divorce or legal separation would result. And someone from the office of John O'Melveny, Bing's lawyer, also admitted that all details except as to method of annulment had been taken care of and that Dixie was in Nevada, with access to a court that could make the legal action a fact in a few minutes. The press was on edge because Bing and Dixie own a large ranch in Nevada, which makes them citizens of that state, and she could have secured a divorce in a few minutes any day she decided to walk into a court.

It must be said to the credit of both Bing and Dixie that neither of them spoke a word publicly about their personal problems, although there must have been anger between them at the time.

Like the cause of the alienation, the cause of the reconciliation, too, was never made public. But it is known that for several years the Crosby home was a home in name only. Even so, the relationship between the parents and their sons never changed.

But that brings us back to today. When a legal separation was decided against, Bing and Dixie picked up their lives together where they had left off, and even though it is said it was never as idyllic as it had been, they tried hard to make things right. They are both devout and sincere Catholics and marriage is a sacrament to them, not just a convenience.

Late 1951 and 1952 were trying years for the Crosbys. Bing was ill and required hospitalization and surgery. Dixie, too, fell ill and had to be in the hospital quite a bit of the time. As their trials increased, though, it seemed their love grew, and during most of 1952 their friends seemed terribly glad that they had had troubles, because they were reuniting the young lovers of twenty years ago. And then came Dixie's latest illness.

Nobody on the inside will, of course, tell just what the nature of the illness was or how serious. But from bits of gossip here and there, stories have been pieced together. Some of them true, no doubt, and some of them fantasy. The most discussed story is that Dixie's doctors decided she needed an operation to make her well. Surgery was performed and afterwards the doctors said that it hadn't been successful, and that Dixie would have to rely on God and nature to heal her. That may be right and it may not, but it is the most believed account.

At any rate, at the time of the operation, Bing Crosby went through the second transformation of his life. Although he was busy with his work, he abandoned it and took a room at the hospital where he could be near Dixie all of the time. For long hours while (*Continued on page 97*)



I discovered the power of prayer that day I heard the 23rd Psalm above the whine of German bullets . . . and the voice was my own.

WHY I PRAY

by Dale Robertson

■ My mother had fixed me a bed on the porch swing this hot Oklahoma night and then led me out to it. She helped me in and tried talking me into believing that it was nice and cool out there—as mothers will. As if I cared. I didn't care and I didn't answer because I was a ten-year-old boy panicked into dumb suffering. I knew my silence frightened her, made her feel helpless, and I knew it frightened my two older brothers, Roxy and Chet. Their awe and their dread came through in the way they tip-toed around and hushed their voices. But I couldn't help it. That afternoon, my whole happy, carefree world . . . the bright sun, my mother's face, had turned a dirty, puffy grey. I was blind.

The old swing creaked as it always did. The crickets chirped. The street buzzed, (*Continued on next page*)

(*Continued from preceding page*) and the film thickened steadily. I knew I was becoming isolated from those around me. I was only ten but I was growing older fast, old enough to know that there could be no help from those who were trying to help me, old enough to lie out on the porch, feeling my mother's troubled touch and trying to keep from crying. That would have been childish, and there was no use being a child any longer.

Then I heard someone coming up our wooden porch-steps and a man's voice asked, "Where is he?" I recognized him as the pastor of the Christian Missionary Alliance Church which we attended sometimes. I heard him walk up to me and then address me quietly.

"Dale, you know me, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Dale, do you believe in God?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you think God can make you see, Dale?" he went on.

"Yes," I told him.

"THEN I'll pray," he said. "And I won't quit until you can see . . ."

Whenever anyone asks me if I believe, or for that matter whenever an evening out here in Hollywood fails to cool off and is a little humid like the summer nights we have out in Oklahoma, my mind goes back to that scene. I remember his praying words, and then how a patch of the grey darkened after awhile and became the silhouette of his head against the lighted living room window . . . and I knew my ordeal was over and I knew I was not going to be cut off from the glory and the color of the outer world. Yes, I believe. Even as that night I knew I was going to see again, I also knew that I would always believe; whatever happened from then on, for the better or the worse, it would never change that.

Many things have happened. But this I have always had to hold on to . . . my belief. This, again and again, and nothing but this. This has given me my philosophy of looking for the good rather than spending any time regretting the bad—in the past or in the future, the bad which has come or the bad which might come. This has made me say about my fate, "If it is right for you, you will get it; and if you don't get it, it wasn't right for you." This I have told others (to a little actress just the other day when she revealed how worried she was about getting a good part) and have seen it give them comfort.

When I started to work in the studios I was so scared, so self-conscious that I simply could not speak or move normally. I would keep wondering what people on the set were thinking of me—the other actors, the grips, the technicians. One day I went back to my dressing room and directed a simple prayer: "Oh, Lord, let me be myself and do my job."

When I was called back for the next scene, I didn't wonder whether my prayers would be answered. I knew there would be some results if it was meant that I should continue to be an actor. As I neared the set I noticed how busy everyone was; each man had a job to do and was concerned with it.

"They're not thinking of me!" I told myself. "How could I have been so self-engrossed as to think that? Why, they would laugh if they knew it."

That was it. How prayers work out sometimes is not always easy to comprehend, but if your faith is real and your heart deserving . . . they work out. This I know.

Many things have happened but always my belief has held me up. As a boy struck by fever or as a soldier struck by enemy mortar fire, this was the big difference. As a young man trying to make a place for himself or as a young father worried about his wife and child in a first birth, this was the big lift. I would not be without it; I would not want anyone else to be without it. I don't know how it comes to them. I don't believe any one religion or church is right and all the others are therefore wrong. I feel the channels to goodness are many and that with belief they all lead to God. I do not have to question whether this is true or not. When you believe, you are past the question. And because I have been past it for a long time I have been happy for a long time.

When General Patton dashed across France and southern Germany and Czechoslovakia after the invasion of Europe, I was a soldier in his famous Third Army. One day he issued an order which frightened the pants off a lot of his men including this Oklahoma boy who was at that moment trying to look the part of a second lieutenant in the 322nd Combat Engineers. The order read: "Hereafter engineers will not stop to remove mine fields during the advance but run through them and suffer the casualties."

Eddie Cantor tells his favorite Jolson yarn: After the first preview of *Jolson Story*, Al hung around the lobby to listen to the comments. A fan sidled up to him and queried, "Aren't you Al Jolson?" Jolie said, "Yes, I am." The fan said, "Gee, I thought you were dead." Jolie replied, "I was but I'm all right now."

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

Man . . . it sounded awful! If there was such a thing as soldiers voting for or against their general, our general would have been impeached right then. You could hear the grousing on every side. Why? Did he just want to kill us off quicker? Why *not* remove the mines? Why run through them and get blown to confetti? Why? Why? Why? How this military directive was going to bother me particularly developed the next day in the form of a suspicious-looking road. An advance group in which I was the ranking officer came up to it and stopped cold. I drove to the head of the line in my jeep, saw that they were all looking at me. I knew instantly what they were thinking. The road was probably mined. What about the new order? Would I follow it and order them on through . . . or would I respect their fears and send a detail out to search and remove mines?

I wasn't thinking. I was praying. And I was awfully glad that I could pray with confidence. I knew what I had to do. In the army you are not supposed to ask for volunteers for any job that you wouldn't do yourself. This was that kind of job. While they watched I waved to them to take cover and then I drove ahead and down the road myself. The 23rd Psalm flashed into my head and as I sped along I kept repeating it, or rather two lines from it: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. . . ."

To this day I don't know what follows after these lines, but these two were enough to do the job. I got to the end of the road where it broke into a clear area and then turned around and returned to the men. They knew now the road wasn't mined and started streaming ahead happily without waiting for a word from me. My heart was filled with a wonderful feeling that I had gotten from my prayers, for hadn't they lifted a load from the hearts of my men as well?

I prayed during the war and I was with men who prayed . . . loud and clear. I had a jeep driver, Donald Granlund, who made no bones about it. One afternoon we were making a reconnaissance along a river and had started back when we ran into trouble. The road ran through a clearing in some woods and the Germans had let our jeep through without firing, in the hope, probably, that other Americans were behind us whom they could also trap. But when we stuck our nose into the clearing on our way back, the devil's own racket broke loose. Donald threw the jeep into reverse and we just pulled back into the safety of the woods in time.

"What are we going to do?" he asked.

The situation was a simple—and hasty—one. We could wait until dark and make a dash for it, provided the Germans didn't come after us . . . which they certainly would. Or we could take a chance and try to crash through right then. I explained this to Donald.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"Because they're sure to come hunting us anyway, I think we're better off to try and make it now," I told him. "But I won't order it if you would rather not."

"Let's go," he said.

I had him back the jeep up until we would have a sufficient run to insure top speed by the time we got to the clearing. Then we rested a few minutes to get our breaths—our last ones maybe—and during this respite I told Donald how the 23rd Psalm had helped me before.

"It's good enough for me," he said.

"Okay . . . let her fly," I ordered.

HE did. He shifted through the gears fast and we hit the open patch and came out into it like a loose bullet—even ricocheting like one as we bounced and sliced along the ruts in the road. If you've ever seen newsreel shots of jeeps being tested hurtling along like horses over the jumps you'll know how we looked. Only it wasn't funny. Death was screaming in sharp whines all around us. I saw three tracer bullets flash by between my eyes and the windshield. The jeep had a wire catcher in front to cut wires or ropes the Germans sometimes stretched across highways just throat high. One second I saw the wire catcher . . . the next it had pinged off. But above all the noise of the bullets and the roaring motor and the car's jouncing I heard something else—a man yelling at the top of his voice. And then I realized it was Donald screaming out the 23rd Psalm and making sure he was heard. He was. Or I was . . . for my prayers were just as fervent.

As long as I live I can never forget the simple, abiding faith with which the people of those war-torn countries faced their tragedies. They succored their wounded, buried their dead and went their way quietly. They didn't need your shoulder to cry on and pretty soon you found out it was because they had Someone else's. It had an effect on us. We felt we were all one people. In a bombed-out French village we found a two-and-a-half-year-old French girl whose whole family had been killed. There were 163 men in our outfit, and without a word of discussion we immediately all became 163 uncles of little Anna Marie David.

It would seem we did a lot for her when we adopted Anna Marie and kept her with us for nearly three weeks. But it was the other way around. Actually, this little moppet brought a glow of warmth to our hearts. It was as if every man yearned to counterbalance the killing he had to do by helping to preserve a life. The bright spot of the day was when you saw Anna Marie (*Continued on page 66*)

Lux Lovely Gene Tierney's own

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smiling over some present or playing about headquarters contentedly. It made us remember that we were men of families, born of love and with those who loved us waiting at home—and this was something we wanted to remember.

Everyone has heard that old saying that there are no atheists in the foxholes. I don't know. In my outfit most of the boys were Italian, devout Catholics. There were a few men who never attended services of any kind and it was assumed by some that they were atheists. I still can't speak for them. But if devotion is holy, then there were no atheists . . . because there wasn't a single man among us who wasn't devoted to Anna Marie and whose heart wasn't wrenched when we finally had to leave her with a Belgium family.

Before I finish, let me get back, in all fairness to his memory, to that order of General Patton's about advancing right through mine fields. Within a week after the order was posted it began to be apparent to us in the engineer corps that the general made sense. It was true that when we ran through a mine field without clearing it we lost men. But when we took count we found we lost fewer men this way than we had before! The reason was that as many men were killed by enemy sharpshooters and mobile artillery as they squatted around removing the mines, as by the mines themselves. By rushing ahead and either taking the German positions, or diverting their full attention to defending themselves, the whole area was made secure and the mines could then be attended to in comparative safety.

"Why didn't the big brass explain all this?" a GI asked one day when we had all come to realize this.

"The ways of women and generals are inscrutable," a buddy of his answered.

"Yeah, I know," grumbled the first GI. "But you can't make love to a general—and that's another thing I've got against them!"

My main reaction to the way things worked out with General Patton's order has to do with prayer. As I have said, the men were sore when it first was issued, and, I happen to know, a lot of them prayed that it wouldn't result in their death. What impressed me was that these prayers had already been answered. The general had known what he was doing in the first place. I feel that he, too, must have prayed that he would be right. And he was. **END**

---

you're on, kids!

(*Continued from page 42*) don't . . . you can sink everything."

"I don't care," she cried. "At least I won't have to be ordered to sing such and such a song or do this or that picture. I've been in show business all my life and I am full of ideas and feelings on what I want to do. When I want to do them now, I am told to forget about them."

"It's up to you," he replied. "But make sure."

Betty went to Charlie. What she wanted to do was form separate companies for the presentation of their own pictures, stage shows and television productions. "We're a perfect husband and wife team," she pointed out. "You could produce and direct the show. Would you be willing to gamble?"

It was a gamble for Charlie because he had six years of his contract left. Besides, since he was not an actor and did not have to work in front of the camera, advancing age would not lessen his value to the studio to any appreciable extent. He could look forward to a good salary as a director as long as his knowledge of showmanship stayed with him. But his answer was, "It's all right with me."

WHEN Betty made her Honolulu trip to rest up from her New York showing, and her USO trek to Korea which preceded it, she worried about her decision to leave the studio and go on her own. Then she got a wire from Charlie: "Dear Maw, you're on," and knew that it was too late to turn back. The wire meant Charlie had booked her to appear with her own company at the Palladium Theatre in London in September. It would be the start of the new venture. There remained before them only the task of settling their contracts with the studio and they were off.

On her return from Korea, and with Charlie free of picture obligations, they decided to take their long-delayed honeymoon at Lake Tahoe.

The first two weeks there, they were alone in a small mountain cottage. Betty insisted on doing her own cooking and cleaning. It was a wonderful honeymoon, but also one which found them doing some serious thinking at times, because they had chosen to take it when their whole future was up in the air.

Some days they felt they were getting too concerned for their own good so they'd decide to forget about it, relax and have fun. They got to know their vacationing neighbors, Tom and Betty Dwyer, a San Francisco couple, and accepted their dare to take up water-skiing. When they got down to the lake's edge, Charlie felt the icy water and announced that he wouldn't even put his foot into it, let alone try to water-ski over it. Yet after only a few attempts they were both flying across the water like professionals. "You know, I'm awfully glad we learned, instead of quitting," Betty said to Charlie once. "It gives me confidence for what's ahead of us."

Nights when Betty felt like playing the lady, they would dress up and dine at the Cal-Neva Lodge, ordering everything plus the trimmings. The next night she would be back in the cabin trying to do something to a stew to make it taste as good as the steaks of the evening before. Occasionally, Charlie would assure her she had succeeded.

One night Betty achieved new fame—as a card dealer. They were out with some new friends and chanced to find themselves in a gambling room on the Nevada side of the state line. Betty was invited to deal the blackjack game. For the next ten minutes, not a player lost. She handled the deck so that the hole-card was always visible, plus most of the other cards as well. One player needed an eight to win a big bet. Betty fanned the deck to find him one while the gambling manager tore his hair and made frantic signs at her over the heads of the players that such solicitude was not required of a dealer.

One actress catted to another about a third: "No wonder she's so beautiful—she sleeps 15 hours a day!" Sniped the other: "With *that* conscience?"

Mike Connolly

THEY had their fun. They also had their scares. Betty's cook brought her two little daughters, Lindsay and Candy, along with her and one afternoon when Charlie was chasing Candy he suddenly tripped and went down.

Betty ran up and the expression on his face was so tense that she thought he had broken his leg. He shook his head and said he thought it was just a sprained ankle. "But," he added, in a worried tone, "the last time I had a sprained ankle I was on crutches for three months."

Suddenly she knew what he meant. The rehearsals for the Palladium . . . their first show as independents! These all depended on Charlie . . . on a Charlie who could move about and demonstrate exactly what he wanted.

They called a doctor and, after he had examined the ankle, he diagnosed it as a sprain but not a serious one. Charlie would be as nimble as ever in a week or so. They both heaved a sigh of relief, and they realized they were beginning to learn what it means to be completely on your own.

Then Betty's throat began to bother her again. It was a recurrence of an old complaint. A year before she had been operated on for removal of what the doctors termed "singer's nodules" on her vocal cords. There was a chance now that some minute growths had been overlooked. When they got back to town, this was confirmed, and Betty decided to go through another operation.

Betty came out of the ether a little too soon for her own peace of mind. Her doctors were still in the room, unaware that she had regained consciousness, and she heard the anesthetist congratulate the surgeon. "Frankly, I didn't think you would be able to get those tiny cores of the nodules," he was saying. "It was such delicate going." She closed her eyes. "Oh, murder!" she thought, realizing that only a small fraction of time ago all the remaining song and music within her could have been permanently dammed up by the slightest deviation of the scalpel in the surgeon's hand.

BY the time she was out of the hospital her plans had become known and she and Charlie began to get reactions. Some people feared for her. But the two opinions she valued the most came, respectively, from her hairdresser and from Alan Ladd.

"Now you won't have to live like a Prussian general," said the hairdresser. "Getting up, eating, working, rushing, all on a schedule for the benefit of others." And Alan sent word, "There is nothing else a Betty Hutton could have done."

As this is being read, Betty should be finishing her English tour. When she gets back to Hollywood she is going to star in *Some Of These Days,* a picture based on the life of Sophie Tucker. Six years ago, when Sophie wrote her autobiography with this same title, she came to Betty and insisted that she was the only one to play her on the screen.

Betty had demurred. "You're too vital," she had told Sophie. "What right do I have to impersonate you?"

"You're crazy!" was the blunt Sophie's reply. "It's you or nobody else."

It will be Betty. And it will be Betty in a lot of other presentations she and Charlie are cooking up. They work together always. They work together so much that often their business talk gets mixed up with their more personal conversations. For instance, one night before they sailed for England, Charlie looked into Betty's brown eyes and asked, "Are you glad you married me?"

She flung a pair of arms around him with the gusto that is typically Betty Hutton's. "If you hadn't married me, I would have had to hire you!" she told him. **END**

(Betty Hutton can be seen in Paramount's Somebody Loves Me.)

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it had to happen

(*Continued from page 28*) out, entered a cab with a friend of his, Nate Edwards, and drove off. Seymour's mother strode over to the desk clerk.

"*Puede Vd. decirme,*" she began, "*si este hombre* is John Wayne?"

The clerk smiled and replied in English. "Yes, madame. That's John Wayne, the North American actor."

Seymour's mother still couldn't believe it. "What in heaven's name?" she said, talking more to herself than anyone else, "is he doing in Peru?"

The official answer to that question, the answer Duke gave everyone who asked it, was that he was scouting locations for several motion pictures he plans to make next year, films like *Pagoda, Alamo,* and a few others.

The unofficial reason for the South American trek is that Duke is still trying to forget his Chata—the pug-nosed Mexican beauty he married in 1946 who is about to divorce him, if she hasn't already.

Chata—the word means pug-nose—is Duke's nickname for Esperanza Bauer Wayne. Esperanza itself means "hope" in Spanish, but, according to Duke and his quick silver wife, there is no longer any hope for a reconciliation. Their marriage is finished.

Before he left for South America, Duke phoned his attorney and said, "Frank, I want you to clean this up. Chata and I are finished. I'm not going to let her keep me dangling any longer. I can't go on like this, waiting for her to make up her mind whether or not she wants me. I've got to keep my self-respect, too. You get together with Giesler and work out some sort of property settlement."

Chata's lawyer is attorney, Jerry Giesler. Like all good lawyers, Giesler prefers reconciliation to divorces, but he himself says, "It doesn't seem as if there's much chance of these two getting together. They've been married six years, you know, and under the law Mrs. Wayne is entitled to 50% of the community property. Mr. Wayne's business affairs, however, are supervised by one of those business management concerns. It's very complicated, and the settlement will take some time to work out. I thought Mr. Wayne would fly to New York for the opening of *The Quiet Man,* but he evidently decided to stay a while longer in South America.

"I don't know, of course, but my guess is that he'll be back in Hollywood by October at which time, unless circumstances change, Mrs. Wayne will probably file for divorce."

DURING his six-year marriage to Chata, Duke has earned a million dollars and invested a sizeable share in prudent and diversified businesses. A few of his holdings, for example, consist of a hotel in Culver City, oil wells in Jack County, Texas, partnership in a northern California duck club, real estate in Los Angeles, a frozen food establishment called the Polar Pantry, and a four-acre estate in the San Fernando Valley, valued at $140,000.

Since Chata by law is entitled to one half in some of these investments, you can see that Duke's second divorce is going to cost him a pretty penny. In his first marital mishap, his wife was awarded custody of his four children, two girls and two boys, and Duke has been paying for their support since their birth.

In Duke's philosophy of life, money has never been the primary consideration. To Wayne love and loyalty are infinitely more valuable—the love of a good woman and the loyalty of good friends. These are the mainstays of his existence. Pull down one of these pillars and Wayne is lost and miserable, two adjectives which best describe the state of his feelings during the South American junket.

To forget about Chata, Duke wanted to go into another picture immediately. They offered him *Vaquero* over at MGM, but he wasn't particularly enthusiastic about the script and turned it down. Warner's then came up with *Alma Mater,* the story of Slip Madigan, the football coach at St. Mary's College. Duke agreed to do that one but first asked Jimmy Grant, one of his writer-pals, to make some script changes. When he was told that the picture wouldn't be ready to go until October, Duke was taken aback. He needed something to take his mind off Chata. He didn't want to hang around the house, because the house reminded him of his wife; and she might show up any minute, and he knew that he'd succumb to her charms, and once more they'd be off on that strange marital merry-go-round.

Duke packed his bags and sub-let Helen Mack's house. Into his own house moved Webb Overlander's relatives. Webb is a friend of Duke's. At the same time, Wayne agreed to rent his house to some socialites from the East for $1500 a month. "Webb's gang'll move out," he told them, "whenever you want to move in."

No sooner had Duke pulled out than Chata returned from Mexico. When she arrived at her house and found strangers there, the fiery Esperanza told them in no uncertain terms to scram. She fired the servants, got in touch with Wayne's lawyer and told him that she had no intention of renting her house. The lawyer explained that she had been notified of Duke's intention and offered her half the rent. Chata, in her characteristically Latin manner, told him it was no soap. She was determined to live in the house, and, as for Mr. Wayne, well, she hoped he was having a fine time in South America.

An aging producer and a young starlet are having a going romance. She's going on nineteen and he's going on benzedrine.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

THE tragic part about the breakup of Duke Wayne's marriage is that he and Chata are still very much in love with each other. They have never fallen out of love; yet they can't live together without fighting—not for any appreciable length of time. And they've come to the conclusion that their heartache outweighs the physical and mental attraction each holds for the other.

Grant Withers and his Cuban girl friend Estrellita, who know Duke and Chata as well as any two people in Hollywood, say, "It's a terrible shame. Here are two wonderful characters who just can't make a go of it. They've tried everything in the book. Maybe it's personality differences, maybe something else. Frankly, we don't know and it's none of our business, but it's a shame, because when those two were happy—well, you couldn't meet a grander couple."

How long were they happy? From all reports, Chata was most happy when she could talk Duke into spending some time with her in Mexico. She's never been particularly ecstatic about life in Hollywood. She has virtually no close friends in the movie colony. Allegedly, whenever Duke went on location, Chata would wing back to Mexico City or Acapulco.

Friends have said from time to time that the crux of the marital difficulty could be traced to Duke's killing work-schedule, that for many years he's had small time for play or social life, that whatever weekend time he did manage, he spent with his four children who range in age from ten to nineteen. Others say it was mother-in-law trouble and Chata's inability to give birth to a child of her own.

Undoubtedly, each of these factors was a contributory cause to the breakup. In all fairness to Duke, however, it must be said that he did everything humanly possible to make Chata happy, except change his own personality. He even went so far as to offer her the leading lady role in *Pagoda.* Chata starred in three or four Mexican pictures before Duke married her, and he thought for a while that she might be yearning for a career.

Neither that offer nor their second honeymoon in Honolulu this past spring seemed to do the trick.

A few weeks ago Duke finally concluded that he couldn't take any more of Chata's unpredictable behavior and that insofar as he was concerned, the sooner the marriage was dissolved the better.

NOW that he's without a woman he seems lost. In South America he got so lonely that he phoned some of his old pals and asked them to fly into Lima.

Gossips say that Duke has already picked out his third wife, beautiful Maureen O'Hara with whom he starred in *The Quiet Man.* This picture was shot in Ireland last Summer, at which time Chata flew over with some of Wayne's children by his previous marriage. So there is no truth to the rumor that Duke and Maureen fell in love while making the film. Maureen has since obtained a divorce, but she and Duke haven't seen each other for months.

There is no doubt but what Wayne will get married again. More than 90% of the men who have been married twice try it a third time, and Duke is not going to be an exception. He doesn't mind working hard—in fact, he loves making movies more than anything else on earth. But when he finishes a hard day's work, he likes to go home to a woman, an easy chair and a drink.

At 45 a man becomes a slave more or less to his habits, and these are Duke's. Without them he's unfulfilled. Not that you'll ever hear him complain. He's too stoic for that.

One of his pals who made the South America trek with him and has since returned, says, "Years ago, it was different. I remember when Josephine divorced Duke (his first wife was Josephine Saenz), it hurt him, of course, because underneath everything he's a sensitive guy, but he took it in stride. Back then he'd call up some of the old gang, they'd go camping and carousing for a couple of weeks. Now Duke can't do that. To begin with, he hasn't got the urge and he's got too many picture committments. A very funny thing about this guy—the better his career, the worse his married life.

"Right now he's got three pictures out, *Jim McLain, The Quiet Man,* and *Jet Pilot,* but look what's happened to his marriage? Maybe it's because he has a yen for Latin-American girls, and they're not his type. He'll probably marry the same kind again—but somehow I'd like to see him try an American girl. He's the most American guy I know, and I think he should marry some corn-fed babe from Iowa."

Duke's only answer to his marital breakup is to schedule as many pictures and as much work for himself as possible. Work, he believes is the only anodyne for heartache. **END**



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what really happened between rita and aly?

(*Continued from page 35*) comprehend how he could be such a god for them, and such a fun loving playboy in France. She accused him of hypocrisy. The surprised Prince advised her to return to France to await his return in Cannes.

"Aly was the most amazed man in the world when Rita took off for America," a close friend of Aly's told me. "They were quite friendly when he saw her off from Africa. And he called her every day in France and not a word did she say about coming to America. He had to read that in the newspapers. He had no advance information then about the Nevada divorce, which Rita didn't conclude. Can you wonder why Rita baffles him?"

Baffling or not, he loves Rita in his fashion, which isn't the American way. But he made a point of seeing *Affair In Trinidad* the day he landed in New York. Then he immediately called her in Beverly Hills to tell her how beautiful she looked in the film, "even though I think it's an imitation of *Gilda.*" Rita agreed, but said, "It's making money." "Anything you're in would make money," replied the Prince charmingly. It's easy to see why she loves him!

Once Rita had decided she wanted Aly again, she just couldn't wait for him to arrive in Hollywood. Called him on the boat every day, then telephoned him in New York to invite him to stay with her. But the Prince, who is more worldly than Rita, decided that until she was 100% sure she wanted the reconcilation, his staying at her house would compromise her and nullify the abortive divorce proceedings. And it was Aly who cautioned Rita on this, which gives you an idea of the reversed situation. Rita is only cautious when she is not in love.

Poor Princess Rita. She would have liked Aly to have spent 20 out of 24 hours a day in the house on Alpine Drive. But even on that brief jaunt to Hollywood, Aly had to go to the races at Del Mar.

THE Charles Vidors, witnesses at their wedding and close friends of both, wanted to throw a big party for Aly in Hollywood. But Rita wouldn't hear of it. She explained to them and other friends of the Prince that he was here to see the children and her, and she didn't think big parties were in order. But because of her friendship with Doris Vidor and Charles, Rita finally consented to a small gathering. And another small soirée at Cole Porter's house. But up to the last minute no one could be sure she would come to either.

In fact, no one can be sure about anything with Rita—except her love for her children. And for a playboy with a roving eye, it's surprising how much Aly loves the children, too. If Rita had any defenses up, they were down when Aly walked in the house here with the chauffeur staggering behind him under the weight of 15 pounds of toys. And when Yasmin accidentally swallowed sleeping pills, her father was so distraught he even forgot to comb his hair for the reporters, dashing with Rita to the nearest hospital stomach pump. His concern cemented Rita's determination to give the marriage another try—if Aly so willed it.

The mystery to me is why Rita ever left the guy in the first place. She knew he was a Moslem, she knew he was a playboy. She knew her life would have to be different. And *quelle difference*, as the French say. We should all live like this.

Aly actually owns eleven houses—five in Ireland where he breeds horses, a beautiful home in London's swankiest section, plus a country place in Paris and a three hundred acre stock farm elsewhere in France. And his estate in Cannes is *the* showplace on the Riviera. When it was owned previously by Maxine Elliott, Prime Minister Churchill and all the crowned and uncrowned kings of Europe were constant guests.

There's another chateau in Deauville. All the homes are fully staffed with servants. In the Paris house alone, there's a chauffeur, butler, maid, cook, kitchen maid, nurse for the children, supplemented by Aly's valet and Rita's own personal maid. There are no problems of housekeeping. Aly has a very efficient French secretary who speaks perfect English.

There was a story that Aly was broke and dependent for support on his father, the fantastically wealthy Aga Khan. But this isn't quite the truth. Aly is perennially hard up because he lives in such majestic style, but there's enough to pay for everything, including his gambling debts which are always high. He recently settled a little debt of $100,000 with the Big Casino in Monte Carlo.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Several years ago at the stage door entrance of the Majestic Theater in New York a group of teenagers were waiting to see various members of the cast. One group in particular had come to snap the picture of the handsome understudy for the male lead in Carousel.

Those fans who were wise enough to save their photos of the unknown now possess a candid of that sensational Howard Keel.

Clarissa Hedges
Margate, New Jersey

But it isn't true that he used Rita's money to pay more pressing bills. Most of Rita's spare cash went to square Orson Welles' income tax with Uncle Sam. I haven't peeked at Aly's bank book, but I'm sure he'll never have to live off his wife.

IT'S too bad Rita doesn't care over-much for clothes. She can charge it to Aly at Jacques Fath, Balenciaga, and all the top notch Parisienne couturiers. But all those times she was dressed to the teeth at the opera, the race tracks at Longchamps and Ascot, she'd have given the gowns away to be comfortable in a bandana, sweater and blue jeans, which is how she greeted Aly when he arrived for the reconciliation.

Most girls would have worn their best bib and tucker—but not Rita. She didn't have any makeup on either. She never cared for jewels, but Aly has given her some beautiful diamonds. And in her maddest moments of flight, she didn't leave them behind. She isn't a horse racing fan. But Aly put some of his finest horse flesh in her name, and to the best of my knowledge, has never taken them back.

In the matter of horses and women Aly is a chip off the old Aga. He's a partner with his father, with the four footed fillies —fifty-fifty of everything. And he listens to his advice re the women in his life. The Aga is strongly in favor of his son staying married. He would have preferred another son for Aly and Allah, but the old man adores Yasmin. Rita has more of a problem with the Aga's wife, who started life in as poor circumstances as Rita. I believe she was a waitress. But the Begum mistook Rita's shyness for stand-offishness, and the weather between them has always been cool.

But none of the power, the pomp and the money has meant a nickel in terms of happiness for Rita. When she asked a million dollar settlement for Yasmin, it seemed as though she were money mad. She never has been. She was just trying to make darn sure that Aly's only daughter had as big a settlement as his two sons. With Moslem thinking, this could never be.

Some sourpusses spread the tale that Rita wanted the reconcilation merely to get a hunk of the Aga's money for her daughter. But Rita doesn't need anyone else's dollars. She can make as much as Aly can spend. Her Beckwith Company is in partnership with Columbia. She earned quite a bit on *Carmen.* And while *Trinidad* was no great shakes as entertainment, as Rita told Aly, it's making money. lots of it. So she didn't have to pretend to Aly that she loved him, prompted by any financial insecurity. I think she just had to get away from him to realize that if she loves him she'll have to accept him on his terms, or not at all.

RITA learned the hard way that Aly can't be stampeded into any situation, although the wisenheimers insist he was stampeded into marriage and subsequent parenthood with Rita. I don't believe it. If that were true, why should he have wanted to resume the marriage.

And he *does* want it to last. And this bothers him more than it does Rita. That's why he begs her to continue her career. A busy girl doesn't have the time or the inclination to mope while her husband is dashing all over the world. Why doesn't Rita go with him? Come closer kiddies and I'll tell you a little secret. When Aly was courting Rita, she simply *loved* to fly. When they were married, she confessed she is terrified in planes. And Aly rarely travels any other way. The only reason he came by boat this last time was because he wanted to relax on board deck and look real rested when he saw Rita. But he flew back. She likes to travel but leisurely, by car, or train, or boat. And she hates to leave the children. So she'll have to do a lot of deciding. And a heck of a lot of compromising.

I hope she is as sure of her feelings as she tells Aly. Because a month before he arrived in Hollywood she was having a mad whirl with Kirk Douglas and after two dates was sure she wanted to marry him. But something went wrong on the third date, and Rita was out when he called for a fourth.

Three days before Prince Aly appeared she dated Richard Greene, even appeared at a party with him. And she hates parties. Before Dick or Kirk there was a little fling with Cy Howard, who replaced his bedroom photo of Lana Turner with one of Rita.

SO who knows what the end of this idyll will be. One thing, Rita, don't let yourself get fat again. She is so beautiful when slender and with red hair. Aly prefers it naturally black and long. Orson made her dye it blonde and cut it short. Her studio prefers auburn and medium length. You can tell by her hair the direction of Rita's heart.

But this is for sure. The book of Rita's romances isn't yet finished. The final chapter has yet to be written. I sincerely hope she'll be able to write, ". . . happily ever after." **END**



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quiz kid

(*Continued from page 43*) called him and sometimes they'd quiz him back. "What you collecting all this studio dope for, R. J.? Going to be a movie star when you grow up?" But they'd scan appraisingly the sculptured features, handsome eyes and flashing smile of the curious kid even as they razzed him.

"I don't know about that," Bob would state seriously. "But I'm sure gonna be in the picture business someday."

By now Bob Wagner has done just what he said he'd do. He's in the picture business, and in solid. Not as a star, yet, although he's zooming that way with the speed of an F-86. Already he has six pictures to his account, and such varied roles as the touching shell-shocked paratrooper in *With a Song in My Heart* and the comic Willie in *Stars and Stripes Forever*. Bob has earned the rave praises of everyone who's worked with him, including his boss at Twentieth Century-Fox, Darryl Zanuck, who calls his big boyish actor, "the freshest and most promising young personality we have on the lot."

All this is no surprise to the locker room at the Bel-Air CC where Bob still hangs around every spare moment and where by now his status is considerably changed. The skinny caddy who was just "Dude Wagner's inquisitive kid" has sprouted to six foot-plus, his cornsilk mop has deepened to brown, he strips down to lean, hard muscles and has to shave his long jaw every day. He's twenty-two and a man. The aging idols he used to caddy for are often his golf partners today and he gives them a hard time on the course with his sizzling game.

But when he breaks it up by taking off in his maroon convertible, grinning, saying, "So-long. Have to run. Got a date," he gets the same affectionate razzing he used to. They call him "Lover Boy" then and "the Beau of Bel-Air" and sometimes his dad's favorite tag, "Dynamite."

In another respect Bob Wagner hasn't changed. They still call him "the Quiz Kid," because he's still eternally asking questions, not only around the club but wherever he goes. In fact, as he departed just the other day, a member cautioned "Better be nice to R. J., boys. He'll be hiring you some day. I never saw a kid so movie crazy. He used to be, he is now and believe me, he always will be!"

But in less informed circles, until recently at least, Bob Wagner has been sold short. Because he's so young, so glib, sociable and easy going, because of his social and well-to-do family and his private school and country club boyhood, and because he does like the ladies, notably Debbie Reynolds, the portrait of young Robert Wagner around Hollywood has too often been drawn as a butterfly playboy dabbling in pictures for the glamorous heck of it. Nothing could be more cockeyed.

It's true enough that Bob's a hometown boy and that he had plenty of top echelon Hollywood connections who could and did help him get a break. But there have been more hollow headed pretty boys with pull than you could dig out of Hollywood oblivion with a bagful of niblicks, and actually the hometown ones have always found it rougher than the rest to hole out their opportunities at a studio. Bob Wagner has made his shots stick at the flag, and he's driving straight down the fairway today only because he knew what he wanted and went after it aggressively, sensibly and for real. Being blessed with the native curiosity of a litter of kittens hasn't hurt him, either.

Since he arrived there three years ago, Bob has been prowling around the Twentieth Century-Fox lot like a tourist, poking into the cutting rooms, prop sheds, wardrobe racks, recording and dubbing stages, portrait galleries, even the paint shop, pestering people with "how come" on details about how movies are made. On all of his six jobs he's arrived with time clock precision throughout the picture, to watch and learn, even though sometimes he worked only a couple of days. He hauled home both a tuba and a sax making *Stars And Stripes Forever* and kept his Bel-Air neighbors awake nights until he could look like one of Petrillo's boys in the Sousa band. Though his part was brief, he cornered Jane Froman herself, out to record "With A Song In My Heart" and pumped her with questions once for four straight hours until that game gal gasped, "Well, Bob, now that you've got *my* life story, how about telling me *yours?*"

Already Bob has snatched two chances to cover the country and meet the people. On his tour of 80 cities after *Let's Make It Legal*, Bob got a call from a girl in the lobby of his New York hotel. She said she'd like his autograph. He told her to come right up, and, when he opened the door, 45 filly fans of his pranced in. He lost a gold pin, two shirts, three neckties and a cherished trench coat in the melee, but he was very happy about the whole thing. "I found out more about them than they did about me," he gloated. Returning by train from another COMPO tour recently, Bob struck up a gabfest with a stranger, naturally on the subject of Hollywood and the movies. Through a couple of states, Bob held forth enthusiastically on the glories of the picture business until his club car companion finally asked him, "Say, what's your racket out there, Bud? Press agent?"



Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wagner, Sr., encourage young Bob in his movie career. Bob gets helpful business advice from his father, a steel executive.

So the locker room man was right. Bob Wagner is movie crazy. But, I submit, crazy like a fox. At Helena Sorrell's drama coaching department, for instance, Bob Wagner is such a standard fixture that she calls him "My Boy." Bob has haunted her so thirstily for instruction that he's made 56 tests with young hopefuls on his own time and by now can build up his scenes like a Barrymore. In fact, that's just what he did not long ago with very constructive results.

They had an option test coming up for a girl starlet, whose contract was on the shaky side, so Helena, Bob and Jeffrey Hunter got their heads together to make a miniature movie which could keep her stock soaring with the big bosses. Jeff played a suave older smoothie and Bob a bumbling, boyish lover with the girl in the middle of the contrasting suitors. Well, once Wagner got started on the funny business of bashful love the test grew and grew, because about every day Bob would comeup with "Look, I got an idea," which was so funny they just had to keep it in. But when they finally screened it for Darryl Zanuck, the outcome was gratifying, indeed. Not only did the girl get her contract renewed but Zanuck, impressed by Bob's comedy, scratched Rory Calhoun's name from the *Stars And Stripes* cast sheet and pencilled Bob Wagner in for *Willie*, his biggest part yet. So spreading yourself can pay off when you least suspect it, and that's what Bob Wagner has been doing just naturally ever since he was addressed and delivered to Hollywood at the tender age of seven.

The above is no idle figure of speech, because Bob actually did travel to Hollywood with a tag tied to his coat button reading, "Deliver this boy to Mrs. Pierce, Hollywood Military Academy, Hollywood, California." After printing those instructions, his dad boosted him up the pullman car steps, and slipped ten bucks to the porter to see Junior safe to his destination, all by himself via the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fe. Young Bob made the trip without even one mishap!

The reason for this hurry-up juvenile solo was to get Bob under the wire for the California fall school term. His older sister, Mary Lou, was already in school there at Marymount and the whole family was due to follow as soon as R. J. Senior, who had been successful in the paint business, could retire and enjoy life in sunny Southern California. But first there were business and household matters to wind up in Detroit, where Robert John Wagner Junior was born February 10, 1930.

Even at seven both Bob's athletic body and passion for sports had already got off to a pretty strong start. The first home he remembers was on Fairway Drive, just a mashie shot away from the second hole of the Detroit Golf Club links, and he played around with a putter and golf balls before he could walk.

Bob started his long list of schools at Brookside, a Detroit private academy for refined little gents, but summers he shook himself loose at the log cabin Wagner summer home on Northport Point by the lake. Exploring the wonders of the world there, he survived kicks from the family pony, canoe duckings, tumbles down sand dunes and one wild swing with an axe which almost chopped off his foot instead of the tree he'd aimed at. But finally he learned to swim, ride and fish and eventually hauled in the biggest catch yet pulled out of the bay, although his dad had to hold him in the boat to keep it from being vice versa.

Bob remembers a boyhood full of adventure that was marred by few restrictions on his personal freedom. He's always been pals with his father and mother and they're still his best friends. There's an easy going, relaxed, joking but affectionate relationship between Bob and his folks today that testifies to their sound, understanding job of raising a boy. "We just guided R. J.," his father admits, "we never reined him in. But, to tell the truth, he never needed it." That doesn't infer by any stretch that Bob was ever a panty-waist or a sis. On the contrary, from the start Junior Wagner got mixed up in all the rugged outdoor sports that California offers its sons. (*Continued on next page*)

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Headquarters was the house his dad built by the Bel-Air golf course and later switched to the old Bel-Air stables, now the swank Bel-Air Hotel, where another kid who craved excitement named "Dare" Harris, now known as John Derek, kept a horse and a BB gun. Bob acquired the same equipment.

"We declared war immediately," he reminisces fondly, "and had point-blank battles all around the stalls." When that palled, they carried the skirmishes up and down the Bel-Air hills, hoss-opera style, until Bob got shot in the mouth and his mother took away his artillery.

The surrender channeled him into a more safe and sane athletic program, which, with the Club so handy, was easy. In no time Bob was pretty slick at golf, tennis, and swimming, and you can spot this training right away when you see him today, in the graceful way he moves and his long, streamlined build. When his dad acquired a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and stocked it with horses, Bob devoted himself to collecting all the cups and trophies for equestrian skill around Los Angeles County. Today he's got enough scattered around his room to start a small hardware store. And then there were all the campus sports—basketball, baseball, diving, football. Bob was on so many teams he can't remember them, but, for that matter, he went to so many schools it's hard to recall all those, too. In fact, Bobby Wagner piled up what must be an all-time, all-California record for campus trotting until he finally graduated from Saint Monica's at eighteen. "I made them all," he admits, "all except reform school. I can't understand how I missed that."

Bob blossomed most, though, at Cal-Prep, where the system was to treat boys like men. Students were on their own there. They could smoke in their rooms, buddy with the profs, manage their own study time, ride their own horses. Up in the Ojai Valley, Bob settled down, became an activity man and a member of the student body council. He wound up being senior class president at Saint Monica's, where homesickness for his folks and Hollywood brought him back for his last year.

All this private education may smell like money, and it's true that Bob Wagner's family has never been on relief and probably never will be. But the picture of a pampered rich boy doesn't fit R.J., and it burns him to a crackling today when that's how he's painted. Bob's dad isn't and never was a rich man, but a successful business man who made a good living and still does. Although he arrived in California to take it easy after piling up some security, sitting around in the sun soon drove him wild, so he got back in the paint business again, switched to steel and now represents several Eastern companies on the Coast. Self-made himself, he has always plugged that idea with his son.

"We had a deal," Bob says. "Whatever I earned, Dad would match it. But I had to earn something first or it was no dough." From his caddy days on, Bob never missed wangling a summer job.

Frankly, Bob Wagner likes the girls and the girls like him and it's a pretty old and mutual habit. As far back as his Harvard Military School days he was going steady with pretty Sue Moir, just as he is today with sweet-faced Debbie Reynolds. In between Bob has enthusiastically lived up to the courtly nicknames they still toss his way. With his charm and looks it would be a shame if he hadn't. Like everyone else, a lot of his dates told him, "You ought to be in pictures," and a lot of them knew what they talked about. Among

his first girl friends were daughters of first line Hollywood families—like Gloria Lloyd, who's Harold's daughter; Melinda Markey, who's Joan Bennett's, and Michele Farmer, who calls Gloria Swanson "Mom."

His own family, too, had scads of Hollywood friends stemming from the days when R. J. Senior sold paint for movie sets and traveled around the studios. The Wagners' long standing as Bel-Air Club members too, where Bob's dad is on the board, had established them in a social set that takes in an important part of the movie colony. Wherever Bob turned he could find someone, young or old, with a studio connection—like one of his best friends, Jack Anderson, who married Joan Bennett's other daughter, Diana. And they all were eager to say, as Jack did one day to Solly Baiano, the Warner casting chief, "I know a kid named Bob Wagner who'd be great in pictures."

"Send him out," said Solly.

Now that happens all the time to good-looking young men in Hollywood who have the right entree. So there's no point in saying that Bob Wagner's chance came hard. But making the chance pay off is strictly another thing. Bob went out to Warners, for instance, and nothing came of that. He traveled around the studios a lot on introductions but, after all, what did he know? Facing up to it, Bob came right back to the bleak fact that as far as dramatic experience was concerned, all he could point to was a military school playlet, *The Life Of John Alden,* in which he played—hold everything—*Priscilla!*

That's why it was easy for his dad, who had a business career for Bob in mind, to argue logically that he should take a crack at the steel game when he graduated from Saint Monica's. That Easter vacation R. J. Senior took Bob on a tour back East, to all the steel mill towns, to show him what it was about. That summer he hired him on as a junior salesman and for a while Bob did his best. But then one day he had to let his dad have it:

"It's just no good," he told him. "I've got this picture business in my system and I've got to either get it or get it out. How about it? Will you stake me for a year while I try?"

R. J. Wagner had been a sportsman all his life. "I'm your dad, aren't I?" he grinned. "Tell you what. Bill Wellman's starting a picture. I'll ask him what he can do."

Wild Bill called from MGM two hours later, "Get on out here, R. J.," he ordered. "We'll make you an actor." But of course it wasn't as easy as that.

WHAT Bob did was a tiny bit in *The Happy Years,* a baseball catcher to be exact, with a grilled mask over his face. He said, "Come on, pitch it down here!" and probably he didn't say it very well. But that didn't matter. Bob Wagner was up in the clouds. He was in the picture business, officially at least.

Of course, that brief exposure really meant nothing at all. Bill Wellman doesn't make pictures all the time, for one thing, and Bob Wagner wasn't out after one-line parrot bits anyway. He knew he was gourd-green, but he wanted to set about this thing right. A lot of people gave him good advice—John Hodiak, whom he'd caddied for; Alan Ladd, whose daughter Carol Lee he'd dated; dozens more. Their counsel was sound: Get an agent, get experience, get into some little theatre shows. Go on, just do it. But easier said than done. Bob was still asking questions but not getting the right answers, and the months were slipping by when suddenly the lightning struck. A piano-playing friend of his, Lou Spence, was trying out some ma- (*Continued on next page*)



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terial at the Gourmet restaurant in Beverly Hills, and Bob and his folks went there for dinner. Bob likes to sing, has a good voice, too. So between courses he leaned over the piano with Lou and joined in on "Tea For Two." That's when the waiter brought the note: "If you'd be interested in picture work, come see me at the office—and better bring your parents." Bob looked that young, and he was, just nineteen. The talent spotter was Henry Willson, who's an old hand at such things. He's helped a dozen stars get started—Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun, John Derek, to name a few. After Bob called around, with his dad to the Famous Artists office the next day, things started rolling fast.

Before he knew it, he was up for a test at Fox, doing a love scene with pretty Pat Knox and perspiring so profusely he had to take a shower afterwards. "They still call me 'the sweater' out there," Bob grins. But getting all hot and bothered paid off. He won a four month option. In other words a "You look good, we'll see, hang around." But Bob was too steamed up for that passive role. Henry Willson routed him right away to MGM where a free-for-all elimination contest was going on—the prize, a lead in *Teresa*. Fred Zinneman was screening a hundred-odd young actors, some pulled clear out from Broadway, for the part of a young psychoneurotic. "For me," Bob allows, "that was easy. I was so nervous I *was* a psychoneurotic!"

Anyway, he emerged from the contest definitely the red hot favorite, and word like that gets around. Fox didn't let his option dangle any longer. They put him right on the team and four weeks later he was playing the beardless Marine in *Halls Of Montezuma* which came easy too, because Bob had just seen a stretch of service with the USMC Reserve.

SINCE then, in *The Frogmen, Let's Make It Legal, With A Song In My Heart, What Price Glory* and *Stars And Stripes Forever*, Robert Wagner has pretty well proved it was no crazy kid idea that propelled him toward the picture business back in his caddy days. While none of his jobs yet is anything to cop an Academy nomination, they've earned him the tag, "a young Montgomery Clift," and a bundle of bouquets from far and wide.

But, if there have been some swift and important changes made in Bob Wagner's Hollywood prospects, there are very few alterations evident in R. J. himself. He's still pretty much the friendly, grinning, inquisitive guy, with his eyes roaming around looking for fun and excitement. Being an eager beaver hasn't made Bob a dull boy. It's safe to say that R. J. Wagner has more friends and less enemies than any unattached young male in town of all ages and stages of Hollywood eminence.

He's a familiar fixture at the homes of John Hodiak and Anne Baxter, Richard Sale and Mary Loos, the writers, the Walter Langs, the MacDonald Careys, the Dick Widmarks, Clifton Webb—all older than Bob—and a particular pal of "Dooley" Dan Dailey's. The young married set, like Dale and Jackie Robertson, Jeff and Barbara Hunter and Rory and Lita Calhoun keep him just as busy, and the young *unmarried* set (female) even busier. Or perhaps it's the other way around.

Besides his best girl, Debbie Reynolds, Bob occasionally spreads his favors among Barbara Darrow, Melinda Markey, Pat Knox, June Haver, Anita Eckberg, and Susan Zanuck—to list a few. When Dan Dailey became a bachelor-about-town a while back he immediately buttonholed Bob. "You really can't use all of that talent yourself, Lover Boy," he ribbed him

"Come on, give us a look at the little black book!"

Bob takes the gag goodnaturedly, but actually the wolf skin doesn't fit. In fact, Bob thinks it's some kind of a crazy joke to call him a Casanova on the $35 his dad doles him out weekly from his studio paycheck. If there is any serious heart interest for Bob, of course, it's Debbie Reynolds who first met Bob right on his own studio lot and immediately tabbed him "a real crazy cat." By now Debbie knows different. In fact, she's the biggest booster Wagner has. "A serious, sensitive actor, this boy," she'll tell you today, and Debbie ought to know.

They've been chasing to movies (still Bob's favorite form of entertainment) practically every date of the world, and so far the most furious battles they've had have been who was good and who was lousy in the show and why. Actually, Debbie Reynolds and Robert Wagner are pretty much in the same Hollywood boat. Both are homegrown, both tackled Hollywood as green as grass and both have come through—Debbie further than Bob and a little faster, but as she says, "Just stick around." You get essentially the same answer when you ask either one about such things as engagement or marriage. "Just not on the docket for either of us, that's all," Bob says frankly, "although there's no one like Debbie. She's great—just great."

WHILE Bob's attractions for the girls are obvious—he's a snap dancer, tailor's dream and keeps them laughing with a running patter of very funny talk—feminine attractions for Bob fit only part of his program. He's still a great family boy, goes fishing with his dad, and squires his mother to dinner and shows just like any younger date. The athletic kick he's owned since infancy still gallops strong in his blood, and he could no more get along without his golf, tennis and swimming than he could without the bushels of food which make his mother despair, "I can feed R. J., but I can't fill him."

Bob will have to take on that problem himself in short order. Because the Wagners are leaving Bel-Air soon and moving south to LaJolla where R. J. Senior can take things easier as he'd planned to 15 years ago. Since coming back from Camp Cooke and his Army Reserve service last summer, Bob has started hunting for an apartment for himself and his cat, "Rudy," but nobody around the Wagner household is worrying about Bob's being lonely or starving to death.

The only qualms that Mr. and Mrs. Wagner nurse about casting R. J. adrift are the accidents that seem to threaten his life and limbs whenever he leaves home. Up at Lake Arrowhead last year Bob was water skiing double with his pal, Jim Aubrey, behind Dan Dailey in a speedboat at 30 m.p.h. when he spilled, and Jim, on the long rope, cracked into his head, knocking him out cold and sending him plummeting to the bottom like a rock. Jim pulled him out in time, but Bob reaped a brain concussion, also a split ear drum, and he's had migraine headaches ever since.

Then, travelling out of Chicago on the train, the engine smacked an automobile at a grade crossing and the wreckage almost flew in the window of Bob's roomette. And there was that car crash Easter Sunday on the Coast Highway riding with Susan Zanuck when a Model-A hot rod smacked Bob's car broadside for no good reason at all. Luckily, the door flew open and Susie popped out like a cork with no damage, but Bob suffered a severe cut on his eye from the flying glass.

But if Bob Wagner can only keep himself all in one piece, it doesn't look as if the world around Hollywood will be very cruel to Junior. He knows what he wants and by now it's pretty certain he has what it takes to get it. And by now too, his old man, who at one time wasn't too certain about the latter, is pretty confident and proud of his namesake.

When the steel mills closed down in the Big Strike a few weeks ago R. J. Senior had time at long last to see Bob in action. He strolled on the set of *Stars And Stripes Forever*, watched fascinated as his son emoted, and then strolled off arm-in-arm with Bob. "Well, R. J.," he grinned at the stage door, "I'm glad somebody in the family's working steady!"

From all the evidence it looks as if Bob Wagner will be working steady around Hollywood for a good long time to come. That is, if he keeps on asking questions and getting the right answers. Already he's collected the ones that count. **END**

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house in the clouds

(*Continued from page 51*) In contrast to Bob, who made only one demand ("All I want is a den"), Jane knew exactly what she wanted. At times she was the despair of the architect, Kemper Nomland, Jr., but after four years of observing the Waterfields in their house, Kemper agrees it's ideally suited to them.

In 1948 when the Waterfields decided that they could afford a house and pool, Jane took over, going about the job in her characteristically direct manner. First-off, she asked every real estate broker along Ventura Boulevard to show her any lot he had in the hills overlooking the San Fernando Valley.

THERE are only about 2,000 such lots, and Jane swears she visited about 90% of them. After weeks of endless tramping, her patience was rewarded. She found "exactly what I wanted." The Waterfield property consists of four lots at the end of a near-vertical climb. Wild hills surround three sides of the land while from the fourth, the breathtakingly beautiful valley stretches out below. Actually, the property was once a hill. A previous owner merely leveled off the top as a house site, then changed his mind and decided not to build.

Jane envisioned this leveled area as the ideal spot for a pool. Her house, she felt, would hug the hills on two levels with a portion of the living room cantilevering over the garden. This, in essence, is the plan that Kemper Nomland drew up.

"I chose Kemper as our architect," Jane explains, "because I've known him all my life. His father built homes for mother and my grandparents, and I knew he was honest. He also combined a knowledge of solid old-fashioned construction and an education in modern design. That's the exact combination Bob and I wanted in our house, something built of stone and wood like a 17th century English manor house and something with all the glass and openness of contemporary homes."

To hear Jane tell it, she and Robert (she always refers to her husband as Robert) were a pair of dillies as clients.

"We questioned Kemp and we argued with him about construction and design, and in the end, he always compromised because, after all, we were the people who were going to live in the house."

One main bone of contention concerned the beams of the living room ceiling. Jane wanted heavy beams to give the 45-foot room the warmth you get from natural woods, at least the impression of warmth. The architect argued that structurally beams were unnecessary. "I don't care whether we need them to hold up the roof or not," Jane said. "I want beams."

Hear about the guy who went snow-blind seeing so many French pix? His medic blamed it on all those white pillow cases.

Mike Connolly

Another argument in which Jane emerged the winner dealt with the front entrance. Jane explained that she wanted to be able to step into every room in the house from the front door. The sorely-tried architect said jokingly, "Look, Jane, I don't know how I can do that unless we built a front hall up through the middle of the house like an elevator shaft."

"Exactly what I want," Jane said. "You tunnel up through the center of the house. Then I'll be able to carry groceries from the carport to the kitchen without having to tramp around to a service entrance. It'll be good for Robert too. He'll be able to sneak right into his den without going through the living room."

The "tunnel" Jane insisted upon turned out to be her home's exceedingly fascinating front entrance. Lighted from above by a translucent skylight, a polished redwood stairway curves up one flight from the carport to the house proper. In the curve of the stairs are tropical plants and a stone Buddha that was once part of the Clover Club bar. When the Clover Club burned down, Jane bought the Buddha from a salvage company.

IN furnishing her highly individualistic house, Jane worked with three interior decorators. She needed three to get the particular fabrics and furniture pieces she wanted. It is basically her taste, however, which the house reflects. Russell isn't the type who puts anything in her home because someone else thinks it belongs there.

Her enormous living-dining room has been so carefully furnished to scale that you overlook its tremendous size until the room is filled with people. It can hold more than a hundred without appearing at all crowded. Its bigness is minimized because it's divided into several areas on different levels.

The dining area is one step up from the rest of the room. It has one long simple Chinese table and eight chairs set out in front of a solid window wall.

The "fire pit" is two steps below the main floor level. Two over-sized couches are set at right angles in front of a large flagstone fireplace. Someday Jane wants a leopard or zebra skin rug in front of the fireplace, but at the moment, two Navajo rugs cover the floor and harmonize surprisingly well with two Chinese red lamps.

Another section of the room is known as the "music corner." This one consists of a baby grand piano and an antique Chinese record cabinet which stands in front of the glass doors leading to a small patio.

Downstairs by the pool there's a lanai room which has a complete kitchen setup of refrigerator (*Continued on next page*)

"You'll be prettier... if you make a clean start!" says Piper Laurie



clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"You may look lovely Saturday, but don't save that face for Sunday... stale make-up spoils a pretty face!" Piper Laurie warns. And while ordinary cleansing doesn't get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten* does!



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Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!



you'll look your loveliest

"Your make-up looks loveliest when you start with a clean face," says Piper Laurie, star of "SON OF ALI BABA", a U-I Picture, Color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten*, 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

sink, garbage disposal, coffee maker, and tableware is hidden behind the Hawaiian bar. In another section of the room there's redwood furniture whose cushions Jane has covered with a turquoise plastic. There are also two dressing rooms for the swimmers in which Jane herself painted the murals. She's not half-bad as an artist. During the warm months most of the Waterfield entertaining centers in the lanai and around the pool.

The master bedroom is the only room in the house which is inaccessible from the front door. Jane wanted privacy in this room, also a built-in music system since she owns many rare recordings, collectors' items, and wanted to be the only one who would handle them.

The bed the Waterfields occupy is the same bed Bob slept on as a boy. When they were first married, Jane and Bob lived with his folks, and Jane got so used to the bed that her mother-in-law made her a gift of it. The bed is now equipped with a fancy headboard and a large grey-velvet spread.

IN ANY home that costs upward of $100,000, and Jane's is easily worth that, you can rest assured that the kitchen will boast the latest in equipment. Jane's kitchen is really more than that. It consists of pantry, kitchen, and hobby room. The three-part unit is done in blue and white, but since Jane can't stand the average kitchen wall paper, she covered the walls with a stylized Chinese pattern. She and Bob, when they're home, eat breakfast and lunch in the pantry.

Jane had a wonderful idea for the kitchen proper. Rather than have her architect build the usual half dozen cabinets for food stuffs and the like, she had him build one large cabinet that holds everything—cooking utensils, provisions, ingredients, etc. Having one closet saves time and extra motion. Instead of opening one cabinet door after another, then closing them all during meal preparations, Jane opens the double closet doors until her cooking is finished.

Beyond the kitchen lies the most functional room in the house. Its the laundry-sewing-studio-tool and general storage room. Here Jane has collected all the hobby and work-room equipment that is ordinarily scattered over a house from basement to attic. She has a file for her easels and canvasses, a home laundry, a portable sewing machine, an upright Amana freezer in which she stocks the game Bob brings home from hunting trips, and a tool bench for him, too.

Despite the fact that she had the help of three decorators in doing her house, Jane herself had so many fine decorating ideas that several of the decorators decided to adopt them. No greater tribute hath any home-owner.

Jane, for example, took a piece of ordinary driftwood, set it on a base, and sprayed it blue. She uses the driftwood as a jewelry tree, draping her costume pieces over it. She also thought up the idea of ceramic tissue boxes. Her best decorating trick, however, she reserved for her draperies. Jane has two sets of draperies, a winter red and a summer turquoise, that hang from different tracks. When one set is out of season, Jane merely pulls a cord, and it slides back into a drapery well.

Tom Land, a professional decorator who's copied some of these stunts, asked Jane a few weeks ago why she didn't go into the decorating business herself.

"Don't kid yourself," Jane told him. "When I finish my next picture, I am."

END

(*Jane's latest picture is Paramount's* Son Of Paleface.)



Negligee by John Norman

Dream girdle of the season—Perma-Lift's revolutionary "Diamonet".
The secret of this sensationally different, boneless, sheer little nylon power net girdle that slims your hips and flattens your tummy is the "double-diamond" front panel. Girdle or pantie girdle—S.M.L.—$6.95. Shown with the "Diamonet" girdle—a Perma-Lift strapless bra with Magic Insets. Perma-Lift girdles and bras by A. Stein available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

CHRISTMAS FASHION TIPS ON FOLLOWING PAGES➔

Dear Santa...



Anne Baxter appearing in 20th's *My Wife's Best Friend.*

MORE→

. . . *hints to John and precious Katrina for my Merry Christmas:* A mink coat. A diamond bracelet. And, for sure, a Bur-Mil Cameo nylon hosiery wardrobe. Sheer, sheer Nylomist for gala dress-up or Ballet Toe Transpara for sandal striplings; Nyle-de-chine for daytime wear; Merry Minx (the dainty outline heel)—perfect complement for important black suits; Burmilace (the new 60 gauge non-run long wearing mesh)—for casual wear. Anne's chiffon nitie and ostrich stole by John Norman—her Butterfly mules by Delman. Bur-Mil Cameo Hosiery available at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.



Beautiful lingerie—always a must on every Christmas list! Vanessa Brown, appearing in the United Artist production *The Fighter* and also in MGM's *The Bad And The Beautiful,* poses in an exquisite lace and satin nitie—the bodice, with sweetheart neckline, is of nylon Alencon lace with nylon net ruffle trim; the midriff and bias skirt of Satron, a rayon satin and nylon fabric. Ivory, pink or blue. Sizes 32 to 40. About $8. By Seamprufe. Carson, Pirie & Scott, Chicago, Arnold Constable, New York, May Company, Los Angeles—or, for store nearest you write Fashion Department. Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Sally Forrest, next in MGM'S *Code 2,* chooses transparent, feather-light, sturdy Rain Dears Deluxe b Lucky as weather protection for all shoes. These soft, seamless, molded Norlon plastic rainboots (with triple-thick, deep, non-slip tread) have easy-on-and-off bow-tie tape and snap fastenings. Shown below: 1. Universal-Fit, all type shoes, S.M.L. or XL. 2. Fashion-Fit, cuban c high heels, S.M.L. At leading department and shoe stores —about $2, with plastic carrying pouch. The velveteen milium-lined, raincoat and beret by Lawrence of London. Delman shoes. Lubar umbrell



1



2

GOWER CHAMPION
with an assist from his wife,
MARGE, tells you...

"THERE'S MORE GLINT IN A MAN'S EYE WHEN THERE'S NO GLEAM ON A WOMAN'S STOCKINGS"

"In our new picture for M-G-M, *Everything I Have Is Yours,*" says Gower Champion, "Marge and I play a husband and wife dance team who drift apart. As usual, it's the accumulation of little things that leads to the big bust-up."

Any smart woman knows that appearance, too, depends on little things—which can harm it or help it.

That's why so many stars, like Marge Champion, who work under bright lights and the merciless eye of the camera, invariably wear Bur-Mil® Cameo® stockings—with exclusive *Face Powder Finish.** Cameo's permanently soft, dull finish provides the greatest aid to leg flattery since nylon itself!

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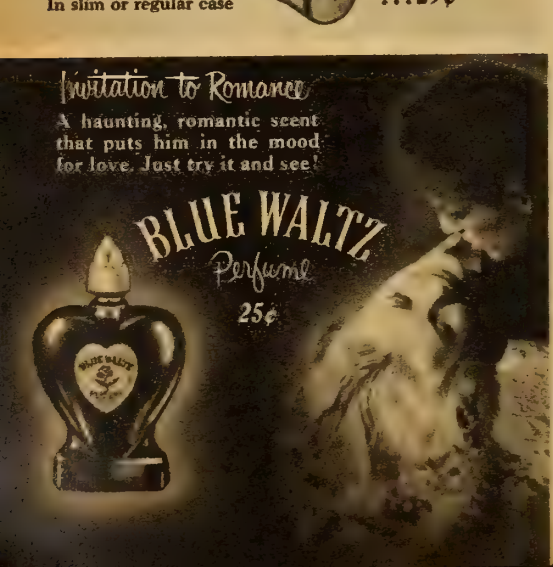
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every girl needs sex appeal

(*Continued from page 57*) "I've been presented," Anne sadly admits, "as a terribly nice person, a good actress, a kind wife, a thoughtful mother. If I were running for office, if I wanted to become the mayor of Beverly Hills, that description would be wonderful. But let's face it. I'm an actress. I'm supposed to sound stimulating, look exciting.

"In the past my sex appeal has been kept in shackles. My fan mail, for example, has always consisted of letters congratulating me on my acting ability, my interpretation of various roles. I appreciate those letters. I really do. But why haven't I gotten any mail asking for pinup photos? The answer is simple: men, because of my films and reputation, have regarded me as brainy, dull, motherly, practical, anything but sexy.

"In all honesty I must admit that I'm no holier-than-thou. I'm not Gree-ah Garson. I'm a young actress who resents being presented as dull and inhibited."

In addition to re-doing herself physically, Anne, a few weeks ago, joined the growing line of top-flight screen stars—Tyrone Power, Cary Grant, Betty Hutton, Alan Ladd, Kathryn Grayson—who prefer free-lancing to studio contracts.

After 11 years at 20th Century-Fox, Anne walked into Darryl Zanuck's office one morning and asked for her release.

Her contract, at $3500 a week, ran until the spring of 1953.

When I asked Anne why she was giving up the security of a contract long before it expired, she said, "With me it's just a matter of professional growing pains. I've been under contract all my working life, and now I want to do some experimenting on my own. I am indebted to the studio for all the great breaks and guidance it gave me. But there are some exciting things going on in the show world and I want in on them. For example, Paul Gregory, theatrically speaking, has found a new world in America and we have been talking. I want to be free to hit the road for him in some vibrant, exciting work such as his stage productions of *Don Juan In Hell* and *John Brown's Body*. I also want to be free to travel, to make a picture in Europe or South Africa and naturally here in Hollywood. I think the world is too exciting right now to stay put in any one place."

ANNE'S great handicap, at least she currently regards it as a handicap, is that she talks like the literate, sensitive, perceptive, aggressive, knowing actress she is.

Her personality seems to accentuate her intelligence rather than the body beautiful. A friend who knows her well explains her desire to appear sexy in these words. "It took Anne 11 years to achieve fame and stardom in Hollywood. All of a sudden a girl named Marilyn Monroe comes along. Let's face it. All Monroe has is sex. It oozes out of her the way toothpaste oozes out of a tube.

"Monroe's been at the studio only a few years. She's played mostly bits. But today she gets more fan mail, more publicity than any other actress in town. You don't have to be an intellectual giant to realize that sex pays off. Baxter has come to that conclusion. Having a brain is very important but nobody buys tickets at the box office to see it. Maybe it sounds crass, but the average male movie-goer today is more interested in the bust than in the brain. Anne realizes that love is what makes the world go 'round."

In fact, Anne Baxter says very frankly that it's time to bring back longer-lasting, and more passionate kisses to the screen.

"The motion picture industry was partly built on great, uninhibited love scenes," she told me. "Today stars give each other gentle pecks and let it go at that, or the camera cuts away from them just as they really get into the spirit of the thing. The emotional excitement that meant so much to people back in the silent days of pictures is gone.

"Why do you think a picture like *A Place In The Sun* brought so many women storming to the movie houses? Word got around that the clinches between Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor were realistic. And the closeups too."

Baxter also has a theory about why so many females attend the French and Italian movies, and it has nothing to do with learning a foreign language.

ACCORDING to Anne, "Foreign stars kiss as if they enjoy it. They go in for historical kissing, too. We haven't had that in Hollywood since Garbo and Gilbert."

In Hollywood, Anne points out, a man with a stopwatch stands on the sidelines when an actor and actress go into a clinch. If the kiss lasts more than twenty or thirty seconds, the scene is re-taken, and the players are told to speed it up.

"While making *My Wife's Best Friend* with MacDonald Carey," Anne says, "we held a kiss a couple of seconds too long. We had to shoot the scene over again. It doesn't make sense, doing things like that. That scene, as Mac and I felt it—well, it could drag a lot of people who have lost the movie habit back to theatres. There are so many unloved people in the world who need a little warmth from movies. Why short-change them?"

To people who don't know Anne or who merely know her by her staid, country-club type of reputation, the preceding quotations may seem out of character, but the simple truth is that ever since she fell in love with John Hodiak, Anne has been an out-spoken, down-to-earth, lusty female.

The studio has played her up as the grand-daughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, the great founder and practitioner of modern architecture, either forgetting or not knowing that when Wright was a young man, he was involved in some of the most tempestuous love affairs of the century. If Anne's love life, as a matter of fact, were to follow in the footsteps of her illustrious grandfather's, she herself would be involved in some of the choicest scandals of all time, because Wright always was and still is, despite his advanced age, a rugged individualist who will brook no interference with his plans and ideas. He had several wives, was in trouble with many of them, and for many years his marital difficulties made intriguing headlines.

Anne herself says. "My grandfather, Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, wore only a red sash on his wedding night. That's glamor."

Anne also attributes her current change in appearance and outlook to her grandfather. "He always says," she explains, "that a habit of any kind is absolute death. 'Never let a habit become a habit' is a favorite maxim of his."

When she was 11 years old, young hazel-eyed Anne Baxter was sure she had been born to be a wall-flower. "I hated that," she recalls, "but I must have been a precocious brat because I did something about it. I decided that wall-flowers were people other people didn't look at, and I wanted to be looked at—in a nice way. So I thought that if I were on the stage, people would have to look at me."

Anne's parents sympathized with her ambition and enrolled her in the Theodore Irving School of Dramatics. When she was all of 12 she made her stage debut. A few years later she was playing in

summer stock at Dennis, Mass. Anne also starred on Broadway with Gladys Cooper and Eva Le Gallienne, two veteran performers, who taught her plenty. Several years of study with Maria Ouspenskaya, and Anne was called to Hollywood to test for the lead in *Rebecca*. She made eight tests for the part, then David Selznick decided to postpone production. Back to New York went Anne, puzzled and disappointed, but not for long. Darryl Zanuck asked her to test for *Stage Door*, and when he saw the result, signed her immediately.

ANNE came to Hollywood with her mother. She was 16 at the time, and mother watched her like a hawk. Anne's first picture was with John Barrymore in *The Great Profile*. Her second was with Jack Benny in *Charley's Aunt*.

She was rather plump, very serious, very talented but not too sexy. She had dates and boy friends but no one very serious until John Hodiak walked into her life. Hodiak was a former radio announcer from Chicago, the son of immigrant parents, and he'd come up the hard way.

It was whispered around town when Anne and John started going together that Mrs. Baxter didn't think this was a suitable combination. But Hodiak wasn't particularly interested in rumors, founded or unfounded, concerning his future mother-in-law's opinion of him.

It made no difference to John that Mrs. Baxter was Frank Lloyd Wright's daughter. This was pure accident. Mrs. Baxter had nothing whatever to do with choosing her parents. Hodiak wasn't impressed either with the fact that Anne's father, Kenneth Baxter, was sales manager for the Frankfort Distilleries. He was in love with Anne and he would have proposed if her father had played third base for the San Quentin Eagles and her mother had been graduated from a school for delinquents. This boy was really taken with everything about Anne, her poise, her erudition, her savoir-faire and her sex appeal.

When Mrs. Baxter realized that marriage was inevitable, she graciously gave her consent and the ceremony was held at the Baxter home in Burlingame, California. That was in 1946. Last year the Hodiaks had their first child, a daughter, Katrina.

Hodiak may not be as talented as Anne's grandfather, but he certainly is an infinitely better husband. Thus far, for example, he's said nothing about Anne's platinum blonde hair, the poodle cut, the false eyelashes, her new insistence upon glamour and sex appeal. To him, Anne has always been loaded with these attributes.

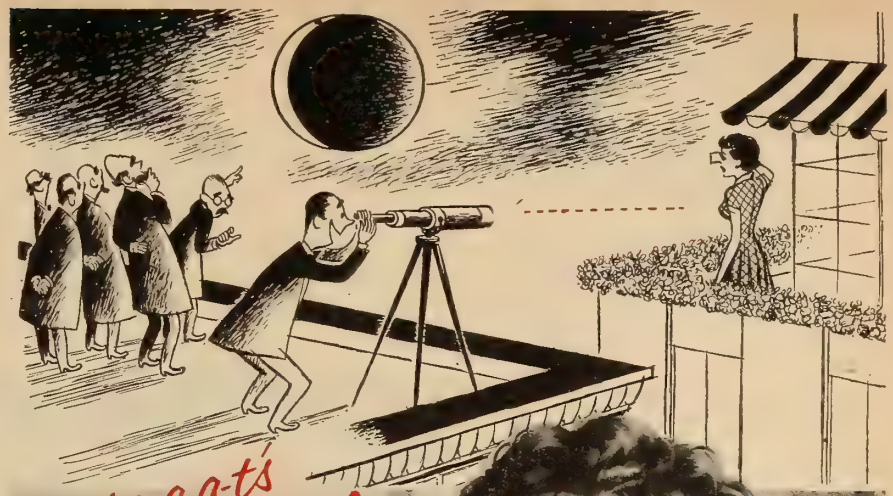
As regards the public, Anne now feels she must be a little more obvious with what physical charms nature has endowed her. "Every girl," she says, "needs sex appeal."

Apparently that even holds when a girl is a successful actress, is earning $3,500 a week, has captured a handsome husband, earned a magnificent career and given birth to an utterly delightful baby. **END**

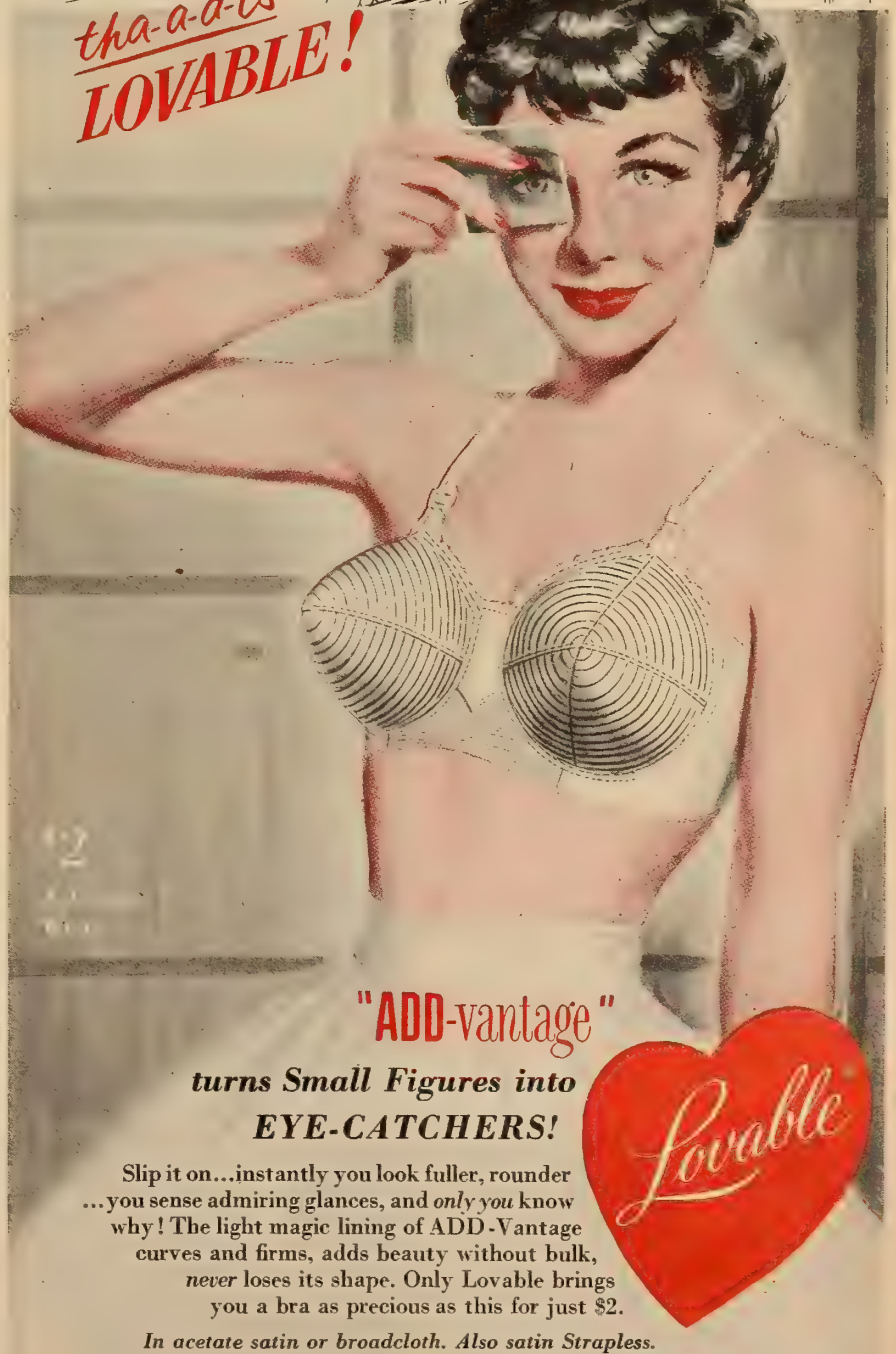
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Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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Fall Beauty Hints

—by Ruth Pearse



Top News—
Fashion's newest fanciness is the beautiful outside bra, to be worn as a dress-up blouse a-top an evening skirt or hostess slacks. Made of glamorous flowers or fabrics, these revealing pretties call for underarms soft and smooth as your neck and shoulders. That calls for YODORA, the beauty-cream deodorant. Used daily, YODORA protects against perspiration odor, helps beautify your skin at the same time.



Lady at Home—
Would you believe, some women feel they don't need a deodorant when they're "just staying home"? They feel they're saving their underarm skin from the irritation caused by constant use of too-harsh deodorants. (One out of two women reported such irritation in a nation-wide study among readers of a leading woman's magazine.)

LADY, **you never need a rest from YODORA! A four-week test among more than a hundred women, supervised by a leading skin specialist, showed *not one case of underarm skin irritation* from using YODORA, even when applied immediately after shaving. YODORA is actually soothing to normal skin.**



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(worth a good 50¢)
McKesson wants to send you this handy plastic Toilet Kit . . . containing a regular 35¢ tube of YODORA, the beauty-cream deodorant. And there's room for other favorite personal items, too. Convenient for office or locker, as well as for travel.

To get the kit, just send 25¢ in coin, with your name and address to: McKesson & Robbins, Incorporated, Bridgeport, Conn. Department Y-8



Tubes or jars, 10¢, 35¢, 60¢
McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

I like to rumba, tint my hair, drive past bakeries, says Lana Turner. Here's the seventh in MODERN SCREEN's new series of informal comments on life, love and the pursuit of happiness written by Hollywood's top stars.

Take my word for it

by LANA TURNER; star columnist for November



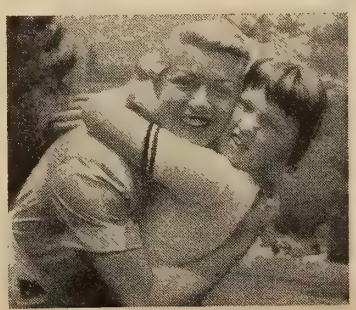
I'd rather rumba than read.



You can be lonely in a crowded room.



Best makeup trick I know: falling in love.



A woman needs children to be happy.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I SAID: I'd rather rumba than read . . . I'd be terrified to do a play . . . I can count my women friends on the fingers of one hand, and none of them are movie stars . . . I feel lonely in a crowded room . . . I don't like to read poetry . . . I can't get past seven times seven in the multiplication tables . . .

Today I love to read fiction, but love biographies, too. I like anything that teaches me something new . . . If there were a play in which I could lose myself completely, I might try it, but I doubt it . . . I have discovered that if you have one real friend, you are very lucky, so being able to count friends on the fingers of one hand isn't as deplorable as it sounds . . . I have also learned that loneliness is a condition within yourself, so being alone or in a crowd doesn't make any difference . . . I can now get past the sevens in the multiplication table, but I won't say how far past.

PERSISTENT HABITS: I still dress in the standard way, from the bottom up. Stockings, shoes, lingerie, face, hair (if putting on the dress won't disturb it), then the gown. I like to change my hairdress to fit the occasion—down in the daytime, upsweep at night. I usually do it myself. I still like to change the color once in a while (I am about to become a brownie with lighter wings at the temples).

Philosophy: The best makeup for any woman is to be in love.

Culinary: I learned to eat snails in Paris. This is a habit easy to forget. I still like to drive by a bakery.

Suntan Department: Getting a good even tan is a hobby of mine. After years of experimenting I have reduced it to what I believe is the simplest method. You'll find nothing new in it, just use common sense. Watch yourself the first few days in the sun. That's all.

RESEARCH: In *The Merry Widow* I thought it was fun wearing a corset until I started dancing with Fernando Lamas, when I had to keep whispering, "hold me tighter," because I felt I was slipping away. After a few days of not being able to take a deep breath or sit with any degree of comfort, I began to feel very sorry for the women who had to wear them. In fact I don't know how they ever ate a square meal.

More Research: American women have the taste but not the leisure of European women. Consequently, we usually consider the latter overdressed, with their feathers, veils, hats and heirloom jewelry, etc. American women, most of whom work, haven't the time to fuss with all these fripperies. Sometimes



I think European women have the right idea in letting men take care of everything while they just take care of themselves . . . but, on the other hand, an American woman's life is broader and gives her many more contacts with the world. I don't think, in the long run, an American woman would be satisfied with the confined ways of a European woman's existence; and I believe a European woman would be fascinated with the freedom and opportunities for self-expression her American sister has.

EDITORIAL BLAST: Let's start a campaign against being careless about introductions. This is a bad habit. Don't slough off an introduction, or the names involved. Don't assume everyone knows everyone else. (I have seen so many people standing around at parties *not* knowing anyone that I've sometimes felt I was in a theater lobby between acts rather than in someone's home!)

Many times I have entered a room where others were gathered and heard the hostess say, "You know everyone, don't you, darling? Of course you do!" I can't call her a liar, so away she goes leaving me in a social sahara. Oh, I know she has things on her mind—the dinner, some special seating arrangement, a guest of honor not yet arrived. But her first duty is to make sure her guests form a harmonious group.

When a guest arrives at a party, he should immediately be introduced to everyone. And no guests already present should hesitate to stop their conversation and pay strict and courteous attention to the newcomer. Give of yourself that moment, because it is what makes the social wheels go around; don't be mechanical about it, don't slough it off.

It's infuriating to be at a party and have to ask some friend who the person is who's coming toward you and have them answer, "Haven't you met him yet? You must have." You say, "No." They say, "Oh." And they let it go at that!

A few weeks ago I was invited to a cocktail party, and Fernando Lamas was my escort. When we arrived I introduced Fernando to the hostess. So far so good. She then took me by the arm, and with Fernando on my other side, we went around meeting the rest of the guests. Each time the hostess introduced just *me*, leaving it up to me, then, to introduce Fer-



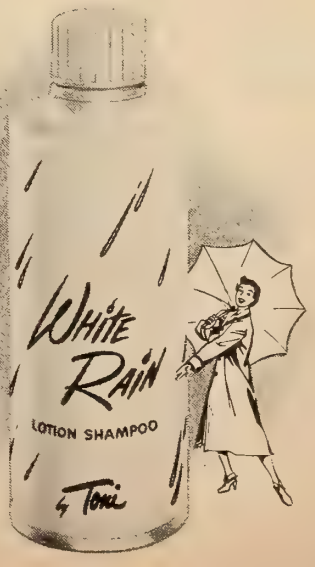
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- *In separate glass vials*

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nando. This is quite a trick, like passing the baton, or whatever it is that runners hand to each other in a relay race.

Sometimes introductions are so casual that you don't really feel you have met the person at all. I know of cases where people who were introduced to each other in this way at a party didn't even nod when they happened to meet again the next day. They weren't being impolite. Their introductions had been so indifferent that each felt he or she would be presuming if they accepted this as a basis for knowing each other. The truth was that they had both been slighted by their host. An introduction should be the cement that can bind a new friendship together, not a mere brushing of two people together.

I've talked about European women, so I must say one thing about European men. When you meet one and he bends over and kisses your hand, you sit up and take notice; you feel you've been really *introduced!* It's so much more courteous than an offhand "Hi!"

EVER SINCE MY DAUGHTER CHERYL CHRISTINA has been old enough to understand, I have taught her to introduce her little friends to me whenever I happened to enter a room where they were playing. Now it is second nature with her, and it gives her a sense of responsibility that I know she enjoys, as well as a measure of poise that will always benefit her. I'm very proud that, at nine, she is already a gracious hostess.

While I am on the subject of Cheryl, I'd like to mention one other thing that I feel very strongly about. I hate to hear children call adults by their first name, as you so often do. If friends are frequent visitors to the house and calling them "Mr." or "Mrs." seems too formal for the kids, they can call them Aunt Nellie or Uncle John. I am sure it is an old American custom for everyone to call a venerable old man in the community "grandfather" whether or not there is an actual family relationship. Then take "Grandma Moses." She is grandma to the whole world now. Similarly an old friend of the family could be called aunt or uncle as the case may be. Anything but the person's first name which, coming out of a child's mouth, always jars you with a feeling of disrespect, even though it isn't meant that way. Children brought up to respect their elders and to be courteous at all times will have a wonderful foundation for life, because courtesy never goes out of style.

Finally I'd like to say a little about makeup, fashions and perfumes. The only trick I know about makeup has been told before—apply it with discretion. For the street I use eyebrow pencil, mascara and lipstick, rarely powder and never rouge. For evening I add a mauve eye shadow and sometimes, if I am to be photographed, I will use a light foundation. The most important rule for makeup is never to think and fuss about it once it is on and you are out for the evening. If someone tells you, "Your makeup looks beautiful today," something is wrong. It shouldn't be noticed as makeup, and if it is, it's too obvious!

I SEEM TO WEAR JEWELRY IN SPURTS — some weeks a lot, some weeks little or none. In the daytime I like gold or pearls. For evenings I love diamonds. I like smart costume jewelry too, but it must be *smart*. Not wooden beads or plastic gadgets. I've always hated gadgets. There is beautiful costume jewelry to be had quite reasonably today, so if you have one good genuine piece of jewelry, perhaps a ring or earrings, you can do a wonderful job building around it with good costume pieces.

Personally, I prefer colognes to perfume and have used the same scent for 11 years. I have it made up just for me. This is my own secret, but anyone can find one that suits them . . . and do find it. It's fun to experiment and finally get something you think is like you and will be your individual trademark. Actually my cologne is a blend of two colognes, both of which are available in any store. The point is to get hold of some perfume or cologne that becomes *you* and only you. Part of the strategy of femininity is to be *remembered*. An aroma distinctively yours helps do that job.

IN CLOTHES I conform pretty much to regulation, except that I do love slacks for around the house or at the studio. I buy my slacks ready made and prefer the fly fronts instead of the side zippers. No matter how neatly they're sewn on, side zippers do bulge a little where the material is lapped over. And, of course, I have always liked sweaters. Nothing is softer for informal wear, or more complimentary. They come in the most beautiful colors and can be worn with slacks, skirts or even shorts.

For my skin I always use soap and water, then rub a little cream in to counteract the dryness . . . but I never leave it on overnight Someone was telling me the other day that mixing cold cream with a tablespoon of ordinary table salt was wonderful for cleaning your pores. Maybe I'll try it some day. If I do, I'll let you know how it works.

As for hair, it should always be kept clean and lustrous. Such hair worn simply is far more attractive than an elaborate hairdo that needs constant washing.

BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING of all is happiness. To find that is quite a trick. No woman is really happy unless she knows she is loved, has children and has learned a way of expressing herself. Not only must there be a relationship with life in which others have a part, but you must have some outlet other than your family. Fortunately I get a great deal of satisfaction from my career. Even though I get greater pleasure out of being with my daughter, both help me to feel that I am being a worthwhile human being.

Working toward this and, improving one's beauty, is not an unimportant step. Beauty is as old as people and the best remembered thing about them. Cleopatra, Salome, Madam Pompadour, Mata Hari were all guilty of specific deeds that few people can recall—but everyone remembers they were beautiful.

Lana Turner

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Lana Turner personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

confessions of a ten-percenter

(*Continued from page 46*) is the sweetest most popular actor in the business. None better. Honestly!

Right now, just for the record, I'd like to say that I know Jeff as well as any person living with the possible exception of his wife, Marge. She, of course, thinks he's a dream. She only lives with him. I have to work with the lug.

This guy will play a benefit in Peoria if you ask him. On the level. He is constitutionally incapable of saying no.

Let me give you a few examples. A number of weeks ago a lady called and asked me if Jeff would be good enough to travel out to a section of Los Angeles called Westchester. The Jewish organization, Hadassah, had elected a girl to be crowned Queen Esther of Westchester; and they wanted Jeff to preside at the ceremonies. When I asked Jeff about it, he said, "Sure, why not?"

A day later Father Patrick Peyton, who runs the Family Theatre, a radio program over the Mutual Network, phoned. "I wonder if Jeff'd do another show for us," the Catholic cleric asked me. "He's done so many already I'm almost ashamed to impose upon him."

When the Man Mountain ambled in that afternoon, I relayed the request. "Be glad to," he said, "Why not?"

When Jeff was shooting *Because Of You* in which he co-stars with Loretta Young, the company used the Sawtelle Veterans Hospital as a location. Between set-ups, Jeff sat around, cracked jokes, bulled with the men, listened to their old stories, their plans for the future.

Early next morning a soldier came up to my office. "I was talkin' to Jeff Chandler out at the Hospital," he explained. "Told him I wanted to get into show business. He said you'd be glad to help me."

That's one of the troubles with Chandler. He tries to foist his missionary spirit on his friends. Thinks everyone should help everyone else.

Know that crazy baseball team that Martin & Lewis have, the Aristocrats? A look at the lineup shows Chandler playing right field. Know where most of the Aristocrats' games are played? At Sawtelle for the benefit of war veterans. Ever hear of the City of Hope, that wonderful outfit near Duarte, California, which provides free medical help for tuberculosis and cancer patients? I've lost count how many times Jeff has appeared for that charity.

HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Cupid Dep't—Vivien Leigh thinks Laurence Olivier is the nicest man in town . . . Ann Sheridan and Cesar Romero have discovered each other . . . Joan Fontaine has a Pasadena beau, but Conrad Nagle still escorts her places . . . Errol Flynn and Lily Damita are planning a second honeymoon.—*April, 1939—Modern Screen.*

MAYBE it's because he's always been tall and tall people have a way of feeling self-conscious, as if they didn't quite belong. Maybe it's because of that, or maybe it's just because he's humanitarian, but Jeff is always going to bat for the underdog.

That's Jeff's outstanding trait, I think. He's unbelievable. Just look at the guy. Does he look like an actor? Does he walk like an actor? Does he even talk like an actor?

Behind that granite face would you think there lurks a first-rate intelligence? Would you think this lug is as soft-hearted as Florence Nightingale? Would you, even in your most fanciful dreams, consider him a sensitive artist or a fine singer?

Listen to the truth, friends. This guy started out in Brooklyn as a commercial artist, and a darn good one, too. He also sings. Peggy Lee had him on her radio show as a guest, and he was so surprisingly good as a canary that she insisted he make a repeat appearance.

As for his soft-heartedness and his intelligence, maybe you won't believe this but Jeff is one of the few Hollywood stars who tries to answer personally each and every fan letter. Not with a form reply, either. He has a blonde secretary, Arleen Franz, and he dictates to her every day.

"If people are nice enough to write me," he says, "who am I not to answer?"

If this is not a refreshing attitude in Hollywood I will eat it. Here's one of the busiest guys in town who's never too busy to answer his own fan mail. Few other stars can make this claim. Not that Jeff ever makes any claim. Ask the reporters about him. All of them say, "The trouble with Chandler is that he won't talk about himself. The subject embarrasses him."

I first saw Jeff 12 years ago when he was Ira Grossel from Brooklyn. He was enrolled at the Feagin School of Dramatic Arts in New York. At the time I was a talent scout for 20th Century-Fox. It was part of my job to make the rounds of dramatic schools, searching out new talent.

To me Jeff was a big, gawdy kid. He didn't seem to coordinate too well, a common failing of tall guys. But there was an arresting quality about the boy, a kind of deep sincerity. I watched him for a few minutes, then walked out.

Later I was at (*Continued on next page*)

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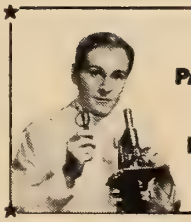


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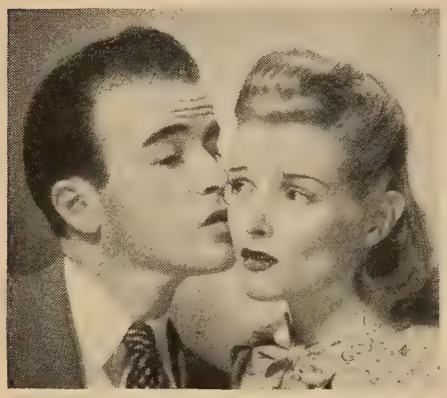
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the Mill Pond Playhouse on Long Island when who should turn up again? Right. Only this time he was a spear-carrier or something in a costume drama entitled *The Trojan Horse*. His face had more character and his acting showed indications of great potential, but I still didn't think enough of the boy to recommend a screen test. I felt he was at least two or three years away. Then the war broke out and I lost track of Jeff.

When I next ran into him we were both in Hollywood, he as a radio actor and I as the general manager of Huntington Hartford's talent agency. We met at a Lux Radio Theatre broadcast, and when the show was over I knew at once that Ira Grossel had arrived. He had not only developed his acting, but his sex appeal, his personal magnetism, that strong-but-silent he-man attitude seemed to overwhelm the audience. I was surprised after the broadcast to observe that more fans asked for his autograph than for the signatures of the established movie stars who headed the cast.

Although I'd seen him, Jeff and I had never met. A mutual friend introduced us. The first thing I said, looking up at the Man Mountain was, "I saw you in stock under a different name." He furrowed his brow. "Yep," I continued, "It was at the Mill Pond Playhouse in Long Island. You were in a play called *The Trojan Horse*."

Jeff couldn't believe it. "But that's impossible," he said. "That was more than eight years ago."

We set up a date for the next day and Jeff came into the office to discuss representation. We talked for a while and he said, "Suppose I sign with you, what sort of parts do you think I'm suited for?"

"Maybe I'm crazy," I said, "but I see you as a leading man."

Jeff grinned. "Thanks," he said. "Everybody else sees me as a character."

Well, it wasn't easy getting Jeff Chandler a job in pictures, I'll tell you that. But I never lost my confidence in the guy. I remember the night I met him. I went home to my wife and I said, "Edna, I've run into an actor today and I've got a very strong feeling he's going to become a big star."

A funny thing. Jeff later told me that on that very same night he went home to his wife and said, "Marge, at last I've found the guy who's right for me. This guy's gonna do it."

For three months I went from studio to studio trying to sell the lug. At one studio they said, "Look, we've got all the truck drivers we need." At another, the casting director said, "He's too tall. He's a giant. If we make a sequel to *King Kong*,

easy money!

What's your favorite color? If it's that soft, restful shade of green that comes on paper money, here's a quick way to latch on to some. All you have to do is read all the stories in this November issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Lana Turner
- ☐ It Had To Happen (John Wayne)
- ☐ Lanza Fights Again
- ☐ What Really Happened Between Rita and Aly
- ☐ The Gold Dust Twins (Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift)
- ☐ State Of The Union (Van Johnson)
- ☐ You're On, Kids! (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Quiz Kid (Robert Wagner)
- ☐ I Want To Be Loved (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Confessions Of A Ten-Percenter (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ House In The Clouds (Jane Russell)
- ☐ We're Off! (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ Once In Love With Janie (Jane Powell)
- ☐ Every Girl Needs Sex Appeal (Anne Baxter)
- ☐ Dixie And Bing: Their Tragic Love
- ☐ Why I Pray (Dale Robertson)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

_____

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we'll call you." A third studio sent word that he wasn't handsome enough. A fourth told me that possibly he could be used as a mug in gangster films.

It was disheartening and discouraging for both of us. It's sort of embarrassing to ask for work, which is why actors have agents. But I think it's especially embarrassing for a big hunk of man like Jeff to be told, "Sorry, I can't use you." All the time he knows what the casting director is thinking, which is, "How come a big healthy Joe like you isn't driving a truck or digging a ditch?"

Jeff didn't give up and neither did I. He continued to work in radio, and I kept pounding studio doors. Universal was the first studio really to let us in. They tested Jeff for a part in *Sword In The Desert.*

He was sensational. The studio called me and had the test run. "Aren't you surprised?" one executive asked me. "No," I said honestly. "I expected him to be good. What do you think I've been talking about all these months?" While *Sword In The Desert* was being made, the studio signed Jeff to a contract.

Other than for the outside pictures he's made at 20th Century—*Broken Arrow* was the best of these—he's been at Universal ever since. A few weeks ago we signed a new contract. It makes Jeff one of the highest paid actors on the lot.

When I tell people that despite his success Jeff hasn't changed, they refuse to believe me. "You're his agent," they say. "Whoever heard of an agent telling the truth about his client? How come he separated from his wife when he earned a little success? Why don't you tell us the truth about that?"

The truth is very simple. All married couples quarrel in Hollywood and out of Hollywood. Sometimes personalities rub each other the wrong way, No marriage is perfect. It has to be worked at. Jeff's wife is a beautiful, intelligent extrovert. Jeff is essentially introspective. Lots of times he'll sit for long periods, just thinking. Marge will say, "What's wrong?" Jeff will say, "Nothing. I'm just trying to think something through." The separation stemmed from a difference of viewpoint. There was no third party involved. Jeff and Marge were apart for seven months, and my own personal opinion is that because of that separation their marriage is more solid today.

THE Chandlers with their two daughters live in a middle-class house in a middle class neighborhood, drive a middle-class car, a Pontiac, wear middle-class clothes, and live a quiet, circumspect life.

Jeff has a wry sense of humor which is open to misinterpretation because on occasion his kidding is taken seriously. It hurts him to hurt anyone even momentarily. If he feels he has, he's quick with an apology.

He also has a pretty good idea of where he stands as an actor. "I've done some good parts," he says, "and then there have been others. I have a set of values for myself, and I know I've got a lot to learn."

As an agent and talent scout I've seen an awful lot of actors in Hollywood. The behavior pattern is very simple. They start out grateful and hard-working. In a few years success turns them a little heady. The agent who once helped them is now a necessary evil, a sycophant. They tolerate you because they feel that one day they may need your services again.

This is not true of Jeff Chandler. He called me Meyer when he didn't have a dime, and he still calls me Meyer today. The important thing to me is that the tone he uses is still the same. **END**

(Jeff Chandler can be seen in Universal-International's Yankee Buccaneer.)



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Evening: 3. "Cream-wash" again with *greaseless* Noxzema. See how completely it washes away make-up and dirt. **4.** Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help keep your skin looking soft, smooth, and lovely. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It's *medicated*—that's one secret! And it's *greaseless*, too. No smeary face! No messy pillow!

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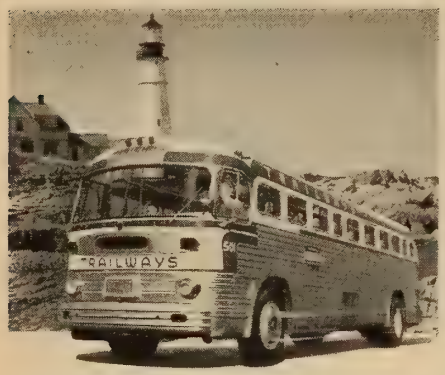
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the gold dust twins

(*Continued from page 37*) and Montgomery Clift have Hollywood in a turmoil because these two stars are taking away from the film capital some of the glamor that made it famous. There is no illusion on the screen when the theatre-goer knows very well that the man he is looking at in the fancy costume is, at home, a chap with manners and attire that might keep him from being invited into the average living room. And, apparently, there is nothing that can be done about it.

Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift, to give Hollywood its just due, are not Hollywood people. Neither one of them have starved on Hollywood Boulevard to get where they are. They never had to face hunger or the other trials that the usual aspirant in Hollywood does. They came sailing into the movies on the winds of Broadway success. And they came, and come, to Hollywood for only one reason, *gold.* They come a-mining for the dust whenever they need it and then skadoo. And both have stated publicly that they wouldn't give two cents for the whole town. Both of them at the time of this writing have informed their studio bosses that they will not give interviews for fan magazines, nor will they take off their old clothes and pose, like movie stars, for the picture pages of these periodicals. It looks as though Hollywood and Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift are at a stalemate.

It has been charged time and again that Marlon and Monty are nothing more than free-thinking young men who refuse for basic reasons, known only to themselves, to conform to any movie star tradition but picking up the fat pay check. Their supporters claim that they are singular artists, too concerned with their mauling of the Muses to bother their heads about rational matters. And too steeped in the traditions of the theatre to care if anybody puts down a dollar out front to get a peek at their genius. This is nonsense.

One old-timer, a man who holds the deep respect of actors, and who in his prime lived the true life of a movie star, snorts when their names are mentioned and cries that in his day neither one of them could get work as an extra. This is terribly harsh, according to other old-timers who think Monty and Marlon certainly could have been extras but might never have got to the top of the heap in a time when competition for stardom was keener.

A CAREFUL check of the situation reveals that although Monty and Marlon have had rather celebrated careers both on the Main Stem in New York and in a few artistic-type pictures, neither one of them has distinguished himself at a box office to be worthy of the fabulous fees they exact for their movie efforts. True, Monty made *Red River,* a big money-maker, and *A Place In The Sun,* which made a nice buck, but the rest of his films have not been gold mines. Marlon made Warner Brothers happy with *A Streetcar Named Desire,* but none of his other films had bank tellers working overtime counting profits. And yet both boys demand salaries in excess of actors who have been making smash pictures for 20 years and more. A logical conclusion would be that the lads have found a strawberry patch they're picking clean.

A wise movie man once said that the way to sell movies was to have the star put the print on his back and travel the land peddling it as he trudged. Marlon and Monty refuse to do this. They feel perfectly free to wind up shooting and take off for New York or Europe, leaving the Hollywood folk to sell the effort as best they can. The fact that some of these pictures have been what is known in the trade as "bombs" is an indication of faithlessness. It is not good enough that Marlon mumble into a moustache for a couple of months for a fortune, then dash off to study tinsmithing or something until he feels the urge for more *gold;* or that Monty sag through a movie between cat naps and then walk through a brick wall into nowhere until the uncertain producers raise his fee again.

The private lives of Marlon Brando and Monty Clift, are, to be sure, not average and are certainly not like a fan's idea of a movie star. An astute observer once said that Marlon Brando has blue-jean skin, for that is all he ever seems to wear—at least in public appearances, and that the torn T shirt he wore in *A Streetcar Named Desire* is swank compared to some of the things that hang in his clothes closet. The only time he has been seen in a suit, he confessed that it was his agent's (his agent is a good 50 pounds lighter than our hero). Marlon's idea of good all-weather headgear is a knitted seaman's watch cap which, it is said, he showers in. One bitter winter long ago he lost his overcoat and has never bought another.

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about **betty grable**
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november 7

And this is the lad who is at present playing the romantic role of Mark Antony in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar.*

In the wardrobe department Monty Clift fares a little better. He wears a pair of pants and a jacket, but, his friends opine, it is only because his frame, undraped, is not a beautiful thing to behold. Monty never clipped the coupon that tells you how to have bulging muscles for a dollar a week. And, being a shy lad, he has no wish to display his physique. A member of the press who once got a peek into Monty's closet found it bare of clothing. He asked if the actor was moving and was informed that Monty had his wardrobe on his back.

HAVING a date with an old-time movie star was something to watch. Something a movie fan, lucky enough to observe, would never forget. Flowers would arrive in the afternoon. And at the appointed hour the star would appear in a glittering car, driven by a handsome, aloof servant. The star would alight and, after being properly announced, kiss his date's hand, lead her to his chariot and take

her off to an evening of dancing, champagne and caviar.

This writer happens to have observed one of Marlon Brando's dates. He arrived in mid-town Manhattan during the busy theatre hour aboard a dirty old motorcycle. His blue jeans and leather jacket were glistening this night, for it was raining, almost a cloudburst. He stood three floors below his date's window and howled, like a wolf after its mate, for the young lady to come down. When she did, he piled her onto the back seat of the motor bike and whirled her off to a sodden tour of Central Park. And they dined beside the reservoir on sandwiches he had made himself. The next night she went to a movie with a nice polite bus driver and had the time of her life. She is now one of the many who stay away from Marlon's pictures. She is one of the disenchanted.

Monty's dates are different only in that he is not the type to ride a motorcycle. A young lady he dated in New York stated that they went to a nice cozy saloon on Third Avenue. They sat in a back booth near the kitchen and ate a spiritless hash while Monty dozed between courses. After it was all over, she bracketed Monty Clift as a glamor boy somewhere between Butch Jenkins and the night clerk of a Bowery flop house.

An interview with a movie star in the good old days was quite an event. The star generally received in a lush palace filled with rich evidences of extravagance and an artistic soul. The star was dressed to the teeth in a cashmere suit, silk shirt and flowing fifty-dollar tie. Coffee in antique silver service was on the coffee table and spirits of rare supply were in cut glass bottles on the bar. The star never stepped out of character, so that when the interviewer left he walked away with the impression that he had just shared a moment or two with Sir Launcelot.

This writer once had an interview with Marlon Brando. The actor appeared at his gate wearing a pair of shorts that looked as though they had been salvaged from a long forgotten YMCA and a terrifying multi-colored cap that must have at one time been owned by a lady bird watcher. He entered and, for the first two hours, said nothing more than "Can I take a shower?"—something he did and continued to do for the rest of the afternoon. Then he mentioned that he didn't like Hollywood, was hungry and wished he were dead. It was about as inspiring an occasion as a visit to a juvenile detention home.

Monty Clift doesn't get as many interviews as Marlon, only because he is harder to find. A reporter who once set out to find him to ask him if he planned to marry Elizabeth Taylor, stopped at the end of the third day because he began to feel like the detective in a Mickey Spillane novel. Even if you have a date with Monty Clift, one of his pursuers claims, you have to shadow him to the place of rendezvous.

It would be totally unfair to say that Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift give *nothing* to Hollywood. To the best of this writer's knowledge they are not related to anyone in the moving picture business and must merit, in some manner, the money they pick up here. But it is an indictment against Hollywood that it has not discovered its own talent, which will assist in carrying on the grand illusions that sell movies and are so dear to the hearts of the young people who find in the magic of the cinema a few hours of enchantment each week.

It is very disconcerting to see a boy dressed in tat- (*Continued on next page*)

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PERFUMER

ters standing before a group of highpriced showmen and telling them flatly he will take their money for acting but will not assist in selling the finished product to the public. It is unfair because the public is interested almost as much in the glamorous off-screen life of the stars *it maintains* as it is in their screen appearances. And the picture of Monty Clift lying in semi-slumber on a cot in a darkened room and informing his bosses, through an intermediary, that he will not be available for gab, except before a camera, is no less disheartening.

What is the solution? Apparently there is none. It appears that the die is cast. Monty Clift will remain Monty Clift and will not change, for it is the fancy of this younger generation of stars that they owe nothing more (for their riches) than their spell-binding performances. It is the fancy of Montgomery Clift and Marlon Brando that they can live their lives as they wish as long as they are casually brilliant in their work before the cameras. They can hide in condemned tenements or snooze in caves, unwashed and unglamorous, as long as they display a talent on film.

Both Marlon Brando and Monty Clift have a beef with Hollywood and these beefs should be aired. Marlon's is that pictures are sterile, made by sterile men, and that they do not allow him the actors' thrill of getting an immediate, direct reaction from his audience. This has undoubtedly been responsible for his sullen behavior. But he has apparently not given a thought to the fact that the applause for a movie star comes after the lights have been turned off for the last time and the cameras have been stored in their lockers. The old timers could tell him, if he'd listen, that the cheers when they face their audiences on personal appearance tours and trips to far cities is as thrilling as anything that ever came across the footlights. It's delayed, but it's as great.

Monty Clift's beef is almost the same, except that he feels Hollywood wishes to change him from a relaxed kid to a man with a zest for a medium he dislikes. His background does not entitle him to this, for before he came to the movies he was no earth-shaker in the theatre. It was likely that the talent of the man who made *Red River* put art into his screen acting. Monty, like Marlon, refuses to face the fact that no actor in the world is so magnificent that he can do in eight hours the *work* that warrants the huge sum of money paid him. While the salary of Monty is as much a secret as the wage paid Marlon, it would not be too far out of line to say that they have been paid $5,000 for an eight-hour day. And for that sum, they should be expected to peddle the film that winds up in the cans.

ALTHOUGH they are suspected geniuses, both Monty and Marlon could learn a lesson in ethics from some of the young, home-grown movie stars who made it the hard way. Tony Curtis is one. Bill Holden is another. Marilyn Monroe is another—and so is Dale Robertson. These are actors who are movie stars as well. They came here hungry, all of them, and what they have attained they have come by by the sweat of their brows and the hunger in their bellies. Their movies make money. And one of the reasons is that they work at being movie stars 24 hours a day. And when they are not making movies, you will generally find them out in the sticks, or in the neighborhoods of the big cities, selling the product, meeting the people who pay them face-to-face and never ducking down alleys to hide from the fans that hold their destinies in their hands with the coins in their pockets.

Yes, Monty Clift and Marlon Brando can be fairly dubbed The Gold Dust Twins. They came to Hollywood like confidence men, looking like stevedores and acting like collectors from a finance company who want their money without a lot of nonsense. They come to take their tokens of gold, and then they amble off to their little Fort Knox's, sighing with relief and looking for all the world like a couple of urchins who have just successfully raided an apple orchard. **END**

once in love with janie

(*Continued from page 55*) before and had overcome the hurdles they had expected to encounter.

"It's been wonderful," said Jane, "not just because we've been happy, because we expected that, but wonderful that we've done so much together and know each other better and have faced so many pitfalls together and still love each other so much."

In any other town but Hollywood a young wife shouldn't get a medal for being able to make that statement, but here she should. In Hollywood a marriage or a career can tumble as easily as a kid on his first pair of roller skates. The daily papers prove that. And even though it's only been three years, several of the marriages of Joan's and Geary's friends have long been dissolved and new alliances made. Jane and Geary Steffan may not be able to take bows because they've been married three years, but they can take them because they bet on a slow horse that's holding his own in the backstretch. That's the way Hollywood looked at their marriage. Being sensible, they faced up to it before the wedding day, and they can begin being a little cocky about what they've done.

The odds against Jane and Geary were pretty great, if you take a good look at the circumstances. Geary was a young fellow not long out of the army with the whole wide world full of roads before him and no sign posts. By profession, actually, he was an ice-skater, and a good one, making a lot of money. Sonja Henie doesn't pick dubs for partners and Geary, they say, was the best she ever had. The army had taught him to be two things, a soldier and a ski expert. And with a war over, there wasn't even a 2nd Lieutenant's salary in that. He was a boy without even a hobby he could get rich at, and he was in love with a girl making a lot of money, who couldn't, because of her station in public life, be taken to live in a one-room apartment.

But Geary had two things—guts and pride. You can, however, tell that to the man in the corner grocery all day and he won't let you take home a pound of bacon. The guts and pride had to be put to work before you could marry the girl, and they had to be put to work fast, because the girl was beautiful and the world, it seemed, full of suitors with a head start.

The romance between Jane and Geary began at their first meeting. Geary was not of the picture crowd, although an entertainer who had skated in a couple of pictures, but he did have a few pals who had turned to acting and associated with movie people. One of them was Marshall Thompson, a young fellow who was working at MGM. It was through Marshall that Geary met Jane. And their friends like to say they knew it was mutual en-

chantment at first sight. It was lucky for Geary that none of this younger set had a lot of money to spend. Contrary to popular opinion, young actors and actresses do not become millionaires upon the signing of the contract. So Geary was in his proper element and a suitable date for the pretty, young singer. Even if it wasn't love at the first gander, it was something, because they went steady after that.

The first hurdle came a few months after they found out they really liked each other. Geary began to think things over and he knew he had to subtract the time he was in the service from his life and get a move on if he wanted to make something of himself. He had opportunities to be an actor, but he didn't want that. He tried real estate and thought of a few other lines that might make a career. Finally, he decided on the insurance business. He knew that each year a man worked in insurance he built up a bit of an estate, because the big companies cut salesmen in on the continuing premiums. That was what Geary wanted. He was much more interested in the future than a fast dollar today. The best job he could find was in Chicago, so Geary moved there and said goodbye to his girl and his home town for he didn't know how long.

A fellow makes mistakes, and Geary found out six months later that he had made one. His business was fine, but his life was pretty dull. Then fate, as it will, intervened. Jane Powell went to Chicago to make a personal appearance. Well, if Geary didn't meet the plane, he got in touch with her right after. And for the three weeks Jane was there he never left her side. When she left town, it was a sad farewell. And when Geary was alone that night a terrible thought came to his mind. He wasn't ready to marry Jane right now. He knew that. But suddenly he realized that if he stayed in Chicago, somebody else might. No man ever quit a job, packed a bag and headed for California faster.

As we said, just about now is also the tenth anniversary of Jane Powell's start in Hollywood. She was just 14 years old and fresh from Portland, Oregon, where her life had been pretty full, for she is gregarious, makes friends easily and people are important to her. She was a beautiful child and a magnificent little singer. She was put under contract to MGM, but she made her first picture for Charles R. Rogers, an independent producer, a film that is now being seen on television called *The Song Of The Open Road.*

After the picture was finished, Jane went back to MGM and became lost in the huge plant. She wasn't terribly important and she didn't know many people, so she spent miserable hours sitting at home wishing she were out of it all and back in Portland with her true friends, having the fun she used to have. But when school started, she perked up a bit, because she met a few kids who are still her closest friends, among them Elizabeth Taylor.

Like two kids from any ordinary school, Liz and Jane had an affinity that enveloped them completely. They'd get out in back of the school house and sit on the ground eating peanut butter sandwiches and talking about life, grown-up liberty and the pursuit of adult happiness. They'd talk about the men they'd marry and the crushes they had and the idiots who didn't think they were gorgeous, dangerous women when they wore forbidden lipstick. The talks were so memorable to them that when Jane got married—and one of the dreams was fulfilled—Liz sneaked a peanut butter sandwich into her suitcase which said, in a beautiful and subtle way: "Well, it all came true."

Jane grew up and became a star. She got more famous as each year went by. But she was a sensible girl and retained a close contact with the kids of her own age. There came a time when the MGM wardrobe department had to ask for instructions from the front office. Jane, it seemed, was supposed to be playing the tiny, elfish girl she'd always been in films, but the costumers were having a devil of a time keeping her from looking like a miniature can-can dancer. She was a woman now, for sure.

These were the things that Jane was accomplishing professionally—the things that belonged to the tenth anniversary. In her private life, though, we deal with three years, maybe four. She was 19 when she knew she was in love with Geary and wanted to marry him. Geary had joined an insurance firm in Los Angeles and, although he was progressing nicely, he knew darn well he was in no position to marry a girl who was making a fortune a week, even though he was madly in love with her. And she'd have married him if he wanted to take her to live in a tent. However, prodded no doubt by Jane, he bought an engagement ring and one night when he was driving her home he pulled the car over to the side of the road and put it on her finger. And they sat for a long while and had a sensible talk and tried to figure a way to tell her folks.

That was something they needn't have worried about. They quietly let themselves into Jane's house and tip-toed to her parents' bedroom to see if they were awake. They were, and in a moment Jane was sitting on the edge of the bed and Geary was standing beside her as nervous as a burglar.

"Mother," Jane said, determined to win her over, "we (*Continued on next page*)

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have something important to tell you."

"Is that so," said her mother. "Well, let me see the ring."

The wedding of Jane Powell and Geary Steffan was a pretty fancy affair. It was a church wedding, celebrated the way a girl who knows she'll only do it once would like to remember it. Liz Taylor was one of the bridesmaids and all of their close, long time friends turned out in fancy finery to make it a real gala occasion. And then they went to live in the apartment they'd picked out together and began a marriage that would be a model for any town. There were, of course, skeptics—as there still are—who said it couldn't work. Mainly, they opined, because of the difference in careers and income. But Jane and Geary were determined it would.

A magazine article appeared in MODERN SCREEN a year after they took their vows telling why it would—and some of the things Jane and Geary said in that article make pretty sound sense. They pointed out that their marriage had not been consummated in an "adolescent romantic haze" and they outlined their plans for what they considered a suitable financial arrangement. They would split their expenses right down the middle—considering they both worked for a living—and Jane would be able to afford no more than Geary or vice-versa. They would, they said, attend only the night clubs that Geary could patronize sensibly and they stuck to it. As a matter of fact, Jane, who had a pretty penny in the bank, used to visit friends who lived in nice houses and almost cry because Geary wouldn't let her buy one. They waited until he was able, and then bought a sensible, small home without most of the frills you generally find in a movie star's home.

This doesn't mean that Jane is a helpless little doll, unable to cope with most situations. As a matter of fact, generally when they have a business deal on of some kind—like the time they rented their apartment—Jane tells Geary to wait in the car and she goes in and drives a hard bargain. She got them to lower the rent on their first flat.

Now that they look back on the last three years, Jane and Geary have a good deal to be proud of. Geary Steffan is known in insurance circles as a real whiz. He's the top salesman in the country with his company. Sure he sells insurance to people he meets in the movie business, but he's like the fellow who joins a country club in any other town to meet prospects. That's his line of work—and he's proud to handle the accounts. The Steffans live better than most folks because they make more money than most, but Geary holds up his end and better.

The house they bought three years ago is now getting too small. They have a son, Geary Steffan III, and Jane is expecting another. They want, according to their own statement, four or five, and they definitely will not let Jane's career interfere with their counting. Her career is important to her because she is an artist who should and must find expression—and it's important to Geary, because, being a big part of Jane's life, it makes her happy. Right now, with number two coming along, they are looking for a larger home, and Geary's friends say that he looks at strangers in the street wondering if they'd be interested in a little insurance. Babies are just as expensive to raise in Hollywood as any place else.

It's an astonishing thing, but even in what is obviously an ideal marriage, dissension arises from time to time and things have to be ironed out. Jane and Geary have a system for that, too. They sit down, when the need becomes evident, and tell one another their faults. Jane, for instance, found herself getting sick of sitting still while Geary explained something to her, with long pauses, without letting her get a word in.

"That's a fine thing for an insurance salesman to do," she said. "Maybe I have to wait until you make sure what you want to say and then find the words. But you're going to bore prospects that way."

Geary looked amazed for a minute, then grinned. "Hey, you're right," he said. "I've got to stop that."

And if Jane picks up a habit that annoys Geary (like the time he watched her straighten up the living room and fluff up the pillows for the hundredth time, just as they were going to bed), he tells her about it.

She didn't take it too well that time. She snapped back at him. Then he sat her down firmly in a chair.

"Look," he said, "this is a very small thing, but it annoys me. And when I tell you, you get angry. Now it's not a question of fluffing up pillows in the middle of the night, but of my being able to criticize you. If you get this sore over something small, what will you do if it's over something big some day?"

Jane sat silent for a moment and then apologized. She hasn't fluffed a pillow since, but more important, there has never been anything they can't talk about since.

Yes, Jane Powell and her husband are happy, there's no argument about that. But, like all Hollywood marriages, there have been rumors of friction. These things just happen here. Geary is still in the army reserves and likes to keep active in things military. That involves going away to camp each summer and spending a few evenings a month training at a local army establishment. And his business requires that he make calls on prospects quite a lot. People have said that they are apart too much. Columnists have reported them on the verge of separation.

THEY both accept these things pretty much as a matter of course because they don't fool themselves about anything, especially Hollywood.

Recently Jane and Geary and Liz Taylor and her husband Michael Wilding went up to Las Vegas for a few days. Geary is always courteous, especially to the press, because Jane is in the public eye. But he won't take a shoving around. The four got off the plane and a group of newspapermen were waiting. They chatted for a few minutes and a photographer showed up and wanted to take a picture.

"Ordinarily I wouldn't mind," Geary told him, "but it happens that both of these ladies are expectant mothers—and at that time no woman cares too much about having her picture taken, so if you'll forgive us this once, we'll be grateful."

The photographer, a surly rascal, got huffy, and for a moment it looked like trouble. But Geary held his temper and escorted his wife to a car. Somebody should have told the photog that Geary's dad was once the lightweight champion of the world and had taught his boy a thing or two about fist fighting, and that during the war Geary ski'd down an Italian mountainside at the head of 26 men to attack a German position and that he was one of only three that came back. At any rate, he didn't get the picture and he's fortunate he didn't press his luck.

Geary Steffan loves his life now and he loves his Jane. He'll work hard for his happiness. He and Jane figure they've got a good deal to be grateful for. It's their anniversary just about now. Wish them well and help celebrate it with them. **END**

(Jane Powell can be seen next in MGM's Small Town Girl.)

dixie and bing

(*Continued from page 62*) she was in possible danger, he sat by her bed while she slept and held her small hand and comforted her. And when she awoke, there was her man, the crooner from the Cocoanut Grove, seated at her side with a grin and a wry joke to cheer her.

DIXIE CROSBY always was a strong woman. She came out of the first severe suffering of her illness with a smile and the will to keep things going. The summer was here and the boys had to be taken to their summer cottage at Hayden Lake near Spokane, Washington. They *had* to be taken, because it was something they looked forward to all year. Her illness was not going to change that.

Bing kissed Dixie on the forehead and ambled out of the hospital room to do as he was told. If Mom was sick, the old man would have to carry on with the kids alone. So he piled the youngsters into a car and drove to Washington and the cabin. But they all kept in touch with Dixie by telephone several times a day.

People who have known Bing Crosby intimately for years didn't know him at all at the time of Dixie's illness. Always a preoccupied man, he became more and more preoccupied and appeared never to think about anything else but his wife. He had to do a little work, mainly on his radio tapes for the next year and in preparation for another movie to be made this winter, but he never seemed to care much about what he was doing. All he seemed to care about was finishing up so he could get out to the hospital. And whenever a phone rang, a look of expectancy came over his face, as much as to say: "Any news of Dixie?"

MAYBE, in the final analysis, the marriage between Bing Crosby, the crooner, and Dixie Lee, the actress, will go down as one of the true love matches of the age in which we live. Certainly it was successful in the respect that it bore bright fruit, and that four young men can testify to the worth of the match by their conduct in society. Maybe it was a good marriage, because, at the time it began, the odds were against it, and the parties to the union overcame the obstacles and managed to end up loving one another more than they had at the start. It was certainly a marriage bedeviled by obstacles. It's tough to be as famous as Bing Crosby and stay with the same woman to the end. And it's tougher, maybe, to be Dixie Crosby, wife of a man more famous than anyone ever was, and to be in the background for all the days of her life. At any rate, it will be remembered as a beautiful romance that flowered and stood the test of time and strain.

When the man walked down the hospital corridor alone that day a few weeks ago, maybe he thought of these things. The old days when he didn't care about much; and the girl who said she'd never call him as long as she lived and never did; and the lives they had lived side by side somehow, even though apart a lot; and of the sons and the homes they'd built; and the happiness and occasional sorrow they had given each other.

He was the most famous man in the world, but what did it matter now. There were just two of them now, alone together in a small hospital room. All that mattered was that Dixie was very ill—and the sky would fall if she didn't get well. Take a look at the casual man. He's weeping. END

(*Bing's latest Paramount movie is* Just For You.)



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state of the union

(*Continued from page 39*) were talking about the separation of a prominent star and his wife. "I don't believe it's true," said one columnist. "Oh, no," said the other. "Then if it's not true, why is he denying it?" I must admit that this makes no sense whatsoever, but you must agree with me that it happens every day.

When I first spoke to you about these rumors and asked if I could make a report to MODERN SCREEN, you gave me the first sensible answer I've heard in a matter of this kind. You said that you didn't want to deny it because you didn't want to be placed in the position of denying something that didn't exist. And you felt that if you lent any dignity at all to such a preposterous situation, you would be abetting the acts of the item-hungry dolts who instigated it.

I THOUGHT then—and I still do—that you were perfectly right in using the only measure suitable—silence.

After reading back the above few paragraphs, being aware that this letter will appear in print, it might seem that I am performing the very act I condemn and, in a sense, I am. But I know one thing for sure. The only other alternative you do have to attempt to squelch these outrageous rumors is to put it *all* down on paper, go beyond the matter of separation and tell the truth about your present home situation and your future plans.

Let's go back to the beginning, when you and Evie were married. At that time you were the rage of the younger generation of movie fans. I'm sure I don't have to recall the buttons that were snatched off your coats and the mad mobs of admirers wherever you showed up and the time that the New York Police Department asked you not to come to their city because they were afraid they wouldn't be able to cope with the crowd. You were the symbol of the male, unmarried movie star, the Prince that almost every one of your young lady admirers knew would some day come and take them away from their drab lives. And when you got married, they gave up and actually few of them wished you bliss.

It's an odd thing, Van, that almost the same thing happened to the grownup columnists. You were the star they dangled over the heads of their readers, you were the dream they peddled almost daily to their young followers. And when you married they, too, resented it, more than likely, unknowingly. This, in an odd sense, is a tribute to your stature.

I think you are aware of these things. And I think because you are, you have gone out of your way to let the world know of the happiness that has lived in your house. You knew, I suspect, that a false move would bring the "ah hah's" and "I told you so's" that were printed recently.

First, let's tell them how the rumors came about. I think the first one was printed shortly after you left a party early and Evie stayed on. The explanation of this is so simple that you may not be able to sell it, but I think I can. You had to get up at six o'clock in the morning to report for work at MGM, and Evie didn't. You were with close friends, having a good time, and would have considered it ridiculous for Evie to have left at such an early hour when she was enjoying herself. So you did what any man who loved his wife would have done. You insisted that she remain.

Naturally, a day or so later one of those tricky items appeared in a gossip column: "What's this with the Van Johnsons. He *walked out* on her at a party the other night." From your standpoint this was an impossible fantasy to challenge. You had left her there. You had apparently "walked" to your car, which was outside. The only alternative you had was to call the columnist and insist that you weren't sore at your wife. You realized, of course, that she probably would have run another item stating that the Van Johnsons had kissed and made up, so you decided to keep your mouth shut.

Almost the same thing happened a short time later at a night club. You and Evie were again with very close friends, and, in order to be able to crawl out of bed for work in the morning, you left before the floor show, insisting that Evie remain and see it. That, I think, was the occasion of the second item which read something like: "If there is no friction in the Van Johnson home as his friends insist, why did he stalk out of a night club on her in a towering rage the other night." Your big mistake here, Van, was in not grinning like a discharged G.I. at the doorman as he brought you your car. He no doubt commented that you were in a filthy mood and it wound up in the papers as quoted above.

Harry Brand, super-publicist of 20th Century-Fox, ran smack into an open door one day and acquired a black eye. Completely undismayed, he had his picture taken and mailed it to a glamor girl who had recently had a row with the studio and walked out, signing with a rival outfit.

Across the bottom of the picture he wrote, "Nobody can call you dirty names while I'm around."

Bennett Cerf in This Week

THE Hollywood bandwagon makes the bandwagons the politicians leap on at political conventions look like go-carts. True news is scarce enough in Hollywood, so that a columnist reading a rumor in a rival's pillar must immediately steal it for his own. This, then, means that other incidents aren't particularly necessary. The gossipers resort to the time-honored custom of back-tracking. A typical example of back-tracking is this: "This sudden exposure of a rift between the Van Johnsons is no news to us. You may recall we itemed here six months ago as follows: 'Evie Johnson attended Barbara Stanwyck's party alone. Van was out of town on location.' We could have told you the real reason at the time but we were sworn to secrecy."

I'm sure you and Evie must have discussed some dignified manner of handling the situation. You couldn't hire a publicity man, because then you'd read that the Van Johnsons have hired a press agent to handle the details of their divorce in a nice manner. You don't dare call up one columnist and lay all the facts as presented here on the line, because all of his rivals would immediately denounce him as a fake.

I would like to quote you in MODERN SCREEN, Van, as saying, simply, "I love my wife, I love my children. I have never been happier in my life, and I look forward to many years of happiness for all of us together."

This may not do the trick, but I think it is the least a man can say.

We can, however, talk about the future, as you and I did at lunch. You are at a point in your career when you might make some changes. You have one more year to go on your MGM contract and you are thinking of what might happen if you didn't sign another long-term contract.

While it involves important business decisions, it is also a fun time. And I personally know that whatever you do, Evie and the kids will play a most important part in the decision you make. If you sign the contracts being offered you, you will have absolute financial security for the rest of your life, because you're the kind of actor who will be able to work until you're older than Spencer Tracy. And MGM is willing to back this with money. But it will also mean that you must spend the greater part of your time—and the kids' formative years—in Hollywood.

I remember the expression on your face when you told me that you wanted them to see the seasons change as you did when you were a boy. That they will never see in Southern California. You told me you'd like to live for a while in a different place, maybe Connecticut, maybe New York or Nantucket. You said you'd like to take your family to Europe and get a big car and take your time and drive through all the countries you and Evie and the kids now read about. And you didn't want any pressures, no sudden wires from a company that was paying you a big salary, to check out of a Swiss inn and be on a set in makeup on Friday morning.

You told me that maybe you'd like to go back to Broadway and do a play, possibly a musical, because that's where you came from and you've never gotten it out of your blood. You said you'd like to spend more time with your folks and Evie's folks and get to know them all again. None of these things will be possible if you sign a long-term exclusive deal, and so you think of them a lot. And when we spoke of them, I was impressed with one thing. Your complete selflessness. You expressed a humble gratitude to Hollywood for the good things it had given you and you never once said you might like to do something without first weighing its possible effect on the happiness of Evie and the children. It's just too doggone bad that everyone doesn't have the opportunity to hear you say these things as I did.

I know, Van, that at the moment you're rather troubled. But I can foresee nothing but the best for you. When a man feels the good things as strongly as you, he cannot fail to be rewarded. If it must be your decision to continue making pictures at the rate you've been making them—and I must inject here that your films are better with each succeeding one—you will find a way to adjust your family life to Hollywood's exacting formula. If you decide to make a change, you will also be able to fit your pattern for happiness into a new environment.

From the time the movies began, magazine writers have been advising actors. The advice is generally given in the form of a letter from the editor. Now I don't want to give the impression that many of these letters are not entirely constructive, but I do not want this to be like most of them, the chiding type. I can remember way back when editors, via open letters, were advising Pola Negri to stop making a fool of herself over that nothing-of-a-new-boy Valentino, and sternly warning the virile young male stars of the day to keep off polo ponies or wind up with pulpy collar bones. And advice was always freely given. Garbo was advised to speak up. Cooper was advised to run when he saw that spitfire Lupe Velez coming his way. Most of this counsel was administered with the best of intent, but I've always cringed when I read these notes because I knew the main reason for the gab was to sell magazines. I, therefore, hesitate to advise you for fear that I fall into the category of the fellow who says something for the effect it will have on a newsstand sale.

But here I go. (*Continued on next page*)

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I want to be loved

(*Continued from page 45*) thin-faced outfielder rose quickly to his feet. He was introduced and they both smiled, pleased with their fate. For a minute they looked into each other's eyes, saying nothing. Then the conversation began, easy, simple, exploratory. How did Joe like it out here? Just fine. How did *she* feel being a movie star? Well, she wasn't really. In fact she was just a very small movie star.

Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe are basically simple, honest, forthright people, and over the dinner table that night, there was no attempt by either of them to sound sophisticated or witty or worldly.

Joe explained that he'd retired from baseball and was working as a telecaster in New York. He had a 9-year-old son, Joe Jr., going to school on the West Coast. As part of a 1944 divorce decree, he shared custody of the child with his former wife, actress Dorothy Arnold. He himself came from San Francisco. Had Marilyn ever been to San Francisco?

Marilyn smiled. "About five years ago," she said. And then she told how one day early in her career she happened to run into Doc Shurr walking down a street in Beverly Hills. As Bob Hope's agent, Doc knows all the latest town gossip. Marilyn was looking for a job at the time and he sent her around to see Groucho Marx. Groucho was casting an atrocity, later to be entitled *Love Happy*.

When Marilyn called at the office, Groucho took one look at her. "Don't say a word," he insisted. "You've got the job."

"The job," Marilyn recalled, "consisted of Groucho chasing me across a room. It took only 60 seconds, but I got five weeks work out of it because they asked me to go on a personal appearance tour. That's when I played San Francisco."

As the dinner dwindled down to dessert, the friend who had brought Marilyn and Joe together made a diplomatic exit.

Joe was extremely grateful; so, too, was Marilyn. In the course of the evening a *rapport* had sprung up between the two of them. Now they wanted to be alone, so Joe thought of a way.

"How about riding around town a little?" he suggested.

Marilyn nodded. It was one of those bright, clear California nights when even the smallest stars are allowed out, so they drove along the Sunset Strip. Gentleman that he is, Joe asked the beautiful blonde if she'd like to drop in at the Mocambo or Ciro's or any other night spot. When she said no, he was secretly glad. That night Joe didn't want to share Marilyn with anyone.

They parked on the Doheny bluff overlooking Los Angeles, and oddly enough, it was Joe who pulled the switch. Usually it's the girl who brings out the autobiography in man. Not this time. Joe asked Marilyn to tell him all about herself and she gave him the straight dope, how she was born Norma Jean Baker and bred in Hollywood, how she was raised partly in orphanages and partly in the homes of adopted parents. "I was married when I was 16," she said quite candily, "divorced when I was 17, graduated from high school when I was eighteen."

Joe asked how she'd broken into movies.

Again Marilyn told the truth—not the souped-up baloney the publicity agents bandied about but how it had really happened.

In 1945 she was working as a parachute inspector in Reginald Denny's model plane factory. A photographer from the Army came around to shoot stills of the female aircraft workers, thought it might boost the morale of the boys fighting overseas. "A sergeant named David Conover shot a few stills of me," Marilyn explained, "and two weeks later local photographers began phoning, offering me $15 an hour to pose as a model. Since I was only averaging $22 a week at the aircraft plant, you can bet I switched jobs in a hurry.

In August of 1946 after her face and figure had appeared on the covers of five national magazines, 20th Century-Fox agreed to give Marilyn a screen test. It came out well, and she was signed. Six months later the studio dropped her, as one of the casting directors termed her "absolutely hopeless." Three years later this same executive had to admit he was wrong, and Marilyn was signed again.

Joe DiMaggio was smitten that night, not only by Marilyn's beautiful face and curvaceous figure but by her patent honesty, her lack of pose. Here was a girl after his own heart, the kind of simple, earthy, basic girl he once felt sure he could never find in Hollywood.

A few nights later, Joe, who always stays at the Hollywood Knickerbocker during his west coast visits, checked out of his hotel and flew back to New York and his television program. He was definitely *in love*.

When the New York Yankees hit the road and Joe had some free time, he winged back to the West Coast. Reporters who asked him what he was doing in town again were told that he'd come to visit his son. "He goes to school here, you know," Joe told them.

DiMaggio not only saw his son while he was in Hollywood but he also brought the boy out to the Bel-Air Hotel to meet Marilyn Monroe. That's what started the hullabaloo, the rumpus between Joe and his ex-wife and Marilyn.

WHEN Dorothy Arnold learned that Joe had taken Junior to meet his new love, she reportedly blew her top and asked her lawyer to seek a modification of the 1944 divorce decree, giving her complete custody of the boy.

"I certainly want little Joe to see his father," she said, "but I think it would be better for all concerned, particularly the boy, if the meetings were at my home."

What is wrong with a 9-year-old boy swimming in the same hotel pool as Marilyn Monroe?

Anyway, DiMaggio, very upset, flew back to New York. Marilyn, deeply hurt, checked into a hospital for the removal of an appendix.

I was in New York when Joe arrived. I reached him at the Yankee stadium before the start of his TV show. "What happened out in Hollywood?" I asked. "Why did Dorothy object so strenuously when you took the boy along on a date? Does meeting Marilyn Monroe constitute grounds for demanding full custody?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "I sure can't understand it," he said. "The boy and Marilyn met only for a couple of hours. There were at least a dozen other children swimming in the Bel-Air pool at the time. Everyone there was perfectly respectable. There was no drinking, and I certainly don't know what's wrong with spending an afternoon at a swimming pool.

"I picked the boy up last Friday and we went out to dinner. Then I took him to see a movie. We got home and he was in bed by ten. On Saturday we had breakfast together, and he said he wanted a beanshooter. I got him one and he shot a bunch of beans all over my room. We went for a drive together, had lunch at the Bel-Air pool and went swimming. I brought him back to his mother's and I

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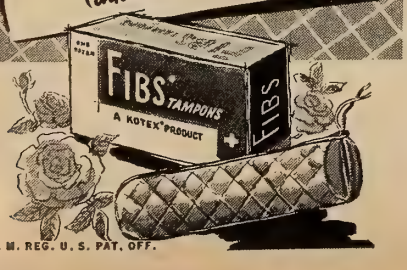


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came on to New York. He saw Miss Monroe for about two hours. Is that a crime?"

Following this incident and the resultant publicity, Joe and Marilyn decided to be very circumspect about being seen together. They also decided to say very little about their romance, in fact, to deny it, to refer to it as a casual friendship.

When I asked Joe, for example, when he intended to make Marilyn his wife, he said, "Gee! We're just good friends. We just happened to run into one another."

This was sheer hokum, of course. When Marilyn was sent to Niagara Falls in July for location shots (she plays the lead in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox film *Niagara*), who was on hand but Joe DiMaggio. He returned to New York over the weekend, but, when the film was finished, Marilyn raced to the big city to be near him. She checked in at the Hotel Drake, and that night the lovers dined at Le Pavillon, one of the city's plushiest restaurants. If they weren't in love, they certainly gave a great imitation of it.

Joe took Marilyn around and showed her New York just as she'd shown him Hollywood. To avoid reporters, however, he took her to small out-of-the-way restaurants, places where they wouldn't be seen, eateries in the suburbs located off the Bronx and the Hutchinson River Parkways. As Marilyn herself says, "I've been to New York before, but it was never so wonderful. I'll never forget those days with Joe."

When the studio called and Marilyn had to wing westward, Joe found himself terribly lonesome in New York. As soon as the Yankees hit the road, Joe hit the airlines. He flew to Hollywood again, his fourth trip in six months. He didn't come to see the scenery, either. He just couldn't stay away from Marilyn. As soon as he arrived, he went out to see her. She tossed a few things in a bag and he carried her into his Cadillac. "I want you to meet my family," he told her.

They stopped in little towns en route to San Francisco and soon the word spread that Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio were eloping.

They weren't. Joe's parents are dead, but the woods around the Bay Area are jammed with DiMaggio relations, and Joe introduced Marilyn to all of them. They enjoyed seven unforgettable days in "heaven," after which they drove down to Hollywood. Once more the rumor was circulated that they were heading for the preacher. But they arrived in Hollywood single.

Next day a columnist announced that Joe and Marilyn had originally intended to get married on that trip, only the studio had prevented it. The story still persists that studio executives do not want Marilyn Monroe to marry for fear she will lose her undeniably increasing box office appeal.

"There are millions of men," one executive told me, "who vicariously look upon this tomato as their own secret property. They go along with the illusion that she belongs to them. Suppose they read in the papers that she belongs body and soul to DiMaggio. The illusion is broken."

Admittedly, this is an outmoded theory but many studio executives still believe in it.

Marilyn herself says, "My career comes out of my life. My life doesn't come out of my career. When I want to get married, I'll get married."

Marilyn's contract with 20th Century-Fox has another five and a quarter years to run. If she wants to become Mrs. DiMaggio, the studio can do nothing about it. The contract contains no clause prohibiting marriage.

Why then don't Joe and Marilyn go ahead and tie the knot right now? Marilyn has moved out of the Bel-Air Hotel. She's rented a cute little house high in the Hollywood hills, a home in which she and Joe could be ecstatically happy.

The answer is that Joe works in New York, and the love of his life labors in Hollywood. Joe has been identified with the New York Yankees for so many years now that he regards New York as his second home. He hates to sever all connection with the Yankees, and yet he will not ask Marilyn to abandon her career and move to N. Y.—not after the incredibly tough time she had in establishing herself as an actress.

Marilyn, who's had one unhappy marriage and one unhappy love affair (with her agent, who died) says, "More than anything else in life I want to love and be loved. A career is a very nice thing, only you can't kiss it on the lips at night."

And yet, despite giving tongue to such thoughts, Marilyn has no intention of sacrificing her career for marriage—not at this point, anyway. She feels she can have them both.

She is currently earning $750 a week. After giving money to her mother each week, paying her agent, putting money aside for taxes, the Screen Actors' Guild and the Motion Picture Relief Fund, her net is about $400 a week, forty weeks a year, or an approximate annual income of $16,000.

Out of this she has to pay rent, clothe herself, feed herself and pay car expenses.

"I'm not complaining, however," she says. "It's more money than I ever thought I'd see and I'd like to enjoy it."

Marilyn won't come right out and say it, but she is hoping strongly that after Joe finishes telecasting the current baseball season in New York, he will return to the West Coast and look for a similar job.

When and if Joe goes to work on the Pacific Coast, you can bet dollars to doughnuts that Marilyn Monroe will become the second Mrs. Joe DiMaggio. **END**

(Marilyn's latest movie is 20th Century-Fox's O. Henry's Full House.)

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■ At a party to celebrate the return of the Roy Rogers radio and television shows to the NBC network for the new season, a little girl stepped up to Roy Rogers and asked for his autograph.

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lanza fights again

(*Continued from page 33*) it was going to take.

Mario was put on suspension for failing to report for the start of *The Student Prince.*

This film was scheduled to get under way on Monday, August 18th. Mario had already recorded the musical numbers, and absolutely no trouble was expected.

Came Monday, however, and Mario refused to report to the studio. Someone suggested the possibility of the tenor being ill. Inquiry was made and Lanza's health was reported as excellent.

Came Tuesday and again Mario didn't show. The studio legal department sent telegrams, special delivery letters. Still no Lanza.

On Wednesday Mario was again conspicuous by his absence. This time the studio executives blew their collective top. Mario was suspended, taken off salary, and the studio announced that legal attempts would be made to force Lanza to pay for the damages his failure to appear had cost the studio. At the same time, however, reporters were given to understand that if Mario showed up for work Thursday morning, all would be forgiven.

Thursday morning Lanza did not set foot in Culver City and all hallelujah broke loose.

"Who the devil does he think he is?" shouted one executive, "God?"

"Insofar as I'm concerned," blurted another, "he's through, finished, washed up."

"I don't care if he's the greatest box office attraction in the world," said a third. "I think we should tear up his contract, give him his release and throw him out. He's not worth all the aggravation and heartache."

The reason for this condemnation is money. When a motion picture is scheduled to get underway, the studio must pay the salaries of all the people who report for work. It already has spent thousands of dollars in set construction, in costumes, in music arrangements and so forth.

When Mario did not report for *The Student Prince,* MGM had to pay everyone else who did, despite the fact that no one could do a lick of work without Lanza.

"Look," one production man explained, "we borrowed Ann Blyth from Universal for this picture. Jane Powell was originally set for it, but she got pregnant. The studio must be paying Universal at least $50,000 for Blyth. Then we have to pay the rest of the cast, Gig Young, Janice Rule, Edmund Gwenn, Walter Hampden, Florence Bates, Leo Carroll, and the whole crew. I don't know the exact figures, but I would say that Lanza's failure to show up this week has cost the studio anywhere from $75,000 to $100,000. Now the cost of preparing a film like *The Student Prince* is around $600,000—that's before an actor even steps on the sound stage. So that if Lanza doesn't make this picture, the studio can sue him for around three quarters of a million."

JOE PASTERNAK, the small, shrewd, sagacious MGM producer who knows Mario as well as any man in Hollywood, told me, "I understand Lanza, and I can tell you that we'll have this picture finished before your article even gets into print, and Lanza will be the star. This boy has problems, you know, like the big trouble with his business manager. This boy forgets he has responsibilities. A couple of days go by, then all of a sudden he remembers he has a picture to make. By the time he remembers, hell has broken loose. I'm sure that Mario Lanza will be the star of *The Student Prince.*" Mario undoubtedly will be, but the (*Continued on next page*)



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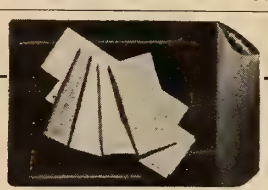
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studio in the future is going to regard him with a jaundiced eye, because these are the days in Hollywood when, because of the inroads of television, stars must cooperate. The pampering days are over.

A few months ago, for example, June Allyson didn't want to make *Woman In White* with Arthur Kennedy. The studio said they would sue June for the preparation costs, almost $300,000. Little Junie changed her mind in a hurry.

This July, June also let it be known that at long last she and Dick Powell were going to vacation in Europe. The studio called June in and told her she had been scheduled for *Battle Circus* and *Remains To Be Seen*. June quickly cancelled her steamship reservations.

Similarly, Ava Gardner was notified by the studio this past summer that unless she began to cooperate she would be kept on suspension, off-salary until her contract expired next year. Seemingly overnight, Ava had a change of heart. She agreed to star in *Vaquero* and then go to Africa for *Mogambo* with Clark Gable.

One of the few stars who still insists upon the exercise of temperament is Mario Lanza. He just won't realize that time is money, or realizing it, he doesn't particularly care to put himself out.

Here, for example, is a recent item from a trade paper about Mario: "RCA was set back about $10,000 by Mario Lanza last week when, after some 80 musicians had assembled at 8 A.M. on a Republic sound stage for a day's recording of MGM's *Be My Love* score, word came from Signor Lanza in mid-afternoon that he wasn't feeling well and wouldn't show up that day at all."

MARIO'S three motion pictures have grossed about $12,000,000 to date, admittedly a lot of money. Lanza, therefore, is in the strategically advantageous position of being one of MGM's top breadwinners, but by the same token it's the studio that has made Mario world-famous. The studio also controls his radio rights, and if Mario doesn't behave himself, he will have no radio show.

Why shouldn't Lanza behave himself? Why shouldn't he report for work on time? Why must he carry on like a big baby? These are the questions everyone in Hollywood wants answered. They know that basically Mario is a kind man with a deep and genuine love of people. His good deeds, his charities are legion. No need to repeat them here. Everyone knows about the little girl from New Jersey he flew to California and how he virtually gave her new life, new hope for living. Everyone knows about his contributions to orphanages, his loans to struggling musicians, his subsidization of composers, his championing of the underdog.

But why, in the face of all this, does he act like a spoiled, irresponsible prima donna?

Some people say it's because he is a genius, that he's different from ordinary folk, that to expect him to act as most of us do is to make no allowance for his extraordinary ability.

"Look at Caruso," a friend of Mario's points out. "Who could control *him?* He had a dozen illegitimate kids. He was always getting into hot water. One minute he was gay, the next minute sad. Opera managers accused him of being mad, intractable, irresponsible. They couldn't figure him out, just like Mario with this *Student Prince* episode. No one knows what's in his head. Only last week Mario went up to Eddie Mannix. He's the general manager of the studio. He apologized to Eddie for everything, swore that he'd turned over a new leaf. So what happens? A few days later they start a picture and he doesn't show up. Why? He likes the songs, he likes the script, he likes the cast, he likes the director. You can't figure a genius out. When a man is a genius, you've got to play along with him. His idiosyncrasies must be overlooked if you want to use his talent."

Lanza's genius as an excuse for his questionable behavior is open to doubt, since many music critics insist he is no genius at all, merely the possessor of a powerful set of vocal cords.

The more reasonable explanation for Mario's conduct lies in the undeniable fact that he's had many problems to face.

Number one is the problem of money. Up until a few months ago, Mario never worried about money. He had a business manager, Sam Weiler. Sam was the real estate operator who backed Mario financially when Lanza came out of the Army and decided to study in New York. Mario had no money at the time, and Sam subsidized him to the tune of $50,000, paying for his rent, clothes for him and his wife, food, shelter, etc.

MARIO signed a contract with Weiler giving him 20 per cent of his gross earnings. When Mario came to Hollywood, Weiler hired the Music Corporation of America to represent his protegé, paying them ten per cent of his twenty. Weiler, however, looked after Mario's taxes, expenses, bills, record royalties—everything that had to do with money.

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Dan Bennett

Mario was given $20 a week spending money and very rarely spent that. Anytime he and Betty wanted to buy something they bought it and signed a charge slip.

Lanza has earned close to $2,000,000 in the past three years. This spring he decided to see exactly how much he was worth. He had a new recording contract coming up with RCA, and he wanted to find out how his recordings had done in the past.

Mario took a look at the books. He couldn't believe the figures. It seemed almost impossible. He looked again. The truth was staggering. After taxes and expenses, he had very little actual cash to show for three years of constant work.

Mario and Sam Weiler had several conferences. The publicity was extremely guarded, but once these conferences were finished Sam Weiler took off for a vacation in the Poconos. Two weeks later, the news was out. Sam Weiler was no longer Mario Lanza's manager. Mario was looking after his own money—what little of it he had left. Surprisingly little!

Mario is the first to say how greatly he is indebted to Sam. He will tell you that Sam is a man of probity, sagacity, and unblemished reputation. But, even so, Mario was stunned when he learned how much of his earnings had gone to the Government in taxes, how much he'd spent in expenses.

The Lanzas have also had help trouble. For years they've boasted of a wonderful, efficient couple, Johnny and Thomas. A few weeks ago a relative died leaving

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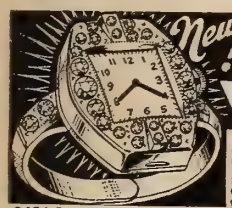
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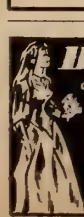
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the couple a prosperous business. Mario told them to take it over and run it, but they were reluctant to leave the Lanzas. "Go ahead," Mario insisted. "It's the chance of a lifetime." The couple moved out, grateful for Mario's advice.

Thus for weeks now, the Lanzas have been without help. When you have two little children in the house and a pregnant wife, that can be a strain, especially when for years you've been waited upon and even served breakfast in bed.

Things haven't been going too well for Mario Lanza of late.

Just remember that next time you read about his temper and his tantrums, his foibles and his fights.

Underneath it all, he's a very nice guy or, as his wife once confided to intimates, "a big, sweet baby who must be handled with kid gloves." **END**

(Mario Lanza can be seen currently in MGM's Because You're Mine.)

we're off!

(*Continued from page 53*) me, waiting to ask if he could include his rubber saw in his suitcase. I held my hand over the mouthpiece a couple of times, once to tell Lonnie to stop scratching her new smallpox vaccination, and once to ask Belle, our secretary, to find out if Laddie's gray suit had gone to the cleaners. Alan walked in in the middle of all this and stood there a while looking at me. When I finally hung up, he grinned. "You'll make it, Susie," he said. "You're the world's champion manager."

It's a good thing he had faith in me. When we finally boarded the Ile de France, I flopped into this deck chair and stayed here all day. And Alan was right alongside me (until he found out about the skeet shooting on the upper deck), because he, too, has been up to his ears. He finished work in *Desert Legion* just one week before we left California, and it wasn't until then that he had time to apply for his passport. Even then, it was sandwiched in between the last minute retakes and dubbing at the studio plus publicity photographs and interviews.

Anyway, the gang's all here, and the Ladds have all but sunk the Ile de France. Each of us has a small trunk, plus hand luggage, and whenever we move in a group, it looks like a meeting of the porters' union. The hand luggage is stowed in our cabins, we've just finished breakfast, Alan is reading a script, Carol Lee is playing ping-pong, Laddie is off looking at the ship's boiler room or something and Lonnie and David have found the gymnasium.

It all began last May, when Columbia asked Alan to make *Red Beret* for them in London. He liked the script and accepted, and then the realization began to come over us that this was our golden opportunity to see Europe. Alan and I had been over three years ago for a Command Performance, to England and Paris, but wonderful as it was, that was the limit of our travels. There was still so much more to see, but time wouldn't allow it, and we came home feeling there was a big empty space somewhere. This time we hope to cover a lot of ground. All of Europe will be within our reach, and we're hoping for time to see most of it. We haven't a dim idea as to how long we'll be gone—maybe four months, maybe a year. Alan at heart is a homebody, and he never shows too much enthusiasm for leaving the hearth until we actually arrive some place. Me, I've got more of the wanderlust, I guess. It's been (*Continued on next page*)



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years since I've really seen Europe, and right now, fast as we're slipping through the water, I wish we were going even faster.

There was no question but that we would take the children, all four of them. And there wasn't much doubt about their reaction. Our kids are ready to take off for any place at any time. They all felt that Honolulu last year was the best thing that had ever happened to them, so when we told them about the forthcoming trip to England, the tide of joy that swept through the house all but took the furniture with it.

One thing is certain—we'll stay in England until Alan's picture is finished, and while our breadwinner is working, the rest of the clan will take short jaunts around the country. When *Red Beret* is completed, we figure on tackling the continent. It's even possible that Alan will make one more film while we're there, in which case we'll be absent from Hollywood for a year. I've promised MODERN SCREEN to write frequently while we're gone, and to send pictures of us at the Tower of London, or gawking at Notre Dame, or spilling out of a gondola, or any of the wonderful, crazy things that might happen to us.

I EXPECT we'll appear a strange lot to the Europeans. We're sending the car over, and Alan says he hopes it will take the strain. There'll be six Ladds, plus luggage for each one, plus a tutor for the children. School presented a problem; until we know how long we'll be in any one country, it will be impossible to send the three youngest to any formal school, so in the interim they'll be individually tutored. It's going to be crowded, and every time we pile out of the car it will look like that midget act in the circus, but all of us will be too happy to care.

I still can't believe we're here, and trying to remember the chaos of getting such a big family off on such a big venture is difficult. Laddie just came to get Alan and show him the whale that's been spotted off the starboard side, so I don't have to be pinched to prove that I'm at sea. I'm calm enough by now to know that there aren't any whales floating around Hollywood, so we *must* be on our way.

First there were the passports. We went downtown in a body, except for Alan, and applied without any trouble. All our birth certificates were in order, and this time we didn't have to worry about Alan's records. It seems that court houses are always burning to the ground, but, at any rate, the courthouse in Hot Springs *did*, and when he and I went over in 1949 we had quite a time proving his citizenship. This time, however, we had his old passport and that was all that was necessary. The worry we did have was waiting for the passports. The children were like watchdogs every day, waiting for the mailman. It was Lonnie who finally came howling up the driveway, envelopes clutched in hand, to inform us that the documents were here.

The smallpox vaccination was another thing. Everybody had to be punctured all over again, and we looked like an infirmary, sitting around the house in our summer clothes, all of us flaunting band-aids on our arms.

I suppose the packing was the worst. And the shopping. Carol Lee is the only one who's stopped growing, and the other three were all stretching out of their clothes. We had to prepare for a year of all kinds of temperatures, and even leaving New York in early September wasn't easy because, while fashion decrees fall clothes at that time, it is usually very warm. (And it was.) It seemed we were shopping all the time, and with my usual caution I sometimes bought more than was needed. I'm always afraid the children won't have enough changes, and throw in an extra or two to make sure. If I weren't aware of this fault myself, I have enough people to remind me. Laddie looked at the socks lying on his bed and shrugged his shoulders. "But I won't need them," he said. David tried on his new navy blue coat and cap and looked as though he would be a great deal happier in his dungarees. Lonnie inspected the blue hat and the brown hat I'd bought for her and informed Alan, "I like the blue one, Daddy, but I won't wear that brown thing." She stuck out her chin defiantly. "I told mother so, too."

"I don't think that's very nice," said Alan. "Your mother's working very hard to get you all ready for the trip."

"Oh, I know," she said airily. "I told her very nicely, you see, but she knows what I mean."

Then one night I went into Carol Lee's room to check the progress of her trunk. "How many things can you get on one hanger?" she said, brushing a lock of hair out of her eyes.

"More than that," I said. 'You'll have to squeeze things a bit." And then I noticed the contents. It looked to me as though Carol Lee had packed nothing but shorts and evening dresses.

"How about some skirts?" I ventured. "There might be an opportunity to wear just a plain skirt once in a while, you know."

But I could see she didn't agree with me. For Carol Lee, it's to be all beaches and balls, and I'll just let her find out for herself that a tweed suit would come in handy.

WE had to get new luggage, of course. Families of this size rarely have enough luggage to take care of the entire membership for an extended trip. There were several new trunks, including our one splurge—a white rawhide trunk for Alan. He promptly turned around and gave it to me, and being feminine, I accepted it without a twist of the arm.

We all wanted to take the dogs, Fritzi and Jezebel, but there is a six months' quarantine on them in England. We'll miss them terribly, but we can't have everything. Lonnie put in a plea to take her lovebird along, but even stretching our understanding of children we couldn't see ourselves laboring up gangplanks and in and out of trains holding a birdcage in one hand. So she compromised by taking four assorted dolls.

David wasn't seen, that last month before leaving, without his cardboard box. It was filled with the things he loves most, and each day it grew more crowded. He was always toting it around, even to the breakfast table, and when we finally had to inform him that electric trains and fire engines and erector sets took up much too much room, he took it quite manfully, we thought, when he turned around and quietly left the room. In two minutes he was back, holding the empty box in his arms. "If I can't take all those toys," he announced, "then I will take my box with me."

Finally we got it all together, and Alan had to sit on a few suitcases before they could be closed. When the collection was eventually piled in the hall near the front door, he raised an eyebrow. "Where," he said, "do we keep all that stuff when it's *un*packed?"

The house was rented, and because it's the pride of our lives, we left it with not a little apprehension. Most worried of all was Lonnie, who didn't care so much about the house itself as she did her new

playhouse. "You're sure it'll be all right when we get home," she pleaded.

So we took off, equipped with everything but the kitchen sink, dramamine included. I am trusting the Atlantic Ocean to be tranquil these few days, because I'm the only one who inclines toward seasickness. Of course, I can always depend on Carol Lee, who's a guardian angel with the younger ones. As a matter of fact, Alan and I left Hollywood together two days earlier than the children so that we could visit my aunt in Chicago, and Carol Lee herded the other three onto the train to meet us in New York. In New York we settled down for three days, until September 5th, while Alan gave interviews on *The Iron Mistress* for Warner Brothers and *Thunder In The East* for Paramount.

PEOPLE were wonderful, seeing us off. We'd already had a round of farewell parties in Hollywood—one for each of the children by their respective friends, and one for Alan and me and our friends.

We're assured now that Columbia Studio has rented a lovely place for us on the outskirts of London, a house that will be our home for many months. I wish I could describe it to you, but of course I haven't even seen it myself.

David has just asked me how soon lunch will be served, which constitutes the first time in his life he has appeared interested in food. Small wonder, the way they prepare food on this ship. Even Alan, who is strictly a meat-potatoes-and-pie man, has begun to take notice of the sauces and pastries. I doubt if the kids will miss hamburgers and hot dogs very much during the trip. Carol Lee and Laddie were a bit concerned when they learned that such American institutions were lacking in Europe, and one night they walked into the house, each holding two hot dogs. Alan put on his fatherly expression and asked if they didn't think they were overdoing it.

Well, all I have to do now is rest, except for putting those hundreds of little notes and addresses and phone numbers people have given us into a notebook for more systematic reference. The children are being good travelers as always, and now are giving each other language lessons. All of them are familiar with French except Laddie, who studied Spanish, so now he is putting them through the paces and they're learning to count in Spanish.

I suppose the only arguments we might have within the clan will be about our itinerary. They all have a different idea on how we should allocate our time. Lonnie wants to see France—all of it, not just Paris—and Carol Lee will have no peace of mind until she has seen Capri. Laddie, who is slightly crushed because he will be missing the American football season, wants to spend all his waking hours watching rugby games in England, and David—well, David is consumed by curiosity about London. He is convinced it will look like Honolulu, and we're afraid he has a shock coming. But then on the other hand we're sure that the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, and the "Beefeaters" at the Tower will endear London to him in a very special way.

As for Alan and myself, we are mainly pleased because the children have such a wonderful opportunity to see the Old World, but there's also the unvarnished fact that we are tremendously excited about it for ourselves. We'll go wherever the children lead, and then throw in a few places of our own.

I'll be writing soon again from faraway places, but that's all for now. **END**

(Watch for Alan's latest Paramount release, Thunder In The East.)



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